







AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

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Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES XII.: *on Steel* BY DICK AFTER HERRING.

SPLINT USED FOR FRACTURED LIMBS OF HORSES: *on Wood* BY CHILDS.

Contents:

Page.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.....	2
CHARLES XII., WINNER OF THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES, 1839.....	3
THE DEATH OF MEDOC: BY THE EDITOR.....	3
ANOTHER REMEDY FOR BOTS IN HORSES.....	6
SPLINT USED FOR FRACTURED LIMBS OF HORSES: BY DR. MILLER.....	7
FIRE ISLAND ANA: BY "J. CYPRESS, JR.".....	11
THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS": BY "PENDLETON".....	16
A WOLF-HUNT ON THE WARWICK HILLS: BY "FRANK FORESTER".....	17
HOW TO BUY A HORSE. No. VII. BY AN AMATEUR.....	25
THE OPINIONS AND EXPLOITS OF TOM TRIGOR: BY "BEN BULLIT".....	33
PRICE OF STALLIONS—PRIAM, TRANBY, ETC.: BY "J.".....	42
THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS: BY A SPORTSMAN.....	45
TURF REGISTER.....	47
ADDITION TO THE STOCK OF WILLIAM GIBBONS, ESQ.....	47
CONTINUATION OF THE STOCK OF W. R. AND M. R. SMITH.....	48
STOCK OF DAVID D. SCHAMP, ESQ.....	47
STOCK OF R. C. HILLIARD, ESQ.....	48
PEDIGREE OF NITOCRIS.....	"
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1839. RACES AT	
BROAD ROCK, VA., FAIRFIELD COURSE.....	49
COLUMBUS, GA.....	"
RALEIGH, N. C.....	"
FULTON, S. C.....	50
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.....	"
OXFORD, N. C.....	51
CYNTHIANA, KY.....	"
LIVINGSTON, ALA.....	52
HARRISON COUNTY, IND.....	"
GREENVILLE, S. C.....	"
MECKLENBURG, VA.....	53
FRANKFORT, KY.....	"
MOSCOW, KY.....	54
BEANS' STATION, TENN.....	"
GREENSBORO', ALA.....	54
COLUMBIA, TENN.....	55
ST. LOUIS, MO.....	56
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.....	"
CAMPBELL'S STATION, TENN.....	57
SULPHUR SPRING, KY.....	"
LITTLE ROCK, ARKS.....	"
COLUMBUS, MISS.....	58
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.....	"
FLORENCE, ALA.....	"
COLUMBIA, S. C.....	59
TUSCUMBIA, ALA.....	"
OPELOUSAS, LA.....	60
FAIRFIELD, VA.....	"
ENGLISH RACING CALENDAR, 1839. RACES AT	
NEWTON.....	38
CURRAGH JUNE MEETING.....	40

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES!

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Original Portraits in oil, by Troye, De Lattre, and others, of distinguished Native Horses, etc., have been obtained by the Editor during a recent visit to the West and South, engravings from which will appear in future numbers of the "Register."

The next number of the "Register" will be embellished with Two Engravings, one of which is a portrait of *Wacousta*, the property of Henry Dickinson and Hugh Kirkman, Esqrs., of Nashville, Tenn.

A capital article from "B. C." reached us just as the last "form" of this month's impression was going to press. It will of course appear in our next.

The pedigrees of K. & D.'s and J. D. N's stock will be published in the February number.

We should be particularly obliged to gentlemen fond of the Chase or the Road, as well as the Turf, if they would send us an occasional letter, containing an account of the sport enjoyed in their several sections of the country—just such information, in short, as one sportsman would write to another who might happen to be absent. Let the writer, in fact, consider us as that absent sportsman, and address us with the same easy, unrestrained confidence, that they would if the letter were for private perusal. Fine writing is our abomination. If people would only be content to write as they talk, they have no idea how much better their papers would read than the stiff formal things they produce when writing professedly for publication. With sportsmen, however, the idea of fine writing is preposterous. The fingers grasp the pen but awkwardly, after holding a rod, or carrying a gun, or handling the reins all day; yet still twenty minutes devoted to the narration of a day's good sport, might cheer the heart of many an absent friend.

The "Memoir of Janette" will probably appear in our next.

Gentlemen desirous of purchasing Blood Stock, can hear of several very valuable lots, on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Editor of the "Turf Register."

Postscript.

MONDAY, Dec. 30th, 1839.

The Editor begs to apprise his readers that the contemplated match between *Boston* and *Wagner*, will not be consummated probably, the latter having been taken to New Orleans. It is doubtful, however, whether Boston will be withdrawn from the Turf.

Col. Hampton's Imp. mare *Emily*, has given way in training, and will be bred to Imp. Monarch next season. This spirited breeder and Turfman has purchased Col. Johnson's interest (one half) in *Fanny*, the half-sister to *Wagner*, for \$3500.

At the Metairie Course Races, New Orleans, which commenced on the 11th December, *Grey Medoc* won the purses for two and three mile heats. On the Four-mile-day, Mr. Tayloe's imported mare *Maria Black*, beat Billy Townes and Sthreshly, in 8:01-7:47, after a splendid contest with the former for the second heat.

Col. Bingham's Leviathan filly *Sarah Bladen*, beat Sir Ariss, the Four-mile-day at Natchez, on the 15th November.

It is thought that neither *The Queen* nor *Balie Peyton* will be trained next season.

The names of *Ruby*, *Penelope*, and *Milliner*, have been claimed. Also those of *Queen of Spades*, *Pantalette*, *Tournure*, *Ruffle*, *Robert Emmett*, and *Læna*.

Mr. Singleton's imported fillies have arrived in safety at Charleston, in the barque "Grace."

Imp. *Felt* will make his next season on Long Island.

Shark, own brother to *Black* and *Bay Maria*, has arrived at Mr. Blackburn's stable, in Kentucky, where he will make his next season.

CHARLES XII.

WINNER OF THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES, 1839.

OUR readers are presented this month with a very striking likeness of the gallant winner of the last St. Leger, from the burin of Dick. The previous number of this work contained his pedigree, and a description of the race, in which, it will be recollected, His Swedish Majesty ran a dead heat with Euclid.

Charles XII. has started but three times; his first performance was at Liverpool, where he won the Trade Cup, carrying 6st. 6lbs. (90lbs.), beating a strong field, which included St. Bennett, Epirus, Cowboy, Lanercost, Compensation, and several others. He next ran for and won the St. Leger Stakes of one hundred and seven subscribers, at 50 sovs. each, beating a field of fourteen, comprising Euclid, The Provost, Bloomsbury, Dragsman, Bolus, The Corsair, The Lord Mayor, Dolphin, Hillus, etc. Two days afterwards he won The Cup, value 400 gs., beating Somerset, Bee's-wing, and Compensation.

Charles XII. is a brown colt, about 15 hands and an inch in height, with the eye and step of a gazelle. He is certainly a horse of much power, being round ribbed, and having long quarters, with strong thighs and large hocks. His head and neck are thought to be the worst points about him.

THE DEATH OF MEDOC.

THE painful duty devolves upon us of recording the death of the most popular native stallion in America. Medoc is dead! The sad event is more to be deplored, when taken in connection with the fact that the very last number of this magazine announced the untimely and still more sudden death of Mingo. Two of the most celebrated sons of Eclipse have thus been cut off in the prime of life, in the midst of a career which promised to realize the most ardent aspirations of their "troops of friends." Both had distinguished themselves on the Turf and in the breeding stud; the death of each was the result of accident; and both died, within a few miles of each other, in the same month.

On the 22d of October last, Medoc broke his near fore leg about half way between the knee and elbow, from stepping into a pit while taking his exercise, at the residence of Col. William Buford, near Frankfort, Ky. Of the means employed for his recovery, we

have spoken in another article in this number of the "Register." We saw him the second day after the accident occurred, and cheerfully bear witness to the fact that every attention and assistance which humanity could prompt or experience dictate, was extended to him. At intervals, strong hopes were entertained of his recovery; but the swelling from the fractured limb at length reached his chest and neck, and he expired on the evening of the 25th of November, in the tenth year of his age.

Medoc was bred by James Bathgate, Esq., of West Farms, Westchester County, N. Y., opposite Long Island, and foaled in the Spring of 1829. A complete memoir of him, from the pen of John C. Stevens, Esq., of this city, may be found at page 341, vol. v., of this magazine. He came out on the Turf in the Spring of 1832, and made his debut at Poughkeepsie, where he won a stake of \$1900, at two mile heats, with great ease. Mr. Stevens became his owner immediately after this race, and in the Fall ran him at Baltimore, in a stake of \$500 each subscription, two mile heats; which he won, as he did his first, at two heats. The following Spring he was again taken to Baltimore, and in a stake for 4 yr. olds, \$500 each subscription, four mile heats, he *won at four heats*, beating Anvil, a half-brother to Picton, the renowned Florida, and Mr. Botts' nomination by Gohanna; Medoc winning the third and fourth heats, and distancing the two horses last named in the third. After this race, Medoc was again trained with the celebrated Black Maria and O'Kelly, with a view of making a Southern campaign. Before they left Long Island, Mr. S. gave Black Maria and Medoc a two mile trial with their shoes on, over the Union Course; he carried $95\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., instead of 104 lbs. (the weight on this course for 4 yr. olds), and she, instead of 123 lbs., carried 116 lbs. Medoc came to the post in 3:52, the course being in bad order at the time, beating the mare sixty yards. A fortnight after this trial, Black Maria, with her weight up (123 lbs.), ran over the same course her second heat of four miles with Alice Grey (whom Medoc beat in his first race), in 7:50. The previous Fall, in a two mile trial with the celebrated Screamer, "without their *pumps* on," Medoc beat her fifty or sixty yards, in 3:52, over the Union Course. After the trial with Black Maria, spoken of above, Mr. S. took Medoc and the mare to Baltimore: the passage across Chesapeake Bay was accompanied with violent rain, and on their arrival they were put into stables which had been lately occupied by distempered horses; as soon as this was discovered, they were removed to others, which, however, leaked so badly the horses' blankets were wet through. These and other causes, materially affected the condition of both. Black Maria was not started at all, and Medoc was beaten easily by Orange Boy, in 6:10—6:11, the only race in which he was unsuccessful. On returning to Long Island, Mr. S. entered him for the purse of \$400, three mile heats, against a very strong field, consisting of Miss Mattie, Celeste, Ironette, Mr. Gibbons' Sir Charles, and Mr. Laird's and Mr. Vanderbilt's Henry colts, both 4 yr. olds. Celeste won the 1st heat in 5:51, Medoc and Ironette not running for it. In the 2d,

which Ironette won in 5:52, Medoc by a bad start lost 50 or 60 yards. In the 3d heat, he took the track and led from end to end, winning the heat in 5:47, and distancing all the field but Ironette, who could only put him up, in the 4th heat, to 5:59, Medoc winning handily.

This was Medoc's last appearance on the Turf, where, in the short space of eighteen months, he had won over \$6000 in purses and stakes; having lost but a single race, and that when acknowledged to be amiss. Mr. Stevens sold him, after the close of the campaign, to go to Kentucky, for \$10,000, which was deemed at the time a very high price for the most distinguished horses; yet at the period of his death, Medoc was earning nearly that amount every year in the stud. The order from Kentucky was to "buy the very finest horse in the North," and when Mr. S. priced those in his stable, putting down Medoc at \$10,000, he had no idea of disposing of him, and would have gladly cancelled the sale.

Medoc made his first season, that of 1834, at Col. Buford's, in Woodford County, at \$75; up to the period of his death he occupied the same stable, and his terms were neither lessened nor increased. The first of his get that started, was a winner; we refer to Medoca, who came out in her two year old form, and beat a field of four, at mile heats, in 1:56—2:00, over a heavy course. Since his 3 yr. olds came out, there is not a race field in Kentucky that has not been made remarkable by their performances.

In 1838, when his first colts were 3 yrs. old, of eighteen that started, no less than fourteen of them were winners! Maria Duke won at four mile heats; Picayune, at three mile heats, in 5:57—5:55—5:54; and Curculia, Medoca, and George Kenner, at two mile heats, the latter in 3:49—3:52. Robinson, Mary Morris, Sthreshly, Jenny Willing, Margaret Carter, and others, were winners at mile heats, some of them twice; and Maria Duke ran three heats in the unprecedented time of 1:48 each heat! Indeed, his colts that were trained performed so well their first season, and his stock generally were so promising, that seven of his get sold for the immense sum of Twenty-three Thousand Five Hundred Dollars! Maria Duke sold for \$8000; Curculia, for \$5000; Medoca, for \$3000; Sthreshly, for \$2500; Picayune and Robinson, for \$2000 each, etc. In regard to the dams of the fourteen colts referred to as winners, it is no less strange than true, that, with the exception of two, not one of them ever produced a race-horse before; and indeed the dam of Curculia was the only one that had any reputation as a brood mare.

The list of winners, so far as known, during the year just past, will show Medoc to have been altogether the most successful native stallion in the country. His get, the oldest being but 4 yrs. old, won three times at Four mile heats, six times at Three mile heats, fifteen times at Two mile heats, and twenty-one times at Mile heats. When the list is perfected, the number of his winners will probably be still greater. One of his get, Musedora, made last Spring the best race at four mile heats, which at that time had ever been run in Kentucky, having beaten, in 7:50—7:58, a strong

field, comprising Mercer, Kavanagh, Ben Dudley, and Tarlton. Another of his winners at four mile heats, is Cub, that we saw win a two mile race in 3:45½—3:44, pulling to a crack field all the way in from the head of the quarter stretch; she might have cantered home. After the race (at Louisville,) two spirited Turfmen of Louisiana offered \$5000 cash for her, and were refused. The gentlemen referred to (the Messrs. Kenner,) are the owners of Grey Medoc, one of the most promising 4 yr. olds in the Southwest. He won last season twice at mile heats, three times at two mile heats, and twice at three mile heats; one of his two mile races he won in 3:45—3:55, and another in 3:48—3:56. The mails within the last week have brought us the intelligence that on the first of the three New Orleans meetings which come off in succession, commencing on the 11th December, Grey Medoc won at two mile heats, and five days after, at three mile heats.

Among the most distinguished of Medoc's winners last year, were Musedora, Laura, and Cub, at Four mile heats; Charlie Naylor, Grey Medoc, Mary Morris, and Curculia, at Three mile heats; Sthreshly, Laura, Vertner, Medoca, Kenawha, Telamon, and Luda, at Two mile heats; and Margaret Carter, Minstrel, Sweet Home, Robinson, Ripple, Ashland, and Red Morocco, at Mile heats. For many a year no horse has been able to show such a number of winners from untried mares; and from the shape and blood-like appearance of his yearlings and two year olds, we hazard the expression of our belief that high as Medoc ranked in the scale of native stallions, the time has not yet arrived when the value of his services in the stud will be fully estimated. His stock is almost invariably characterized by great symmetry of proportions, with fine limbs, and coats like satin: they have a remarkable turn of speed, and, what is better, they promise to go the distance and to train on.

ANOTHER REMEDY FOR BOTS IN HORSES.

JACKSON, LA., August 25th, 1839.

W. T. PORTER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I have been an attentive reader of the "Turf Register" for six years, during which period I have seen many (I have no doubt) valuable remedies offered in its pages for the cure of Bots in horses, a disease which is probably as fatal to horseflesh as any other in the southwest. But, Sir, as "some things can be done as well as others," permit me to suggest a simple remedy, which I think has not before been presented to the public through the medium of either of your Journals, and which, as far as my experience and observation goes, is as certain as it is simple. I mean the common sage of the garden,

boiled down to a strong tea, and given, a quart at a drench, at intervals of fifteen minutes. About one gallon effects a cure, unless the Bots have eaten through the maw. If you think the above article merits an insertion in the "Register," your readers are welcome to it.

A CORN PLANTER.

SPLINT USED FOR FRACTURED LIMBS OF HORSES,

BY DR. MILLER, OF WASHINGTON CITY.

Accompanied with a Drawing.

IN detailing to an old and experienced Turfman of Washington, some weeks since, the sad accident that had occurred to *Medoc*, in Kentucky, and the measures which had been taken for his recovery, he at once remarked, that "if they continue to sling him the horse will die!" The accident occurred on the 22d of October, and on the 25th of the following month he died, the swelling from the fractured limb having extended to his chest and neck. We saw the horse a few hours after the melancholy occurrence, and found him slung in such a position as to be able to bear his weight on one fore-leg, or to relieve it by swaying back and shifting his weight upon a canvass sling of about eighteen inches in width, placed under his chest. His near fore-leg was broken about half way between the knee and elbow. When we saw him, about thirty-six hours after the accident, he had become quiet, though evidently in great pain. His leg was first bandaged with stout dry canvass, sewed tight, and then lapped with carded cotton, over which were placed white oak splints about eight inches in length, and from one to two inches in width. The limb was occasionally bathed with tepid water, of course without removing the bandages, and subsequently with camphor. Up to near the period of his death, his friends were sanguine the horse would recover; but he expired on the evening of the 25th of November, in his tenth year, leaving behind him the reputation of a brilliant racer, and one of the most successful stallions of his day.

In the course of a long conversation with our Washington friend referred to at the commencement of this article, he mentioned to us several remarkable cures, effected by an *Iron Splint*, used by Dr. MILLER of that city, in his practice. It occurred to us, that a drawing and description of it circulated in these pages might, haply, be instrumental in many instances, of preserving the life of that noble animal to which mankind are more or less indebted for a great portion of their gratification and enjoyment; and on making the suggestion, our friend readily acceded to it, and kindly furnished the drawing from which the engraving on the opposite



page has been made. The drawing was accompanied with the following characteristic letter, the only drawback to the interest of which, is its brevity :—

“WASHINGTON, December 14th, 1839.

“*Mr. Porter*,—I send you a drawing of the Splint used by Doctor MILLER, of this city, in fractured limbs of horses. This kind of Splint has been used, I believe, in more cases than one, and with perfect success.

“There must be two Splints, one on the inside, the other on the outside, as in the drawing; and both to be firmly secured to the cushion which embraces the thigh. Both the Splints must be padded on the side next the horse's leg, and made to fit the shape of the thigh, hock, leg, and fet-lock joint.



"Iron Splints would be best, because they can be made to fit better, and would cost less.

"For the fore-leg, the cushion may be made to rest, part on the swell at the elbow, and part on the chest; and if the Splints are made of iron, it is an easy matter to have a joint in them at the knee. Any country blacksmith could make them, and fit them, by having a horse of the same size at his shop door.

"The object intended to be accomplished by using this Splint is to throw the weight on the cushion above, and therefore the Splint ought not to be too much confined below the fracture.

"G."

Since we received the foregoing letter, we have seen, in the "Franklin Farmer," published at Frankfort, Ky., a communication

addressed to its editor, upon the "*Treatment of Broken Limbs of Horses*," which we have great pleasure in introducing to the notice of our readers:—

"DEAR SIR: Being a great lover of stock, and deriving more pleasure by contributing to that part of animated nature that cannot make its wants known to man, than from any other source, and learning through your paper that *Medoc* has met with a misfortune that may prove fatal, I have thought fit to give you the result of my experience in a parallel case that occurred to a Jack last spring. I feel much hesitation in doing this, being well apprized that *Medoc* is in the neighborhood of as good surgical aid as can be procured in the West; but as cures are frequently the *result* of accident, as well as the *effect* of mature thought and experience, a tyro in the profession may be pardoned for suggesting his opinions *even* to the sage. But to my case—

"The left fore-arm was fractured transversely, about five inches above the knee joint: the *bone betwixt this fracture and the knee, was split down to the joint*, so that, in reality, there were two fractures, communicating with each other. The first thing done, was to suspend him, for the reason that it had been the practice heretofore; but close attention soon satisfied me that my animal was very uncomfortable and restless. Although I knew the fractured parts could be kept better fitted to each other by keeping him suspended, than they could be if he were permitted to touch the ground, I determined to make the experiment, for the following reasons:—The pressure upon his lungs affected his breathing very much, and upon his bowels produced great costiveness. However, after turning him loose, I soon found the limb swinging about whenever he moved, and quite crooked when he touched the ground. It immediately occurred to me, that something more than ordinary bandages must be applied. I made a bandage of strong domestic cotton, about two inches wide, long enough to reach from the ancle to the body, and back to the ancle joint—spread it from end to end with thick tar—applied it carefully, so that every time it went round the limb it would lap half the width upon the previous turn of the bandage: I then had some cotton nicely carded and laid betwixt two pieces of the same domestic, wide enough to wrap round the limb, extending from the knee joint to the elbow, so as to encompass the whole of the fractured limb—quilted carefully—running the rows of stitches about an inch from each other, for the purpose of keeping the cotton permanent; this was also spread with tar, and laid over the first bandage. I then made some white oak splints, about an inch wide, long enough to extend from the knee to the elbow, quilted them betwixt two layers of domestic, wide enough to go round the whole of the previous dressing; this was likewise spread with tar and laid on, and the whole secured with strong tape, sewed to the domestic. This dressing was continued for eight weeks, without being touched except to tighten the tapes as the swelling receded, and my patient recovered with very little deformity.

"After the whole is applied, be *certain* to examine and see that

the cushion betwixt the first bandage and the splints is wide enough to prevent the ends of the splints from coming in contact with the limb, otherwise they will irritate the skin and keep him restless. In Medoc's case, the dressing should extend only from the knee to the ancle. If you think the above suggestions could be of any service to this splendid horse, or to any other unfortunate quadruped, you may give them a place in your valuable paper; if not, lay them by with other such stuff, that I have no doubt you are frequently plagued with.

TENNESSEE FARMER."

FIRE ISLAND ANA.*

BY J. CYPRESS, JR.

IT was during an Indian summer week of hearty, brown October, that Oliver Paul, Ned Locus, and I, once made a shooting party, and drove Ned's sorrel mares to Jim Smith's, at Scio, and thence bent canvass for the Fire Islands, to try the brant.

Before going on with my story, it may, perhaps, be dutiful in me, and desirable on behalf of people who have never studied geography, to specify the condition of the said islands. We will accomplish this cheerful office, straightway. In brief, then, they made their first appearance in the country, after a hard earthquake, some five or six hundred years ago, on the southern coast of Matowacs, latitude forty degrees and forty minutes north; longitude, seventy-three degrees and one minute west; near the occidental end of Raccoon Beach. They are two in number, and contain in the whole, at low water, about fifty acres of marsh and mud, disposed with irregular and careless grace, and scalloped into jutting points and circling bays. The principal inhabitants are gulls and meadow-hens. The climate is saline and salubrious. The chief products of the soil are, sedge-grass, birds' eggs, and clams. Yet, not unknown to "human face divine," nor ignorant of the lofty enterprise and gentle mercies of trade, do those points and bays lie profitless. For, there John Alibi salutes the fading morning star, and the coming sun, with the heavy vollies of his yet cherished flint-lock muskets; and the tumbling wild-fowl splashing into the midst of his stool, bleed out their murdered lives, while he, reloading, counts the profits of his eager shot, and sees, with his mind's eye, the gasping victims already picked, and stalled in Fulton market. Hence, live and flourish, all the little Alibis; and hence, the princess widow, gentle mistress of the soil, rejoices in a welcome revenue.

Brother sportsmen, let me introduce to your judicious affection, my friend and comrade, Oliver Paul.—Oliver, the people. He is

* PRIVATE NOTE TO THE EDITORS.—"Good sirs: I cannot deny you the right to require a declaration of the identities of the place, and persons, touching which I have heretofore told familiar anecdotes in your monthly; since, you say, scandal is afloat, and the wrong men are pointed at. I give you, therefore, herewith, part of the andro-and-geography solicited. Should you hear any thing more, please address me, through the post-office, to the care of my uncle, Jeremiah Cypress, porter of the Pearl-street Bank.

"Respectfully,

"J. C. Jr."

a plain unpretending tiller, and a lord, moreover, of the land: a Quaker, you see—regular Hicksite—and like all *friends* that I ever yet knew, he is sometimes wet, and sometimes dry. Still, he is *semper idem*—always the same—and has been such for fifty years—in hot, and in cold—in total abstinence, and in generous imbibition. As Oliver is warm-hearted, I love him; as he is a good shot, I honor him; and as he can pull a discreet oar, foretell, to a certainty, where the wind is going to be on the morrow, and mark down a crippled bird more truly than any man in the republic, I always get him to go with me upon my shooting expeditions. Oliver has but few eccentric qualities. His religion is as the religion of Hicksites “in general:” his philosophy is comprised in the sententious apothegm, which is applied upon all occasions and occurrences, “some pork will boil that way:” his morals—; he is a bachelor, and though of a most unmatrimonial composition, he is incessantly talking of taking a wife, or, as he terms it, “flying in” with a woman. Though from principle, and the rules of his creed, opposed to both national and individual wars, yet, strike him, and he will not turn to you his other cheek, for a repetition of the temptation. He *may* not strike back, but (as they do at yearly meeting, when *friends* cannot agree upon the choice of a clerk,) he will most certainly *shove* you, as he would say, “like rotten.” His most characteristic trait is his superintendence of the morals and manners of his neighbors. So bountiful is his benevolence, that to protect the reputation of a friend, he scruples not to unlace and scarify his own. Walk out with him, and meet a ruddy-cheeked Rosina with a coquettish eye, that puts the very devil into you, “don’t look, don’t look, boys,” he’ll cry, and dig his elbows into your side, to enforce obedience to the precept, while he himself is staring into her face, until the morning-tint vermilion of her virgin blushes is lost in the scarlet—and—and—confusion—and—somebody finish that;—and then, he’ll drain the last drop of liquor from the jug, for the sole, charitable purpose of preserving his brother sportsman’s nerves steady. You know him now, and I have nothing more to say, except to warn you, as a friend, if you should ever be out with him in the bay, on a cold November day, on short allowance, watch your fluids.

Ned Locus.—Ned is a young gentleman, who spends his money, and shoots, and fishes, and tells tough yarns, for a living. His uncle manages his estate; for although Ned is now of age, yet he don’t want to deprive the old man of the commissions; and, besides, ever since Ned got his bachelor’s diploma, he has forgotten his Greek and Trigonometry, without which, no man can be an executor. Ned, although not strictly pious, delights not in things of this world. Mere terrestrial axioms know no lodgement in his confidence. His meditations and labors are in another sphere, an universe of his own creation. And yet, he believes himself to be a plain, practical, matter-of-fact man; one who has no fancy, who never tells his dreams for truth, nor adds a single bird or fish in the story of the sum total of his successes. There is no design, upon his part, in the choice of his place of existence, or the de-

scription of his sensations and actions. The fault, if any, lies in his original composition; his father and mother are to be blamed for it, not he. His eyes and ears are not as the eyes and ears of other men, and, truly, so is not his tongue. There is an investiture of unearthliness about every thing he sees and hears. By day and by night, he is contemplating a constant mirage. He never admired a woman on account of her having flesh, blood, bosom, lips, and such things; but, while he gazed, he worshipped some fairy incarnation, that enveloped and adorned her with unearthly grace and hypercelestial sweetnesses. Even in his reading he is an original. He never gives to a fine passage in Shakspeare its ordinary interpretation; but the brilliant light of the poet's thought, is crooked, and thrown off, and sometimes made a caricature rainbow of, by the refraction of his cloudy imagination. His aunt sent him, one new-year's day, when he was at college, an old copy of the Septuagint, which she had picked up at the auction sale of the effects of a demised ecclesiastic. On receiving the present, he wrote upon the fly-leaf, what he considered to be the apposite sentiments of Mark Antony—

"Let but the commons hear this testament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read;"—

That was Ned, all over. With such a constitution, it is quite possible that he may seem, to those men who always want the actual proof of a thing, chapter and verse, to be rather given to romance. Ned hates such people. So do I. They are without faith, earth-bound, and live by sense alone, grossly.

I am—I don't know what I am, exactly. I'm a distant relative of Ned,—a blossom off one of the poor branches of the family. I "expect" I'm a kind of a loafer. I'm Ned's friend, and he's mine. I'm his moralist, and minister, and tiger, and kind of tutor; and he lends me money. I certainly intend to repay him;—though I don't owe him much now, by-the-by, for I have won all the bets we have made lately, as might naturally be presumed—Ned always bets so wildly. We keep along pretty square. Ned's a good fellow. If I only say, "Ned, I'm rather short to-day, how are you?" he'll give me a draft on his uncle for a cool hundred. We play picquet, too, now and then, and cassino, and all-fours, a little. I can beat him at those games. I keep my account with the Tea-water Pump. I *have* thought of getting into some kind of business.—I think I am calculated for it; but my affection for Ned will not permit me to leave him. We were both "licked" by Joe Nelson (the blind schoolmaster), and hectored by his twin-headed understrapper; and we were classmates in old Columbia, and put into practice the doctrines of forces, and action and reaction, at Robinson's, during intermission hours, and were always together. So we ride about and take our comfort.

There was one eminent qualification, which was possessed by each of the trio above outlined, in monopoly without statute. We could each cut down a leather-head, flying by a point of marsh before a strong north-wester, sixty yards off, nineteen times out of twenty. That is a fact; and there are not many men beside us

and John Verity, and Raynor Rock, who are up to that performance. Uncle Ben Raynor could do it once, and Dan thinks he can do it now; but, as Peter Probasco says, "I have my doubts." Multitudinous sportsmen may shoot *well*, but none but a man of true genius can shoot *splendidly*. Shooting, in its refinement and glory, is not an acquired art. A man must be a born shot, as much as he must be a born poet. You may learn to wing-break a starved pigeon, sprung out of a trap, fifteen or twenty yards off; but to stop a cock in a thick brake, where you can see him only with the eye of faith,—or to kill a vigorous coot, cutting the keen air, at daybreak, at the rate of three miles a minute,—requires an eye, and a hand, and a heart, which science cannot manufacture. The doctrine of Pliny, the naturalist, contained in his chapter on black ducks, is correct beyond a question. "*Legere et scribere, est pædagogi; sed optime collineare, est Dei.*" Reading and writing are inflicted by schoolmasters; but a crack shot is the work of God. "Them's my sentiments," as Peter again says.

The same doctrine has been truly declared of angling. No genuine piscator ever tabernacled at Fireplace, or Stump-pond, who could not exhibit proofs of great natural delicacy, and strength of apprehension—I mean of "things in general," including fish. But the "*vis vivida animi*," the "*os magna sonans*," the "*manus mentis*," the divine rapture of the seduction of a trout, how few have known the apotheosis! The creative power of genius can make a feather-fly live, and move, and have being; and a wisely-stricken fish gives up the ghost in transports. That puts me in mind of a story of Ned Locus. Ned swears that he once threw a fly so far, and delicately, and suspendedly, that just as it was dropping upon the water, after lying a moment in the scarcely-moving air, as though it knew no law of gravity, it actually took life and wings, and would have flown away, but that an old four-pounder, seeing it start, sprang and jumped at it, full a foot out of his element, and changed the course of the insect's travel, from the upper air to the bottom of his throat. That is one of Ned's, and I do not guarantee it; but such a thing might be. Insects are called into being in a variety of mysterious ways, as all the world knows: for instance, the animalculæ that appear in the neighborhood of departed horses; and, as Ned says, if death can create life, what is the reason a smart man can't? Good fishermen are generally great lawyers: *ecce signa*, Patrick Henry, and Daniel Webster. I have known this rule, however, to have exceptions. But the true sportsman is always, at least, a man of genius, and an honest man. I have either read or heard some one say, and I am sure it is the fact, that there never was an instance of a sincere lover of a dog, gun, and rod, being sent to bridewell or penitentiary. Jails they did whilom affect, before John Doe and Richard Roe were banished from the State, and when an unhappy devil might be held to bail to answer for his misfortunes; but although they have experienced much affliction under the issue of "*non assumpsit*," never was there one who suffered judgment upon the finding of a jury on the plea of "not guilty." If I were governor,

and knew a case, I would exert the pardoning power without making any inquiry. I should determine, without waiting to hear a single fact, that the man was convicted by means of perjury. There is a plain reason for all this. A genuine sportsman must possess a combination of virtues, which will fill him so full that no room can be left for sin to squeeze in. He must be an early riser (to be which is the beginning of all virtue), ambitious, temperate, prudent, patient of toil, fatigue, and disappointment, courageous, watchful, intent upon his business, always ready, confident, cool, kind to his dog, civil to the girls, and courteous to his brother sportsmen. Hold up.

This discourse hath brought us in front of the fishing-hut of Raynor Rock, near the lighthouse on the beach. Rest thee, now, most weary reader, (for we have had a long sail, with a head wind and a wet sheet,) while I rehearse the causes that have brought Sir Raynor, and his crew of twenty picked boys—picked up along shore—down to this desolate spot. Streaked bass and wild fowl are the motives of their sojournment. The former are sparkling in the surf, and making love to, and eating up each other; the latter cluster in the inlets, and stream above the breakers. The net carries into captivity them of the sea; powder and shot super-induce widowhood and orphanage upon the tenants of the air. Fulton market, and the cooks of the board of aldermen know the rest. Hence arise wise ordinances, and stomachs sleek; and Raynor and the boys are glad in the silver music that rings in their pressed-down pockets. "*Proba merx facile emptorem invenit.*"

We arrived at Raynor's, just about dark, and the boys had all turned in, to get a good nap, before the tide served for drawing the seine,—all but Raynor, who was half sitting, half lying on the plentiful straw by the fire in the centre of the hut, smoking his quiet pipe. We entered, and grasped the welcoming hand of as clever a fellow (both Yankee and English clever,) as ever set foot on Matowacs.

"Hullo! hullo! hullo! wake up, boys! wake up! Here's Mr. Cypress, and Ned Locus, and Oliver Paul!—By gad, I'm glad to see ye.—How are ye! how are ye!"

How d'ye do! how d'ye do, fellows? Give us your fist, Raynor. Peter, what the d—l brought *you* down here? Dan, alive? how are ye, how are ye all?

At Raynor's call, the boys sprang up from their straw and pea-jackets, upon which they had been snoring in their sleeping places around the floor of the mansion, and rushed upon us with unaffected gratulation. The story of the reception can be briefly told. There were three of us, and twenty of them, and we all and each jointly and severally said, "how have you been? Pretty well, thank ye;" and shook hands. Make the calculation yourself. While you are cyphering it out, I'll stop and rest.

THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS."

Mr. P.—I am greatly indebted to your correspondent "A. B." on the subject of Stallions, and I presume many of the readers of the "American Turf Register" will be struck with the strong facts therein presented. "A." is somewhat discursive and ingenious in his last article. In his first piece, he says, "not one of the many colts of imported Citizen ever reached the head of the Turf." In his second, he says, "if Pacolet were a first-rate race horse, he stands alone."

My object in responding to his first communication, was to present historical facts. He has taken but one item in my account. If Citizen, as a four mile race horse, had left nothing else to have predicated his fame on, the dam of Sir Charles, Trifle, and Lady Clifden, would have accorded to him that much. The favorite theory of "A.," that "like begets like," is one that is universally admitted; and on this point I am willing to join issue. The people of England have more knowledge and system in breeding stock, and tact in disposing of them, than all the world beside. Hence it is, that when the corruptions of the English Turf caused an entire revolution in their manner of racing, the Derby and St. Leger horses became the great objects of attraction; and from A's. own words, Bay Middleton had size and muscular power sufficient to break himself down at three years old.

I think Crusader no way his inferior in pedigree, size, or muscular power; and certainly his superior in his racing calendar. The American people will consider him no ordinary horse, that could beat Ariel easily in heats of four miles; he was off the Turf at four. I am very much mistaken in the spirit, enterprise and capital, that the American people have vested in blood stock, if they are content to breed horses that are forced from the Turf at three and four years old. I contend that like does produce like. I have it historically recorded that the little grey horse Gimcrack, was on the Turf at eleven years old, and gave the best horses of England 28 pounds—himself a four mile horse; and all his progeny, down to the celebrated Black Maria, of four mile fame; and her produce now in the great four mile stake at Nashville.

I contend that if a horse has the blood, with the right conformation of points, and in the hands of a judicious Turfite, he can perform his four mile work successfully, until aged; and that like will beget like.

PENDLETON.

N. B.—A broken arm has prevented my making an earlier reply, and I now write through the agency of a friend, for the eye of the editor only.—[The communication is too good to keep to ourselves, and in laying it before our readers, we beg to express our acknowledgments for it, and our best wishes for the speedy recovery of its gifted author.—ED. A. T. R.]

A WOLF-HUNT ON THE WARWICK HILLS.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

THERE are few wilder regions within the compass of the United States, much less in the vicinity of its most populous and cultivated districts, than the long line of rocky wood-crowned heights, which (at times rising to an elevation and exhibiting a boldness of outline that justifies the application to them of the term "mountains," while at others they would be more appropriately designated as hills or knolls,) run all across the Eastern and the Midland States, from the White Mountains westward to the Alleghanies, between which mighty chains they form an intermediate and continuous link. Through this stern barrier all the great rivers of the States, through which they run, have rent themselves a passage, exhibiting in every instance the most sublime and boldest scenery, while many of the minor, though still noble streams, come forth sparkling and bright and cold from the clear lakes and lonely springs embosomed in its dark recesses. Possessing, for the most part, a width of eight or ten miles, this chain of hills consists, at some points, of a single ridge, rude, forest-clad, and lonely,—at others, of two, three, or even four distinct and separate lines of heights, with valleys more or less highly cultured, long sheets of most translucent water, and wild mountain streams, dividing them. With these hills—known as the Highlands, where the gigantic Hudson has cloven at some distant day a devious path for his eternal and resistless waters, and by an hundred other names, the Warwick Hills, the Greenwoods, and yet farther West, the Musconetcong Mountains, as they trend Southerly and West across New York and Jersey,—with these hills we have now to do. Not as the temples meet for the lonely muse, fit habitations for the poet's rich imaginings! not as they are most glorious in their natural scenery—whether the youthful May is covering their rugged brows with the bright tender verdure of the tasselled larch, and the yet brighter green of maple, mountain-ash, and willow—or the full flush of Summer has clothed their forests with impervious and shadowy foliage, while carpeting their sides with the unnumbered blossoms of calmia, rhododendron and azalia!—whether the gorgeous hues of Autumn gleam like the banners of ten thousand victor armies along their rugged slopes, or the frozen winds of Winter have roofed their headlands with inviolate white snow!—not as their bowels teem with the wealth of mines which ages of man's avarice may vainly labor to exhaust!—but as they are the loved abode of many a woodland denizen that has retreated even from more remote and seemingly far wilder fastnesses, to these sequestered haunts. We love them, in that the graceful hind conceals her timid fawn among the ferns that wave on the lone banks of many a nameless rill, threading their hills untrodden save by the miner, or the unfrequent huntsman's foot—in that the noble stag frays oftentimes his antlers against their

giant trees—in that the mighty bear lies hushed in grim repose amid their tangled swamps—in that their bushy dingles resound nightly to the long-drawn howl of the gaunt famished wolf—in that the lynx and wild-cat yet mark their prey from the pine branches—in that the ruffed grouse drums, the woodcock bleats, and the quail chirrups from every height or hollow—in that, more strange to tell, the noblest game of transatlantic fowl, the glorious turkey (although, like angels' visits, they be indeed but few and far between,) yet spread their bronzed tails to the sun, and swell and gobble in their most secret wilds. We love those hills of Warwick—many a glorious day have we passed in their green recesses; many a wild tale have we heard of sylvan sport and forest warfare, and many, too, of patriot partizanship in the old revolutionary days—the days that tried men's souls—while sitting at our noontide meal by the secluded well-head, under the canopy of some primeval oak, with implements of woodland sport, rifle or shot gun, by our side, and well-broke setter, or staunch hound, recumbent at our feet. And one of these tales will we now venture to record—though it will sound but weak and feeble from our lips, if compared to the rich, racy, quaint and humorous thing it was, when flowing from the nature-gifted tongue of our old friend Tom Draw; though it was not from him that it was first my lot to hear the stirring narrative, but from my comrade Archer, who had participated in the peril and excitement of the wild adventure.

It was the middle of the winter—Harry said, as we were sitting one day, after a hard tramp through the mountains, beside a chrystal spring that boils out from a rocky ledge close to the summit of one of the most lofty hills which overlooks the whole of the bright valley—it was the middle of the winter 18—, which was, as you will recollect, of most unusual severity, that I had gone up to Tom Draw's, with a view merely to quail shooting, though I had taken up, as usual, my rifle, hoping perhaps to get a chance shot at a deer. The very first night I arrived, the old bar-room was full of farmers talking all very eagerly about the ravages which had been wrought among their flocks by a small pack of wolves—five or six, as they said, in number, headed by an old gaunt famished brute, which had for many years been known through the whole region, by the loss of one hind foot, which had been cut off in a steel trap. More than an hundred sheep had been destroyed during the winter, and several calves beside; and what had stirred especially the bile of the good yeomen was that, with more than customary boldness, they had the previous night made a descent into the very precincts of the village, and carried off a choice fat wether of Tom Draw's. A slight fall of snow had taken place the morning I arrived, and, this suggesting to Tom's mind a possibility of hunting up the felons, a party had gone out and tracked them to a small swamp on the Bellevalle mountain, wherein they had undoubtedly made their head quarters. Arrangements had been made on all sides—forty or fifty stout and active men were mustered, well armed, though various, with muskets, ducking guns and rifles—some fifteen couple of strong hounds, of every height and color were collected

—a dozen horses saddled and bridled, and half as many sleighs were ready with provisions, ammunition, liquor, and blankets, all prepared for a week's bivouac. The plan prescribed was in the first place to surround the swamp, as silently as possible, with all our forces, and then to force the pack out so as to face our volley. This, should the method be successful, would finish the whole hunt at once; but should the three-legged savage succeed in making his escape, we were to hunt him by relays, bivouacking upon the ground wherever night should find us, and taking up the chase again upon the following morning, until continual fatigue should wear out the fierce brute. I had two horses with me, and Tim Matlock; so I made up my mind at once—got a light one horse sleigh up in the village, rigged it with all my bear-skins, good store of whiskey, eatables and so forth, saddled the gray with my best Somerset holsters and surcingle attached, and made one of the party on the instant.

Before daylight we started,—a dozen mounted men leading the way, with the intent to get quite round the ridge and cut off the retreat of those most wily beasts of prey, before the coming of the rear-guard should alarm them—and the remainder of the party sleighing it merrily along, with all the hounds attached to them. The dawn was yet in its first gray dimness when we got into line along the little ridge which bounds that small dense brake on the north-eastern side—upon the southern side the hill rose almost inaccessible in a succession of short limestone ledges—westward the open woods, through which the hounds and footmen were approaching, sloped down in a long, easy fall, into the deep secluded basin filled with the densest and most thorny coverts, and in the summer time waist deep in water and almost inaccessible, though now floored with a sheet of solid ice, firm as the rocks around it—due northward was an open field, dividing the wolf-dingle from the mountain-road by which we always travel. Our plot had been well laid, and thus far had succeeded. I, with eleven horsemen, drawn up in easy pistol shot one of the other, had taken our ground in perfect silence, and as we readily discovered by the untrodden surface of the snow our enemies were as yet undisturbed. My station was the extreme left of our line, as we faced westward, close to the first ridge of the southern hill—and there I sat in mute expectancy, my holsters thrown wide open, my *Kuchenreüters* loaded and cocked, and my good ounce-ball rifle lying prepared within the hollow of my arm. Within a short half hour I saw the second party, captained by our friend Garry, coming up one by one and forming silently and promptly upon the hill side,—and directly after I heard the crash and shout of our beaters, as they plunged into the thicket at its westward end. So far as I could perceive, all had gone well. Two sides, my own eyes told me, were surrounded, and the continuous line in which the shouts ran all along the further end would have assured me, if assurance had been needful, for Tom himself commanded in that quarter, that all was perfectly secure on that side. A Jerseyman, a hunter of no small repute, had been detached with a fourth band to guard the

open fields upon the north; due time had been allotted to him, and, as we judged, he was upon his ground. Scarce had the first yell echoed through the forest before the pattering of many feet might be heard mingled with the rustling of the matted boughs throughout the covert—and as the beaters came on, a whole host of rabbits, with no less than seven foxes, two of them gray, came scampering through our line in mortal terror, but on they went unharmed, for strict had been the orders that no shot should be fired save at the lawful objects of the chase. Just at this moment I saw Garry, who stood a hundred feet above me on the hill, commanding the whole basin of the swamp, bring up his rifle. This was enough for me—my thumb was on the cock, the nail of my forefinger pressed closely to the trigger guard. He lowered it again, as though he had lost sight of his object—raised it again with great rapidity, and fired. My eye was on the muzzle of his piece, and just as the bright stream of flame glanced from it, distinctly visible in the dim morning twilight, before my ear had caught the sound of the report, a sharp long snarl rose from the thicket, announcing that a wolf was wounded. Eagerly, keenly did I listen; but there came no farther sound to tell me of his whereabouts.

“I hit him,”—shouted Garry,—“I hit him then, I swon; but I guess not so badly but he can travel still. Look out you, Archer,—he’s squatted in the thick there, and won’t stir ’till they get close a top on him.”

While he was speaking yet, a loud and startling shout rose from the open field, announcing to my ear upon the instant that one or more had broken covert at some unguarded spot; as it was evident from the absence of any firing. The leader of our squad was clearly of the same opinion; for motioning to us to spread our line a little wider, he galloped off at a tremendous rate, spurning the snowballs high into the air, accompanied by three of his best men, to stop the gap which had been left through the misapprehension of the Jerseyman. This he accomplished; but not until the great wolf, wilier than his comrades, had got off unharmed. He had not moved five minutes before a small dark bitch-wolf broke away through our line, at the angle farthest from my station, and drew a scattering volley from more than half our men—too rapid and too random to be deadly—though several of the balls struck close about her. I thought she had got off scot free; but Jem McDaniel, whom you know, a cool old steady hand, had held his fire, and taking a long quiet aim, lodged his ball fairly in the centre of her shoulders—over she went, and over, tearing the snow with tooth and claw in her death agony; while, fancying, I suppose, that all our guns were emptied—for, by my life, I think the crafty brutes can almost reason—out popped two more!—one between me and my right hand man—the other, a large dog, dragging a wounded leg behind him, under my horse’s very feet. Bob made a curious demivolte, I do assure you, as the dark brindled villain darted between his fore legs with an angry snarl; but at a single word and a slight admonition of the curb, stood motionless, as though he had been carved in marble. Quickly I brought my rifle up, though

steadily enough, and—more, I fancy, by good luck than management—planted my bullet in the neck, just where the scull and spine unite it, so that he bounced three feet at least above the frozen snow, and fell quite dead within twelve paces of the covert. The other wolf, which had crept out to my right hand, was welcomed by the almost simultaneous fire of three pieces, one of which only lodged its bullet, a small one by the way—eighty or ninety only to the pound—too light entirely to tell a story, in the brute's loins. He gave a savage yell enough as the shot told; and, for the first twenty or thirty yards, dragged his hind-quarters heavily; but as he went on he recovered, gathering headway very rapidly over the little ridge, and through the open woodland, toward a clear field on the mountain's brow. Just as this passed, a dozen shots were fired, in a quick running volley, from the thicket, just where an old cart-way divides it; followed, after a moment's pause, by one full, round report, which I knew instantly to be the voice of old Tom's musket; nor did I err, for, while its echoes were yet vocal in the leafless forest, the owner's jovial shout was heard—

“Wiped all your eyes, boys!—all of them, by the eternal!—Who-hoop for our side!—and I'll bet horns for all on us, old leather-breeches has killed him!”

This passed so rapidly—in fact it was all nearly simultaneous—that the fourth wolf was yet in sight when the last shot was fired. We all knew well enough that the main object of our chase had for the time escaped us!—the game was all afoot!—three of them slain already—nor was there any longer aught to be gained by sticking to our stations. So, more for devilry than from entertaining any real hope of overtaking him, I chucked my rifle to the nearest of the farmers, touched old Bob with the spur, and went away on a hard gallop after the wounded fugitive, who was now plodding onward at the usual long loping canter of his tribe. For about half a mile the wood was open, and sloped gently upward; where it was bounded by a high rugged fence, made in the usual snake fashion, with a huge heavy top-rail;—this we soon reached, the wolf, which was more hurt than I had fancied, beginning to lag grievously, crept through it scarcely a hundred yards ahead of me, and, by good luck, at a spot where the top rail had been partially dislodged, so that Bob swept over it, almost without an effort, in his gallop; though it presented an impenetrable rampart to some half dozen of the horsemen who had followed. I was now in a cleared lot of some ten acres, forming the summit of the hill, which, farther on, sunk steeply into a dark ravine full of thick brushwood, with a small verge of thinly growing coppice, not more than twenty yards in width, on tolerably level ground, within the low stone-wall which parted it from the cultivated land. I felt that I was now upon my vantage ground; and you may be sure, Frank, that I spared not the spurs; but the wolf, conscious probably of the vicinity of some place of safety, strained every nerve and ran, in fact, as if he had been quite unwounded—so that he was still twelve or fourteen paces from me when he jumped on the wall. Once over this, I well knew he was safe; for I was thoroughly

acquainted with the ground, and was of course aware that no horse could descend the banks of the precipitous ravine. In this predicament, I thought I might as well take a chance at him with one of my good pistols, though of course with faint hopes of touching him; however, I pulled out the right hand nine-inch barrel, took a quick sight, and let drive at him; and, much to my delight, the sound was answered by the long snarling howl, which I had that day heard too often to doubt any more its meaning. Over he jumped, however, and the wall covering him from my sight, I had no means of judging how badly he was hurt—so on I went, and charged the wall with a tight rein and a steady pull—and lucky for me was it that I did so, for under the lee of the wall there was a heap of rugged logs into which Bob plunged gallantly, and, in spite of my hard hold on him, floundered a moment, and went over. Had I been going at top speed, a very nasty fall must have been the immediate consequence,—as it was, both of us rolled over; but with small violence, and on soft snow, so that no harm was done. As I came off, however, I found myself in a most unpleasant neighborhood; for my good friend the wolf, hurt pretty badly by the last shot, had as it seemed ensconced himself among the logs, whence Bob's assault and subsequent discomfiture had somewhat suddenly dislodged him,—so that, as I rolled over on the snow, I found myself within six feet of my friend, seemingly very doubtful whether to fight or fly! But, by good luck, my bullet had struck him on the hip-bone, and being of a rather large calibre, had let his claret pretty freely loose, beside shattering the bone, so that he was but in poor fighting trim; and I had time to get back to the gray—who stood snorting and panting, up to his knees in snow and rubbish, but without offering to stir—to draw my second pistol, and to give Isegrin—as the Germans call him—the *coup de grace*, before he could attain the friendly shelter of the dingle, to which with all due speed he was retreating. By this time all our comrades had assembled. Loud was the glee—boisterous the applause, which fell especially to me, who had performed with my own hand the glorious feat of slaying two wolves in one morning—and deep the cups of applejack, Scotch whiskey, and Jamaica spirits, which flowed in rich libations, according to the tastes of the complotators, over the slaughtered quarry.

Breakfast was produced on the spot: cold salt pork, onions, and hard biscuit forming the principal dishes, washed down by nothing weaker than the pure ardent! Not long, however, did fat Tom permit us to enjoy our ease.

“Come boys,”—he shouted,—“no laziness here—no gormandizing—the worst part of our work’s before us—the old lame devil is afoot, and five miles off by now. We must ~~get~~ back, and lay the hounds on, right stret off—and well if the scent an’t cold now! He’s tuk right off toward Duckcedars (for so Tom ever calls Iruxedo Pond—a lovely crescent-shaped lakelet deep in the bosom of the greenwoods), so off with you, Jem, down by the road, as hard as you can strick with ten of your boys in sleighs, and half the hounds—and if you find his tracks acrost the road, don’t wait for us, but

strick right arter him. You, Garry, keep stret down the old road with ten dogs and all the plunder—we'll meet at night, I reckon."

No sooner said than done!—the parties were sent off with the relays.—This was on Monday morning,—Tom and I, and some thirteen others, with eight couple of the best dogs, stuck to his slot on foot. It was two hours at least, so long had he been gone, before a single hound spoke to it, and I had begun well nigh to despair; but Tom's immense sagacity, which seemed almost to know instinctively the course of the wily savage, enabling us to cut off the angles of his course, at last brought us up somewhat nearer to him. At about noon, two or three of the hounds opened, but doubtfully and faintly. His slot, however, shewed that they were right, and lustily we cheered them on!—Tom, marvelling the while that we heard not the cry of Jem's relay—"For I'll be darned"—he said—"if he hasn't crossed the road long enough since; and that dumb nigger, Jem, 's not had the sense to stick to him!" For once, however, the fat man was wrong; for, as it appeared when we neared the road, the wolf had headed back, scared doubtless by some injudicious noise of our companions, and making a wide ring, had crossed three miles below the spot where Jem was posted. This circuit we were forced to make; as at first sight we fancied he had headed altogether back, and it was four o'clock before we got upon his scent, hot, fresh, and breast-high; running toward the road, that is, due eastward from the covert whence he had bolted in the morning. Nor were our friends inactive; for, guided by the clamors of our pack, making the forests musical, they had held down the road; and, as the felon crossed, caught a long view of him as he limped over it, and laid the fresh hounds on. A brilliant rally followed—we calling off our wearied dogs, and hasting to the lower road, where we found Garry with the sleighs, and dashed off in our turn through all sorts of bye-paths and wood roads, to head them once again! This, with much labor, we effected; but the full winter-moon had risen, and the innumerable stars were sparkling in the frosty skies, when we flogged off the hounds—kindled our night fires—prepared our evening meal, feasted, and spread our blankets, and slept soundly under no warmer canopy than the blue firmament—secure that our lame friend would lie up for the night at no great distance. With the first peep of dawn we were again afoot, and, the snow still befriending us, we roused him from a cedar-brake at about nine o'clock, cut him off three times with fresh dogs and men, the second day, and passed the night, some sixteen miles from home, in the rude hovel of a charcoal burner. Greater excitement I cannot imagine, than that wild, independent chace!—sometimes on foot, cheering the hounds through swamp and dingle, over rough cliffs and ledges where foot of horse could avail nothing—sometimes on horseback, galloping merrily through the more open woodlands—sometimes careering in the flying sleigh, to the gay music of its bells, along the wild wood paths! Well did we fare, too—well! aye, sumptuously!—for our outskirters, though they reserved their rifles for the appropriate game, were not so sparing with the shot gun; so that, night

after night, our chaldron reeked with the mingled steam of rabbit, quail, and partridge, seethed up *à la Meg Merrilies*, with fat pork, onions, and potatoes—by the Lord Harry, Frank, a glorious and unmatched *consommée*. To make, however, a long tale short (for every day's work, although varied to the actors by thousands of minute but unnarratable particulars, would appear but as a repetition of the last, to the mere listener), to make a long tale short, on the third day he doubled back, took us directly over the same ground—and in the middle of the day, on Saturday, was roused in view by the leading hounds, from the same little swamp in which the five had harbored during the early winter. No man was near the hounds when he broke covert,—but fat Tom, who had been detached from the party to bring up provisions from the village, was driving in his sleigh steadily along the road, when the sharp chorus of the hounds aroused him. A minute after, the lame scoundrel limped across the turnpike, scant thirty yards before him. Alas! Tom had but his double-barrel, one loaded with buck shot, the other merely prepared for partridge!—he blazed away, however, but in vain! Out came ten couple on his track, hard after him; and old Tom, cursing his bad luck, stood to survey the chase across the open. Strange was the felon's fate! The first fence, after he had crossed the road, was full six feet in height, framed of huge split logs, piled so close together that, save between the two topmost rails, a small dog even could have found no passage. Full at this opening the wolf dashed, as fresh, Tom said, as though he had not run a yard; but as he struggled through it, his efforts shook the top rail from the yokes, and the huge piece of timber falling across his loins, pinned him completely! At a mile off I heard his howl myself, and the confused and savage hubbub, as the hounds, front and rear, assailed him. Hampered although he was, he battled it out fiercely—aye, heroically—as six of our best hounds maimed for life, and one slain outright, testified. Heavens! how the fat man scrambled across the fence!—he reached the spot, and, far too much excited to reload his piece and quietly blow out the fierce brute's brains, fell to belaboring it about the head with his gun stock, shouting the while and yelling; so that the din of his tongue, mixed with the snarls and long howls of the mangled savage, and the fierce baying of the dogs, fairly alarmed me, as I said before, at a mile's distance! As it chanced, Timothy was on the road close by, with Peacock; I caught sight of him, mounted, and spurred on fiercely to the rescue; but when I reached the hill's brow, all was over. Tom, puffing and panting like a grampus in shoal water, covered—garments and face and hands—with lupine gore, had finished his huge enemy, after he had destroyed his gun, with what he called a *stick*, but what you and I, Frank, should have termed a fair-sized tree; and with his foot upon the brindled monster's neck, was quaffing copious rapture from the neck of a quart bottle—once full, but now well nigh exhausted—of his appropriate and cherished beverage.* Thus fell the last wolf on the Hills of Warwick!

* The facts and incidents of the lame wolf's death are strictly true, although they were not witnessed by the writer.

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.*

BY AN AMATEUR.

SOME REMARKS ON STABLING AND THE MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

THERE are but few owners of horses who go to the expense of building stables. Those who do so, and without regard to expense, can of course erect them on a plan which will ensure every comfort and advantage to the horses that are to inhabit them; and, therefore, on this subject I shall have but few remarks to make. Very many ill-arranged stables may nevertheless be greatly improved by a few trifling alterations; and the observations I may have to make on this head must serve in some measure as a guide to those who are about to re-build.

It must ever be borne in mind that the first grand requisite towards health and condition is thorough ventilation. Without this, a horse, if not actually the subject of disease, as is too often the case, becomes languid and incapable of much exertion. His muscles waste, and have not that firm, hard, elastic feel which those of a well-conditioned horse impart; and if suffered for any length of time to inhabit a close and ill-ventilated stable, he will invariably betray symptoms of actual local disease, independent of his general want of vigor. The eyes are a part of the body which very soon suffer from being subjected to hot and impure air, whenever impregnated with the effluvia of dung or urine allowed to accumulate in a stable; and when the greatest attention is paid to cleanliness, if there be not a free ingress and egress for pure and fresh air, the lungs will soon become actually diseased, or in a state to be very easily affected by slight causes of irritation.

Many people imagine that it is quite sufficient to admit air into a stable; but this is an error. Not only must there be a sufficient provision for the entrance of fresh air into the stable, but likewise an aperture where it may make its escape, and thus create a draught, by which all impurities in the atmosphere may be carried off.

Good air, it must never be forgotten, is the *pabulum vitæ*. The blood is generally so denominated; and it is very true that from that source all the secretions of the body are derived, and the health and vigor of the frame kept up. But before the blood can become in a fit state to carry on life AT ALL, it must be subjected, in its passage through the lungs, to the action of the atmosphere; and the purer this is, the greater will be its effect upon the blood, and consequently upon the constitution in general. Hence it is not by any means difficult to imagine how great a desideratum is uncontaminated air to animal life, and how surely the deprivation of it must create debility, and eventually lead to disease. Glanders—the stable-plague—is a very frequent result of confinement in a close atmosphere, and, being highly infectious, is not always got rid of by the strictest attention to cleanliness and ventilation, even

* Continued from Vol. x. page 661.

long after horses affected with that complaint have been removed. I have generally found that the best plan of ventilating a close stable is to cut a large double trap-door in the floor of the loft, and to make an aperture, if there be not one already, above the stable door, which may be partially or entirely closed by a hinged shutter, sawn into two or three pieces, one or more of which may be closed or left open at pleasure.

Where there is no loft to the stable, a hole of sufficient magnitude should be made in the roof, which should be covered by a small square turret, about two feet in height, with a shutter on each side. Either of these may be closed, according to the wind or the state of the weather. A stable with a loft is, however, in my opinion, far preferable to one without. It may be made quite as warm as any other in winter, and is much cooler in summer, as horses do not stand directly under the roof, which, whether tiled or slated, acquires a considerable degree of heat if exposed to the sun. The loft of a stable, on the other hand, can always be kept cool by leaving the door open, in addition to both flaps of the double trap-door already mentioned, and thus a superstratum of cool air can be constantly kept up.

A stable with a loft should always be ceiled, to prevent dust from falling upon the horses through the boards of the loft floor. With regard to the quantity of light to be admitted into a stable, much difference of opinion prevails. For my own part, I should say, never let your stable be dark. It keeps a horse constantly dozing, and tends to create a want of activity and liveliness, which those who are advocates for darkness pretend are thereby augmented when a horse is taken out to exercise. I do not believe a word of this myself, and will contend that plenty of light admitted into a stable renders a horse cheerful, and furnishes the natural stimulus to the eyes, which, if long kept in darkness, are extremely irritable on being brought into the glare of day, and cause a horse to go for some time, until he becomes accustomed to the light, as though he were moon-blind.

Your stable windows should always be made to open; and, where a horse is allowed to be loose, should have iron-bars within sufficiently close to each other to prevent his poking his nose between them. This is the best economy; for without them, you will find yourself compelled every week to replace broken squares of glass. Horses that are kept without much work soon become mischievous; and I have often remarked that they will get into a habit of breaking the windows of their stable by rubbing their noses against them, first gently, and then a little harder, until they find out just the degree of force necessary to accomplish their object, which, when obtained, seems to please them greatly, and affords a species of pastime which soon becomes habitual.

In building a stable, loftiness and plenty of room behind the horses are two grand desiderata. The clear width of the stalls inside the wood work should not be less than six feet, and the divisions between them not less than seven clear of the manger; as, where they are shorter, horses very frequently kick each other.

It is very much the fashion to make the floor of the stall much higher near the manger than behind. All dealers' stables are built in this manner, for the purpose of showing off the horses in them, as it causes them to appear one or two inches higher than they really are. Nevertheless a person who consults appearances less than his horse's comfort, will never allow him to stand constantly on rising ground, which is a most fatiguing position for the legs. The way in which a horse standing in a stall with a considerable rise constantly shifts one leg and then the other, resting them alternately, sufficiently demonstrates the uneasiness of his position, to say nothing of the constant strain upon the back sinews which it occasions. A slight descent in a stall is, however, desirable for the purpose of carrying off the urine, though many people prefer that their horses should stand with their hind legs more elevated than any other part. Perfectly level ground affords undoubtedly the most comfortable standing for any four-footed animal; but the advantages of draining must not be overlooked, and a little additional straw can very easily be laid towards a horse's heels, where that part is lowest. The paving of each stall should gradually incline towards a drain at the bottom of the stalls, made with a very considerable slope in order that the urine which falls into it may be immediately carried away from the stable. This drain immediately receives the urine from a mare; and a second should be made in the centre of each stall, covered with a fine grating, to catch that from a horse. Several pails of water should every now and then be thrown down this latter drain, and the mouth of it, which should always be covered by a trap, examined to see that its course be free; for, depend upon it, that every bad smell allowed to remain for any length of time in your stable, cannot but be highly injurious to your horses.

I am not by any means an advocate for those basin-shaped mangers which are now so common. The old-fashioned manger, in my opinion, is far preferable. Many a hungry horse, on putting his nose into a feed of oats, throws it right and left, and consequently spills a considerable quantity out of these small mangers, or hits his jaws against the sides, if, as is frequently the case, they are curved inwards to prevent the waste of corn. Besides, a greedy horse and one that is given to bolt his food, requires that it should be spread thinly over a large surface, a thing which is impossible in a small manger, where the corn, being laid in a heap, allows a horse to take a large quantity into his mouth at a time, and to swallow it, as he has no trouble in picking it up, before it be half masticated. Added to this, few horses, while feeding, will keep their heads constantly over a small manger, and consequently they let drop into the stall a quantity of oats, which, with a larger manger, would have been saved.

It is a good plan to have the edge of a manger sheeted with iron. It prevents horses from acquiring a knack, which they easily get, of gnawing their manger—a habit which frequently instigates to crib-biting, the most detestable of all nuisances. Many crib-biters, unless hardened in sin, will also refuse to bite an iron-bound

manger; and as the expense of that metal is not great, the propriety of employing it as a saving in the article of new mangers, and as a preventive of the acquirement of a bad habit, is obvious.

With respect to your rack, let that also be of iron, and placed as low as possible, so that it stand clear of the manger, and leave sufficient room for a horse to get his head comfortably between the two. I am well convinced that those racks which are placed so high as to make a horse raise his head much to get at his food, are injurious. The natural position of a horse's head in feeding, will at once demonstrate the absurdity of making him raise it very high to reach his hay; added to which, he every now and then, in pulling it from his rack, shakes some hay-seeds into his eyes, which produce irritation there, and may render him unserviceable for some days.

A well-regulated stable ought to be supplied with a thermometer. Nothing conduces more to the well-being of any animal than keeping him in a proper and equal temperature. I would never advise that a stable should be kept hot; and, after what I have already said of the necessity of free ventilation, it will naturally be supposed that I am no advocate for totally excluding the air at any time. But the weather must of course regulate the quantity to be admitted at different times; and in order to ascertain this point, a thermometer is an extremely useful guide. Feel your horse's hide under his clothes occasionally, and take care that it be always perfectly warm. No animal will ever thrive while it continues to feel cold, and the horse perhaps least of any. Plenty of fresh air to breathe, and plenty of good clothes to keep up the circulation in the skin, are two absolute essentials to good condition. In addition to body-clothes, whenever the extremities feel cold, apply dry flannel bandages loosely round the legs. Of these I shall have more to say presently. I have known hunting-grooms keep their studs constantly in a temperature of 65, but this I think rather too high: such a degree of heat obliges them to be kept in brisk exercise when they are out, or they will be very liable to colds and inflammations.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that, in conjunction with free ventilation, cleanliness in every department of the stable is a requisite of the highest importance. It is not simply sufficient that impure air should find a ready vent; it should never be generated. The act of respiration deprives atmospheric air of one of its component parts essential to the continuance of life, and hence the necessity of affording a fresh supply of it to all animals. In speaking, however, of impure air, I do not allude to that which has already been respired, but to that which is impregnated with exhalations from dung, urine, or other noxious substances. It must be evident to every thinking person, that nothing can be more prejudicial to the health and consequent vigor of the horse than his being suffered constantly to breathe an atmosphere loaded with the effluvia of putrescent matter; and yet nothing is perhaps so common as to find stables, to all appearance kept in the nicest order, in which but a moderate attention is paid to the avoidance of this fruitful

source of debility and disease. It is a very favorite plan with many grooms, if not strictly looked after, to sweep up the stable at night, and then, instead of carrying the dung away at once, to hide it under the corner of a horse's bed, to be removed perhaps the next or the following day. Thus during the whole of the night is an animal left to breathe an air contaminated with miasmata from matter in a state of decomposition, and which very frequently, on being first voided, occasions a most intolerable smell of a highly pungent character, which, as I have already remarked, is as injurious to the eyes, from its stimulating properties, as it is detrimental to health from its effects upon the blood.

As for the straw which is impregnated with urine, it is the inviolable custom of nineteen grooms out of twenty to allow it to remain at the bottom of a horse's bed for several days, when it is at length cleaned away; and let any one remain in a stable thus kept while this operation is being performed, and try the effect it has upon his own eyes, if he wish to judge of it upon those of his horses. This Augæan labor is termed "mucking out;" and whenever you hear the expression used by your groom, be sure that his habits are not of the cleanliest order. In fact such an operation as "mucking out" should, in a well-regulated stable, be an impossibility, for there never should be any "muck" to take away. I remember having heard that a crusty old merchant, whose name I will not mention, was always in the habit of asking an applicant for a clerk's berth whether he was a good hand at "*scratching out.*" If the answer was in the affirmative, the reply always was, "then, my good fellow, you won't do for me, for my clerks must never make mistakes." You may, therefore, previously to hiring a groom, ask him "how often he mucks out," and should he say "once a week, or twice a week, Sir," the sooner he "mucks himself out" the better. Some of these gentry, indeed, think that to look after a horse properly requires no sort of training to the business at all; and I have known one of them who applied for the situation of groom to a gentleman, who kept hunters too, acknowledge very cavalierly "that he did not know much about *nags*, but had looked arter a *kiow* a good bit!"

A horse's bed should be shaken out regularly every morning, every particle of dirt or foul straw removed, and the stones swept perfectly clean. Whatever portion of the straw is retained should be tucked under the manger, and never allowed to remain under a horse unless he have done hard work on the previous day and seem disposed to lie down. This is a case which requires that the general rule should be departed from; but, as a common practice, no habit is more injurious to a horse's feet than that of suffering them to remain constantly buried in straw. It is generally allowed that the feet of cavalry horses, taking them one with another, are free'r from disease than those of private individuals, and I believe that in no horse regiment in our service is the litter allowed to remain all day under a horse's feet. For my own part, I like to see a stable well swept out, and the horses standing on the bare stones; but I do not imagine that much injury can result to the feet from

standing on a very thin layer of straw, where it is considered as improving the appearance of a stable: however, the less straw so used the better.

While horses are at exercise, the stable should every now and then be washed out, and the mangers scalded with hot water and scraped. The urine, and whatever litter or dirt may have fallen into the common drain, should be removed, and never allowed, even for a single day, to accumulate either in or near the stable. Unless the weather be very damp, let the door and windows be left open while the horses are out, and take care that neither dogs nor fowls have access. Some people are very fond of keeping dogs in a stable, and others allow poultry to enter whenever they please; by which pleasing amalgamation of the smells of a hen-house and kennel, they keep their horses ready to fall victims to the first serious malady by which they may be attacked.

When your horse is about to be done up for the night, do you go into the stable, unless you have a groom whom you can perfectly trust, and see that all the litter be well shaken, so that there shall be no clods or lumps in it, and that there be plenty of it, and well laid up at the sides and corners. Let the clothes be put on afresh, and remember, if they should hang too much over a horse's quarters, they are not to be drawn up against the coat, but to be taken off and put on again. Next see that they lie evenly under the roller—a spring roller—that is, one made with elastic bands, the inventor of which is Mr. Coleman, of the Turf Hotel, St. Alban's, who always keeps a good stock of them on hand. Do not let the fore-piece of the head-stall press on the roots of the ears, and put your hand under the cloth where it covers part of the neck to ascertain that the mane lies evenly under it.

This done, feel your horse's legs all round, and be certain that they be comfortably warm; for if the blood do not circulate freely in the extremities, the horse will probably remain chilled during the whole of the night. Moreover, coldness of the legs, and nose, and ears, is oftentimes a symptom of greater evil than may at first be imagined, and, therefore, it is necessary to correct it as soon as discovered. For this purpose, let your groom handrub the legs assiduously for some time after they begin to feel warm, and afterwards apply loose and warm flannel bandages to them to ensure their remaining so. To handrub a horse's legs effectually, it is a good plan to have a pair of gloves shaped like a bag with a thumb to it, and made of the same material as a horse's nose-bag. This is a system adopted in our cavalry regiments in India, where every horse's legs are regularly rubbed every night and morning for a certain length of time, the trumpet marking the period allotted for each leg. Gloves made of the material already mentioned are also there used for cleaning every part of the body, and it would be well if they were employed in this country during the time that a horse is shedding his coat; for if a brush be much used then, some horses will soon become almost entirely stripped of their coat, and liable to take cold.

Every horse's feet, and particularly those that are rather brittle,

should be regularly stopped at least three times a week with moist cowdung (to which those who like it may add a little clay), or else with the pads of which I have already made mention. In addition to this they should twice in the week be well brushed with a mixture of equal weights of tar and tallow, melted together, which precaution will save many a brittle hoof from cracking.

After horses are done up for the night, I have almost invariably been in the habit myself either of remaining a few minutes in the stable, after the light has been extinguished, or of returning there in a short time without a candle, in order to be perfectly assured that no sparks have fallen among the litter. Few people will take the trouble to do this, although it be not very great; but when we consider that a horse's litter and the greater part of his provender consist of the most inflammable materials, *and that when once a horse smells fire nothing will induce him to move*, it can hardly be supposed that a precaution so easily taken ought to be weighed in the balance with the remotest chance of losing one or more valuable horses, if the injury go no farther. When a gentleman gives an eye to his own stable, the *habit* of going into it a short time after the light has been removed, and of putting his head for a minute or two into the loft, is very soon acquired, and is then not thought troublesome.

I shall now proceed to say a few words on the subject of cleaning a horse, one which it is very requisite that every master of horses should understand, or very many grooms will slur over this part of their business if they find that they can do so with impunity. I like to see a man proceed *systematically* with the operation of grooming a horse, never leaving any part until it be completely and thoroughly cleaned with whatever implement he may for the time have in hand. You will frequently see a man not accustomed to look after horses first rub the shoulder a little, then the hind-quarters, and then one or other of the legs, and so skip about from one part to another until he knows not which is cleaned and which is untouched. A good groom, on the contrary, first takes a horse's head by the ears if cold, and rubs them gently until they are perfectly dry and warm. This is particularly necessary if the horse have come off a journey, and is heated; for nothing tends to render a horse so uncomfortable as to have his head wet and cold. The principal part of the mud and dirt, if there be any, being rubbed or scraped off, he next proceeds to rub the legs with a large wisp of dry straw, and continues this operation until they become perfectly warm; after which a dry roller is loosely applied to each, to be replaced by others when a horse is left to himself. Very many grooms are in the habit of washing the legs and feet as soon as a horse comes in, but this is treatment to which I most decidedly object. If we consider for a moment that the circulation is greatly accelerated by exertion, and that the legs and feet of all parts are perhaps the fullest of blood when a horse has been ridden fast, it will not require any conjuror to shew us the impropriety of plunging them into cold water, thereby checking the perspiration, even though bandages be immediately afterwards applied. This

mode of treatment frequently produces rheumatism or grease (the latter perhaps from excessive reaction, the former from the want of it), and I am of opinion that it also very often lays the foundation of that chronic inflammation of the feet which terminates in flattened soles or completely pumiced feet. Always, therefore, insist upon your horse being perfectly cool before his feet be washed; and as for his legs, if you take my advice, you will never suffer them to be washed at all; the sponge and water-brush being at best a lazy substitute for the wisp and body-brush. The circulation being well established in the extremities, your groom should then begin to wisp the head and jaws, and proceed regularly with the neck, shoulders, fore-hand, body, particularly the belly, and hind-quarters. They should each be afterwards well brushed, and then rubbed over with a damp hay wisp, after which a good strapping with a dry cloth will complete the business. The fore-lock, mane, and tail being well combed and brushed, the clothes may next be put on, and then the eyes, nose, and lips may be cleaned with a damp sponge (which, by the bye, should be used to the eyes first, lest they should receive any discharge from the nose); and the under part of the tail and cleft between the quarters should be similarly treated. These things done, let your horse's feet be washed out, *but not his heels*; let the bandages be removed, the legs well rubbed again, and clean dry bandages be applied.—Should a horse come in fatigued and distressed, from a hard day's hunting we will say, do not plague him with all the cleaning and dressing I have recommended, but take the mud off him, wisp him over till he be dry, clean his feet out and stop them, bandage his legs, and then, making him a good soft bed, give him half a pail of white water (a mixture of oatmeal and water), if he have not already had it, with what corn you consider necessary, and leave him to himself.

I have now told you how a horse is to be well groomed; but a man who, as far as hard work goes, may perfectly well suit you, may nevertheless be a very improper person to whom to trust the care of your horses. No ill-tempered man should ever look after a horse for me, if he were in other respects as good a groom as I could wish to have. When you have a surly bullying fellow in your stable, your horses soon get terrified at the approach of any one, jump from one side of the stall to the other when told to "come over," and, instead of showing confidence in the man who looks after them, will perhaps scarcely allow themselves to be handled without flying about as though they expected a blow. Such a fellow, though he be perfect master of his business, is totally unfit to have the care of horses, gentleness being one of the very best qualities a groom can possess. With a bad-tempered fellow in your stable, you perpetually find your horses with fresh scars in some part or other—about the head commonly—or with swelled hocks or knees; and if you ask how they became so, you will be told that "the horse got loose in the night," or, "he cut or bruised himself by rolling;" whereas, if you knew the truth, you would be well aware that either kicks, or blows with the pitchfork, were the

cause of the mischief. If these disasters frequently occur, try if a change of servants will not prove a cure for them. A man who loses his temper with a horse, be he riding, driving, or cleaning him, is almost sure to do him an injury, and at the time of inflicting it does not stop to consider whether it will be great or not. I remember a short time ago being on a long coach, and sitting beside an excellent dragsman, who handed me his whip, which a good judge of coaching had made a present to him. On the handle were engraved the words "Keep your temper;" and it would be well if this motto were hung up in every stable as a hint to grooms and their helpers.

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THE OPINIONS AND EXPLOITS OF TOM TRIGOR,

COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED, WITH SOME OF HIS SMALL TALK,

BY BEN BULLIT.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

FEW men, says Sir Walter Scott, ever marry their first loves, and but precious few are there whom fate does not separate from early friends. Therefore, says Dr. Johnson, make new ones—keep your friendship in repair. A grave text; but never fear, kind reader, we shall not extract from it a serious homily. We only meant to shew, that, like many an author of heavier calibre, we could prop up common-places by authorities.

I was led into this train of thought, by the reflection, how sadly my early friendships had been cut up. There was Tom Trigor—we were inseparable—many is the time we have beat the covers together in the "Jersies," or laid low all along shore, imbibing (by absorption) considerable salt water, and, more directly, no little of more comfortable fluids, as we poured our artillery into the ducks "innumerable," or listened to the sonorous *hawking* of the more stately geese; and many are the *rouzes* in which we have borne part, from Barnegat to the Cape. But, alas for the mutations of sublunary affairs! The *res angustæ domi*—"a certain impecuniosity"—compelled Tom, as it had forced many a fine fellow before, to seek his fortune in the West. But, more fortunate than most of these fine fellows, he soon succeeded in acquiring a competency. I heard from him from time to time, and was glad to learn that he had battled successfully against fevers and agues, and had at last ensconced himself upon his own domain, and in a snug bachelor's establishment—had made up his mind to "daff the world aside, and bid it pass;" in short, to take the world easy. There, his letters told me, he had resumed his sporting habits, and was luxuriating amid the game with which his new location abounded.

Pressing were the invitations he sent me to visit him, and doughty

were the resolves I made from time to time to accept of them; but it so happened, among the cares and engagements of business (a pize upon the word), that it was long ere I could avail myself of them; and when at last I was enabled—on my return from a journey to New Orleans—to fulfil my promises, circumstances beyond my control (as our great men say, when they want to shirk a troublesome invitation,) so abridged my stay, that I could do little more than look at his establishment. I saw, however, sufficient to make me envy his philosophical retirement. There were “choice spirits” enough about him, to prevent the ennui of utter solitude, and other society he did not seem to crave, save what he gathered from a snug and choice collection of books which he had got around him. We renewed our friendship, and, at parting, he told me that he had a notion soon to take a peep once more at the great menagerie in which the most dangerous of all animals is to be seen without the precautionary measures of cages and muzzles; and that I might perhaps ere long see him on the pavé of our metropolis. It accordingly gave me less surprise than pleasure, when, one afternoon, towards the close of a stormy day in 183—, as I was sitting alone in my lodgings, the sturdy form of Tom presented itself, and the cordial shake of his hand assured me that he was in full vigor, and, as in days of yore, “up to a’most anything.” It was in vain, for that evening, that the theatres presented their most tempting bills of fare. We had enough to say to occupy us at home. The fire was replenished; a pipe was paraded for Tom’s use—he said it ought to be a corn cob—a small assortment of “natives” was ordered in, and in “rapt talk” the hours flew by; and it was not until the “small hours” had begun to be upon the increase, that we separated.

Tom was always a bit of an oddity, and his residence in the “new countries” had given a raciness to his style of thought and conversation, that was irresistible. For the rest, he was somewhat disposed to be discursive in his talk, or, as he called it, to “branch out;” and if you wanted him to pursue a subject, it was necessary frequently to bring him back to the track, while a vein of sentiment, of which you would hardly suspect him to be possessed, occasionally shewed itself on the surface; but of this, and of himself, perhaps, the best idea may be had from the following *report* of a part of our “communings high” on this the first night of our re-union.

In a paper which lay on the table, I had chanced upon the following paragraph, and read it aloud:—

“On the 10th inst., Messrs. B. & S., of Rockingham, Iowa Territory, with their celebrated pointers Miss Clifton and Ellen Tree, killed upwards of eighty grouse in less than eight hours.—(*Iowa paper.*)”

Ben.—Well now, think of that! What most surprises me in this scrap of intelligence is—not that these same Messrs. B. & S., whoever they may be, should with the aid of these two actresses have bagged any number of grouse—but that the exploit should be recorded in an Iowa newspaper. Why, when I was at your house, just after the termination of the Black Hawk war—a better speculation, by the way, that “war” turned out, than the scuffle

with Sam Jones in Florida—it was quite as likely that I should see a theatre built in Connecticut, or a church in Key West, as a newspaper published in Iowa; which same Territory, I take for granted, lies somewhere West of you, for—*horresco referens*—I must confess, of its precise whereabouts I have but a vague sort of an idea.

Tom.—Why you may remember hearing, at the time you speak of, that our Commissioners at Rock Island contrived to diddle Black Hawk and his tribe out of six million acres of land, lying West of the Mississippi, and North of the State of Missouri—we call the transaction, of course, a *treaty*. This tract forms the nucleus of the Territory of Iowa, which seven years ago—not the permanent residence of a single white family—now has its “Suns,” its “Heralds,” and its “Patriots.”

Ben.—And we may reasonably conclude, eh! people to read them, and perhaps—to pay for them—who are no doubt looking far beyond the borders of their Territory for that “Far West” of which we hear so much, but which is like never to be reached. But about these same grouse—I was so short a time at your house, and had so many thousand things to talk about, that I did not get as much information about them, and the rest of the game which appeared so to abound about you, as I wished.

Tom.—Ah! could I have persuaded you to tarry long enough to try some of the sport I would have shewn you, I don't believe you would ever have been willing to come away. The truth is, I believe you were afraid such might have been the result, and that this was one reason why you hurried off. But I give you warning, if you mount me on my hobby, I don't know where it may carry me. I have often read with astonishment—I cannot say my feelings have partaken either of approbation or envy, *haud equidem in video miror magis*—of the battues of divers noble sportsmen in England, who have marched through their well stocked preserves, and knocked down game (what a misnomer) by the cart load. Why! I would as lieve invade a farmer's barn-yard, and pursue my sport among his turkeys and chickens! Fancy a parcel of well dressed, nicely gaitered gentlemen, tramping across trim meadows, climbing styles, and demolishing by the gross a parcel of lazy hand-fed birds, as big and as clumsy as a barn-door *chucky*, or venturing into the snugly trimmed thickets after pheasants—

Ben.—No bird, by the way, with as much plumage as the English pheasant, can be rapid in its flight.

Tom.—While running ahead is a well trained—what?—think you.

Ben.—Why, pointer, of course.

Tom.—No such thing; a trained boy, who, as a bird rises, either signs its death warrant, or gives grace, as he sings out, cock! or hen! This may be all very excellent sport, where no better is to be had,

“But a chosen band in a *prairie* land,
Or a hunt in the woods for me.”

Ben.—But there is some sport, nevertheless, in the sea-girt isle,

that must be worth seeing—a grouse hunt, for instance, in the Highlands—or a day's deer stalking with Mr. Scrope. I must shew you his book to-morrow—of course you have not met with it. There you can

“know

The varied pleasures wealth can shew.”

Tom.—I shall be glad to see it. It is but seldom you find a book written by a gentleman, a practical sportsman, and a man of sense and education; such I take it, from the extracts I have seen from his book, is Mr. Scrope. Not the least agreeable part of my errand, while in these parts, will be the adding of some choice books of this kind to my little library. But after all, give me the preserves which Nature has kept to herself, needing no other protection for their tenants than the vast solitudes which she has interposed between them and the arch destroyer. Here, upon lawns as even as art ever smoothed into a gentleman's park, and as vast, to all appearance, as the ocean, have I many a time and oft pursued my sport, enjoying it none the less that I was alone in the wilderness. It may be that I am unsocial, or peculiar; but I must confess that much as I have enjoyed the exhilaration and amicable rivalry of a friend's society—

Ben.—Gramercy for the courtesy! thankful for the smallest favors!

Tom.—Yet my pleasantest recollections are of days passed alone, save only the mute, but not unintellectual companionship of my dog. Many is the conversation I have had with him, in the intervals of exertion, reclined upon some grassy slope, or in some bosky dell, with no human being within many miles; and great has been the satisfaction—fain would I hope—not a little has been the profit, I have derived from these silent talks. What care we, Cato!—I have caught myself saying—for the suspension of specie payments, or the pressure in the money market? The wag of his tail, and the knowing look of his mild clear eye, say plainly as dog can speak—not a sixpence. What is it to us, who is in, or who is out, in the scramble of politics?—Not a sous—no my master, as long as you stick to your farm, and neither dabble in stocks, nor seek to *better your fortune* by merchandize, the troubles in the money market will not affect you. So long as you neither seek office from Mr. Van Buren, nor promotion at the hands of Mr. Clay, you need never trouble yourself about politics.

Ben.—There's a sensible dog!—many a Christian might talk a week, and never say anything so much to the purpose. But, Tom, are we not getting up into what Lord Ellenboro' calls the high sentimental latitudes? Come, now for the grouse.

Tom.—The grouse! by Jove I had forgot. Well then, these noble birds early in September, or even so soon as late in August, who have whooped and strutted and trumpeted the live-long Spring and Summer, the undisturbed possessors of the prairies, are now leading about their broods some three-quarters grown, and they are at no time in finer condition for broiling, the most delicate of Spring chickens yielding to them in flavor; and, at the same time,

their behaviour in the field is far more satisfactory and accommodating than at any other period of their lives. They now, when once they have scattered, stick to their concealment in the long grass, till you kick them up with your foot; and the amount you can then bag, need be limited by nothing but your forbearance or your industry. Nor did I ever trouble my head because some old gentlewoman may have said, that "'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful"

—————to kill

So many of these our harmless birds,
For they have done no ill.

Let the gnostics preach about its being "not sportsmanlike, and unhandsome," to knock down more birds than you can consume. I'll make out, when I can, my twenty brace notwithstanding; and I have never yet seen grouse at such a discount, at this season of the year, but what all that could be killed could be consumed, and if haply I should a little overstock the market, there is no fear of thinning off the tribe, for their name is legion, and the farmers will not grieve when they reflect, that there will at any rate be by so much the fewer depredators on their cornfields next Autumn and Winter, when it may truly be said that they are *fruges consumere nati*. Moreover, we must make the most of them now, for in six weeks they will change their character and habits so entirely, that by no ingenuity can we possibly get near enough for a shot, and the devils, though they now tumble over on the reception of two or three No. 8 shot, will then carry off as much lead as a Galena steamboat. It is astonishing how difficult the full grown birds are to kill; I have known them, when riddled with No. 4 shot, to fly off entirely out of sight, and leave you bending forward your neck,

With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive lent,

in hopes, that as you have knocked off feathers enough, as it would seem, to fill a bolster, that straight and rapid flight must soon falter; but no, on goes the bird in a "bee line," till his figure "melts into thin air," and you gather yourself up, draw a long breath, and, if you are a man of cool temperament, quietly reload.

Ben.—Well, under these circumstances, when I had become entirely satisfied that the animal was *oph*, I do fear me I should blaspheme, and consign, as the quaker said, its visual organs to perdition.

Tom.—What, for not being more easily killed! Well, I have my doubts, *entre nous*, if, under such circumstances, a grouse *ever* does stop. I was coming in one day from the quarry lot, with my rifle—it is a big bore, running 50 to the pound—when, espying a cock grouse at about sixty yards distance, I sent after him, as parson Maffit would say, the leaden messenger of death. He rose, and made off with a strong and rapid flight; but greatly to my surprise, at some 200 yards distance he gave in, forming the solitary exception within my experience, to the rule upon which the above theory is based. On coming up to him, I found that the

ball had struck just behind the wing, and had literally carried away the under part of the body !

Ben.—"Decidit exanimis, vitamque reliquit in astris!" Why they must have as many lives as a cat !

Tom.—The tenacity of life in some birds, as compared with others, is among the most curious features in their physiology. While the structure of some—the woodcock, for instance—seems scarcely capable of resisting a shot in any part of their bodies, there are others, again, which seem as impregnable as if, like Achilles, they had been dipped in the Styx. Among the earliest of my griefs, in those times, you remember, when one of old Tikelbaum's holidays used to give us a chance to slip off into the woods, I may count the impunity and clamor with which the highholders and kingfishers used to make off, after I had spent perhaps a quarter of an hour in crawling upon them, and had discharged into them, or at any rate, at them, the contents of the old fowling-piece which had accompanied my father more than once to India, and which, notwithstanding the low esteem in which you and some two or three other chaps used to affect to hold it, did, in the long run, as much execution as any of your pieces of greater pretension.

Ben.—Pray can you decide the question, whether the prairie hen of Illinois is identical with the grouse of New Jersey and Long Island ?

Tom.—I am inclined to believe that they are not the same bird. I never saw the grouse of New Jersey ; they had become too scarce, you know, before our day, and in our hunts in the pines we used to get more huckle-berries, and fun, than grouse ; and even if I had seen them, perhaps I might not be able to decide the question, for it is a point about which doctors do disagree most amazingly. There was old Henderson—you saw him I think—whom I caught down in the pines, and who says he has killed grouse there ; he swears that the prairie hen is the real Simon Pure ; but again there is Dick Gardener, who has had an equal chance of knowing, when he was at my house gave his judgment entirely the other way, and pointed out some minute points of difference. In the museum upon the corner of Ann Street, I once saw specimens of the two birds, side by side, and it did appear to me that the grouse of New Jersey was a slenderer and smaller bird than his Western cousin. I don't find that any of the ornithologists have decided the question.

Ben.—Well, be that as it may, they need fear no comparison with any members of the family, East or West,—cooked I mean, of course, the way that Dutch boy of yours used to serve them up—by the way, what has become of that chap ?

* *Tom.*—Ah ! as parson Mumbler used to say of his wife—he was too good for me, Sir. Steamboats, and higher wages, tell the story. The fact is, what with these steamboats and high wages on one hand, and high notions on the other, I expect we shall soon have to bear our parts in the farce of every man his own cook. An officer who was passing through our village—he told me the story—was enquiring as to the prospect of getting his boots blacked.

Why, said the landlord, I rather think the *gentleman* who commonly blacks the boots has not come along yet this morning!

Ben.—Well, you know

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

Tom.—Yes, but that was while the tastes and habits of that venerable couple retained their primitive simplicity. I'll warrant after the old lady had got a step beyond the fig leaves, she had her sempstresses. And I'll never believe but what Adam made his great lazy sons relieve him from the labor of the spade; and that, I take it, was the first step towards employing serv—help—I mean.

Ben.—*C'est vrai*; but *revenons à nos moutons*. What do you think, or rather—for it comes to the same thing—what is your practice in the field, in a matter much disputed among sportsmen, some of whom recommend you, by way of keeping cool, never to cock your gun until you see your bird, and even go sometimes so far as to say you should count ten before bringing your gun to your shoulder?

Tom.—Why, my dear fellow, I think that this is emphatically an age of humbug. Humbug is the order of the day; like the plagues of Egypt, it comes up into our bed chambers, and we are not to hope that it will spare our sports. The man who does not keep cool, will certainly not kill many birds; but how the operation of cocking his gun—done, as it inevitably must be, in a hurry, while the bird is increasing in the ratio geometrical progression his distance—will assist in steadying his nerves, I confess I am doubtful. My own practice has always been, *quantum valeat*, to cock my gun as soon as I enter the field; and the mere doing so, impresses upon me a feeling of caution which I am satisfied makes me a safer companion than I should be otherwise. The slow and easy system may do very well in such sporting as we were speaking of a while ago; but where birds fly as fast as our quails, or dodge as quick as a Fall woodcock in a thicket, I shall adhere to my own plan. The less you give yourself to do, before firing, the better. In fact, I have known several locks ruined by the convulsive energy with which, on an emergency, they have been cocked.

Ben.—But are not hasty shots apt occasionally to cut their birds to pieces, when they are thus always “cocked and primed?”

Tom.—Doubtless they do. The most singular instance of the kind I ever witnessed, was once while I was snipe shooting with an old friend, Harry Braddish. He was always hasty, and upon this occasion a bird got up between us—out of shot for me—and flew directly towards him. The bird rose in the air just before he reached Harry, and flew directly over his head, at a distance of not more than ten feet—while at this distance he fired. I was looking directly at him, and positively the bird vanished as if by necromancy—a few feathers floated about in the air, but no vestige of the bird save a single wing could we find. The load of shot, going with the compactness of a musket ball, had utterly demolished him!

Ben.—*Secessit crasso in ære.*

Tom.—True ; but where a man mangles one bird in this manner, he will save a dozen, which, upon the slow and easy system, would otherwise have got off peppered like Falstaff's ragamuffins, to die "a cadger pownies death by some dike side." In my experience, it has always been the quick shots who have got the most birds, provided they do not get flustered. The best shot I ever made—and I considered it such, from my being so unprepared at the time—was from my wagon. I was driving into town at a brisk pace of some eight miles an hour, when from a little pool in the prairie a teal got up. I handed the lines to the lad who was by my side—stopping the horses was, of course, out of the question—cocked my gun, which was lying beside me, pitched it up, and brought down the little fellow with a broken pinion.

Ben.—A good, or at any rate, a lucky shot. What think you of the comparative difficulty of crack shooting with the rifle, as compared with the fowling-piece,—I mean on the wing of course ?

Tom.—Why, judging from the greater number of good shots with the rifle that you meet with, I am inclined to think—what a little reflection would teach at any rate—that it is far more difficult to perform well with the fowling-piece, it requires such a combination of almost opposite qualities. Imperturbable coolness, great rapidity of action, extreme accuracy of eye and judgment, are so seldom united in the same individual, that you but rarely find a man really dangerous at all times with that weapon ; but with the rifle, you can generally take your time : your game is standing. When I first went to that country, nothing astonished the natives more than to see me bring down birds upon the wing ; for they had been in the habit of considering game in motion, as safe as if they were at the antipodes. Perfection, however, such as is sometimes shewn with the rifle at target shooting, is utterly unattainable, unless nature has bestowed iron nerves and piercing vision. A man may shoot well in the woods (I have known some quite nervous men very successful), who would make no show at target shooting.

Ben.—A shrewd trick, that was played off by a celebrated rifle shot, was told me in St. Louis. He would occasionally, when in the woods with a companion, offer to bet that he could shoot two balls into the same hole. He would then designate an object upon some large tree at a suitable distance, and fire a ball into it ; then re-loading, he would point his gun in the same direction, taking care, however, to *miss the tree* entirely. Upon going up to the *mark*, as but one ball hole could be seen, and as it of course was thought impossible that so celebrated a shot could have missed the tree entirely, the matter was generally yielded. The trick was blown at last, by some one whose bump of credulity happened to be smaller, or his bump of inquisitiveness larger than usual, who had witnessed the feat more than once, and who quietly went and cut into the spot, where finding but one ball, the thing was explained.

Tom.—Well, I used to hear a great deal, before I went to the West, of the marvellous dexterity of the backwoodsmen with the

rifle, but have seen much less of it than I expected. I have seen better shooting at targets around this city, than can be easily shewn at the West, and at much greater distances. The truth is about this, almost every body in the West—I mean of the natives, of course—shoots tolerably well; but hardly any body takes the trouble to become perfect: as Dr. Johnson said of learning in Scotland, every one has a few mouthfulls—hardly any a full meal. And then the ridiculously small bores you see! I have often seen a hunter carrying through the woods an immense, heavy gun, which, when you came to examine it, ran perhaps a hundred and fifty or sixty to the pound. Now there is no manner of use in such small balls, except to shoot squirrels. It is positively wicked to fire them at deer. This animal—so tenacious of life that it is but seldom a ball of forty or fifty to the pound will bring it down in its tracks—will go off for miles with one of these little trifling pellets in it, and bestow the venison that should of right belong to you, upon the prairie wolves and eagles.

Ben.—It strikes me—for I have had no opportunity of trying it—that Colt's patent rifle must be a prodigious improvement upon the efficiency of this weapon, especially for the purposes of war. I have fancied what an advantage the use of it would have given the early settlers of Kentucky in their fights with the Indians. How confoundedly one of the red skins, who had taken to a tree, and had succeeded, as he supposed, in drawing his antagonist's load, would have been astonished as he rushed out, secure—*oh cæca anima mortalium*—to receive the contents of a second, or if necessary, a third, or fourth barrel of the mysterious engine. Egad! it seems like realizing the idea of the young Connecticut militiaman, who warned his mother, as she lay sprawling from the recoil of his seven times loaded musket, to look out, for there were six more to come!

Tom.—Yes, it is a wonderful invention. I stopped to look at some of them as I came up here; but inasmuch as it is impossible to use patching on the balls, I doubt its accuracy where great nicety is required; nevertheless, I shall take one back with me.—(Here the entry of a fresh supply of the natives, and trimmings, put Tom's jaws to a more agreeable exercise, and interrupted for a while the flow of talk.)—Ah, Ben! as Tom Moore says, "I do confess with many a sigh," that this is a vegetable (as Pat said of the turkey) which does not grow, the more's the pity, on the prairies. The time will come—but that's nothing to us of this generation—when the railroads will whisk out oysters and *sich*, and return grouse, venison, and bear meat; but as the matter stands now—I give it up; in this one thing you have the advantage of us.

Ben.—Well, come now, that's something; you do allow that in one thing we have the advantage! I tell you what it is, Tom, when I was out your way, I saw a plenty—lots—of fine country, handsome, fertile, picturesque—filling up too, rapidly—growing like a mushroom—fine rivers, clever towns, and all that; but so infamously was I jarred and shaken—to say nothing of being occasionally most horribly scared, on your steamboats; so abomi-

nably was I jolted in stages, and crowded in hotels; so much infamous cooking did I swallow, and so many democrats did I sleep with, and in such dirty beds, that—you quoted the lexicographer just now, you remember his bon mot about the scenery of Scotland—I could not help thinking the most agreeable prospect I saw, was the national road, by which I returned to Baltimore and civilization.

Tom.—*Chacun à son gout.* If every one thought as I do, there would be no room for me on the prairies. I don't doubt there has been many a heart broken in this same West—many a poor devil has gone out for wool, and come back shorn—but for all that, if more people were of my mind, there would be fewer anxious faces in Wall Street, and fewer pavement polishers in Broadway. But, by Jupiter, I must be moving. I did want to talk about a certain bear-hunt, I once took, under the auspices of an original in our neighborhood,—but sufficient for the day. To-morrow you must indoctrinate me into the curiosities.

Ben.—Aye, I'll go the rounds with you; we'll push our researches among the fine arts. It shall go hard, but you shall confess that a fortnight can be as pleasantly spent here, as in the prairies. Good night! H.

PRICE OF STALLIONS—PRIAM, TRANBY, ETC.

BEING A REPLY TO "CAPTAIN."

MR. EDITOR: Your November number contains a communication, over the signature of "Captain," some portions of which deserve notice. I avail myself of the first leisure moment I have had since the reception of that number, to examine some of the views and positions of your correspondent.

The price of Stallions in this country, has often been the theme of remarks in your Register, and elsewhere; remarks erroneous in themselves, and often *gratuitously* ill-natured towards the owners of stallions. "Several of your correspondents have animadverted (and 'Captain' adds, 'very properly, too,') upon the high prices demanded for the services of Stallions; and recommended the adoption of the English system, of limiting our horses to a moderate number of mares." Your correspondent goes on to speak about "tried and untried Stallions;" and says, "we shall soon see that untried Stallions are not advertised at the same rates with tried Stallions; and that those whose superiority is established will only cover at the highest prices, and then will be limited." And, as I understand, for all this the English system is quoted as an example and authority.

Now I apprehend that the English system proves but little of what "Captain" wishes to establish by it. The first position is that "tried Stallions only, those whose superiority is established, will cover at the highest prices." Let us see whether this is true in England.

In 1839, there were eight Stallions covering at 25 guineas, or higher—to wit: Emilius, at 50 gs.,=\$250; Touchstone, 30 gs.,=\$150; Bay Middleton, 30 gs.,=\$150; Plenipo, 25 gs.,=\$125; Physician, 30 gs.; Camel, 25 gs.; Langar, 25 gs.; and Velocipede, 25 gs. Of these eight, Bay Middleton, Touchstone, and Plenipo, were untried, and covered as high as any tried horses in the kingdom except Emilius, and higher than any except five tried ones.

Again; we find Glaucus, Elis, and Rockingham, untried, covering at 20 gs.; and only six tried ones, to wit—Sir Hercules, Defence, Jerry, Reveller, Mulatto, and Pantaloon, covering at that price. Priam also covered at 30 gs., when in England, though he was untried; and one year covered higher, I think, than his sire Emilius, a first-rate tried horse.

I might present further statistics on this point, but it cannot be necessary. The result of this investigation shows that in England the price does not turn solely on the question of tried or untried; neither can it, nor ought it, to be made the sole test of a Stallion's merit here. Other considerations must come into the calculation; such as blood, form, the running qualities of his family, and others which I shall not particularly advert to at present; but I must not overlook his own performances on the Turf—and these form a large item in the calculation. If a horse has been a very superior performer on the Turf, other things being equal, it is but fair to infer that he will get better racing stock than a horse who performed moderately well on the Turf, and whose get are performing moderately well. Priam, for his great performances, untried, was patronised at 30 gs., while few of the tried Stallions reached half that price. Bay Middleton, and Touchstone, also untried, cover at 30 guineas; and no tried horse, except Emilius, exceeds that price, and but one other reaches it.

As to limiting our Stallions to a moderate number of mares, I agree that it would be wrong to overtask a horse. In England, some horses are limited to 50—to 40—to 30—to 25 mares; besides their owner's, *which are often numerous*;—while others have no restriction. I believe Emilius, covering at 50 guineas, and raised to that price by the great performances of his get, to wit—Priam, Plenipo, Oxygen, Mango, Euclid, and other first-raters—has no limit. But it should be borne in mind, that our season, in fact, is longer than the season in England. Such is the wish to have early foals there, for their system of racing, that the main business of the season is over in two or three months, while here it lasts six or seven months. A horse here can as well serve eighty or a hundred mares in the season, as he can forty or fifty mares in England.

Your correspondents who have thought proper to animadvert on the extravagant prices of Stallions, take but a one-sided view of the matter, and do not reach the root of the disease. In England, the season is *cash*; here, it is anything but cash. In the advertisement of Bay Middleton, notice is given that the season must be paid before the mares are taken away, and if not paid before a specified day, the mare is to be sold at auction to defray the expenses of her

visit to the horse!! Last night I looked over the statement of the seasons of a good horse, in 1836—1837; which looked pretty well at first, but only about one fourth has been collected by the keeper, and half of that not paid over; about half of the amount is uncollected, but in good debts, and nearly one fourth considered doubtful or bad! Yet this is the system established in this country—a system bearing heavily on the paying portion of the breeders, as well as on the owners of Stallions. If this branch of the system could be reformed, and a cash business done, I have no doubt that it would be a most beneficial change, and the owners of Stallions could lower their rates at once, and limit their horses to a reasonable number of mares.

Breeders should consider how far their own negligence and want of punctuality present obstacles to the consummation of this reform, and whether, in fact, the existence of the present deplorable system is not more justly chargeable to them than to any one else. As long as breeders shall consider debts contracted with the keeper of a Stallion, as debts of the least binding obligation, and to be postponed to all other debts, and discharged only when perfectly convenient, they must expect that the keeper of the horse will add to the proper price of his services, a sum sufficient to compensate him in some degree for the delay and uncertainty of his collections. Better would it be for all parties, for this system to be broken up. Let breeders pay promptly, and they can command the services of Stallions for a less price; and those being excluded who do not pay at all, the services of the horse would be confined to a moderate number of mares, and the benefits shared among his PAYING patrons.

“Captain” says something about Priam’s limited number, which I dare say he had as well let alone. Priam’s owners would have enough to do if they felt obliged to notice all the idle or malicious rumors which are thrown into circulation about that noble horse. The suggestions of interest, the detractions of envy, the inventions of disappointed malice, and the fancies of mere idleness, have been showered upon him, since his importation, with unceasing and unrelenting fury. His health (and no horse is in better health than he is), the performances of his get in England, (and do not the racing records of that country furnish illustrious monuments of his extraordinary excellence as a Stallion, in the performances of Miss Letty, winner of the Oaks, Industry, winner of the Oaks, Troilus, Cartoon, Joannina, Crucifix, and a host of others? to say nothing of Monarch, and The Queen, here), his management, and in short everything connected with him, have in various ways been made the objects of attack and slander. That Priam was limited, is true. It is also true that his limit was expressly made known in his advertisements. But I am authorised to say that it is not true that he exceeded his limit. It seems rather beneath the military dignity of your correspondent, to make grave charges against a highly respectable and honorable gentleman, on the doubtful authority of an anonymous writer who professes to hail from “that neighborhood,”—or rather to give such charges a circulation by endorsing them, and more particularly when he admits that “no censure from

his patrons" had appeared. I should have wanted no higher evidence than that, that all was right.

What "Captain" says about the get of Zinganee, will stand the test of scrutiny as well as any thing in his communication. Zinganee's get in England show *great stoutness, and train on*. Calmuck, 6 yrs. old, won the Gorhambury Stakes, 83 subscribers, this year; and it may not be out of the way to add that Mervan, 5 yrs. old, by imported Shakspeare, ran second. I doubt if the get of any of the imported horses have given such repeated and incontestible evidences of bottom, unless Margrave's have done so. Zinganee and Margrave have left behind them in England, a stock not equalled perhaps by that of any horse, in their contests for Queen's Plates, and other prizes requiring the exhibition of bottom.

I should join in the regret expressed by your correspondent in relation to the 3 yr. old performances of the get of Tranby and Chateau Margaux, if I considered this a fair trial. But as regards Tranby, it certainly is not. He hardly had a good tried mare his first season, and of course no chance to get good runners. The performances of his get in England, and indeed of Velocipede, Voltaire, Physician, and all the Blacklock horses, justify high expectations of him. I would here remark that the famous Charles XII. is very nearly allied to Tranby. Charles is by Voltaire, son of Blacklock, dam by Prime Minister, out of Tranby's dam. Tranby is by Blacklock. This blood will yet show itself.

J.

THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

SIR: A sportsman, and passionately fond of dogs, I have long looked upon the common murderous treatment of Distemper, one of the most fatal diseases to which the animal is liable, with great regret. If we consult our sporting friends on the subject, they can all furnish us with an infallible cure for it; but which is almost certain to fail in our hands. If we look into the books, we are hardly better off; for they only furnish us with a bundle of recipes, without any principle to guide us in their selection or application.

I have thought, therefore, if I would point out some *principle* to guide us in the treatment of this disease, I would at once serve the poor animal that contributes so much to our pleasures, and the sportsman at a distance from veterinary aid. Even if it should prove, as I fear it must, very defective, still it may serve a useful purpose. I may be "both tedious and brief," but I will not trespass long on your readers' patience.

We are apt to look upon the Distemper as something peculiar in character, and hence has arisen the multiplicity of remedies for it; for whenever a dog has recovered *after* taking any particular remedy, we at once set it down as an infallible cure, never reflecting that it does not necessarily follow that it was *because* he took it

that he recovered. We start wrong, and every step of our progress may be further from the object of our pursuit.

As to the epidemic, or contagious character of the disease, nothing need be said, as it has nothing to do with its proper treatment. Nor need I say anything of vaccination as a preventative, as I never have been able to produce a perfectly distinct and regular pustule. Of as little use would it be to divide it into the different stages of which it really is susceptible of division; for the manageable period is the first stage, and it is of this one I now write.

That I may be intelligible, I would premise: that the same membrane that lines the nostrils, is continued down the windpipe, through all its ramifications through the lungs,—that this membrane is in absolute contact with the lungs,—and that the state of the heart will depend in a great degree on the state of the respiration. Keeping, then, these facts in view, let us see what dissections expose. Inflammation and suppuration of the windpipe, lungs, and heart; the liver frequently distended with vitiated bile, and the spinal marrow sometimes inflamed. The two latter, however, are *accidental*, not *essential* lesions; for we find them only when the disease has terminated the life of the animal, after a long time and much suffering, and they are only *occasionally* present. The disease, then, is essentially *inflammation of the lining membrane of the nostrils and windpipe*. It is true, as I have stated, that the lungs themselves are found extensively diseased; but this is a mere mechanical extension of the disease, from their lying in contact with the membrane. The heart, too, is frequently found involved in the destruction; but this is owing to the obstruction of the circulation through the lungs. So with the liver and spinal marrow. When all of these organs become involved in the progress of the disease, it is idle to talk of any remedy.

Now, if I be correct in these views of the disease, there cannot possibly be any dispute as to the appropriate treatment; and this may be stated in a single sentence:—Bleeding, according to the age and previous state of the dog; an emetic of Turpeth Mineral, followed up by a gentle purgative; low diet, and confinement to a dry, warm house. This treatment will, in nine cases out of ten, at once arrest the disease. At all events, it offers a fairer chance than the cures of ignorant dog breeders.

I am very sensible that in studying to be concise, I may perhaps be obscure; but I am unwilling to trespass further on your pages. I may resume the subject, pointing out the value of the different remedies, and *why* they are valuable. This, however, will depend on you and your readers.

A SPORTSMAN.

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1840.

Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF WACOUSTA: *on Steel* BY DICK AFTER TROYE.

WILD HORSES FIGHTING: *on Copper* BY BANNERMAN AFTER HERRING.

Contents:

	Page.
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, Etc.....	50
MEMOIR OF WACOUSTA: BY THE EDITOR.....	51
REVIEW OF THE AMERICAN RACING SEASON, 1839: BY "LOUDON".....	52
A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS ON LONG ISLAND: BY "J. CYPRESS, JR.".....	57
WILD HORSES FIGHTING: BY THE EDITOR.....	63
DEATH OF ARTHUR PAVIS.....	63
HUNTING SONG.....	64
REVIEW OF THE ENGLISH RACING SEASON, 1839: BY "UNCLE TOBY".....	65
NATIVE AND IMPORTED STALLIONS: BY "B. C.".....	70
RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE NEW-YORK JOCKEY CLUB.....	74
HISTORY OF VARIOUS STUDS: BY "NIMROD".....	81
MEMOIR OF JANETTE: BY THE EDITOR.....	90
COMPLIMENT TO "FRANK FORESTER": BY J. L.	92
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR.....	93
CRACKS OUT OF TRAINING..... 93	IMPORTATIONS OF STOCK..... 93
MATCHES..... "	SALES OF STOCK..... 94
NEW COURSES AND JOCKEY CLUBS..... "	NAMES CLAIMED..... 95
TURF REGISTER.....	97
STOCK OF HUGH AND JOHN KIRKMAN..... 97	PEDIGREE OF RINGWOOD AND ROLLIN..... 97
" " A. A. VAN BEBBER..... 98	" " CRUSHER..... 100
" " GEN. THOMAS B. SCOTT..... "	" " MAXIMUS..... "
" " JOHN A. JONES..... 99	" " LITTLE POOLE..... "
" " ROBERT S. WOODING..... 100	" " AUTOSSEE..... "
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1839.	RACES AT
NEW ORLEANS, LA., METARIE COURSE... 61	MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE... 63
" " " LOUISIANA COURSE... "	LA GRANGE, TENN. "
" " " ECLIPSE COURSE... 62	NATCHEZ, MISS. 64
CAMDEN, S. C. 63	HINDS COUNTY, MISS. "
ENGLISH RACING CALENDAR, 1839.	RACES AT
BATH..... 41	STOCKBRIDGE..... 44
KNIGHTON..... "	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE..... 45
HIPPODROME..... 42	LUDLOW..... 46
BIBURY CLUB..... 43	DONCASTER..... 47
BUXTON..... 44	

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The American Racing Calendar of 1839, will be completed in the March number, and accompanied by an Index. It may be bound separately or with the Magazine.

"*The Last Bear*," by "Frank Forester," and "*Caraboo Hunting*," by "Meadows," will appear in the next number. The latter is a new correspondent, and promises to become an exceedingly popular one; his description of a Moose hunt on snow-shoes, in the Province of New Brunswick, is graphic and exciting to a degree.

The suggestions of our friend C. F. J., of Missouri, will be complied with in subsequent numbers. As usual, his postscript is admirable; it runs thus:—"Enclosed is \$5 for the next volume."

J. B. K.'s list of Stock shall be made out "in good style."

J. S. is desired to send us his "something in reply to our correspondent '*Curiosus*.'" Articles admitted into the Register are inserted with pleasure; those unworthy of a place, would not be inserted if paid for as advertisements.

On page 48 of last number, the address of R. CARTER HILLIARD, Esq., appears to be Hilliardston, Ala. instead of North Carolina, as it should have been. Will the reader be kind enough to insert N.C. for Ala., with his pencil, on the margin. The first syllable of Dreadnought's name is mis-spelled in the pedigree of Bellona.

☞ Will Mr. HOLMEAD, the proprietor, or "any dear friend of Cæsar's," send us a report of the Washington Fall Races? The Racing Calendar is to be completed in our next, and the owners of the winning horses at that meeting must supply the necessary facts, or no mention can be made of them.

The volume of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" which closes on the 7th of March next, will contain large and elaborately executed Portraits engraved on Steel, of Black Maria, John Bascombe, Imp. Leviathan, Shark, Imp. Hedgford, and Imp. Monarch, and a Portrait of Madlle Augusta, the celebrated Danseuse, in the character of "La Sylphide." The Portraits of the distinguished horses named, are of uniform size with those published in England of the Winners of the Derby, St. Leger, etc.

The first number of the new volume of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" will appear in a new and beautiful dress on the 7th of March, and be embellished with a superb Portrait on Steel of Boston, the Champion of the American Turf. Portraits of Argyle and Wagner, and probably of Grey Eagle, will also appear, with others, in the course of the volume.

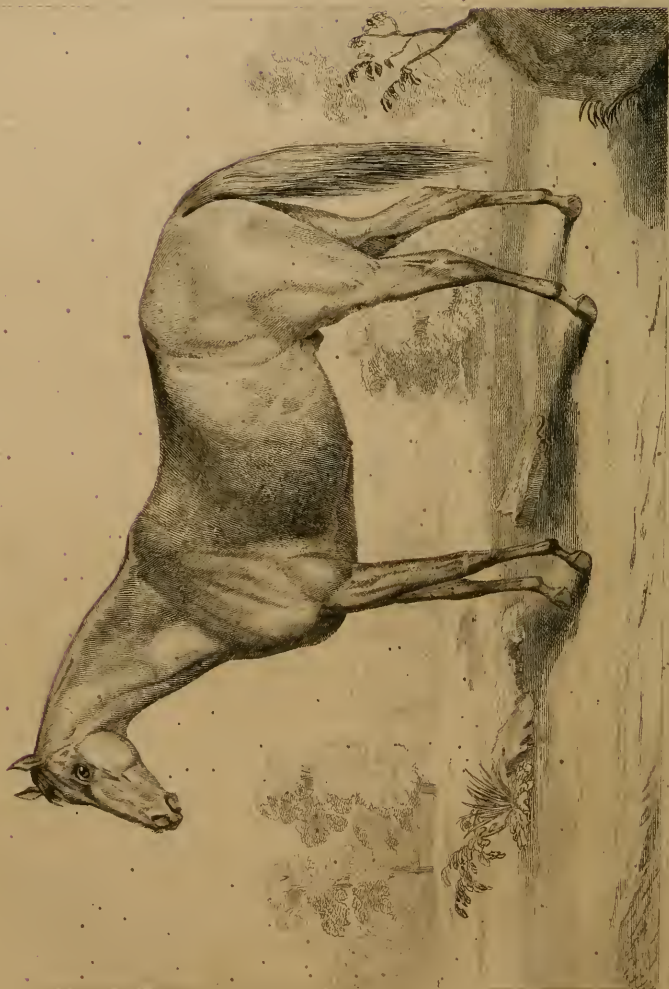
The race at Four mile heats, over the Hampton Course, at Augusta, Ga., was won on the 16th Jan. by Col. Hampton's *Santa Anna*, beating Gerow and Cavalier Servente in 7:58—7:57. On the day previous, Mr. Edmonson's *Mary Elizabeth* beat Omega, Three mile heats, in 5:59—5:56.

J. C. Rogers, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C., advertises his entire stud for sale, including Maria West (the dam of Wagner, Fanny, etc.) and Polly Peachem (the dam of Portsmouth, Polly Green, etc.)

At Galveston, Texas, (the meeting commencing Dec. 23d), Charlotte Hill won the purse for mile heats—Colorado for two and three mile heats—Labella Combs for mile and two mile heats—John Anderson for four mile heats, and best 3 in 5.

The "Pea Ridger's letter" is too good to keep. Look out for it in another place.

The price of a complete set of the "Turf Register" (ten volumes), bound in gilt and lettered, with all the Engravings, is \$75 cash. Three copies only are on sale at this office.



WACOUSTA,

WITH A PORTRAIT ENGRAVED BY DICK, AFTER TROYE.

THE subject of this brief memoir is the property of Hugh Kirkman and Henry Dickinson, Esqrs., of Nashville, Tenn., and was foaled in 1832. He is a dark brown chesnut, without white, and measures about fifteen hands three inches under the standard. To plenty of bone, he unites great muscular development; his shoulder and legs are his best points. His barrel or middle-piece is long, and his head coarse. He is by no means "a beauty," or "a dandy horse;" but his performances demonstrate the possession of a fine turn of speed, and, what is better, undoubted game: almost all his races were won at broken heats.

The pedigree of Wacousta will be found under its proper head in this number of the "Register," at page 97. He came out in May 1835, for a Sweepstakes at Nashville, which he won at four heats; he was not started in the Fall. In 1836, he started four times, and won three races: once at two mile heats, best 3 in 5; once at three mile heats; and once at four mile heats. He was beaten at three mile heats by Othello, another son of Imp. Leviathan; but subsequently beat him both at three and four mile heats. Wacousta was put into the breeding stud in 1837, where he still remains; in 1838 he stood near Nashville, at \$30; and last season at Middleton, Rutherford Co., Tenn. He is said to be a sure foal getter, and his stock show considerable promise. We understand he is for sale at \$4000.

The following is an authentic list of his performances:—

Nashville, May 26, 1825—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Seventeen subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

H. Kirkman's ch. c. <i>Wacousta</i>	3	4	1	1
T. A. Pankey's ch. f. <i>Alice Riggs</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Hope..	2	2	2	r.o.
Jno. Bass' gr. f. by Richard	6	5	3	r.o.
J. Southall's b. c. by Stockholder	5	1	dist.	
L. L. Leavell's bl. f. by Childers	1	3	dist.	
R. Desha's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan	4	6	dr	
Jas. H. Hough's ch. c. by Kosciusko			dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:56—1:55.

Gallatin, Sept. 14, 1836—Jockey Club Purse \$400, entrance \$40; Three mile heats.

Jno. C. Beasley's bl. c. <i>Othello</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	1	1
Jas. Jackson's ch. c. <i>Wacousta</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	2	2
A. P. Yourie's b. c. <i>Balie Peyton</i> , by Bertrand, 3 yrs., 86lbs.	3	dr
S. C. Franklin's ch. m. <i>Matilda Rush</i> , by Stockholder, 5 yrs., 107lbs.	4	dr

Time, 7:15—6:58. Track very deep.

Nashville, Sept. 29th, 1836—Jockey Club Purse \$700, with the entrance money (\$300) added; Four mile heats.

Kirkman & Dickinson's ch. c. <i>Wacousta</i> , 4 yrs., 100lbs.	3	1	1
R. Smith's ch. f. <i>Fanny Bell</i> , by Murat, 3 yrs., 83lbs.	1	3	2
Ragland & Davis' bl. c. <i>Othello</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	2	2	3
T. A. Pankey's b. h. <i>Harkaway</i> , by Merlin, out of Picton's dam, 5 yrs., 110lbs.	dist.		
John Crow's b. c. by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	dist.		
L. P. Cheatham's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs., 110lbs.	dist.		

Time, 8:13—8:12—8:24. Track heavy.

Florence, Ala., Oct. 27, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$300, entrance money (\$60,) added: Two mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. <i>Wacousta</i> , 4 yrs., 100lbs.	1	1	1
C. Cheatham's ch. c. <i>Osceola</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs., 86lbs.	2	2	2

Time, 4:05—4:01—4:06.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 9, 1836—Jockey Club Purse \$600, entrance money (\$120,) added
Three mile heats.

Jas. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. <i>Wacousto</i> , 4 yrs., 104lbs.....	3	1	1
Jno. Connally's ch. c. <i>Little Red</i> , by Bertrand, 4 yrs., 104.....	1	2	2
S. Ragland's b. c. <i>Othello</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 104lbs.....	2	3	3

Time, 5:56—5:51—5:59.

The second heat of this race was the fastest ever run over the Huntsville Course, the horses carrying 4lbs. over the usual 4 yr. old weights.

REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON OF 1839,

IN THE ATLANTIC STATES.

It has occurred to me, Mr. Editor, that as it has not been useless to myself, so it might not be disagreeable to your readers, to look back for a moment and review the leading incidents which have marked the history of the American Turf in 1839. The consideration may relieve from a half hour's weariness, by recalling the impressions of gallant sport, if it lead to no more valuable result.

One year since, the engagements already entered into for 1839, were such as to promise to the Breeders of our country an experience in the highest degree interesting and instructive to them; and to Amateur Turfmen, a series of exciting contests. The numerous Produce Stakes, in which the get of Untried Stallions were named, and the heavy Matches and Stakes at Four mile heats, were the prominent grounds for such anticipations. Nor have they been disappointed, as will be obvious from the most cursory review of the great events of the year.

The Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, derived their interest not a'one from the test they afforded of the value of stallions hitherto untried, but perhaps yet more from presenting an opportunity of comparing the Native and Imported stock. Let us dwell for a moment upon the results of these stakes—a topic on which I have before been indulged by you with a hearing.

The more noted untried horses whose get came out last year, are the Imported Chateau Margaux, Whale, Tranby, and Nonplus, and the Native horses, Shark and Argyle. The reader need not be detained for a moment to consider the comparative merits of these several horses; the native ones have beyond all doubt proved more successful as the getters of winners. But it will aid our purpose, if to these we add all the three-year-olds of the year, and at once enter into a detail of the Sweepstakes of 1839. I have taken the pains to go carefully through with your Racing Calendar (including the January No.), and to note every three-year-old stake in the Atlantic States where the get of a Native horse met either an Imported colt or the get of an Imported horse. The following is the result of this research, which, for convenience of reference for the present, and for a future purpose, I arrange in a tabular form. I have not included the stakes where native colts met only native colts, nor where the imported met the imported or

get of imported horses; nor do I touch upon colts who have only received forfeits.

NATIVE HORSES.

THE GET OF	BEAT THE GET OF	COURSE.
Ace of Diamonds	Autocrat.....	Kendall's, Md.
Andrew	Chateau Margaux.....	Columbus, Ga.
Argyle	Autocrat, an imp. colt by Priam, and a Gohanna.....	Kendall's, Md.
"	Chateau Margaux.....	Greenville, S.C.
"	Imp. Passaic (by Reveller).....	Camden, N.J.
Conqueror	Luzborough, Jackson, and Stockholder.....	Tallahassee, Flo.
Eclipse	Tranby and Monsieur Tonson.....	Newmarket, Va.
"	Chateau Margaux.....	Washington, D.C.
"	Fylde and Greybeard..... [and a Shark]	Fairfield, Va.
"	Fylde, Roman, Autocrat, Imp. Passenger and Passaic.....	Camden, N.J.
"	Chateau Margaux.....	Raleigh, N.C.
Gohanna	Tranby and a Pamunky.....	Broad Rock, Va.
Goliah	Fylde.....	Mecklenburg, Va.
"	Fylde and a Goliah.....	Broad Rock, Va.
"	Tranby, Whale, and a Goliah.....	Fairfield, Va.
"	Tranby and a Shark.....	Tree Hill, Va.
Hardluck	Chateau Margaux and Jackson.....	Mecklenburg, Va.
Monsieur Tonson	Contract.....	Trenton, N.J.
"	Chateau Margaux, Tranby and Eclipse.....	Broad Rock, Va.
Shark	Barefoot.....	Union Course, L.I.
"	Chateau Margaux.....	Newmarket, Va.
"	Whale, Autocrat, Tranby and Shark.....	Kendall's, Md.
Sir Pit	Chateau Margaux and Eclipse Lightfoot.....	Mecklenburg, Va.
Tormentor	Imp. Atlantic (by Actæon).....	Trenton, N.J.

IMPORTED HORSES.

THE GET OF	BEAT THE GET OF	COURSE.
Autocrat	Duke of Orleans.....	Washington, D.C.
"	Duke of Orleans and Chateau Margaux.....	Kendall's, Md.
"	Goliah, Jackson, and Imp. Tranby and Chat. Margaux.....	Fredericksbg, Va.
Chateau Margaux	Goliah and Tychicus.....	Lynchburg, Va.
Fylde	Shark.....	Broad Rock, Va.
Nonplus	Argyle and a Nonplus.....	Columbia, S.C.
Roman	Shark.....	New York.
"	Monmouth Eclipse and Imp. Sylphide.....	New York.
"	Shark and Imp. Passaic.....	Union Course, L.I.
Tranby	Goliah.....	Fairfield, Va.
"	Star and Imp. Passaic.....	Trenton, N.J.
Whale	Eclipse and Goliah.....	Tree Hill, Va.
Imp. Passenger	Goliah and Imp. Fylde.....	Fairfield, Va.
Imp. Passaic	Shark.....	New York.

From this simple statement, it is apparent that the claim often made (and which I myself in a former letter allowed), that the imported horses are superior to our own as getters of sweepstake colts, is unfounded. Mark the point of my argument. The native stallions have got more winners of sweepstakes, than the imported, because they outnumber them. But I draw no conclusion from this fact. I rely upon this single ground, viz.: that in thirty-eight stakes run the last year, where the different stocks met in the Atlantic States, the native proved superior in twenty-four contests.

I see no fallacy in this argument; and I believe further, after very mature consideration, that the performance of the different colts being taken separately and examined, the native stock have not only won the most races, but *that they have won the best*. I will detain you no longer on this point, than to cite, in support of my last proposition, the races of Kate Seyton, Fanny, Gov. Butler, and Mariner. Their races have been about the best of the year.

The mention of Kate Seyton and Governor Butler, reminds me to speak of the sire of these distinguished three-year-olds. I have elsewhere alluded to it, but it is worthy of further notice that a race horse who in the past year has made his best performances upon the Turf, should at the same time have won equal renown as a stallion, by the surpassing contemporary performances of his get.

Argyle retires at last from the course, under advantages, signal not more for their value than their peculiarity. Rodolph is the only late instance I can recal of a horse at all so situated, and his case is by no means so striking. And as I have named thus particularly one of the native horses whose get has been successful, let me in justice cite the imported horses Fylde and Autocrat, whose three-year-olds last year did them great credit. The imported colt Passenger achieved a worthy reputation, and has done even more than any other colt of his year, to vindicate the claim to superiority of the English horse. Were this review extended to the Western States, we should doubtless find the Leviathans there overtopping all other colts in Tennessee and North Alabama, while in Kentucky the native colts, especially the Medocs, have admirably and conclusively asserted their superiority. But I do not intend pursuing this branch of my theme save in the Atlantic States.

Pardon this digression, but allow me, I pray, one moment more from my main topic, to state an impression I have derived from a cursory examination of last year's Calendar. It is this: both the pure native stock, and the horses actually imported, seem to me to have surpassed the cross bloods—I mean the get of imported horses from our own mares. This conclusion is a startling one, at least; and if it be well founded, it uproots several laws hitherto laid down in regard to breeding. I do not state it as my own conviction, but as an impression merely, derived from a consideration of the races of imported Maria Black, Monarch, Lily, The Queen, Miss Accident, Passenger, Sorrow, Likeness, and others. I return now to the main theme.

The year 1839 will be memorable for its heavy Matches and Post stakes, at Four mile heats. At the North, the race of Job and Fordham, was the great event. The interest excited by it has now in a good measure died away, but I refer to it with mingled feelings of admiration and regret. The race itself must have been extremely exciting, and it has confirmed my previous conviction as to the superiority of our own stock, in long, repeating races. When I hear the celebrated performance of Picton on Long Island named—a first heat in 7:44—and a conclusion is drawn from it in favor of the imported stock, I immediately cite Job's race, and challenge a comparison between the two. As you yourself have in another place described it, the track, on the occasion of Picton's race, was in the best possible condition, and the weather and state of the atmosphere most propitious for severe exertion. Of Job's race, you say (and I have heard it still more strongly stated), "the track was rather heavy;" nor was the day peculiarly fine. Yet the difference in favor of Picton's first heat, is but five seconds. Nor does a comparison of the following heats in the race weaken my argument. But you will of course understand, that I do not pretend to compare the performance of Job with that of either Lady Clifden, Fanny Wyatt, or Mingo, in their unequalled race.

You ask, then, why it is that I view with any feeling of regret this famous P. P. stake for four-year-olds. It is because with that race, the spirit which should infuse life and energy into the Northern Turf, has apparently expired. Virginian as I am, I lament to

see the downfall of the sport at the North, where, beyond any other portion of the country save perhaps Carolina, racing has been in the hands of men of the right sort. Look to the subscribers to that stake—Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Walter Livingston, of New York, Capt. Stockton, of New Jersey, and Col. Heth, of Virginia. Of these, the first named has left the Turf—a loss irreparable. Mr. Livingston has parted with the possession of his favorite Job, and both of him and the two remaining gentlemen named, I hear little upon the Turf. The three Northern gentlemen of whom I have so boldly made mention, by concert of action, could re-establish your Turf upon the surest basis. Their example might win back to the race course, other gentlemen of whom, in times gone by, we heard in hard fought fields; such were Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Tillotson. I will not dwell longer on this point; but I could not say less in justice to my theme—The Turf of 1839—for I regard the withdrawal of some Northern sportsmen and the flagging spirit of others, as the most serious and most lamentable event which I shall have occasion to notice.

All the records of racing in the past year, from Virginia to Long Island, redound to the honor of that phenomenon, Boston. He found a momentary check in his march to fame, in his two mile race with Portsmouth; but he subsequently came out *himself again*, and beat those who had beaten Portsmouth, and everything that could be brought against him. The four mile post stakes, or inside stakes, which were made up for Norfolk, Petersburg, and Camden, seemed devised solely to enhance his reputation and enrich his owners. At Norfolk, Mr. Hatcher's nomination beat handily the other two; at Petersburg, Boston beat both Omega and The Queen, who was second in the race, and the champion of the imported stock. The race at Camden was won by him too easily to deserve further mention. But Boston met not only Omega and The Queen, but Vashti, who had beaten Portsmouth and Steel—Bailie Peyton, who had run four miles in 7:42—and Decatur, who had beaten Fanny Wyatt in 7:45. All these leading horses he has beaten, and with ease, unless I except his race with The Queen, which beyond all doubt was the most exciting and the best contested four mile race of the year in the Atlantic States. It is enough to say of it, that the second heat was quicker than any other four mile heat ever ran upon the same course.

The next great event of the year, which was destined to raise up a champion worthy to meet this redoubted son of Timoleon, was the Four mile Sweepstakes at Louisville—the result of which, and of the subsequent Purse race in the same week, is the most eloquent argument which the advocates of the Native Stock have before made use of. If the race made by Wagner and Grey Eagle on Monday the 30th of September, surprised the most sanguine friends of either horse, how much was it surpassed by their performance on the following Saturday! That race has raised the Western Turf to a reputation which it had not before held in the eyes of Virginians; and if it be but judiciously followed up by opening similar stakes at four miles, to be run at the like season of the year, it will go far to wrest from Nashville a character which

her breeders are liberally striving to obtain for her, of being the emporium of the Western Turf.

Before I leave Louisville, let me make one suggestion, in regard to reporting such races as those to which I have just alluded, more *in extenso*, in your Magazine. The naked record is indeed a worthy monument to commemorate the performances of the horses; but your readers would be gratified with much more ample details. Such was the practice of Mr. Skinner, and in this single particular I do not think you have improved upon him. But to return:—

For one, Mr. Editor, I rejoice that the match offered by the owner of Boston, to Wagner, and the world besides, was not accepted. It would add nothing to the fame of Boston, in my estimation, to beat any native horse now in America. He has met so many, and on courses distant and different, and with such uniform success, that I think it may well be said of him that he has done enough for his own fame. I need not say how a defeat would have lowered the character of Wagner, and perhaps of either horse. But it would have been a sight worth seeing—Boston contending with Monarch for supremacy; not that the latter has done anything to raise him to the level of Boston, but because he was the admitted champion of the imported stock, being claimed to be faster even than his fleet but unfortunate sister, The Queen. Why could not an annual stake or match be got up on some central course, with the express purpose of testing the comparative powers of the two stocks at four mile heats? The cry should no longer be, North against South—but, Native against Imported; and the result of a few years' running would most conclusively set the question at rest.

I have already exceeded the limits which I had proposed, and without touching upon several topics to which I think attention should be called in the Turf Register. One point is especially worthy of consideration, viz.: Whether the Turf is not ultimately injured, both at the North and at the extreme South, by the great frequency and the number of Race Meetings? And yet another point is to question the utility, to our own stock of horses, of the indiscriminate and often cheap importations from England. These, and some thoughts upon the excessive subscriptions to our stakes, may occupy another letter.

Let me conclude with an expression of sober regret at the loss of Medoc and Mingo, the past year. The latter was known but upon the course, but he came of a stock that authorized confident hopes of his success in the stud. Medoc was unsurpassed not only on the Turf, but he was at the head of our native stallions. The last number of the "Spirit of the Times" which I have seen, bore the proudest testimony to his value. I allude to the performance of Grey Medoc at New Orleans. The field for the four mile day at the Eclipse Course, seemed made up to give him an opportunity of vindicating the superiority of his origin. The best of the get of imported Fylde, and the hitherto successful imported mare Maria Black, were here stripped of their laurels, and the championship of the South-Western Turf is now held by the Native stock, by a double title.

LOUDON.

A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS ON LONG ISLAND.

BY J. CYPRESS, JR.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF "FIRE ISLAND ANA," IN WHICH IS CONTAINED A SHARK STORY, AS TOLD BY NED LOCUS, IN RAYNOR ROCK'S FISHING HUT.

"WELL, gentlemen, I'll go ahead, if you say so. Here's the story. It is true, upon my honor, from beginning to end—every word of it. I once crossed over to Faulkner's Island, to fish for *tautaug*s, as the north side people call black fish, on the reefs hard by, in the Long Island Sound. Tim Titus (who died of the dropsy down at Shinnecock point, last spring), lived there then. Tim was a right good fellow, only he drank rather too much.

"It was during the latter part of July; the sharks and the dog-fish had just begun to spoil sport. When Tim told me about the sharks, I resolved to go prepared to entertain these aquatic savages with all becoming attention and regard, if there should chance to be any interloping about our fishing ground. So we rigged out a set of extra large hooks, and shipped some ropeyarn and steel chain, an axe, a couple of clubs, and an old harpoon, in addition to our ordinary equipments, and off we started. We threw out our anchor at half ebb tide, and took some thumping large fish: two of them weighed thirteen pounds—so you may judge. The reef where we lay, was about half a mile from the island, and, perhaps, a mile from the Connecticut shore. We floated there, very quietly, throwing out and hauling in, until the breaking of my line, with a sudden and severe jerk, informed me that the sea attorneys were in waiting, down stairs; and we accordingly prepared to give them a retainer. A salt pork cloak upon one of our magnum hooks, forthwith engaged one of the gentlemen in our service. We got him alongside, and by dint of piercing, and thrusting, and banging, we accomplished a most exciting and merry murder. We had business enough of the kind to keep us employed until near low water. By this time, the sharks had all cleared out, and the black fish were biting again; the rock began to make its appearance above the water, and in a little while its hard bald head was entirely dry. Tim now proposed to set me out upon the rock, while he rowed ashore to get the jug, which, strange to say, we had left at the house. I assented to this proposition; first, because I began to feel the effects of the sun upon my tongue, and needed something to take, by way of medicine; and secondly, because the rock was a favorite spot for a rod and reel, and famous for luck: so I took my *traps*, and a box of bait, and jumped upon my new station. Tim made for the island.

"Not many men would willingly have been left upon a little barren reef, that was covered by every flow of the tide, in the midst of a waste of waters, at such a distance from the shore, even with

an assurance from a companion more to be depended upon than mine, to return immediately and lie by to take him off. But, somehow or other, the excitement of my sport was so high, and the romance of the situation was so delightful, that I thought of nothing else but the prosecution of my fun, and the contemplation of the novelty and beauty of the scene. It was a mild, pleasant afternoon, in harvest time. The sky was clear and pure. The deep blue sound, heaving all around me, was studded with craft of all descriptions and dimensions, from the dipping sail boat, to the rolling merchantman, sinking and rising like sea-birds sporting with their white wings in the surge. The grain, and grass, on the neighboring farms, were gold and green, and gracefully they bent obeisance to a gentle breathing southwester. Farther off, the high upland, and the distant coast, gave a dim relief to the prominent features of the landscape, and seemed the rich but dusky frame of a brilliant fairy picture. Then, how still it was! not a sound could be heard, except the occasional rustling of my own motion, and the water beating against the sides, or gurgling in the fissures of the rock, or except now and then the cry of a solitary saucy gull, who would come out of his way in the firmament, to see what I was doing without a boat, all alone, in the middle of the sound; and who would hover, and cry, and chatter, and make two or three circling swoops and dashes at me, and then, after having satisfied his curiosity, glide away in search of some other fool to scream at.

"I soon became half indolent, and quite indifferent about fishing; so I stretched myself out at full length upon the rock, and gave myself up to the luxury of looking and thinking. The divine exercise soon put me fast asleep. I dreamed away a couple of hours, and longer might have dreamed, but for a tired fish-hawk who chose to make my head his resting place, and who waked and started me to my feet.

" 'Where is Tim Titus?' I muttered to myself, as I strained my eyes over the now darkened water. But none was near me to answer that interesting question, and nothing was to be seen of either Tim or his boat. 'He should have been here long ere this,' thought I, 'and he promised faithfully not to stay long—could he have forgotten? or has he paid too much devotion to the jug?'

"I began to feel uneasy, for the tide was rising fast, and soon would cover the top of the rock, and high water mark was at least a foot above my head. I buttoned up my coat, for either the coming coolness of the evening, or else my growing apprehensions, had set me trembling and chattering most painfully. I braced my nerves, and set my teeth, and tried to hum 'Begone dull care,' keeping time with my fists upon my thighs. But what music! what melancholy merriment! I started and shuddered at the doleful sound of my own voice. I am not naturally a coward; but I should like to know the man who would not, in such a situation, be alarmed. It is a cruel death to die, to be merely drowned, and to go through the ordinary common-places of suffocation; but to see your death gradually rising to your eyes, to feel the water rising, inch by inch, upon your shivering sides, and to anticipate

the certainly coming, choking struggle for your last breath, when, with the gurgling sound of an overflowing brook taking a new direction, the cold brine pours into mouth, ears, and nostrils, usurping the seat and avenues of health and life, and, with gradual flow, stifling—smothering—suffocating! It were better to die a thousand common deaths.

“This is one of the instances, in which, it must be admitted, salt water is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. However, the rock was not yet covered, and hope, blessed hope, stuck faithfully by me. To beguile, if possible, the weary time, I put on a bait, and threw out for a fish. I was sooner successful than I could have wished to be, for hardly had my line struck the water, before the hook was swallowed, and my rod was bent with the dead hard pull of a twelve foot shark. I let him run about fifty yards, and then reeled up. He appeared not at all alarmed, and I could scarcely feel him bear upon my fine hair line. He followed the pull gently and unresisting, came up to the rock, laid his nose upon its side, and looked up into my face, not as if utterly unconcerned, but with a sort of quizzical impudence, as though he perfectly understood the precarious nature of my situation. The conduct of my captive renewed and increased my alarm. And well it might; for the tide was now running over a corner of the rock behind me, and a small stream rushed through a cleft, or fissure, by my side, and formed a puddle at my very feet. I broke my hook out of the monster’s mouth, and leaned upon my rod for support.

“‘Where is Tim Titus?’—I cried aloud—‘Curse on the drunken vagabond! will he never come?’

“My ejaculations did no good. No Timothy appeared. It became evident, that I must prepare for drowning, or for action. The reef was completely covered, and the water was above the soles of my feet. I was not much of a swimmer, and as to ever reaching the Island, I could not even hope for that. However, there was no alternative, and I tried to encourage myself, by reflecting that necessity was the mother of invention, and that desperation will sometimes ensure success. Besides, too, I considered and took comfort from the thought that I could wait for Tim, so long as I had a foot-hold, and then commit myself to the uncertain strength of my arms and legs, for salvation. So I turned my bait-box upside down, and mounting upon that, endeavored to comfort my spirits, and to be courageous, but submissive to my fate. I thought of death, and what it might bring with it, and I tried to repent of the multiplied iniquities of my almost wasted life: but I found that that was no place for a sinner to settle his accounts. Wretched soul! pray, I could not.

“The water had now got above my ancles, when, to my inexpressible joy, I saw a sloop bending down towards me, with the evident intention of picking me up. No man can imagine what were the sensations of gratitude which filled my bosom at that moment.

“When she got within a hundred yards of the reef, I sung out to the man at the helm to luff up, and lie by, and lower the boat;

but to my amazement, I could get no reply, nor notice of my request. I entreated them, for the love of heaven, to take me off; and I promised, I know not what rewards, that were entirely beyond my power of bestowal. But the brutal wretch of a Captain, muttering something to the effect of "that he hadn't time to stop," and giving me the kind and sensible advice to pull off my coat and swim ashore, put the helm hard down, and away bore the sloop on the other tack.

"'Heartless villain!'—I shrieked out, in the torture of my disappointment,—'may God reward your inhumanity.' The crew answered my prayer with a coarse, loud laugh; and the cook asked me through a speaking trumpet, 'If I wasn't afraid of catching cold,'—The black rascal!

"It now was time to strip; for my knees felt the cool tide, and the wind, dying away, left a heavy swell, that swayed and shook the box upon which I was mounted, so that I had occasionally to stoop, and paddle with my hands against the water, in order to preserve my perpendicular. The setting sun sent his almost horizontal streams of fire across the dark waters, making them gloomy and terrific, by the contrast of his amber and purple glories.

"Something glided by me in the water, and then made a sudden halt. I looked upon the black mass, and, as my eye ran along its dark outline, I saw, with horror, that it was a shark; the identical monster out of whose mouth I had just broken my hook. He was fishing, now, for me, and was evidently only waiting for the tide to rise high enough above the rock, to glut at once his hunger and revenge. As the water continued to mount above my knees, he seemed to grow more hungry, and familiar. At last, he made a desperate dash, and approaching within an inch of my legs, turned upon his back, and opened his huge jaws for an attack. With desperate strength, I thrust the end of my rod violently at his mouth; and the brass head, ringing against his teeth, threw him back into the deep current, and I lost sight of him entirely. This, however, was but a momentary repulse; for in the next minute he was close behind my back, and pulling at the skirts of my fustian coat, which hung dipping into the water. I leaned forward hastily, and endeavored to extricate myself from the dangerous grasp; but the monster's teeth were too firmly set, and his immense strength nearly drew me over. So, down flew my rod, and off went my jacket, devoted peace-offerings to my voracious visitor.

"In an instant, the waves all around me were lashed into froth and foam. No sooner was my poor old sporting friend drawn under the surface, than it was fought for by at least a dozen enormous combatants! The battle raged upon every side. High, black fins, rushed now here, now there, and long, strong tails scattered sleet and froth, and the brine was thrown up in jets, and eddied, and curled, and fell, and swelled, like a whirlpool in Hell-gate.

"Of no long duration, however, was this fishy tourney. It seemed soon to be discovered that the prize contended for, contained nothing edible but cheese and crackers, and no flesh; and as its mutilated fragments rose to the surface, the waves subsided

into their former smooth condition. Not till then did I experience the real terrors of my situation. As I looked around me to see what had become of the robbers, I counted one, two, three, yes, up to twelve, successively, of the largest sharks I ever saw, floating in a circle around me, like divergent rays, all mathematically equi-distant from the rock, and from each other; each perfectly motionless, and with his gloating, fiery eye, fixed full and fierce upon me. Basilisks and rattle-snakes! how the fire of their steady eyes entered into my heart! I was the centre of a circle, whose radii were sharks! I was the unsprung, or rather *unchewed* game, at which a pack of hunting sea-dogs were making a dead point!

"There was one old fellow, that kept within the circumference of the circle. He seemed to be a sort of captain, or leader of the band; or, rather, he acted as the coroner for the other twelve of the inquisition, that were summoned to sit on, and eat up my body. He glided around and about, and every now and then would stop, and touch his nose against some one of his comrades, and seem to consult, or to give instructions as to the time and mode of operation. Occasionally, he would skull himself up towards me, and examine the condition of my flesh, and then again glide back, and rejoin the troupe, and flap his tail, and have another confabulation. The old rascal had, no doubt, been out into the highways and byeways, and collected this company of his friends and kin-fish, and invited them to supper. I must confess, that horribly as I felt, I could not help but think of a tea party, of demure old maids, sitting in a solemn circle, with their skinny hands in their laps, licking their expecting lips, while their hostess bustles about in the important functions of her preparations. With what an eye, have I seen such appurtenances of humanity survey the location and adjustment of some especial condiment, which is about to be submitted to criticism and consumption.

"My sensations began to be, now, most exquisite indeed; but I will not attempt to describe them. I was neither hot nor cold, frightened nor composed; but I had a combination of all kinds of feelings and emotions. The present, past, future, heaven, earth, my father and mother, a little girl I knew once, and the sharks, were all confusedly mixed up together, and swelled my crazy brain almost to bursting. I cried, and laughed, and spouted, and screamed for Tim Titus. In a fit of most wise madness, I opened my broad-bladed fishing knife, and waved it around my head with an air of defiance. As the tide continued to rise, my extravagance of madness mounted. At one time, I became persuaded that my tide-waiters were reasonable beings, who might be talked into mercy and humanity, if a body could only hit upon the right text. So, I bowed, and gesticulated, and threw out my hands, and talked to them, as friends, and brothers, members of my family, cousins, uncles, aunts, people waiting to have their bills paid;—I scolded them as my servants; I abused them as duns; I implored them as jurymen sitting on the question of my life; I congratulated, and flattered them as my comrades, upon some glorious enterprise; I

sung and ranted to them, now as an actor in a play-house, and now as an elder at a camp-meeting; in one moment, roaring

‘On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,’—

and in the next, giving out to my attentive hearers for singing, the hymn of Dr. Watts so admirably appropriate to the occasion,

‘On slippery rocks, I see them stand,
While fiery billows roll below.”

“What said I, what did I not say! Prose and poetry, scripture and drama, romance and ratiocination—out it came. ‘*Quamdiu, Catalina, nostra patientia abutere?*’—I sung out to the old captain, to begin with—‘My brave associates, partners of my toil,’—so ran the strain. ‘On which side soever I turn my eyes,’—‘Gentlemen of the jury,’—‘I come not here to steal away your hearts,’—‘you are not wood, you are not stones, but,’—Hah!—‘Begin ye tormentors, your tortures are vain,’—‘Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to any sudden flood,’—‘the angry flood that lashed her groaning sides,’—‘ladies and gentlemen,’—‘my very noble and approved good masters,’—‘avaunt! and quit my sight; let the earth hide ye,’—‘lie lightly on his head, O earth,’—‘O! Heaven and earth, that it should come to this,’—‘the torrent roared, and we did buffet it with lusty sinews, stemming it aside and oaring it with hearts of controversy,’—‘Give me some drink, Titinius,’—‘Drink, boys, drink, and drown dull sorrow,’—‘For liquor it doth roll such comfort to the soul,’—‘Roman countrymen and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear,’—‘Fellow citizens, assembled as we are upon this interesting occasion, impressed with the truth and beauty,’—‘Isle of beauty, fare thee well,’—‘The quality of mercy is not strained,’—‘Magna veritas et prevalebit,’—‘Truth is potent, and,’—‘most potent, grave and reverend seigniors,’—

‘O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar’s vesture wounded,’—

“Ha! ha! ha!—and I broke out in a fit of most horrible laughter, as I thought of the mince-meat particles of my lacerated jacket.

“In the mean time, the water had got well up towards my shoulders, and while I was shaking and vibrating upon my uncertain foot-hold, I felt the cold nose of the captain of the band snubbing against my side. Desperately, and without a definite object, I struck my knife at one of his eyes, and by some singular fortune, cut it out clean from the socket. The shark darted back, and halted. In an instant, hope and reason came to my relief; and it occurred to me, that if I could only blind the monster, I might yet escape. Accordingly, I stood ready for the next attack. The loss of an eye did not seem to affect him much, for, after shaking his head once or twice, he came up to me again, and when he was about half an inch off, turned upon his back. This was the critical moment. With a most unaccountable presence of mind, I laid hold of his nose with my left hand, and with my right, I scooped out his remaining organ of vision. He opened his big mouth, and champed

H. W. Hannerman, Sc.



his long teeth at me, in despair. But it was all over with him. I raised my right foot and gave him a hard shove, and he glided off into deep water, and went to the bottom.

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose you'll think it a hard story, but it is none the less a fact, that I served every remaining one of those nineteen sharks in the same fashion. They all came up to me, one by one, regularly and in order; and I scooped their eyes out, and gave them a shove, and they went off into deep water, just like so many lambs. By the time I had scooped out and blinded a couple of dozen of them, they began to seem so scarce that I thought I would swim for the island, and fight the rest for fun, on the way; but just then, Tim Titus hove in sight, and it had got to be almost dark, and I concluded to get aboard and rest myself."

WILD HORSES FIGHTING.

IN looking over one of Bannerman's books of *OUTLINE DRAWINGS*, a few months since, we were struck with the spirited subject we have selected as one of the embellishments of this number of the "Register." Bannerman could not say where he found it, which he regretted, as the sketch had been greatly admired. We at once gave him an order for an engraving from it, and in the meantime looked through our library for the original picture. At length we found it in an old volume of "The Annals of Sporting," published in 1826. It was engraved for that work by Scott, from one of Herring's earliest paintings, in the Leeds Exhibition in 1825.

Since the picture was engraved for us, some one seems to have been so "carried away" by Bannerman's book of Drawings, that it carried him quite off! At least this clever artist writes us from Baltimore, that some one in this city carried off the book from his office, and he is exceedingly anxious to recover it. The collection is invaluable to him, and if returned immediately there will be "no questions asked!"

DEATH OF ARTHUR PAVIS, THE ENGLISH JOCKEY.—On Friday, the 15th November, died, at Newmarket, after an illness of two days, the above well-known jockey—the first, by many degrees, of the light weights. In his public capacity he was of unimpeached integrity; in every private relation he was respected and esteemed. We regret that our space will not admit us to give even a sketch of his life as a jockey, which our knowledge of his career would enable us to do. An idea of the extensive field of professional action which he naturally possessed, may be gathered from the fact that, up to the day of his death, he could ride *seven stone*! Two years ago, one morning that we sat with him, before going to the heath at Newmarket, he shewed us his racing diary; by which it

appeared *that he had, up to the close of the season of 1836, ridden fifteen hundred and one races, and won five hundred and ninety-two.* Let it be a consolation to his family and friends, that, though his end has been premature, he died, at all events, full of respect and good repute. [Sporting Review.]

HUNTING SONG.

COME, finish your breakfasts, don't let the hacks wait,
With a sure finding meet, it won't do to be late;
Though the morning looks foggy, no fear for the day,
For the south wind is rising to clear it away.

Refresh'd by the ride, at the cover we stand,
And salute our old pals with a shake of the hand;
Through the strong gorse the gallant pack dashes with scorn,
Whilst echo, delighted, responds to the horn.

Our spirits rise high, but we stifle their mirth,
For a whimper is heard as we lighten our girth;
Each nerve seems on fire,—the oldest, a boy,—
And our coursers stare wildly and tremble with joy.

“Hark! Harbinger hits it, 'tis good, for a pound!
Wind him in there! have at him! yoi at him! good hound!
Tally-ho! zounds, don't head him!”—Away Reynard steals,
And with one crashing chorus the pack's at his heels.

The good 'uns are off, 'tis a regular race,
Whig ne'er was more anxious to keep a good place:
Who cares for a yawner,—who thinks of his neck,
When the scent is too good for the chance of a cheek?

The field soon gets thinner, the nervous heart fails
At the crashing of hedges, and cracking of rails;
Some look cool at the brook, others quail just too late
To escape a good ducking, and merit their fate.

Now clear of the yokels, what heroes we seem,
As upland and valley float by like a dream:
A *fico* for steaming! can mortal invent
Aught to set us a-going like hounds with a scent.

But the pace is severe, forty minutes are gone,
And panting, yet dauntless, we scarce stagger on.
Hah! a burster—no matter—for Reynard's in view,
Dead beat, without shelter, his moments are few.

The rascal tries dodging, but cunning is vain;
A short struggle with odds, puts an end to his pain.
And proud are the few of that mud-spattered group,
Who are present to join in the glorious who-whoop!

Now homeward return'd, in bright bumpers of port,
Let us drink to the Queen, and all lovers of sport.
And one toast forget not, on any pretence,
“May fox-hunting flourish a thousand years hence!”

REVIEW OF THE ENGLISH RACING SEASON, 1839.

THE season just ended produced more than the usual average of running; but the horses, with perhaps three or four exceptions, were far, very far, below the general *cut* in point of excellence. The inferiority of the two-year-old colts which appeared in public during the year, was very striking; nothing save Launcelot and the Brother to Euclid, in the North, and Wardan and Defendant in the South, having shown anything like Derby running: on the other hand, the two Oaks fillies made their *debut* in a highly promising manner, and retained their laurels "untainted by defeat," to the end of the year. The running of Crucifix, reminded me of Greenmantle's performances in 1828—it will be recollected, Greenmantle carried off the Oaks in the following year in a canter. Lalla Rookh's exploits have been entirely amongst the provincials, but she has won six engagements, in some giving weight, and running long distances without letting the public know the extent of her speed and stoutness. Most of the "professors" have turned matters to a good account during the season; but the balances, save in two or three instances, have been by no means heavy—the difficulty in getting the "circle," as some term it, in a large book, being every year more manifest:—betting "round," in fact, is now the order of the day with almost all parties.

The host of hunt meetings that intervene between the highly popular and fashionable sport, steeple-chasing, and the legitimate racing meetings, call for little notice—Croxtton-park being the only meeting of any lasting interest. There Mr. William Sadler won the two great stakes on Bellissima, viz.: The Granby Handicap, and the noted Billesden Coplow, from excellent fields. The Marquis of Waterford came out amazingly well, winning five times, in capital style, against the *elite* of our best Gentlemen Jockies.

To go at once to the Newmarket Craven Meeting—the old quaint saying that "mistakes *will* occur in the best regulated establishments," was most strikingly exemplified; for nothing but Conolly's riding strictly to "order" lost Mr. Thornhill the Riddlesworth. The fact was, Lord Jersey was considered "safe to win," and Pettit, to save Euclid for another handsome engagement on the same day, gave instructions to Conolly not to persevere if he considered his chance out. Now it is well known that many horses require a good deal of rousing to make them finish well, and Euclid not answering the first call made upon him, when near home, induced Conolly to decline the struggle. It is in many instances a great drawback to a jockey, to be tied down closely to "order." The subsequent running of Euclid, led the Jersey party into great errors and difficulties, from which they never had a chance to extricate themselves; they were hurried on into a belief that Cæsar was a second Bay Middleton, without waiting to weigh the merits of those miserable creatures, Tros and Derrynane, whom he certainly defeated by some half-a-dozen lengths, without being called upon. Ilderim won the Tuesday's Riddlesworth, and

receded some fifteen or twenty points in the betting; he won by four lengths, with consummate ease; but the poverty of the field and the loftiness of his action—not at all after the approved “Derby fashion,”—left him nearly friendless. Grey Momus won the Port stakes in the commonest canter, from Don John and Alemdar; the Don was as “dead as a stone,” and ought not to have started. Flambeau won a race and lost one during the week, and Caravan took the Oatlands to Isaac Day, at Northleach.

The Catterick Bridge Meeting was numerously attended. Bee’s-wing won the Craven Stakes and Gold Cup in first rate style, beating horses of character; and a colt of the Duke of Cleveland’s, (brother to *Melbourne*) by *Emilius*, out of *Misrule*, won the Two-year-olds Stakes in a promising manner. This colt is in the Derby, and is worth backing at his present odds (40 to 1). Lightfoot’s performances here gave The Commodore’s admirers fresh confidence for the York, Derby, and Doncaster St. Leger.

The Newmarket First Spring Meeting upset many of the Derby books. The 2000 gs. Stakes was a *poser* to the fancy men, who betted 7 and 8 to 1 on Cæsar, against The Corsair and Æther! Notwithstanding the numerous reasons assigned for Cæsar’s defeat, I am inclined to believe, that this was as true a run race as ever was contested over any of the Newmarket courses. Nothing is more easy than for an infatuated Turfite to reconcile his feelings that a race is a “mistake,” when run home to a head, and his favorite defeated. It was such with the Jersey party: “Robinson drew it too fine;”—“the horse changed his leg, at the critical moment when called upon;”—“Robinson was watching Æther, and did not see the black horse until too late;”—were amongst the many apologies for Cæsar’s defeat;—poor old Sam Spring was nearer the mark when he observed “he was too slow to win.” Lots bore up in favor of the “mistake,” and the consequence was, Cæsar became a better favorite than The Corsair, and on the day of running he was a better favorite by a *hundred per cent.*, than the black horse—but more of that anon. The patched up condition of Don John was just sufficient to enable Lord Chesterfield to pick up the pretty little sum of £1800 (winner’s stake included), from Alemdar and Morella; but his legs gave way after the race. Harry Edwards’ riding was beautiful; he just did the trick by a head. The 1000 gs., won by Cara, and the Newmarket Stakes, by Montreal, had very little effect on the Derby or Oaks bettings. If the Clarendon Stakes had been run for, Wm. Ridsdale was an ill-used man in the affair: it would have altered the aspect of things wonderfully in the Derby market. *N’importe*: Ridsdale has had a glorious revenge. Of the Second Spring Meeting it will be enough to say, that Courier won the Rowley Mile Plate, and was almost immediately afterwards declared not to go for the Derby.

The York Spring Meeting was the very essence of dulness. The Commodore, with long odds in his favor, won the York Derby, and rose so high in the estimation of his admirers for the St. Leger, that 5 to 1 was at one time the highest odds obtainable. Lollypop won the Shorts, and Nicholas the Two-year-olds Stakes. The

horses at this meeting, putting aside The Commodore and Light-foot (who won the Leger), were singularly bad.

I have so frequently spoken of the admirable management of the Committee at Chester, that any further observations respecting the conducting of the Racing fund would be deemed superfluous: it is enough to say that the usual care and judgment were exercised in getting up the list of races; so that owners of horses of all degrees might be tempted to throw their mite into the scale. The Tradesmen's Cup had forty-three subscribers, *thirty-two of which accepted*, and *eighteen came out* to have a shy for the tempting prize. Everything in the race was fancied by one or the other—*thus speaking* favorably of the Handicap. Cardinal Puff, 5 yrs., 9st. 3lb., won mainly through the strength and perseverance of Sam Darling. Harkaway, 5 yrs., 10st., ran forward; but the *eleven pounds* round Chester Course was not to be given. Harkaway carried off a cup, value 100 sovs., on the following day, beating four or five others easily, but was the day after defeated by Caravan, for the Marquis of Westminster's Plate of 100 sovs. The week's running was excellent, without bearing much interest on things to come.

The Derby of 1839 will be long in the recollections of the Racing men. What with the extreme coldness of the day—the odds of fifty to one against the winner—the objection to the horse receiving the Stakes after winning—the bickerings amongst the losers respecting paying—and last, by no means least, the lawsuit—these must be long remembered. Bloomsbury won by two lengths, Deception second. There was a good deal of squabbling in the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, as to Bloomsbury's forfeits being paid in advance—a somewhat novel system;—and it was not till Mr. H. Hill paid the principal parts, *in advance*, and became responsible to a gallant colonel, a friend of Lord Chesterfield's, for the remainder, that Bloomsbury *was acknowledged to be qualified to run* (mind, before his race): after he had won, he was, forsooth! *disqualified* in the eyes of the opposition party, because Mr. Weatherby, Mr. Orton, or Mr. Some-one-else, had heard that his pedigree was wrongly stated. The losers were as usual very sore, and having a straw to catch at, postponed payments in several instances until the lawsuit was ended. One party is said to have stood to win about £1000 on Deception, whereas Bloomsbury lost him £600, or near upon it. To say that the mare would have won the Derby, if John Day had rode her, is perhaps straining the point of opinion to its fullest extent; but it certainly does not prove that she was well ridden, merely by F. Craven, Esq., stating, that "he was quite satisfied by the manner of Trenn's riding the race." Euclid ran honestly and well; but the other favorites, viz.: Sleight-of-hand, Cæsar, The Corsair, Dragsman, and Valaincourt, came in like "leather platers," waiting for the heat. Several bets were depending between The Corsair and Cæsar respecting "places;" but they were so far in the background, that it is scarcely safe to award the palm to either; a jockey who rode in the front rank, assured me, however, that Cæsar was about the first horse that was beaten. Of the Oaks, not an observation need be made: the judges

were content to bet 7 to 4 on Deception, against the field—she, as they anticipated, won in a common canter. All Scott's horses were a little "off."

Ascot Heath shone forth with its wonted splendor. The running was such, that for the time being, it afforded the greatest gratification to the holiday people, and also gave the speculators ample scope to exercise their powers, without extending into future events. Her Majesty honored the course with her presence on Tuesday and Thursday, and, in consequence, the fashionables were exceedingly numerous, more so than I ever before remember seeing. Caravan won the Cup from St. Francis, Ion, and The Dey of Algiers. Jeffy won the Two-year-olds Stakes, after a false race—in which Defendant came in first. Defendant is a smart Derby-like-looking horse, and will unquestionably see a better day. Great praise is due to Lord Erroll, for restoring Ascot races to their former brilliancy.

The Manchester and Newton Meetings were quite equal to those of any previous year. At the former Meeting, Lalla Rookh made her first appearance, and won in a canter:—at the latter place she came out again, and again won as she pleased. Gasparoni won the Manchester, and Cardinal Puff the Newton Gold Cups, against first-rate handicap fields. The attendance at both Meetings was very large. The Newcastle-upon-Tyne people, although "far remote" from any of the Grand Meetings, have contrived to have a grand meeting to themselves. Lightfoot won the St. Leger easily: The Commodore, having fallen lame a day or two before the race, did not start. St. Bennett, at a fair weight, won the Northumberland Plate; and that good old mare, Bee's-wing, won the Gold Cup. The company was numerous and respectable, and the betting tolerably heavy.

The Newmarket July Meeting introduced Crucifix to the racing public, and she fully sustained the character John Day entertained of her. The July and Chesterfield Stakes (for the latter race she carried 9lb. extra) were swept away in capital style. The betting was crippled by the uncertainty of this superior two-year-old showing: but the Duke of Grafton, and the Marquis of Exeter, having horses' fits, are very difficult noblemen to enter into a compromise with; and the consequence was, Lord George was obliged to bring her out, or lose two valuable stakes. This *exposé*, no doubt, prevented his Lordship getting "well on" her engagements at Goodwood, where the betting is always heavy.

At Liverpool, everything was conducted in the same superior manner as it has been my lot to record for the last four or five years. Deception went to get an allowance of five pounds for the Goodwood Cup, and was defeated by a neck by The Doctor, entirely through bad riding on the part of the boy who rode her. De Clifford, a very promising Leger colt, won the Mersey Stakes, for two-year-olds, cleverly, beating the brother to Euclid, Mogul (a good winner at Chester), and Broadwath. The Tradesmen's Cup and the Leger told us the strength of the Scott's stable: Charles XII., at 6st. 6lb., a fair weight contrasted with most of the others,

won the first easily; and Hetman Platoff took away the latter without using his best efforts. Charles immediately rose to 5 to 1, and Hetman Platoff found friends at 16 to 1 for the Great Northern Race. Rabbitcatcher, another good-looking two-year-old, won the Two-year-old Stakes, in a style quite consistent with the character given of him, previous to starting, by Sir Thomas Stanley's trainer. Lanercost's running at this meeting proved him a good and game horse; and a two-year-old filly, Hoyden, by Tom-boy, out of Rocbana, appeared so well that several gentlemen enquired about the Oaks of 1840.

The grand "Affair" of 1839, was unquestionably the Goodwood Meeting; the arrangements were in every respect highly judicious—more I need not say. Unfortunately, the two first days were dreadfully windy and wet, and the course, as a natural consequence, was exceedingly heavy, some parts being nearly knee-deep: the company, however, despite the weather, were sufficiently numerous to prove that the admirers of racing care little or nothing for the elements, provided the list reads well; on the two last days the weather was delightfully fine, and the fashionables, as well as the general company, were numerous. The two Two-year-olds Stakes were won easily by Crucifix, carrying extra weights in both instances. Barnacles won the Goodwood Stakes, thanks to light weight, good condition, and the heavy state of the ground; Deception cantered away with the Drawing Room Stakes, giving 8lb. to very fair horses; Harkaway, in splendid form, won the Gold Cup in the merest canter, beating most of the best horses of his year; amongst them, Deception, The Doctor, and Epirus. I must not pass over a rich stake won by D'Egville, worth to Lord George Bentinck, £3,450,—so much for luck in racing. The entry for 1840 is amazingly strong:—a Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-olds, has fifteen subscribers. The Drawing Room Stakes, of 25 sovs. each, has thirty subscribers; the Racing Stakes of 50 sovs., p. p., has eighteen subscribers; and a Two-year-olds Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., has twenty-seven named subscribers to it!

The Doncaster races are palpably degenerating, and unless a stir is made, they will soon be at their "last kick." The interest is now solely confined to the St. Leger race; and to show the bearing up of one party, and the quietude of the others, *7 to 4 and 2 to 1 was betted freely on Charles XII. against the field.* That Euclid would have beaten him in the first race, if the ground had been sounder, is the opinion of many better judges than myself; and this supposition is tolerably borne out, by the eagerness with which the Scott's party sought to hedge their money after the dead heat. The second heat was differently run, and Euclid *lost* by a neck. Of the two-year-olds that ran during the week, Launcelot, Brother to Euclid, Fitzroy, and Lord Kelburne's Derby colt, were the best; *but they are very close together.* The 'Squire's filly, by Belshazzar, ran well up, and *may* show well for the Oaks. There was a suspicious mystery respecting Bloomsbury, lots of surmises, &c.; the horse, from some cause or another, was not fit to gallop, and

William Ridsdale must have been aware of it. Charles XII. won the cup; Lanercost, second. Bee's-wing "cut her own throat," by making the most destructive running I have ever seen.

The Newmarket October Meeting evinced such sameness, that I shall speak of them collectively. Crucifix won all the crack Two-year-old Stakes—in the Criterion giving 9 lb.: it is true, Gibraltar ran her a "dead heat;" but it is notorious she was a little sore at the time. Warden, in the same stable, won all his races easily, and settled down as first favorite for the Derby. The Cesarewitch Stakes was won by Cruiskeen, *five years*, 6st. 6lb., beating all sorts of weights and qualifications; and Lanercost took the Cambridge Stakes to Scotland, beating a good field. The matches, principally confined to the Houghton Meeting, were well contested, and made a good wind-up to one of the most agreeable seasons I have ever witnessed.

UNCLE TOBY.

November 18, 1839.

[London (New) Sporting Magazine.]

NATIVE AND IMPORTED STALLIONS.

KENTUCKY, December 18th, 1839.

MR. PORTER: The modern speculations in Imported Horses, have given rise to an animated disputation relative to their merit, in comparison with our Native Stallions; and this discussion has progressed *pari passu*, with the increasing importations, to the present time.

It does seem to me, that the argument is exhausted; that a sufficiency of reasoning *a priori*, has been applied to both sides of this question; and it only remains to consider the results, the facts, to which both parties have appealed with such confidence, but contradictory predictions, for the establishment of their views. I confess I have been all along somewhat distrustful of the doctrines of the Importers, as well as the arguments by which they have endeavored to maintain them; yet, I have been a silent doubter, not a confirmed unbeliever. Perfectly willing to see the experiment fairly tried with Imported Stallions, I have anxiously awaited the coming facts, to remove my doubts, or make me a confirmed dissenter. Years have already passed, during which the Native and Imported Stock have been almost daily contending together for the supremacy on our Turf; and we may now turn from the disquisitions of their respective advocates, to the more decisive contests of the horses themselves. It will not be objected, that it is too early to decide the question in this way. Every gentleman who owns an imported stallion, assures us he is equal in *high breeding* to any thing in England, and was among the best race horses there; else his failure is satisfactorily accounted for. Many of these best English horses were in this country five, six, and even seven years ago; and there is no complaint as to the number or quality of the mares bred to them. Indeed they have

been, and are, all the fashion with breeders. Besides, the contests of our Turf exhibit many three and four year old imported colts and fillies, of the best foreign families. They have had time sufficient, then, to display their powers fully; and we may now, with a good degree of certainty, determine the question of superiority, from actual trials of speed and bottom.

The first of the get of the imported horses that appeared upon our Turf, were very successful; and for a time, it seemed that the extravagant anticipations of their friends were about to be realized. It was a common remark, that they were carrying every thing before them. We were all bound to admit, that first appearances were extremely favorable to them; and had they gone on adding to their victories, in the ratio of their growing numbers, all doubting would probably have been at an end. But if we turn our eyes to the Turf at the present day, we shall discover that this early promise was deceptive; that their later, their maturer efforts, have not tended to sustain their early reputation. The two horses whose public performances place them at the head of our four mile racers, are indisputably *Boston* and *Wagner*. No one will have the temerity to question this; for so securely do they maintain their ascendancy in public opinion, that comparisons have ceased to be instituted between them and other horses; and the sporting world is only anxious to know, to which of these two the present championship of our Turf properly belongs. When *Portsmouth* beat *Boston* two mile heats, the importers and their abettors were exceedingly gratified, and thought the trial entirely conclusive; but when *Portsmouth* was afterwards beaten, and the vaunted *Queen* was vanquished by *Boston*, these latter trials were not deemed half so satisfactory as the first had been. I now put it to the candor of these gentlemen,—have they any good reason to believe that any imported horse, or the get of such, can beat *Boston* or *Wagner* four mile heats? *Monarch*, it may be replied, was able to beat them both. Unfortunately this can never be ascertained; but certainly he has done nothing in public to authorize such conclusion. As he seems to have been looked to as the forlorn hope of his party, it is really to be regretted that he has finished his racing career without doing something more to justify the extreme partiality of his friends.

Those who have most warmly espoused the cause of our native stallions, have all the while admitted that the get of the imported horses might succeed in short races, and especially in three year old stakes; but in granting thus much, it now appears that full as much has been conceded as they can claim; for, to say the most, they have not, for two years past, borne off more than a fair proportion of stakes. Indeed the most important sweepstakes in that period, have been won by the get of native horses. It is needless to enumerate all these races; but if required, this assertion can be verified by reference to our Racing Calendar.

Allusion has been made, with much apparent satisfaction, to the manifest improvement in our racing generally, since the commencement of the new era of importations; and the idea is evident

intended to be conveyed, that this improvement is the consequence of the influx of foreign horses. That the passion for the Turf has become more general and more ardent, is true; and the importations have been the consequence of this growing passion, which they, in turn, have tended to augment. Latterly, there have been more blood horses bred and trained than formerly; and to this circumstance alone we must attribute our better racing: unless it can be shown that this change is manifested in the running of the imported stock exclusively, which is not the fact. For we have seen, that horse against horse, they have gained nothing to boast of; and making *time* the medium of comparison, it will be discovered that they fare no better.

Time, we confess, is not always a sure test; but it is a favorite one with the importers, and they will not object to its use. The quickest time, then, reported to be made over our best established courses, by horses now and lately on the Turf, was not performed by imported horses, or their get; whether for one, two, three, or four miles. Boston's heat in 7:40; Argyle's in 5:40; Grey Eagle's in 3:41; Rocker's in 3:42; and Maria Duke's three heats in 1:48; are the best that have come under my notice. But notwithstanding all this, in the very face of these unquestionable facts, we are still branded as incorrigible infidels, if we chance to raise the question, whether the imported horses are doing for our Turf all that their friends and owners contend for. When we declare that these horses have not wrought the promised miracles before our eyes, to change our faith, we are charged with prejudice, or invited to go to England and see what wonders their brothers and sisters are doing there. Cross we the Atlantic, then, (I hope to do so bodily as well as mentally some day,) where we shall see the St. Leger horses "running two miles with 118lbs. on their backs, in 12 seconds better time than our three year olds with 86lbs. up. And grant the postulatam, that 7 lbs. is equal to a distance, and it will be made appear, by the rule of three, that these same Leger cracks are about 700 yards better in two miles, than the best American colts!" Yes, 700 yards better! *Credat hoc, Judeus &c.*; or, in plain English, "*This beats the Jews.*" And however incredible this may seem, we Yankees must believe it, as it is deduced with mathematical certainty, from indisputable data! But seriously, leaving out of view the old axiom, that 7 lb. is equal to a distance (which is not always, nor generally true, as every practical Turfman knows,) the performances of the St. Leger horses, supposing the course as long as it is called, and the time accurately taken, are quite incredible. As to the *timing*, the starting post and the ending post being different, and wide apart, it is admitted that some slight error may arise on this account. Concerning the length of this particular course, I know nothing; but this we all know, that most of the English courses are laid off with little regard to shape or length, but are adapted to the surface of the ground over which they are marked out. Indeed, accurate measurement, and the timing of miles, does not seem to enter into their system of racing; else things would be differently ordered.

In their sporting papers, we read of courses being "about a mile and a quarter," or "a mile and three quarters," "once round and in;" and even the *Cup Course* at *Ascot*, is described as "about two miles and a half." Now all this is perfectly indefinite. It will be said, although it seems not so to us, still the courses are accurately measured, and the length known. This may be so; but one thing is certain, they care nothing about it; and if they had purposely made their courses to prevent timing, they could not have succeeded better. "Barrymore" understands the Goodwood Cup Course to be "over three miles;" while *Bell's Life* declares "it is two miles and three quarters!" But what most of all encourages my doubts upon this subject,—I have been informed by a gentleman, once a Turfite, now an admirer of English horses and a good practised engineer, that he measured many of these courses, and found the *actual* not to correspond with the *reputed* length. But whether these considerations form a ground for doubt, is immaterial. The get of these horses on our side of the Atlantic, fall so far short of the St. Leger pace, that we are forced to attribute the disparities to the nature of the soil, the training, the jockeying,—to any thing, indeed, rather than to an inherent difference in the animals; especially as a different supposition carries with it the absurd conclusion, that the colts of the English blood horse are necessarily degenerate when they are dropped in America; and are 700 yards in two miles, inferior to their sires.

The superior ability of the English horse to carry weight, has been so often asserted without contradiction, that it has grown into a generally received maxim. That he *does*, mainly for the sake of good jockeyship, carry higher weights in his races than our horses, and especially when three years old, is true; but that he is *able* to carry more weight, is to me by no means clear. Prepared as our horses are, for heat races, in a short time; their flesh suddenly reduced, until they are quite lean; their strength must necessarily be impaired. But take our well matured three year olds, train them six months preparatory to a race of a single mile and a half, leave them all the flesh necessary to strength, run them high and firm, and they will manage 118 lbs. as handily as their transatlantic brethren. Judging from the appearance of the animals themselves, we must decide in favor of the native horse, as having more body, more bone, shorter legs, more muscle, and more of every thing that is usually thought to indicate strength. *Tranby* came among us with the character of a very stout horse; but any one would be laughed at who should pronounce him the equal in stoutness to *American Eclipse*. Our trials of English stallions, then, have resulted in this: their progeny from our best mares, and even from imported mares, are about as *fast* as our native stock, but no faster; and in respect to *game*, or ability to go four mile heats, they have proved inferior; and thus far, the experiment has not turned out according to the expectations of the importers.

I am now going to hazard an opinion, which will strike many who are more familiar with the *annals* of the Turf, than the *Turf* itself, with amazement. *In all England they scarcely know they*

have a *first-rate race-horse at four mile heats*. If there is such an one, he is unknown to the Racing Calendar, and lives in obscurity ; and his offspring is probably doomed to chase hounds and foxes, or be chased by a mail-coach. We may be told, what we have heard one hundred times, that from the performances of these race horses, with heavy weights, there can be no doubt of their capability to go four mile heats. Here is mere conjecture ; while this thing is certain, if they ever breed a four-miler, it is accident, not design. They go for speed, surpassing speed ; they have aimed at this alone for near half a century, and it is not surprising that they have lost everything else. This their best writers admit, and advise as a remedy, fresh importations of Arabian horses. On the contrary, we commenced with Jolly Roger, Fearnought, Medley, Shark, and like *game* horses ; and have endeavored ever since to preserve, and if possible improve the quality that characterized the original.

But whatever our convictions may be as to the policy of bringing over the best English stallions to cross upon our native mares, it is clear to every observing and unprejudiced mind, that the abiding and increasing demand for imported horses, is deluging our country with weedy, worthless cast offs from the English studs ; with nothing to recommend them but long pedigrees, many generations of which, reveal none of the qualities that illustrated their remote progenitors. The experiment of crossing the best English stallions upon our mares, was well enough ; but were it certain to succeed, according to the fondest hopes of those concerned ; even this success would not compensate for the mischief certain to ensue from the introduction of so many of the degenerate fag-ends of the British studs.

B. C.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

ADOPTED BY THE NEW-YORK JOCKEY CLUB,

APRIL 9, 1836.

1st.—THERE shall be two regular meetings of the NEW-YORK JOCKEY CLUB, at the Union Course, in each year, to be called *Spring* and *Fall Meetings*. The *Spring* meeting to take place the *first Tuesday in May* ; the *Fall* meeting, the *first Tuesday in October*.

2d.—There shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and four Stewards, appointed annually, by ballot.

3d.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Club.

4th.—It shall be the duty of the Vice-President also, to attend all meetings of the Club, to assist the President in the discharge of his duty, and to act as President, *pro tem.*, in the absence of the President

5th.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary to attend the Judges on each day's race, assist them with his counsel, keep a book in which he shall enter the Rules of the Club, and add to them any Resolutions which may change the character of either; shall keep also a book to record the proceedings of each meeting, the entries of horses, matches and sweepstakes, an account of each day's race including the time of running each heat, publish the Races, and after they are over publish the result.

6th.—The Stewards shall serve for one meeting next succeeding their appointment. It shall be their duty to attend on the Course, preserve order, clear the track, keep off the crowd from the horses coming to the stand after the close of a heat—may employ able-bodied men to assist them, who shall be paid out of any monies in the hands of the Treasurer.

7th.—There shall be three Judges in the starting stand, whose duty it shall be to keep the stand clear of intrusion during the pendency of a heat, and also to see that the riders are dressed in Jockey style.

8th.—All disputes shall be decided by the Judges of the day, from whose decision there shall be no appeal, unless at the Judges' discretion. They shall have power to appoint distance Judges, and three Inspectors to be placed at each quarter stake, whose report alone, when so appointed, shall be received of any alleged foul riding.

9th.—The distance to be run—for the Proprietor's Purse, shall be Two Mile Heats—for the Jockey Club Purse, Four Mile Heats; and a Purse shall be put up, Three Mile Heats. Entrance money to be 5 per cent. on the amount put up.

10th.—Every horse shall carry weight according to age, as follows:

An aged horse.....	126 pounds.
Six years old.....	121 “
Five years old.....	114 “
Four years old.....	104 “
Three years old.....	90 “
Mares, fillies and geldings, allowed.....	3 “

11th.—When in running a distance is

In four miles,.....	120 yards.
In three miles,.....	90 “
In two miles.....	70 “
In one mile.....	45 “

12th.—The time between heats shall be as follows:

For four mile heats.....	35 minutes.
For three mile heats.....	30 “
For two mile heats.....	25 “
For mile heats.....	20 “

13th.—All sweepstakes and matches advertised to be run over the Union Course on any day of a meeting, shall be under the cognizance of this Club; and whenever a subscriber makes a nomination, he may change it at any time before the stakes close.

14th.—No person shall enter a horse for any Purse under the control of this Club, unless he produces, if required, proof of his

horse's age; nor shall he enter a horse unless he be at least one-fifth interested in such horse or purse, and unless his entrance and subscription be paid.

15th.—All entries of horses shall be made under seal, addressed to the Secretary, enclosing the entrance money, specifying the name, sex, age, pedigree, name of person entering, and dress of the rider; which entries shall be made on each day, preceding a race, and shall be opened by the Secretary on that day at 5 P. M., and declared by the President, or the person so officiating; after which time no further entries shall be received: but the President, or person so officiating, may, for good cause, postpone the time of entering for a period not exceeding two hours from 5 P. M.

16th.—Any person desirous of becoming a Member for the purpose of entering a horse, may do so, he being approved by the Club, and paying double entrance; but none but a Member can enter a horse for a Club Purse.

17th.—The winning horse of the Jockey Club Purse or Purses, shall not be permitted to enter for the Proprietors' Purse or Purses, nor the winning horse of the Proprietors' Purse or Purses, for the Jockey Club Purse or Purses, during the same meeting.

18th.—No compromise or agreement between any two persons entering horses, or their agents and grooms, not to oppose each other, upon a promised division of the Purse, or any other motive, shall be permitted or allowed; and no persons shall run their horses in conjunction, that is, with a determination to oppose jointly any other horse or horses which may run against them. In either case, upon satisfactory evidence produced before the Judges, the Purse shall be awarded to the next best horse, and the persons so offending shall never again be permitted to enter a horse on the Union Course.

19th.—No two riders from the same stable, shall be permitted to ride in the same race. No two horses from the same stable, or owned in whole or in part by the same person, shall be allowed to enter in the same race for any Jockey Club or Proprietors' Purse; and in the event of such double entry being made, both shall be void.

20th.—Riders shall not be permitted to ride, unless dressed in Jockey style—liveries to be recorded in the Secretary's book, and not permitted to be assumed by others.

21st.—Riders, after a heat is ended, must repair to the Judges' stand, and not dismount until ordered by the Judges, and then carry themselves their saddles to the scales to be weighed; nor shall any groom or other person approach or touch any horse until after his rider shall have dismounted and removed his saddle, except by order of the Judges. A rider dismounting without such permission, or wanting more than one pound of his weight, shall be considered distanced.

22d.—The rider who has won a heat, shall be entitled to the track, and the foremost be entitled to any part of the track, he leaving a sufficient space for a horse to pass him on the outside; but shall not, when locked by another horse, leave the track he

may be running on, to press him to the inside or outside; doing which shall be deemed foul riding. Should any rider intentionally cross, jostle, or strike his adversary's horse or rider, or run on his heels, or do any thing else that may impede the progress of his adversary, he will be deemed distanced, though he come out ahead, and the Purse will be given to the next best horse; and any rider offending against this rule, shall never again be permitted to ride over, or attend any horse on this Course.

23d.—Every horse that shall fail to run outside of every pole, shall be deemed distanced, although he come out first; and the Purse shall be awarded to the next best horse.

24th.—Horses shall take their ages from the first of January; that is, a horse foaled in 1835, will be considered a year old first of January 1836.

25th.—A signal shall be given from the Judges' stand five minutes before the time of starting, after the lapse of which time, the Judge shall give the word to such riders as are ready; but should any horse prove restive in bringing up or starting, the Judges may delay the word a short interval, at their discretion.

26th.—All Members, and such of their families as reside with them, shall pass the gates free; and the Members themselves have free admission to the Members' stand. All who are not Members, shall pay the following tolls at the gates, viz.:

For every four horse carriage with not more than four persons (if more, 25 cents for each over four),.....	\$2 00
Every four wheel carriage, with two horses and not more than four persons (each over four, 25 cents,).....	1 00
Every four wheel carriage with one horse and two persons,...	75
Every two wheel carriage with one person,	50
Every person on horseback,	50
Every foot passenger, or person in a Member's carriage, not a Member,	25

27th.—New Members can only be admitted on recommendation. Any person wishing to become a Member, must be so for the unexpired term of the Club, and must be balloted for. Three black balls shall reject. A non-resident of the State of New-York introduced by a Member, can have the privilege of the enclosed space and Members' stand, by paying \$3 for the meeting.

28th.—Ten Members of the Club shall be deemed a quorum for the transaction of ordinary business and admission of Members; but not less than twenty to alter a fundamental rule, unless public notice shall have been given ten days of such contemplated meeting. The President or Secretary may call a meeting; and the President and Vice-President failing to attend, a Chairman may be selected. Members of the Club privileged to invite their friends to the Jockey Club Dinners, by paying for the same. No ladies admitted to the Ladies' Pavilion, unless introduced by a Member. No citizen of the State of New-York can be admitted to the privileges of the enclosed space, Members' Stand, or Ladies' Pavilion, unless he be a Member.

29th.—A distanced horse in a dead heat, shall not be permitted to start for another heat in that race; but when a dead heat is

made, all the horses not distanced may start again, unless the dead heat be made between two horses that if either had been winner the race would have been decided; in which case, the two only must start to decide which shall be entitled to the Purse. Such horses as are prevented from starting by this rule, shall be considered drawn; and all bets made on them against each other, shall be drawn, excepting those put behind the post.

30th.—If a rider fall from his horse, and another person of sufficient weight rides him in, he shall be considered as though the rider had not fallen, provided he returns to the place where the rider fell.

31st.—When in the opinion of a majority of the Officers of the Club, the weather, or any other good cause shall require it, they may postpone any Purse Race; but in case of such postponement, no new entries shall be received if any had been made; but such postponement of a Purse Race, shall give no authority to postpone any sweepstakes or matches made or advertised to be run on that day.

32d.—When the tap of the drum is once given by the starting Judge, there shall be no calling back, unless the signal flag shall be hoisted for that purpose; and when so hoisted, it shall be no start. To remedy the inconvenience of false starts, there shall be a signal flag placed at a point which can be readily seen by the riders, at from one to three hundred yards from the Judges' stand. When a start is given and recalled, a flag from the Judges' stand shall be displayed, and the person having in charge the signal flag shall hoist the same as a notice to pull up. It shall be the duty of the starting Judge to give this rule in charge to the riders.

33d.—A bet made after the heat is over, if the horse betted upon does not start again, is no bet. A confirmed bet cannot be off without mutual consent.

34th.—If either party be absent on the day of a race, and the money be not staked, the party present may declare the bet void in the presence of the Judges before the race commences; but if any person present offer to stake for the absentee, it is a confirmed bet.

35th.—A bet made on a heat to come, is no bet, unless all the horses qualified to start shall run, unless the bet be between such named horses as do start.

36th.—No horse shall carry more than five pounds over his stipulated weight, without the Judges being informed of it, which shall be declared by them, whereupon all bets shall be void, except those made between the owners of such running horses. Every rider shall declare to the Judge that weighs him, when and how his extra weight, if any, is carried. The owner is held responsible for putting up and bringing out the proper weight. He shall also be bound before starting to weigh his rider in the presence of the Judges.

37th.—The person who bets the odds, has a right to choose the horse or the field. When he has chosen his horse, the field is what starts against him, but there is no field unless one starts with

him. If odds are bet without naming the horses before the race is over, it must be determined as the odds were at the time of making it. Bets made in running are not determined till the Purse is won, if the heat is not specified at the time of betting. Bets made between particular horses, are void if neither of them be winner, unless specified to the contrary. Horses that forfeit, are the beaten horses where it is play or pay. All bets, matches, and engagements, are void on the decease of either party before determined. Horses drawn before the Purse is won, are distanced. A bet made on a Purse or horse, is void if the horse betted on does not start. When a bet is made upon a heat, the horse that comes first to the ending post is best, provided no circumstance shall cause him to be deemed distanced. All bets are understood to relate to the Purse, if nothing is said to the contrary. A horse not winning one heat in three, shall not start for a fourth.

38th.—When two horses are betted against each other for the Purse, if each win a heat, and neither are distanced, they are equal; if neither win a heat, and neither distanced, they are equal; but if one wins a heat and the other does not, the winner of the heat is best, unless he shall be distanced, in which case the other, if he save his distance, shall be considered best. If a horse wins a heat and is distanced, he shall be better than one that does not win a heat and is distanced—so, too, if one be distanced the 2d heat, he shall be better than one distanced the first heat, &c.

39th.—Any person entering a horse younger than he really is, shall forfeit his entrance money; and if the horse wins a heat or race, the heat or Purse shall be given to the next best horse. If the objection be made to the *age* of the horse *after* the heat or race is run, the disqualification must be proved by the person making the objection.

40th.—If a horse be entered without being properly identified, he shall not be allowed to start, but liable for forfeit, or the whole if play or pay—all bets on a horse so disqualified, void.

41st.—Where more than one nomination has been made by the same individual in any *sweepstakes* to be run over the Union Course, and it shall appear to the satisfaction of the Club that all interest in such nomination has *bona fide* been disposed of before the time of starting, and that they have not been trained together, or in the same stable, both may start, although standing in the same name.

42d.—No conditional nomination or entry shall be received.

43d.—Should any person entering a horse, formally declare to the Judges that his horse is drawn, he shall not be permitted to start.

44th.—In the event of the Club postponing a regular meeting, it shall have no power to postpone any Matches or Sweepstakes made for that meeting.

45th.—In Sweepstakes and Matches made to run at a particular meeting, without the parties specifying the days; the Proprietor must give ten days notice of what days they will be run on, during that meeting.

46th.—The words *absolutely* or *play or pay*, necessary to be used

to make a bet play or pay—done and done, also necessary to confirm a bet. If a bet be made using the expression *play or pay*, and the horse dies, the bet shall stand; but if the owner dies, the bet is void. If a bet be made without using the expression *play or pay*, and the horse or owner dies, it is no bet.

47th.—In Sweepstakes and Matches, the Judges shall draw for the track. In Purse Races, they shall take their places as drawn the preceding evening by the Secretary.

48th.—Catch weights are each person to appoint a rider without weighing—Feather weight signifies the same. A Post stake, is to name at the starting post. Handicap weights, are weights according to the supposed ability of the horses. An untried stallion or mare, is one whose get or produce never started in public. A maiden horse or mare, is one that never run.

49th.—A horse receiving forfeit, or walking over, shall not be deemed a winner.

50th.—In a Match Race of *heats*, there shall be a distance, but none in a *single* heat.

51st.—Any Trainer, Rider, or Rubber, going into a stable without a certificate of good character from his last employer, if such employer be a Member of this Club, may, upon specification of any improper act or deportment of such Trainer, Rider, or Rubber, at the discretion of the Judges of the day, be excluded from the Union Course—provided such complaint be made to the President, or officer so officiating, before the signal to saddle for the first heat be given. It is further provided, that any Trainer, Rider, or Rubber, that may be so employed, with or without certificate of good character, may be objected to in like manner, for good cause shewn to the Judges of the day—provided the offence specified shall have occurred subsequent to the last semi-annual meeting.

52d.—No person shall be permitted to pass into the *enclosed space* on the Union Course, without shewing his ticket at the gate; nor shall any person be permitted to remain within the enclosure, or Members' stand, unless he wears a badge, that the officers on duty may be enabled to distinguish those privileged. Officers who shall permit the infraction of this rule, shall forfeit all claim to compensation, and must be employed on this express condition.

53d.—Membership of the New-York Jockey Club, shall be for Three years, commencing Spring 1836—subscription Twenty Dollars per annum, payable each Spring—subscription to be paid, whether present or absent. Members joining at any time, whether by original signature, or on nomination, will be bound for the *unexpired* term of the Club from the period of joining.

54th.—In all cases where any act or thing is prohibited by these Rules, without any penalty being attached to a violation of such prohibition, the Judges shall have power to impose such penalty as they deem proper.

New-York, April, 1836.

Upon the expiration of the Club of 1838, a new Club was formed, adopting the preceding Rules and Regulations, with the following Resolution :—

New-York, April 24th, 1839.—RESOLVED—That a Club be established for Three Years. No subscription less than \$20, or more than \$50 per annum, payable annually whether present or absent. Extra meetings, if given by the Proprietors, to entitle them to make a separate charge for admission to the privileges of the Course. For the present subscription, the Proprietors to give Two meetings, the one Spring, the other Fall; and to put up, under the control of the Club, the amount thus raised, in Purses, during the two meetings; and are not expected to put up a larger amount than paid in by subscription. Members paying \$50 per annum, have the privilege to invite a friend (being a non-resident of the State of New York) to the two meetings. Gentlemen joining the Club on nomination, after its organization, will be held liable for the unexpired term of the Club, from the period of joining.

HISTORY OF VARIOUS STUDS,

AND REMARKS ON VARIOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO "THE ENGLISH VETERINARIAN."

BY NIMROD.

DEAR SIR: I always sit down to this task *con amore*, because the subject matter is congenial with my own taste. But, previously to entering on that announced in my last—the result of my observations on the studs which I saw during my late tour—allow me to offer a word or two on the present position of veterinary science, and on those who practise it. As relates to the former, its best friends cannot desire a more prosperous course than the one now pursued by it, so much strengthened by the fact of its being about to be generally directed to the diseases of cattle, sheep, &c., as well as horses, and which fact was eloquently and forcibly announced by Mr. Spooner, in his oration before the Veterinary Medical Association, in November last. It is lamentable to think that the diseases of cattle and sheep have so long been subjected to the ignorant treatment of the country cow-doctor, and of which ignorance alone is not the greatest evil. Unnecessary suffering is added to disease, which will no longer be the case under veterinary skill. I sincerely congratulate the country on this announcement of Mr. Spooner, and trust the barbarous titles of farrier and cow-leach will soon be amongst those which lexicographers define "not in use."* As regards the present practitioners of the veterinary art, no doubt can be entertained of their having exceeded the expectation of the public in the progress they have made both

* During the last ten years of my residence in England, my stock of horned cattle amounted to between twenty-five and thirty head. Disease, of course, would occasionally attack them, and their doctor, when sick, was an old laboring man nearly in his dotage, who could neither read nor write. Some of his recipes were truly ridiculous, and yet, strange to say, they oftener hit than missed the mark. His criterion of convalescence was, the state of the nose. How is the cow? he would say: *does she sweat at nose?* If answered in the affirmative, he always exclaimed—"Never heed her now; *she'll do;*" and she generally did "do."

in science and in practice, and that it will no longer be remarkable, as Pennant says, that whilst England surpasses all European countries in the excellence of its horses, its veterinary schools still remain in their infant state. Amongst the practitioners themselves, however, I should like to see a little more *decided* unanimity of thought and opinion on certain momentous points. For example: open one volume of "The Veterinarian," and we find Professor Coleman extolled for the superior instruction to be derived from his scientific lectures: open another, and we find Mr. Charles Clark, a London practitioner, plainly insinuating that on the two *most material* points—namely, the foot and its shoe, and inflammation of the lungs—his doctrine is pernicious. On the first-named point, indeed, he says "his peculiar views stand foremost in erroneous magnitude," and that his theory on the treatment of inflamed lungs "has been practised with fatal loss by many a young veterinary surgeon." Touching this gentleman's insinuation at the transmutation of Mr. Coleman from a limited practice, in Palsgrave Court, to the office of Professor of the Veterinary Art, I am unable to do more than suppose, that he must have had some pretensions to the honor of being placed at the head of the School, or that honor would not have been conferred upon him; and, perhaps, a more experienced person than himself, *possessed of other requisite qualifications*, could not have been found at that period. His charge against him of the want of experience could not, perhaps, be denied; and, to enable a man to instruct others, experience, we must admit, is a most essential accomplishment. I can give you a tolerable anecdote on this subject, told of one very great man in the medical line, during his noviciate—no less than Sir Hans Sloane, who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society, and who was the founder of the British Museum. On his arrival in London, he waited on Dr. Sydenham, with a letter of recommendation, setting forth his qualifications—"a ripe scholar, a good botanist, a skilful anatomist." "All mighty fine," said Sydenham; "but it won't do. Scholarship—botany—anatomy—*nonsense!* Go to the bed-side, Sir; it is *there* you can learn disease." But how happened it, that, when experience had been added to Mr. Coleman's other qualifications, he so long persisted in his erroneous views of the horse's foot, for erroneous they are as to the thin-heeled shoe, and the frog on the ground? Experience has proved that these views were generally erroneous; and no man who regards the welfare of his horses, or his own safety, now generally adopts them. Then there is dissent again in the profession, on the subject of the foot's expansion. It is asserted that Mr. Bracy Clark's seven years' experiment on the foot of a blood mare, is conclusive as to the fact that the foot does not expand and dilate when in action. Your President believes such to be the case; whereas Mr. Charles denies it; and Mr. Wallis, who is *surprised* at the denial of Mr. Charles, admits that, "after all, it is not very great." Now I, in my ignorance, am among the unbelievers here; I am convinced that there is an expansion of the foot, by the mere growth of the organ,

under a proper direction; but, without further proof, I cannot admit an elastic expansion or dilatation of the foot in action. To the expansion of the foot by growth, I consider Mr. Turner's plan of the unilateral shoe to be the most natural mechanical agent that can be applied. But why all these doubts as to lateral expansion, &c. &c.? Why is not the matter at once set at rest by well-defined experiments? Is the subject of the foot to be inexhaustible? In my opinion there is a shoe for every foot, a foot for every shoe, and thousands of feet that would have required very little, if any, shoes for many, many purposes, had they never known their use. But after the many instances I have seen of feet going wrong, and becoming dreadfully deformed and diseased, while neither shoes, nor concussion, nor hard roads, had any more to do with them than the pen I now hold in my hand, I am well convinced, that, shoe them how we may, we shall always have foot-lameness in England more than in other countries; and, further, that the French system is, for the most part, decidedly less likely to produce lameness than our own is. Excuse the freedom of these remarks. They are the result of my regard for the veterinary profession, and of which, in this respect—I mean dissent on several subjects, as well as conflicting opinions of its professors when under examination by the courts of law—I have more than once been its advocate, when it has been made the subject of conversation in society, in that of sportsmen especially. The eye of the public, the hunting public above all, is upon it; and the more consistent are its proceedings, the more it will increase in their estimation. For example, the uninitiated in these matters are naturally surprised when they turn from Mr. Clark's assertion, founded, as might be supposed, on the soundest pathological knowledge, that the foot of the horse does expand when in action, to that of Mr. Caleb Morgan—equally learned, for all they may know to the contrary—who proves, by the use of calipers and compasses, that it does *not* so expand.* Some silly fellow, writing under the signature of *Nubia*, in the *Old Sporting Magazine*, has had the hardihood to say, that the expansion takes place to the extent of the eighth of an inch every time the foot comes to the ground; but, as Mr. Morgan happily observes, he must have been *in nubibus*, when he hazarded such an assertion. It appears to me, that, in the succeeding number, this theory is almost annihilated by the sensible and practical observations of Mr. Caleb Morgan.

I consider the extract from the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, respecting the casting and death of cavalry horses, a subject of much interest, inasmuch as it shews, first, that disease, inflamed lungs especially, is rife in cavalry stables, from the effect of bad air; and, next, that the system pursued in them is very inimical to long life. What! the mean age of a cavalry horse only nine and a half years! Why, I never considered a hunter of mine to be in his prime until he had arrived at that age.†

* "Something should be established beyond dispute," says an anonymous writer in your February Number, 1838. "Coleman would have frog pressure, Clark would have none; and Dick, of Edinburgh, declares it is of no consequence whether the frog has pressure or not."

† With reference to the utility of ventilation, perhaps the state of affairs in the Dublin

I now proceed to the mention of what I saw in my late tour that is worthy the notice of veterinarians, or owners and breeders of horses. My first visit was to Badmington, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort, whose stud, of hunters only, exceeded forty. As may be supposed, they are for the most part clever, and, to a certain extent, first-rate; but, taken as a stud, and for hard work with hounds, I give the preference to Lord Segrave's, the amount of which (hunters alone) also exceeded forty. His lordship is not only an excellent judge of the animal, *horse*, but as he purchases, generally, with a view to his own weight, in case they turn up trumps, his horses are almost all weight-carriers. Lord Moreton's was the next stud which came under my observation in this part of the country, and of that I cannot say much. There are, of course, some fine animals among them, to carry himself, for a bad, weak horse would have no chance with his lordship on his back; but, generally speaking, his stables want replenishing. The difficulty, however, of procuring hunters of any power, and in his part of the country especially, is very great. Indeed, it is universally complained of; and I can safely say, that until I went into Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, I did not see one farmer's horse for which I would have given fifty pounds.

But the condition of these studs—there is the point—touching our present business. The duke had seven roasters in his stud, and Lord Segrave eight!—"How is all this to be accounted for?" was the question asked by me, and also put to me. It is true, both these studs are summered abroad, and that, no doubt, is *one* reason; but, still, there must be another. "Atmospheric influence," says one. "Undoubtedly," say I; but is not this—the fact being admitted—a strong argument against summering abroad? The Badmington stud is fearfully exposed to this most inciting cause. The horses are turned into the park, where there is very little shelter, and, to get away from the flies, the lake of water is resorted to. Then, again, other horses are turned out with them, and when being caught up for casual purposes—which of course happens every day, if not every hour—the hunters are heated by galloping before they enter on the luxury of the limpid lake. It is lamentable to think of the state of these two noble studs, containing nearly twenty roasters; a thing, I believe, quite unprecedented, although I heard of some in other studs, not thus exposed to such exciting causes. Surely these two noblemen will not persist in the ruinous course of turning their hunters to grass in the summer, but will remember what I stated in *Bell's Life* as to the ranging of the thermometer a few months back—from 25 to 66 degrees in the space of the day and the night—and also what I told them of a brother nobleman, and master of hounds, on this subject. "I have saved £500 a-year," said the Duke of Cleveland, "by not turning my horses out to grass in the summer." Let me also remind them,

Lying-in-Hospital may be adduced as the most singular instance on record. In the space of four years, no less a number than 2944 infants out of 7650, died within the first fortnight after their birth. The hospital was *completely ventilated*, and the proportion of deaths were reduced to 279. Hence, out of the 2944 who had died, 2665 had perished solely from the unhealth of the air

and all others who may read this paper, once more of this fact. A horse at grass is calculated to eat upwards of 100 lbs. of food in the course of twenty-four hours, not one-tenth part of which is taken up into chyle; and when he gets into the stable, and is put on dry food, his digestion is so weakened that he cannot digest his hay and oats. Hence inflammatory action, and, together with others, directed to those parts whence roaring proceeds. But in the duke's stud I ventured an opinion to his groom, that the hay they eat may have something to do with the numerous roarers in his stable. His Grace having no ploughed land in his own hands, the immense quantity of manure made by his horses and cattle all goes on that which is mown, which of course makes the grass very succulent and rich. Then the quantity mown, being 500 acres, the ricks are made very large (I saw none under 60 tons), and of course the fermentation of the herbage is proportionally great. Indeed, during my visit to Badmington, the hunters were eating hay which, in my opinion, was only fitting for beasts fattening for the butcher. It was brown from heat, delicious, perhaps, to the palate, certainly fragrant to the nose, but undoubtedly creative of thirst, and consequently predisposing to inflammatory action throughout the whole system; and, if so, why may not the trachea come in for its share? How different was this from the Melton hay! When in Mr. John Moore's stables at that place, in March last, I longed to send the duke's groom a lock of the hay his hunters were eating. It was as bright as the best-saved wheaten straw; not at all matted together, and, although perfectly sweet, had not the over-powering smell which heated hay from rich land never fails to have. In fact, health and condition appeared on the very face of it.

My visit to Badmington having extended to three weeks, it is natural to suppose I had much talk with the duke's head groom, who, having received his education, in part, at the College, is well qualified for the duties of his office. Among other things to which he directed my attention was the treatment of curbs, those tormenting evils in all hunting stables. "I care nothing for curbs," said he; "I have a recipe that stops them *at once*, and when the season is over I fire, if necessary." The use of the seton, I found, was never applied, either by him or Lord Segrave's or Lord Moreton's groom, for strains, &c.; but he told me of a case of castration, of, I should think, very rare occurrence. "I operated on a yearling colt," said he, "and found one testicle. At two years old, I extracted another; and at three, another! The colt did well."* Mr. Richard Weatherstone (for such is this excellent servant's name, although called "Dick" by the family and their friends, as his father was before him, and who is now living at his ease at Badmington), is quite a character in his way; but having both heart and soul in his business, added to nearly twenty years' experience with horses that follow foxhounds, he is no mean authority in practical veterinary science. I observed that he is not a

* Having read an account of a partly ossified substance in the scrotum of a horse, in a number of "The Veterinarian" published since this conversation took place, I am induced to suppose, that something of this nature might have occurred in the Badmington colt.

friend to clipping, not more than three of the stud having been subjected to that, in my estimation, unnecessary operation.*

A word more on roaring. Beside the two studs I have here alluded to, instances of horses becoming roarers were given me in other parts of the country, and at Melton, where the best of winter grooming and summering is practised. Sir James Musgrave had a case which he could not account for, and so had Mr. White; and I also heard of some in the Oakley country—Bedfordshire—also difficult to be accounted for. These must be laid to atmospheric agency, shewing the necessity of extraordinary care in guarding against it. During a visit to Mr. Lethbridge, in the last named county, in March last, I asked the veterinary surgeon who attended his horses, if he could account for the prevalence of roaring. He said he had reason to believe it was oftentimes produced by the trachea being injured by the force employed in administering balls; and I am inclined to think that such may occasionally be the case. I forget the name of this veterinary surgeon, who lives at Bedford, but I found that he was no reader of your Journal.

Each succeeding year exhibits some improvement or another in stable economy. The foot-tub, or pail, is one, and I saw it used with the best effect to one of Lord Segrave's horses that I was unfortunate enough to thorn, and also to cause him to throw out a curb, in a run over the Gloucestershire Vale. It is deep enough to immerse the leg above the hock, and when soaked in its contents—warm water—for three or four hours, the effect produced in abating inflammation and assuaging pain is very great indeed. And this leads me to a remark on the subject of accidents to hunters, and their ailments, which I hope I shall not be thought impertinent in offering to the consideration of the profession. It is this:—I wish some of those who are in practice in the most severe of our hunting counties, would now and then give us the result of their treatment of bad cases, from accidents and distress, which come under their consideration in that field, so prolific of both accidents and disease. We have Mr. Percivall's "Complete System of Veterinary Anatomy," and a most admirable work it is. We have the general results of the practice and science of a Youatt, a Goodwin, a Turner, a Clark, a Spooner, a Lawrence, a Mayer, and a Coleman, invaluable, and esteemed such by sportsmen; and nothing is wanting to the development of their art to the non-professional reader and the British sportsman, but a little more plainly demonstrated direction for the treatment of *hunters* when laboring under accident or disease. A veterinary surgeon is not always at hand, at least he may not have it in his power to give immediate attendance; and it too often happens, that it is the "stitch in time" that does the business here. Waiting until the next morning, may be fatal both to life and limb.

After an absence of four years, the hunting world presents some new features and changes, as is the case in all other secular affairs. One of the most striking on my last visit to the crack counties, was

* When remarking on the quality of the Badmington hay, Weatherstone said, that, unfortunately for him, the steward was of opinion that the best hay should be given to the cattle. This is not a solitary instance.

in the character of the hunter, in which it appeared to me that a devotion to pure blood is occasionally carried too far. At all events, I saw several light men on what are called thorough-bred weeds, which, notwithstanding their elegant form and bang tails, could not, I am positive, go *in front* over a strongly fenced country. By this I mean—and I have alluded to it in my Midland Tour—that they would be knocked backwards by the fences, unless they came to them after their strength had been much diminished by horses that had gone over before them. No man respects high breeding in a hunter more than I do, provided it be accompanied by substance; but the blood of Eclipse without it would be useless over some counties—Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, and Northamptonshire, especially. Neither do I consider pure blood absolutely essential in hunters for any country, and any pace, with men on their backs who know how to ride them. For example, who sees more of hounds in their work, the season throughout, than Sir James Musgrave does? I do not think he has one thorough-bred horse in his stud. 'To the bang tail of a well-bred hunter, I have no objection; it is, perhaps, an ornament to him: but I cannot go the length of Mr. Gilpin, in his Remarks on Forest Scenery, that the tail of a horse assists him in his action, and, by "balancing his body, prevents his stumbling!" In my opinion, nature, who has given nothing in vain, intended the tail of a horse for two purposes, and for two only,—to add to his beauty in his natural state, and to brush off the flies in the summer heat. Every lover of the animal, however, must rejoice at this change of fashion on one account, and that is, even allowing that part of the dock may be cut off in colthood, the prevalence of the bang or switch tail does away with the practice of docking and re-docking, just to please the eye, as was formerly the case.*

The condition of the hunters in what may be called the crack counties, is really superb, if such an epithet expressive of superlativeness may here be allowed. It is not only extremely superior to that seen in the provincials, but it appears to me to be better and better as time advances. That the Melton horses should look well is not to be marvelled at, from the hands they are in; but I am quite sure that, independently of the forage, which is of the very best description, the water at Melton is of the right sort for horses.

Having alluded to forage, let me say a word touching a book lately noticed in your pages—Professor Stewart's "Stable Economy," in which he treats of food, and with much truth, as well as ability. But, after all, good hay, oats, and beans, continue to be the general food of English horses, and such will they ever continue to be, because they (oats and beans, at all events) have stood the test of some centuries, and experience has proved them to be the best that can be grown for horses that work hard and travel quickly. All the other varieties mentioned by Mr. Stewart, if not falling under the denomination of quackery, will never come into common

* The wisdom of antiquity decides against the practice of docking and cropping horses, inasmuch as no one instance can be found, in the remains of Grecian or Roman sculpture, of a short dock or a cropt ear.

use; and the recommendation of Arthur Young, or Cobbet, both of them quacks on subjects of this nature, goes for nothing. Horses may, I believe, be taught to eat any thing, from a beef-steak to turtle-soup; but there is nothing so natural as the common food generally adopted in Great Britain.

I wish Mr. Stewart had said something of wheaten straw, the use of which, for certain work, I am much inclined to think well of. I find that the French have the term, a horse of straw, i. e. one that eats straw—to denote a good one. When he says milk is occasionally given to stallions in the covering season, he states what is fact. I saw it given, with the best effect, to the celebrated Reubens, who was very slack in performing his duty to all mares not grey. When he stood at Eaton Hall, Cheshire, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, I had a mare with him, but he would not serve her until a grey pony was brought in his sight. Mr. Stewart also speaks of the danger of giving eggs to stallions *unbroken*. Master Betty, or Young Roscius as he was called, was killed by one, within a mile of my house, when I resided in Shropshire. Horses are said to get fat upon milk *only*; Mr. Stewart states the fact on the authority of Denham's Travels in Africa. These "travellers" are much given to "bounce."*

I should like to hear that the stethoscope has been found to answer the end of ascertaining pregnancy in the mare; and at what period of her gestation it can be made available to discover the beating of the foetal heart. Much credit is due to Mr. Baker for making the attempt, although it appears to be one of no little difficulty, by reason of the mode in which the instrument must be applied. It would be a great point gained to breeders, could they ascertain, *at an early period after copulation*, whether or not a mare was with foal, as, if not, she might be teased till she took another stallion, to which she might stand, although she did not stand to the first. With racing mares, it would be of no avail—any further than to satisfy the hopes of their owners, and to increase the care taken of them in their paddocks when ascertained to be pregnant, because it is essential that they should foal early; but with half-bred and cart-stock the proof of the stethoscope would be of the highest importance. A short time before I left England, I ordered a mare of mine to be shot, supposing her not to be with foal, and thinking her not worth keeping on, another year, on account of her age. A neighboring farmer volunteering to keep her on barley-straw at 1s. 6d. per week, I gave her a reprieve, and, in six weeks, she produced a colt that sold at my sale for seventeen guineas, at a year old. To the eye she had not the least appearance of being pregnant. She was a half-bred mare, but a noted trotter; and, when in her prime, would have been purchased by George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, for his own riding, but for the fault of being difficult to mount. I sincerely wish success may have attended this experiment, which created much interest in the minds of such of our sporting men as heard or read of it.

* In your notice of the Professor's book, the name of Hoare is given for Warde, the late father of the field.

I always turn with pleasure to any thing from the pen of Mr. Spooner. In the December Number, 1837, he has a short paper on the poisonous effect of the yew tree; but of which, it appears, doubts had been expressed by some members of the profession. I can give you an instance in corroboration of its deadly effects, from my own observation. Being on a visit to the late George Ackers, Esq., of coaching celebrity, when he rented Lord Falmouth's seat, at Woolhampton, on the Bath and London road, I heard him give orders to his coachman, as he was about to mount his box for a drive, to turn his son's (the present Mr. Ackers) pony into the paddock. On our return, within the space of three hours, the coachman told us the pony was dead. "What killed him?" was the question. "I know not," said the coachman; "but, seeing him stagger, I fetched him from the paddock, and he dropped dead as soon as he reached his stall." I entered the paddock, and, at once, saw the cause of his death. He had eaten some *live* branches of a yew tree, and about as much of them as would fill the crown of a hat was found in his stomach. I lay stress on the epithet "*live*," because it is rather generally believed, that, to cause death, the branches eaten must be dead, or much withered. Another proof, however, that live yew is poison, may be gathered from the fact, of some hundreds of the Duke of Northumberland's deer, in the North, having been poisoned by partaking of a live yew-hedge, in a deep snow; and, perhaps, the poisonous effects of the branches of this tree may be *one* reason for its having been generally planted in churchyards.

I shall conclude this paper with a few remarks upon the progress our neighbors, the French, are making in racing. At Chantilly meeting, in May last, at which I officiated as judge, there were sixty-three race-horses in the town, and the sum of £1716 run for, in the three days. There are now upwards of twenty race meetings in France and Belgium, and the *Racing Calendar* for 1838, published in Paris, gives the names of 251 owners of race-horses in France and Belgium! Then the spirit with which many of the French nobility and gentlemen enter into the thing, is somewhat beyond expectation. On one race at Chantilly upwards of £12,000 was depending; and M. Lupin gave very nearly 2000 guineas for three brood mares (Fleur de Lis, Wings, and Mouse), at the Hampton Court sale, the produce of which will come to the post, next year. The French Government itself is at length on the Turf, having several clever colts and fillies now in training, under the care of Thomas Robinson, brother to the celebrated Newmarket jockey of that name. To shew the spirit with which they are proceeding, the person at the head of the establishment told me they would give 2000 guineas for a good, tried stallion! Their prejudices are also fast wearing away, although not quite gone, as the following fact will shew. The year before last, at Newmarket, I purchased Mendicant, by Tramp, out of Lunacy, for the Prince of Moskowa, and he won thirteen races at fifteen starts in France, within the year, besides running two severe races, at heats, in England. Being six years old now, and consequently shut out of

the good things, he was offered to the French Government as a stallion, but was objected to because he is a chestnut, and has not a handsome head.

NIMROD.

[London Veterinarian, for September 1839.]

MEMOIR OF JANETTE.

THE August number of the last volume of this work, contained a Portrait of Mr. John C. Stevens' Janette, and the Memoir which should have accompanied it was delayed on account of the illness of one of her former owners, who had promised us some interesting facts relative to her early history. We allude to Mr. Henry Elliott, of Baltimore, who owned and ran Janette in 1826—7. From the fact that there were four or five Janettes on the Turf contemporary with her, and that, during that period, no sporting publication existed in the United States, it is rendered a task of no ordinary difficulty to compile an authentic memoir of this fine mare.

Janette was bred by Mr. Peyton Maughon, of Northampton County, N. C., and foaled in 1822. Her dam (who has been described to us by one who knew her well, as a small dingy brown or black mare, under fifteen hands high,) was also the dam of Sir Charles and Mercury, two of the best racers, and the former the most celebrated stallion of his day. Charles and Janette were chesnuts, Mercury a bay, and all three at least 15½ hands high. Janette is celebrated from the distinguished reputation of her family, her own performances, which were of a very high character, and her produce.

At the death of Mr. Maughon and the subsequent sale of his stud, Janette was purchased by the late Gen. Wm. Wynn, of Dinwiddie Co., Va., who brought her on the Turf in 1825. We hear of her first in 1825, at Laurenceville, in May. She was beaten by Gohanna, in a sweepstakes, at three heats, Lafayette winning the 1st. Col. Johnson and Gov. Burton had fillies by Sir Archy in the same race. Time, 1:53—1:57—2:03.

May 2d, 1826, she was beaten three mile heats, at Newmarket, by Col. Johnson's Betsey Richards, at four heats; Tyro won the 1st heat, Betsey Richards the 2d and 4th, and Janette the 3d. Janette, immediately after this race, was purchased by Mr. Elliott, for \$1500, who, the week following, won with her the Jockey Club Purse for three mile heats, at Tree Hill, beating a great field. She was now taken to Long Island, where she was beaten at four mile heats, after a very close race, by Count Piper, in 7:56—8:15. The course had been recently ploughed, and was very heavy. She soon after passed into the hands of John C. Stevens, Esq., of this city, her present owner, who won with her here, and at Washington and Fredericksburg, she winning all her races north of the Rappahannock, while Monsieur Tonson was beating Sally Walker, Ariel, Shakspeare, etc., south of it.

In October of this year, in Mr. Stevens' hands, Janette won the

Jockey Club Purse, four mile heats, on the Union Course, Long Island, "hard in hand," beating Mark Time and American Boy. Time of 1st heat, 7:48. Mr. S. soon after travelled her to Washington, where she won the Jockey Club Purse, four mile heats, with ease, beating Eliza White, who had won the preceding week at Richmond. During the same month, Janette won the J. C. Purse, four mile heats, at Fredericksburg, beating Frantic, and another.

In 1827, Janette and Lance were beaten on the Union Course, four mile heats, by the celebrated Sally Walker. In October, on the same course, Janette was beaten by the equally celebrated 3 yr. old gr. f. Betsey Ransom, for the four mile purse. Count Piper, Lady Flirt, and Valentine, also started. Janette and the Count were the favorites; they ran the two first miles for a considerable bye bet, which Janette won by a length; but were beaten the heat by Lady Flirt,—a good race between them; time, 7:54—Betsey R. dropping within her distance. Janette being lame, was now withdrawn. In the next, Betsey Ransom distanced the field, the others being stopped at the end of the third round.

We find no further account of Janette's performances until the October of 1828, when she broke down in running four mile heats at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., against Betsey Ransom, after winning the first heat in 7:53, "by one or more lengths."

The above list, we believe, comprises Janette's best performances, though perhaps not all of them. The continued illness of one of her owners, and the death of another, renders it impossible for us to render it more complete. A distinguished Washington correspondent, to whom we had applied for some information relative to her, writes to the following effect:—

"When I saw Janette beat Eliza White here [in October, 1826], I was satisfied she was first rate; and believe, had her powers been called forth when in good condition, that she would have made time equal to any precedent."

Among those who knew her best, she was ever regarded very highly. A jockey (now one of the most popular trainers of the North), who rode her in several of her races, has repeatedly assured us that there are very few horses of the present day who could have lived with her in four mile heats. She was a very bloodlike and beautiful mare—a chesnut, without white, about fifteen hands three inches high. Troye's portrait of her we think the finest specimen of his skill as an animal painter, we have ever seen.

Whether Janette missed for two years on going into the breeding stud, or her produce died early, Mr. Stevens does not recollect; he inclines to the belief, however, that more than one colt died at her foot. The following is a correct list of her

Produce.

- 1832. Ch. c. by Eclipse; died at her foot.
- 1833. Ch. f. *Fanti*, by Eclipse. Now at Greensboro', Ala., Mr. J. C. Stevens.
- 1834. Ch. c. *Octavian*, by Henry. Sold, and died young in the West.
- 1835. Ch. c. *Fordham*, by Eclipse. In Col. Johnson's stable; Mr. J. C. S.'s.
- 1836. Ch. c. *Equinox*, by Gohanna. Sold to Powell McRa, Esq., of S. C.
- 1837. Ch. c. by Imp. Trustee; died at her foot.
- 1838. Missed to Monmouth Eclipse, having been travelled to Alabama.
- 1839. Stinted to Eclipse, and is certainly in foal.

Janette and Fanti were sent to the South for sale, in January 1839, in company with a long string of racers and brood mares, and is now at Greensboro', Alabama.

Of Janette's produce, it may be said that each has had a fine turn of speed, and promised to train on; but they have been singularly unfortunate. Fanti, after winning several races, in one at Trenton, at four years old, ran against a man, which threw her down and disabled her. Octavian was a colt of very fine promise; after winning here, he was sold while yet young to go to the West, and died there, but not until after winning a capital race. Of Fordham, the Racing Calendar speaks in unanswerable terms of praise. He was undoubtedly the best 3 yr. old of his year, and won the largest stake ever known in this country at that time—viz.: that of forty-four subscribers at \$1000 each! His subsequent performances and present reputation as a four mile horse, are too well known to require comment. His half-brother, Equinox, is in the stable of a very spirited young Turfinan of South Carolina—Powell McRa, Esq.,—and promises to add new laurels to those won on many a hard fought field by his dam and her family.

COMPLIMENT TO "FRANK FORESTER."

[The following paragraph is extracted from a letter dated Llangollen, Ky., Dec. 23d, written by a fine old gentleman whose head is silvered o'er by the frosts of sixty winters, but whose ardent delight in the sports of the Turf and the Chase is still unsubdued. The graceful compliment to "Frank Forester" is bestowed upon one who will not fail gratefully to appreciate its distinguished source, and who would joy to listen to "the old man eloquent" upon those exciting themes which each describes with such thrilling interest and truth.]

By the way, are you not charmed with your correspondent "*Frank Forester*"? So soon as I got a taste of his quality, I sent over to my neighbor, Mr. Burbridge, to borrow (a rascally practice,) the Nos. containing the preceding days of "*A Week in the Woodlands*," and I have not enjoyed so rich a treat for many a day. There is an animation in the characters that makes them live, and act, and enjoy, in our presence, and with us. The graphic delineations of lake, and wood, and sky—their ever changing variety of aspect—the delightful and memory-treasured associations that must be called up with all who have delighted in Field Sports—the very attitudes of men, and dogs, and horses—the startling whirr of the pheasant and the partridge—the glorious cry of the hounds (the most animating music that my ears ever drank in)—the burst of the antlered buck through the brushwood—the plunge and splash into the lake—the sharp quick crack of the rifle, and the death halloo of the huntsman, are all admirable. While reading them, I forget that I am an old man and that my day is past. But these moments of forgetfulness, are a temporary return to youth and its joyous sports—just so much clear gain—a fair cheating of old father Time! Whoever "*Frank Forester*" may be, present to him, my dear Sir, the thanks, the hearty thanks of one who almost envies him the power to enjoy "*A Week in the Woodlands*," and still more the happy talent to impart its pleasures to others.

Very respectfully your obliged friend and humble servant,

J. L.

Notes of the Month.

FEBRUARY.

CRACKS OUT OF TRAINING.—The following horses are not to be trained next season, having gone into the breeding stud:—Steel, Argyle, Emily, Shadow, Reindeer, Picton, Mary Blunt, Almyra, Polly Green, Tarlton, etc.

It is very doubtful, also, whether any of the following will again show on the Turf:—Grey Eagle, Balie Peyton, Minstrel, Pressure, Sthreshly, Portsmouth, Kate Seyton, Rodolph, Fanny Wyatt, Mahalopan, Tom Walker, Missouri, Sorrow, Kanawha, African, etc.

The following will not be started, probably, until next Fall:—The Queen, Sovereign, Wonder, Fanny, Chieftain, Atalanta, Gov. Butler, Bustamente, etc.

MATCHES.—One for \$5000 a side, \$2500 forfeit, Two mile heats, has been made, to come off over the Franklin Course, Tusculumbia, Ala., in the Fall of 1841, between Maj. N. TERRY's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally McGhee by Timoleon, and HENRY SMITH's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina Smith by Stockholder.

The following matches have been made to come off at New Orleans, the Spring of 1840, viz:—

One for \$1000 a side, P.P., Mile heats, to come off during the Spring Meeting of 1840, over the Eclipse Course, for 2 yr. olds.

Y. N. Oliver names br. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of the dam of Richard of York. Kenner & Chapman name b. c. by Rodolph, out of Mary Howe.

One for \$2000 a side, \$1000 ft., Mile heats, to come off over the Louisiana Course, first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840.

J. R. Grymes names gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Primrose by Sir Richard, 2 yrs.

J. F. Miller names ch. f. *Fairly Fair*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs.

NEW COURSES AND JOCKEY CLUBS.—Dr. C. LUCAS, of Mount Meigs, Ala., with several other spirited individuals, is organizing a Jockey Club at that place. They propose to carry on the war with energy.

Col. Y. N. OLIVER, of the "Oakland" Course, Louisville, and the "Eclipse" Course, New Orleans, has recently visited St. Louis, for the purpose of selecting a suitable site for a race course near that beautiful city. A very liberal offer has also been made him by the Cincinnati Jockey Club, with a like object in view.

A new course has been laid out at Waynesboro', N. C., to be called the "Randolph Macon" Course, of which Mr. D. McDANIEL, of the "State" Course, Raleigh, will be the proprietor. From \$1500 to \$2000 will be offered in purses at the first meeting.

Mr. WILLIAM HOLMEAD is engaged in organizing a new Club at Washington City, the meetings of course to be held on the National Course.

IMPORTATION OF STOCK.—Messrs. SHERLEY & BIRCH, of Kentucky, have now on their passage from Liverpool, a fine stock horse called *Valparaiso*, some superior Durham Cattle, and a lot of Berkshire Hogs. *Valparaiso* is described as a dark chesnut, 16 hands high, of great power, with a snip and one white foot. He was bred and ran by the Duke of LEEDS; got by the renowned Velocipede (the sire of the Queen of Trumps), he by Blacklock, as was Voltaire, the sire of Charles XII., the winner of the great St. Leger and Cup this year. *Valparaiso's* dam was Juliana (the dam of Matilda, winner of the St. Leger in 1827, and likewise the grandam of *Jordan*, also imported last winter by Sherley & Birch); she was by Gohanna, out of Platina, by Mercury, grandam by Herod, g. g. dam Young Hag by Skim, &c. &c.

The barque "Grace," which arrived at Charleston on the 10th ult., brought out Mr. SINGLETON's two fillies (heretofore described), and the following stock, which was sold at auction in that city on the 2d of January, by Messrs. Elliott, Condy & Dawes. The list of sales has not transpired :—

Rodora, ch. m., bred by the Earl of DERBY, foaled in 1835; got by Felt, out of Roseleaf by Whisker, grandam Rosabella by Milo—Rubens—Buzzard—Alexander—Highflyer.

Bay filly, 2 yrs. old, by Olympus, dam by Bustard, out of Gen. Mina's dam, by Williamson's Ditto; her dam Young Rachel by Volunteer, out of Rachel, sister to Maid of All Work. Olympus was by Blacklock, out of Michaelmas.

Bay filly, 2 yrs. old, bred by Sir THOMAS M. STANLEY, by Birdcatcher, out of the chesnut Rubens mare (dam of Jacob Faithful), her dam the Hipped Mare by Meteor—Petrovna by Sir Peter. Birdcatcher (who ran second for the St. Leger), was by St. Patrick (winner of the St. Leger), out of Pickpocket's dam.

Brown mare, by Orville, dam by Trumpator, out of Hoity-Toity by Highflyer; she is in foal to Shrigley. Shrigley was by Macduff, out of Eucrosia by Walton, her dam Emma by Hambletonian.

St. Patrick, a dark red and white Durham Bull, 15 months old.

Bess, a black and white short horned Durham Cow, rising 4 yrs.

A red half-bred Durham Bull, 19 months old.

Rose, a 4 yr. old Durham bred Cow, by Barnaby.

Crib, a yearling Bull, red and white, by Mr. BLUNDELL's celebrated Bull "Charley," (which won three successive years the premium at the Cattle show, in Liverpool); *Crib's* dam, a short horn, and a remarkably fine milker, was sent to New Orleans.

A red Bull, seven months old, by Leyland's roan Bull, by Colossus—dam by Molina. (See Herd Book, folio 517.)

A red and white Bull, seven months old, (out of an Irish bred cow, a first rate milker,) by Leyland's roan Bull, by Colossus—dam by Molina. (See Herd Book, folio 517.)

A black and white Heifer, seven months old, by Leyland's Bull, by Colossus—dam by Molina. (See Herd Book, folio 517.)

A white Bull, 14 months old, Durham bred.

A Neapolitan Sow, 16 months old, (her dam from Lord Melton's breed,) with two pigs.

A very large Boar, bred by Sir Thomas Stanley, 16 months old, a first rate animal.

SALES OF STOCK.—Col. W. HAMPTON, of S. C., has purchased Col. W. R. JOHNSON's interest (one half) in his ch. f. *Funny*, by Eclipse, out of Wagner's dam, 3 yrs., for \$3500.

THOS. DOWLING, Esq., of Terre Haute, Ind., has purchased of JAMES L. BRADLEY, Esq., of Fayette Co., Ky., his ch. stallion *Dungannon*, by Sumpter, dam by the Duke of Bedford, for \$1000.

MARSHALL R. SMITH, Esq., of Hamburg, S. C., has sold an interest of *one third* in the 3 yr. old Argyle colt *Gov. Butler*, for \$1500, to Mr. LOUIS LOVELL, of Augusta, Ga.

JOHN B. RICHARDSON, Esq., of York, Ill., has purchased of Maj. T. A. LEE, of the same State, his b. c. *Maximus*, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Eagle.

Maj. BEN. LUCKETT, of Franklin Co., Ky., has sold his 2 yr. old br. c. by Imp. Swiss, dam by Sumpter, to Messrs. B. POWELL NOLAND, E. M. HUNTINGTON, and THOS. DOWLING, of Terre-Haute, Ind., for \$400.

Mr. EDW. J. WILSON, of Norfolk, Va., has sold his gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs., for \$4300, to Messrs. J. COLCLOUGH, J. E. COLHOUN, and WM. WHALEY, of Sumpter Dis., S. C. Also his ch. f. *Zenobia*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs., for \$1200, to J. COLCLOUGH, Esq.

One half of *Marion* has recently been sold at auction in Alabama, for \$1800, to HENRY WILKES, Esq., of North Carolina.

Messrs. LOVELL & HAMMOND, of Augusta, Ga., have sold an interest of one half in their ch. h. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 5 yrs., for \$2500, to Mr. GEORGE W. TUGGLE, of Rome, Ga. Also the 3 yr. old colt *Jack Grey*, by Imp. Hedgsford, out of Jeffrie's Isabella, by Arab, for \$500, to the same gentleman. Also ch. h. *John Guedron*, by Bertrand, out of Madonna, by Precursor, 5 yrs., for \$2000, to Messrs. SMITH & WARE, of the same place. Also, to the same gentlemen, one half of *Florida Hepburn*, for \$750. Also gr. m. *Sally Vanddyke*, by Henry, out of Rosalinda by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs., (in foal to John Bascombe), for \$1500.

JOHN LAFFORD, Esq., of Arkansas, has bought *Freedom*, a ch. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Wilkes' Madison, and *Catupa*, a b. f. by Frank, dam by John Richards, of Mr. GRANVILLE HUNT, agent for JOHN D. KIRBY, Esq., of Lawrenceville, Va.

JOHN RINGGOLD, Esq., of Batesville, Arks., has also purchased of Mr. HUNT, *Little Poole*, a b. m., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Constitution, in foal to Imp. Shakspeare. Mr. KIRBY's agent has also sold one half of a filly by Imp. Shakspeare, out of a John Richards mare, to JAMES B. KEATS, Esq., of Little Rock; and a filly by the same horse, to WM. C. SCOTT, Esq., of that city.

HICKMAN LEWIS, Esq., of near Athens, Limestone county, Ala., has purchased Dr. A. WHITLOCK's interest in the imported stallion *Luzborough*. He will most probably make his next season at Mr. LEWIS's residence.

DANIEL H. ELLIS, Esq., of Monmouth County, New Jersey, has sold his grey brood mare *Rosalinda*, by Oscar, dam by Imp. Expedition, to Mr. JACOB JANNY, of Lower Wakefield Township, Bucks Co., for \$400. Mr. E. has also purchased of Mr. JACOB VANDYKE, of Somerset Co., N. J., his bay brood mare *Queen Dido*, by John Richards, out of Nettleop, and her two colts, one a yearling ch. f. by Monmouth Eclipse, and the other a sucking b. f., by the same horse.

Col. W. H. TURNER, of Madison Co. Ala., has sold one half of *Bustamente*, by Whalebone, out of Sarah Dancy by Timoleon, 4 yrs. old, to JOHN BLEVINS, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala., for \$1700.

Col. Y. N. OLIVER, of Louisville, Ky., has sold his stallion *Monmouth*, by John Richards, dam by Duroc, to Messrs. WATKINS & MURRELL, of Glasgow, Ky.

Col. JOHN WOOLFOLK, of Columbus, Ga., has sold to Col. GRIFFIN EDMONSON, of Augusta, one half of his ch. c. *Cusseta Chief*, 3 yrs. old, by Andrew, out of Virago by Wildair, for \$1500.

Maj. JAMES P. LEE, has sold his b. c. *Maximus*, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, out of Miss Dance by Imp. Eagle, to J. W. RICHARDSON, Esq., of York, Illinois.

A. L. JACKSON, Esq., of Whitehall, Greene Co., Ill., has purchased *Robin Hood*, by Cock of the Rock, out of Molly Kelly by Cox's Arabian, from a breeder in Vermont!

Dr. JOHN SHELBY, of Nashville, Tenn., has purchased *Lady Archiana*, and *Lubly Rosa*, from the stud of PHILIP WALLIS, Esq., of Baltimore. Messrs. KIRKMAN, of the same city, have purchased two colts of this year, out of Lady Archiana and Pandora the 2d, by Eastern Shore, a son of Luzboro'; and also a 2 yr. old Tranby filly, out of Archiana's dam, called *Conservative*. Pandora 2d has been purchased by Mr. THOMAS ALDERSON.

G. W. GRAVES, of Donaldsonville, La., has purchased Jos. G. BOSWELL's interest (one half) in his yearling ch. f. by Eclipse out of Grey Medoc's dam, for \$1000.

Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Va., has sold his ch. stallion *Volney*, by Mons. Tonson, 6 yrs., to J. T. W. REED, Esq., of Montgomery, Ala., for \$2000.

Messrs. H. & J. KIRKMAN, of Nashville, Tenn., have sold their yearling ch. c. *Doctor John*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Myrtle by Mameluke, to Messrs. WM. H. and RUFUS K. POLK, of Maury Co., for \$1200.

JOHN F. LEWIS, Esq., has bought of JOHN F. MILLER, Esq., of New Orleans, his gr. c. *Lord of the Isles*, by Pacific, dam by Jerry, 4 yrs., for \$500.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Col. THEODORE W. BREVARD, of Washington, Ala., claims that of *Lord of Lorn*, for his br. c. by Argyle, out of the old Duck mare known as Maria.

L. P. CHEATHAM, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn., that of *Old Dominion*, for his ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Isabella, the dam of Picton, Anvil, etc., 4 yrs.

Col. W. HAMPTON, of South Carolina, that of *Ruby*, for his yearling b. f. by Imp. Rowton, out of Bay Maria, own sister to Shark and Black Maria, by Eclipse. Also that of *Reprive*, for a yearling gr. c. by Imp. Rowton, out of Augusta. That of *Milliner*, for an Imp. b. f. by Merchant, out of Surprise, 2 yrs. That of *Penelope*, for his Imp. ch. f. by Plenipo, 2 yrs.

JOHN BRENNAN, Esq., of Lexington, Ky., that of *Robert Emmett*, for his yearling b. c. by Bertrand, out of Maria Louisa's dam by Gallatin.

R. C. HILLIARD, Esq., of N. Carolina, that of *Hydranger*, for a 2 yr. old b. c. by Imp. Felt, out of Bellona by Warbler.

Rev. HARDY M. CRYER, of Gallatin, Tenn., that of *Læna*, for his br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Ellen Wade, by Stockholder. Also that of *Florine*, for his ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Columbia by Eclipse.

RICHARD & J. MORRISON PINDELL, of Lexington, Ky., that of *The Queen of Spades*, for their 2 yr. old f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Pandora by Ganymede. Also that of *Pantalette*, for their Imp. 2 yr. old f. by Cain, out of Imp. Heads or Tails by Lottery. Also that of *Ruffle*, for their 2 yr. old f. by Bertrand, dam by Buzzard. Also that of *Tournure*, for their yearling filly by Eclipse, out of the dam of Multiflora and Arbaces.

DANIEL H. ELLIS, Esq., of Monmouth Co., N. J., that of *Rosalinda, Jr.*, for his 2 yr. old ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, out of Rosalinda by Oscar. Also that of *Olivia*, for his yearling filly by Oliver, out of the same mare. Also that of *Mulberry*, for his yearling ch. f. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Queen Dido by John Richards. Also that of *Cocoon*, for his sucking b. f. own sister to the above. Also that of *Betty Martin*, for his 2 yr. old br. f. by Abbott's Black Hawk, out of Nelly Brown, Rory O'More's dam.

JAMES B. KEATS, Esq., of Little Rock, Arks., that of *Mary Kirby*, for his filly by Imp. Shakspeare, out of a John Richards mare.

JOHN LAFFORD, Esq., of Arkansas, that of *Freedom*, for his 2 yr. old ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Wilkes' Madison. Also that of *Catalpa*, for his b. f. by Frank, dam by John Richards.

Messrs. NOLAND, HUNTINGTON & DOWLING, of Terre Haute, Ind., that of *Crichton*, for their 2 yr. old br. c. by Imp. Swiss, dam by Sumpter.

THOMAS DOWLING, Esq., of Terre Haute, Ind., that of *Alice Darvill*, for his 2 yr. old br. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Doublehead.

Mr. EDW. H. PENDLETON, of Baltimore, that of *James Wilks*, for his b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips.

JOHN G. PERRY, of St. Francisville, La., that of *Dry Dock*, for his 2 yr. old ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Misery by Neal's Archy.

LUCIUS J. POLK, Esq., of Columbia, Tenn., that of *Ambassador*, for his yearling colt by Plenipo, out of Imp. Jenny Mills (Hornsea's dam,) by Whisker.

Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Va., that of *Paris*, for his b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Aggy-down by Timoleon.

Messrs. WEBB and CUNNINGHAM, of Ky., that of *Dan Marble*, for their ch. c., 2 yrs. old, by Woodpecker, out of a full sister of West Florida.

UPPER CANADA ST. LEGER, to come off during the July meetings at Toronto, over Scarlett's Course. The following are the conditions:—

"Will be run in the July meeting, 1840, on the first day, the Upper Canada 'ST. LEGER STAKES,' of 12l. 10s. each, with — added from the funds of the Jockey Club, for foals dropped in 1837, bred in British North America, and then three years old. Colts to carry 8st. 3lbs., fillies 8st. The second to receive 12l. 10s. out of the stakes. Heats, one mile and three quarters. To close and name with the Secretary on or before the first day of May. By order of the Preses and Council,

JOHN MAITLAND, Secretary.

"PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS:—G. W. Yarker, H. G. Barnard, and John James. —Toronto, Jan. 1, 1840."

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of HUGH and JOHN KIRKMAN, Esqrs., of Nashville, Tenn.

No. 1. WACOUSTA, ch. h., foaled in 1832; he was got by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Lightfoot by Oscar, granddam Maid of Orleans by Cœur de Lion, g. g. dam Nancy Mason by Imp. Saltram, g. g. g. dam by Mercury, g. g. g. dam by Apollo—Jolly Roger—Imp. Grenville mare.

No. 2. ONALASKA, br. c., foaled in 1836, own brother to Wacousta.

No. 3. FLORESTINE, b. m., imported in 1836, and bred by Mr. Garforth in 1829; she was got by Whisker, out of Flora (own sister to Oiseau) by Camillus, out of a Ruler mare, she out of Tree-creeper by Woodpecker—Trentham, out of Cuneconde by Blank—Cullen Arabian—Patriot—Gander, brother to Grantham—Pulleine ch. Arab—Spanker.

Whisker, sire of Florestine, was by Waxy, out of Penelope by Trumpator, and was own brother to Whalebone, &c. &c.

Her Produce.

1834. B. f. by Tramp [still in England].

1835. B. f. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp.

[Imported by Mr. J. G. Winter, of Georgia.]

No. 4. 1836. B. f. *Flounce*, by Mulatto.

[Imported by H. & J. K.]

1837. B. f. by Plenipotentiary [dead].

No. 5. 1838. B. f. by Leviathan.

[H. & J. Kirkman.]

No. 6. 1839. Ch. c. by Leviathan. [H. & J. Kirkman. Entered in the great Peyton Stake.]

Florestine is stinted to Leviathan again.

Flounce, by Mulatto, is also stinted to Leviathan.

No. 7. MYRTLE, ch. m., imported in 1836, bred by Mr. Theobald in 1834; she was got by Mameluke (winner of the Derby in 1827), out of Bobadilla (winner of the Gold Cup at Ascot, and the Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood in 1828,) by Bobadil, out of Pythoness by Sorcerer—Princess by Sir Peter—Dungannon—Turf—Herod—Golden Grove, out of Spinster by Partner, out of a Sister to Squirrel's dam by Bloody Buttocks—Greyhound—Makeless—Brimmer—Place's White Turk—Dodsworth—Layton's Barb mare.

Mameluke, sire of Myrtle, besides winning the Derby of 1827, ran second to Glenartney in the St. Leger of same year, which Glenartney won, both horses belonging to, and running in the name of, Lord Jersey.

Her Produce.

No. 8. 1838. Ch. c. *Doctor John*, by Imp. Glencoe. (Sold to Wm. H. & R. K. Polk, Esqrs., for \$1200.)

1839. Missed to Glencoe, and now stinted to Leviathan.

No. 9. NANNY KILHAM, b. m., imported in 1838, and bred by Mr. L. Heselstine in 1834. She was got by Voltaire, out of a Comus mare, she out of Lizette by Hambletonian, out of Constantia (sister to Gamenut) by Walnut—Contessina by Y. Marske—Tuberose by Herod—Gray Starling by Starling—Coughing Polly by Bartlett's Childers, out of the Counsellor mare (sister to Thunderbolt) by Counsellor—Snake—Luggs—Davill's old Woodcock.

Nanny Kilham was imported in foal to The Saddler, and produced

No. 10. *Bay Colt* by The Saddler.

Nanny is now stinted to Leviathan.

No. 11. EQUITY, b. m., imported in 1838, and bred in 1835 by Mr. Foulis; she was got by Humphrey Clinker, out of Justitia by Cervantes, her dam Lady Rachael (the dam of Fleur de Lis) by Stamford, out of Young Rachael by Volunteer, out of Rachael (sister to Maid of all Work) by Highflyer, her dam Sister to Tandem by Syphon—Regulus—Snip—Cottingham—Warlock—Galloway by Snake.

Equity is now in foal to Imp. Glencoe.

H. & J. KIRKMAN.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan., 1840.

Pedigree of RINGWOOD and ROLLIN.

RINGWOOD, a dark brown, 16 hands high, of substantial form, good shape, and great muscular power. He was got by Waxy, he by Sir Archy, he by Imp. Diomed, out of Imp. Castianira by Rockingham. Waxy was out of Lady Alfred by Sir Alfred, he by Imp. Sir Harry. Lady Alfred was out of Mr. Haxall's imported mare Promise by Buzzard, before his importation. For further particulars of Waxy's pedigree see *Am. Turf Register*, vol. iii. p. 586

Ringwood's dam, Amanda, was got by Imp. Bluster, grandam by Kennedy's Diomed, he by Imp. Diomed, out of a mare by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Imp. Sir Harry, g. g. g. dam by Slouch, (he by Imp. Medley,) g. g. g. g. dam by Lee's Mark Anthony, g. g. g. g. dam by Goldfinder, &c. See Edgar's Stud Book for the particulars of the various crosses of Ringwood's pedigree, which we hereby certify are all pure and without a blemish to the remotest generation.

Ringwood was foaled 4th April, 1835.

JOHN SMITH.

JOHN B. WINSTON.

Columbia, Ky., Dec. 11, 1839.

ROLLIN is an iron grey, of fine form and commanding appearance, foaled 1st June, 1837. His pedigree is the same as that of Ringwood, given above, except his dam, who is by Winter's Arabian.

WINSTON & TINSLEY.

Dec. 11, 1839.

Blood Stock of A. A. VAN BEBBER, Esq., of North End, Va.

No. 1. BRUNETTE, b. m., bred by John Randolph, of Roanoke, and was foaled in 1829. According to the pedigree as furnished by J. Randolph, of Roanoke, and published for him in the Turf Register and Edgar's Stud Book, Brunette was got by Roanoke (Randolph's), out of Archy Minnikin by Sir Archy, she out of Young Minnikin by Gracchus, she out of Old Minnikin by President (son of Mede's Celer), she out of a mare by Lee's Mark Anthony, she out of a Tristram Shandy mare, she out of a mare by Imp. Janus, and she out of an imported mare, full sister to Janus.

Her Produce.

No. 2. VICTORIA, ch. f., foaled May 6th, 1837, by Floyd. Floyd was by Mons. Tonson, his dam by Jack Andrews, grandam by Precipitate, g. g. dam by Pantaloon, g. g. g. dam by Burwell's Traveller, g. g. g. g. dam by Mark Anthony—Aristotle—Jolly Roger—Imp. Bonny Lass, &c.

No. 3. ALIBI, ch. f., foaled March 20th, 1839, by Imp. Priam.

A. A. VAN BEBBER.

North End, Dec. 27, 1839.

Stud of Gen. THOMAS B. SCOTT, of Lowndes County, Ala.

No. 1. MAMBRINA, b. m., by Bertrand, out of Pocahontas by Sir Archy—Young Lottery by Sir Archy, out of

Lottery by Imp. Bedford, out of Imp. Anvilina.

Her Produce.

1835. B. c. by Imp. Luzborough [dead].

1836. Br. c. *Westwind*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux.

No. 2. CALISTA, b. m., bred by Col. James Ferguson, near Charleston, S. C. She was got by Crusader, out of Virginia (formerly called Coquette) by Virginus, out of Dorocles by Imp. Shark. Dorocles was own sister to Gen. Hampton's celebrated Black Maria (the dam of the equally celebrated Lady Lightfoot), the dam of John C. Stevens' Black Maria, Shark, Eclipse Lightfoot, Bay Maria, &c. &c.

Her Produce.

1834. B. c. *Regulus*, by Pacific [dead].

1835. B. f. *Maria Lightfoot*, by Pacific [died when one year old].

1836. B. f. by Robin Adair.

1837. Br. b. c. *Darnley*, by Imp. Luzborough.

1838. Missed to Chateau Margaux.

1839. B. c. *Woful*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux. Now in foal to Chateau Margaux.

Regulus was a splendid racer, winning two races, one of a single mile the Spring he was three years old, and the Fall thereafter he won the two mile day at Mount Meigs, distancing, in the 2d heat, Santec, the distinguished race mare Moll Headney, and two others—time, 3:57—3:59; track uncommonly deep and heavy, and 30 yards over a mile. He died from bots the day preceding the Haynesville Races.

Darnley is entered in the \$1000 Stake to be run the Fall after he is 3 yrs. old, over the Bertrand Course.

No. 3. EUDORA, b. m., bred by James Sanders, of Tennessee; she was got by Pacolet, dam by Gen. Jackson's Truxton, out of Julietta by Dare Devil, —Rosetta by Centinel—Diana by Clodius—Sally Painter by Sterling, out of Imp. Silver.

Her Produce.

1835. Br. f. *Avalanche*, by Stockholder. [Stinted to Glencoe].

1836. Missed to Robin Adair.

1837. B. c. *Olympus*, by Luzborough.

1838. Missed to Chateau Margaux, and now stinted to Imp. Glencoe.

No. 4. VENUS, ch. m., bred by A. B. Newsam; she was got by Clay's Sir William, out of Roxana by Carnaby's Diomed, out of a Janus mare.

Venus was a first rate racer, and made the best time in a second heat ever

made over the Lowndesboro' Course, distancing Daphne, a good racer, in 5:55.

Her Produce.

1838. B. f. *Lock Ranza*, by Imp. Luzborough [very promising].

1839. B. c. *Cherry Bounce*, by Chateau Margaux [promising].

Now stinted to Glencoe.

No. 5. *LUCY GRAY*, gr. m., by Bagdad, out of Duke Sumner's celebrated brood mare Matilda, the dam of John Anderson, Country Maid, Red Doe, Tealie Doe, John Howard, &c.

Her Produce.

1833. B. f. *Eureka*, by Pacific [stinted to Glencoe].

1836. Gr. f. by Arab. horse Stamboul.

1839. B. or br. c. by Chat. Margaux.

Lucy Gray is with Col. Alfred King, near Mount Meigs, to breed on shares, and is now in foal to Chateau Margaux.

No. 6. *HECLA*, ch. m., by Pacific, out of Rosabella by Kosciusko—China-Eyed Girl by Imp. Bedford, out of Melissent by Arion—Imp. Obscurity—Valiant—Fearnought—Janus, &c. Rosabella is own sister to Lady of the Lake, that beat Polly Hopkins and others at Charleston, in very fine time. Hecla is with Col. Wm. S. Campbell, of Mount Meigs, to breed on shares.

No. 7. *BROWN MARE*, imported by Dr. A. T. B. Merriitt, of Hicksford, Va.; got by Tiresias, dam by Haphazard—Precipitate, out of Colibri by Woodpecker—Camilla by Trentham—Coquette by the Compton Barb, out of Sister to Regulus. She is the dam of several racers in England; amongst others, Sir Mark Wood's Contriver, a very successful runner.

Produce in my possession.

1838. Br. f. *Moselle*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux.

1839. In foal to Pacific.

THOS. B. SCOTT.

Lowndes Co., Ala., Jan., 1840.

Blood Stock of JOHN A. JONES, Esq., of Fairic Knowe, Ga.

No. 1. *UPTON*. See Turf Register, vol. vi. p. 428.

No. 2. *SIR JOSEPH*, foaled 3d April, 1830; got by Henry Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, out of the half sister of John Richards; his grandam by a son of King Fisher, g. g. dam by Rattler, g. g. g. dam by old Medley—Wildair—Nonpareil, &c.

The above is from a register in my

possession, which I believe to be correct. (Signed) FR. N. W. BURTON.

July 31, 1837.

No. 3. *SALLY HUGHES*, gr. m., foaled 8th April 1831; she was got by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, grandam by Imp. Eagle, g. g. dam by Sir Archy, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Wrangler, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Traveller, g. g. g. g. dam the Opossum mare by Shark—Imp. Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey, &c.

(Signed) FR. N. W. BURTON.

Her Produce.

1839. April 17. Bl. f. by Whalebone.

No. 4. *BAY MARE*, foaled 22d May, 1830; got by Carolinian, dam by Royal Medley (he by Royalist, out of Gen. Jackson's Medley mare,) her grandam by Imp. Phoenix, g. g. dam the Traveller mare above, registered in the stud of Col. Mark Alexander, in vol. i. No. 12. See also Turf Register, vol. iii. p. 277, and vol. i. p. 621.

(Signed) FR. N. W. BURTON.

Her Produce.

1837. May. Ch. c. *Joe*, by Sir Joseph.

1839. March 21. B. f. by Upton.

No. 5. *POLLY PARKER*, b. m., by Randolph (he by Oscar, dam by Wonder,) out of Lady of the Lake by Imp. Sir Harry, grandam (O'Connell's dam) by Imp. Sir Harry.

(Signed) Z. G. GOODALL.

Sept. 24, 1836.

Her Produce.

1838. April 15. Ch. f. by Leviathan.

1839. April 2. B. f. by Sir Joseph.

I certify that the above mare was stinted to Leviathan this season.

(Signed) GEO. ELLIOTT.

Oct. 6, 1837.

The bay mare Lady of the Lake (dam of the above P. P.), this day sold by me to G. Parker, according to the certificate of Tom F. Wilson, of Virginia, who raised her, was out of the dam of Shylock by Imp. Sir Harry, her dam by Old Diomed, her grandam by Sir George (Hon. Balie Peyton says it should be *St. George*), g. g. dam by Old Fearnought—Jolly Roger—Imp. mare, &c.

(Signed) Z. G. GOODALL.

I certify that Lady of the Lake is the dam of the bay mare Polly Parker, sold by me to John A. Jones.

(Signed) G. W. PARKER.

Oct. 6, 1837.

I am well acquainted with Z. G. Goodall, and the bay mare this day sold

by G. W. Parker, to Col. John A. Jones, of Georgia. I know Mr. Goodall to be a gentleman of the first standing, and the mare to be of first rate pedigree. (Signed)

Oct. 6, 1837. BALIE PEYTON.

No. 6. GREY MARE, 4 yrs. old.

The gray mare, four years old, this day sold by Robert H. Peyton, of Tennessee, to Col. John A. Jones, of Georgia, was got by Sir Henry Tonson (own brother to Mons. T.), out of the famous running mare Proserpine by Tennessee Oscar. See Turf Register for pedigree and performances of Oscar and Proserpine. The gray mare was put to, and is believed to be in foal by Cock of the Rock, brother to Eclipse.

(Signed) BALIE PEYTON.

Oct. 6, 1837.

Her Produce.

1838. June 6. Gr. f. by Cock of the Rock.

JOHN A. JONES.

Fairie Knowe, Nov. 19, 1839.

Blood Stock of Mr. ROBT. S. WOODING, of Frankfort, Ky.

No. 1. MARY POWELL, brown b. m., without white, about 15 hands high, of fine symmetry and good racing form, foaled in 1823, the property of the late Wm. Amis, of Northampton Co., N.C. She was got by Sir Archy, dam by Rattle (sometimes called Rattler), a son of Imp. Shark, out of Lady Legs by Imp. Centinel, grandam by Jones' Wildair—Imp. Pantaloon—Miss Selden by Imp. Diomed—Symmes' Wildair—Imp. Flinnap—Imp. Janus—Imp. Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. mare Mary Gray.

Her Produce.

1837. B. f. *Tarantula*, by Henry Tonson (brother to Mons. Tonson, Sir Richard, and Champion.)

1838. Ch. f. *Basilisk*, by Goliah (he by Eclipse).

1839. B. f. *Minnow*, by Shark, a son of Eclipse. Now stinted to Imp. Priam.

It may not here be improper to state that in the year 1836, I was personally informed by the late Hon. WILLIS ALSTON, of Halifax Co., N.C., who was for a great many years a member of Congress, that the imported mare Mary Gray produced eleven filly foals by the imported horse Jolly Roger, which will account for the very great number of

pedigrees tracing to mares by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of Imp. Mary Gray.

ROBERT STERLING WOODING.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 27, 1839.

Pedigree of CRUSHER, the property of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., of Walnut Grove, Nov. 26, 1839.

CRUSHER was got by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Sir Harry, grandam by Imp. Dare Devil, g. g. dam by Botts' & Maclin's Fearnought, out of an imported mare, his g. g. g. dam being a double Janus, out of a full bred mare.

JOHN CONNALLY.

Green Bottom, 1832.

Pedigree of MAXIMUS.

Dear Sir—I have just purchased of Maj. James P. Lee, the bay colt MAXIMUS, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, out of Miss Dance by Imp. Eagle—Lady Chesterfield by Imp. Diomed—Lady Bolingbroke by Imp. Pantaloon—Wormley's King Herod—Imp. Dove—Othello—Imp. mare Selima by Godolphin Arabian.

J. B. RICHARDSON.

York, Ill., Dec. 13, 1839.

Pedigree of LITTLE POOLE.

LITTLE POOLE, b. m., foaled in 1834, was got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Constitution, grandam by Bedford, g. g. dam by Imp. Dare Devil, g. g. g. dam by Wildair, g. g. g. g. dam by old Mercury, g. g. g. g. dam by Apollo, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger, out of a Fearnought mare. Little Poole was purchased of Mr. Greenville Hunt, agent for JOHN D. KIRBY, Esq., of Lawrenceville, Va. She is in foal to Imp. Shakspeare.

JOHN RINGGOLD.

Batesville, Arks., Jan. 1840.

Pedigree of AUTOSSEE.

Copy of Certificate:—"Selected and purchased by me, for Col. EVERARD HAMILTON, of Macon, Ga., large bay mare named since purchased Autossee, 11 years old last Spring, was got by the celebrated horse Eclipse, her dam by Virginian, grandam by Imp. Knowsley, g. g. dam by Imp. Diomed, g. g. g. dam out of a Shark mare, and then descends to Medley, Jolly Roger, and Tippoo-Saib.

WM. R. JOHNSON.

Chesterfield, Va., Nov. 22, 1839.

AMERICAN

Curf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MARCH, 1840.

Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF COL. SINGLETON'S PHENOMENA,

ENGRAVED IN MEZZOTINTO, ON STEEL, BY GIMBER AFTER TROFE.

Contents:

	<i>Page</i>
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.....	102
BOSTON AND WAGNER: BY THE EDITOR.....	103
SONNET ON STEAM: BY AN UNDER-OSTLER.....	104
SYLLABUS OF THE EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.....	105
THE LAST BEAR: BY "FRANK FORESTER".....	107
WAGNER AND GREY EAGLE'S RACES: BY THE EDITOR.....	116
CARABOO HUNTING: BY "MEADOWS".....	133
PHENOMENA, WITH NOTICES OF COL. SINGLETON'S STUD: BY THE EDITOR.....	144
TESTACEOUS LYRICS.....	148
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR.....	149
SALES OF STOCK..... 149	150
OBITUARIES..... 150	"
NAMES CLAIMED.....	150
STALLIONS FOR 1840.....	"
MEMOIR OF IMPORTED JOHN BULL.....	150
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1839. <i>Concluded.</i> RACES AT	
HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS..... 65	66
MONTGOMERY, ALA..... "	67
POST OF ARKANSAS..... 66	"
GREENSBURGH, KY..... "	"
GALVESTON, TEXAS.....	66
LIMESTONE SPRINGS, S. C.....	67
MEMPHIS, TENN.....	"
WASHINGTON CITY.....	"
INDEX TO THE AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR.....	69
NEW VOLUME OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES".....	76
ENGLISH RACING CALENDAR, 1839. RACES AT	
CARLISLE..... 49	52
CHELTEMHAM..... 50	"
NEWMARKET JULY MEETING..... "	"
TENBURY.....	52
LIVERPOOL JULY MEETING.....	"

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

VOL. XI.

9

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The American Racing Calendar of 1839, *is completed* in the present number of the "Register," and accompanied with an Index, so that the Calendar may be bound separately, or with the Magazine. We trust to complete the English Calendar in two more numbers.

Our readers will be pleased with the accession of "*Meadows*" to our list of original contributors. He wields a peculiarly graphic and elegant pen, and we hope to hear from him frequently.

No. II. of "*The Opinions and Exploits of Tom Trigor*" has reached us, and will appear in our next.

"Frank Forester" has just sent us the first part of a series of papers on "*Spring Snipe Shooting, or Three Days at Pine Brook, N. J.*"

Attention is invited to the advertisement of the imported horse "John Bull," on page 150. As we could not consistently insert it in the body of the Register, or publish it in any way, to the exclusion of other matter, we print this month four pages extra.

Lists of the Blood Stock of Messrs. Cook, of N. J., Bacon, of Ky., and Kendall, of Md., will appear in our next.

The attention of owners of Stallions is invited to a paragraph under the head of "Notes of the Month," page 150.

Postscript!

FRIDAY MORNING, 28th Feb., 1840.

Alexandria (La.) Races commenced on the 22d Jan. John F. Miller's Medoc filly Curculia, won at mile and two mile heats, and his Collier mare, Harpalyce, at three mile heats. Mr. Henderson's Ulysses colt, Zemina, also won at mile heats.

Pineville (S. C.) Races commenced on the 28th Jan. Col. Singleton's Imp. Priam filly, Helen, won the Plate, two mile heats, beating a field of eight, in 3:50 each heat. Col. S. also won the purse for three mile heats with Luzborow, a 5 yr. old son of Imp. Luzborough and Phenomena. Time, 6:01—5:53—6:04. Luzborow won the 2d and 3d heats. Col. Flud's Hermione, by Imp. Nonplus, won the 1st heat, and bolted in the 2d. Maj. McRa's Godolphin mare, Ellen Percy, won at mile heats, in 1:54—1:51.

Charleston (S. C.) Races commenced over the Washington Course on the 17th Feb. The sweepstakes of 15 subscribers at \$300 each, two mile heats, was won by Col. Singleton's Imp. Priam filly, Helen, beating Mary Elizabeth (who won the 1st heat,) and Amy the Orphan. Time, 4:09—3:46½—3:57. On the second day, Col. Colclough's gr. m. Omega (from Md.) trained by Hammond, won the Citizens' Purse of \$1000, for three mile heats, in 5:56—5:52, beating Gano (said to be a miss) Jeanette Berkeley, Meridian and Zoraida.

BOSTON AND WAGNER.

ALLUSION has been frequently made in these pages to a match between the two champions of Virginia and Louisiana, whose names stand at the head of this article. Some three months ago the owner of Boston offered a Challenge "to Wagner or to the United States," to run four mile heats, for from \$15,000 to \$30,000 a side, and we were not aware until reminded by the appearance of Wagner's Reply, a few days since, that the challenge had not been registered in this work. As a matter of Turf History, that will be read with interest, probably, hereafter, we embrace the earliest opportunity of placing it on record, as also Wagner's Reply.

BOSTON'S CHALLENGE TO WAGNER OR TO THE UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK, NOV. 1, 1839.

To the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times:" SIR,—In the last number of your paper I have noticed a communication signed "C." (purporting to be an extract from a Louisville, Ky., paper), in which the anonymous writer offers to run "Wagner against Grey Eagle, or any other horse in the United States, four mile heats, for \$10,000, or any amount above that sum." I have since understood that Mr. Campbell, the owner of Wagner, has avowed himself the author of that communication. The proposition has, therefore, *now* assumed a tangible shape.

In reply, *I*, the owner of Boston, will run *him* against Wagner, or any other horse in the United States, Four mile heats, Spring of 1840, for not less than \$15,000, nor more than \$30,000—one third of the same forfeit—over any equal middle course to be agreed on by the parties. This proposition remains open until the first day of January next, reserving to all parties the privileges that may arise from accidents before acceptance. By that time, if not accepted, Boston will be advertised to stand at the stable of Col. Johnson, in Chesterfield Co., Virginia.

Any acceptance to be made by letter, directed through the "Spirit of the Times," or to me, at Washington City.

JAMES LONG.

WAGNER IN REPLY TO BOSTON.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 25th, 1839.

To the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times:" DEAR SIR,—In your paper of the 2d Nov. appeared a communication over the signature of James Long, proposing to run his horse Boston against my horse Wagner, in the Spring of 1840, "over any equal middle Course, to be agreed on by the parties," "for not less than Fifteen Thousand, nor more than Thirty Thousand Dollars," and acceptance to be made by the 1st of January.

It is due to the public, and to myself, to explain the reasons why—as I conceive—the gentleman has been so ready to shelter himself from the proposition signed "C." (in which I offered so long ago as the 5th of Oct. at Louisville, Ky., to "run Wagner against

Grey Eagle, or *any other horse in the United States*, four mile heats, for \$10,000, or *any amount above that sum,*") by taking advantage of my situation.

It was known to the gentleman that Wagner had returned home to New Orleans, and that I was then in Baltimore on a visit to my family, and in search of a trainer, Mr. Garrison and myself having separated only a few days prior to the appearance of his communication. I had a conversation with one of his most intimate friends, and in the course of it fully made known to him my situation;—that I expected to secure the services of Old Charles, and that if I was disappointed in procuring him, I should be destitute of a trainer for my stable on whom I could confidently depend. After the lapse of a few days, I learned that I could not engage Charles, notwithstanding I had his promise to come to me, and lo! the next thing I saw was Mr. Long's very liberal challenge for a Match!

Now I ask, can any one refrain from the belief that Mr. L. was perfectly aware that his challenge *could not* be responded to by the time designated—the 1st of January? He saw me without a trainer—in Baltimore, away from my horse, and the horse on his way to New Orleans, from whence only he had a right to expect my answer. Thus he has mantled his call with a view to gull the public, and undervalue Wagner, without any intention of a race.

I arrived here on the 15th instant, and am now prepared to treat with the gentleman, if he wishes the race, and will explain more definitely what he means by "any equal middle Course." Let him make his proposition for the Fall of 1840, so as to give *me* some hand in making the Match, and allow the horses to be put on a footing of equality. To such a proposition I will most cheerfully give a definite answer. I remain, Sir, yours, with due respect,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

SONNET ON STEAM.

BY AN UNDER-OSTLER.

I WISH I livd a Thowsen year Ago
 Wurking for Sober six and Seven milers
 And dubble Stages runnen safe and slo
 The Orsis cum in Them days to the Bilers
 But Now by meens of Powers of Steem forces
 A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettels
 The Bilers seem a Cumming to the Orses
 And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels
 Poor Bruits I wunder How we bee to Liv
 When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits
 No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv
 May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their Grates
 And Theaves of Oslers crib the Coles and Giv
 Their blackguard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits!

[From Hood's Own.]

SYLLABUS OF THE EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Now that the "Turf Register and Sporting Magazine" has been published for a sufficient length of time under the direction of the present Editor, for his readers to have made up their minds as to his ability and intention to redeem the pledges made at the outset, it may not be deemed improper to show how far he has succeeded. This, it is believed, can be done in no clearer or more acceptable manner, than by quotations from the letters of subscribers themselves, gleaned at random from the number daily received. The Editor would improve this opportunity to remark, that the suggestions relative to the future editorial conduct of the work, shall, at any rate, always receive his earnest attention, and be complied with if consistent with the rules adopted at the commencement of his duties, for the mutual advantage of both editor and reader, and which thus far, it would seem, have given general satisfaction.

We quote without the least regard to names, dates, or places, from the letters of gentlemen personally unknown to us; our *acquaintances*, we do not look upon as impartial witnesses in this matter, and have refrained from quoting from them in a single instance.

From Jeffersonston, Camden Co., *Georgia*.

"Enclosed I hand you forty dollars—twenty for the 'Spirit,' and twenty for the 'Turf Register.' For the latter, I paid to Sept. 1837, before it fell into your hands. As a sportsman, and as an American, I am proud to see both of these works in their present perfection."

From Chester, C. H., *South Carolina*.

"I received with the last number of the 'Register,' a bit of a dun for the tenth volume. It was more of negligence than otherwise in me, or the money would have been forwarded before this time; I think I have been tolerably punctual for *nine years*, and will try for the future to be more so.

"P. S.—As you appear fond of postscripts, enclosed you will receive five dollars."

From Sassafras, Cecil County, *Maryland*.

"I herein enclose \$15, for Vols. 8, 9 and 10 of the 'Register.' I am much pleased with the very great improvement in the work, and will take it so long as it continues as it now is. I am not on the Turf, but think probably some young ones I have growing up may yet bring me out."

From West-Hill, *Florida*.

"Enclosed you will find ten dollars, the amount required for my subscription for Vols. 9 and 10 of the 'Register.' I have had this bill (being that of a good bank) for the last six months, for the express purpose to which it is now applied, and through the merest carelessness have neglected to attend to your claim. * * * * You and I will rub out and begin again, and so here's ten dollars, which is wishing the only success worth a man's consideration—*tangible* success is the best."

From Oakland, near Louisville, *Georgia*.

"On my return home from the mountains a few days since, I received both of your *duns*, for which I am really obliged to you, as I like to be reminded of my duty. Permit me, however, to plead in extenuation, the uncommercial character of our village, and hence the difficulty in this enlightened day and generation, of procuring such funds as are available in 'Gotham.' We read a great deal about '*hard-money* currency,' and we begin to think that it means money devilish hard to be got hold of. * * * * Enclosed you will find a ten dollar bill, U. S. Bank, which cost me \$10 50, with no thanks to their 'Mint drops.' I like the old plan of giving credit on the covers for such moneys as are received. It has two things to recommend it—first, it is a cheap way of transmitting a receipt; and in the second place (which is more important to you), it reminds delinquents of their duty. Suppose you adopt it.

"Every body is delighted with the 'Register,' read mine regularly, and yet will not subscribe. But this is the way of the world. I will conclude by requesting you to dun me whenever I deserve it; though I will try and be up again by or before the 'tail end' of Vol. eleven."

From Greenville, *South Carolina*.

"My absence from home since Feb. last until a few weeks since, is the cause of my not remitting at an earlier day the amount of my annual contribution for the 'Register.' I have been taking it for several years past, and have the whole work complete, from the first number issued by its original publisher, to the last one sent me by you—each Vol. neatly bound in calf—and I assure you I would not be without it for any reasonable consideration. In addition to the valuable information which it furnishes of the present and passing events in its line, it must and will remain permanently valuable indeed, as a book of reference. Be assured, therefore, that you have my best wishes for your success in its publication for the future; and as a slight evidence of my sincerity, I send you here enclosed ten dollars, in payment for the present and succeeding Vols."

From Shady Dale, Jasper County, *Georgia*.

"The temperature of the atmosphere (Mercury at 96 in the shade), or some other agent, has loosened my purse strings, and I find it necessary to send some of my pewter, or rather its representative in 'rags,' as a true Bentonian would say, to you, to keep in place of that 'Turf Register' you send me once a month. I owe for Vols. ix. and x., and here's ten dollars—that's the way to do it. It should have been done sooner—but my moral teachers used to tell me that it was never too late to do *right*. I am truly glad that the work has fallen into your hands; it is now just what it should be—a spirited thing."

THE LAST BEAR.

A SCRAP FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF FRANK FORESTER,

AUTHOR OF "A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS."

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

It was a hot and breathless afternoon toward the last days of July—one of those days of fiery scorching heat, that drive the care-worn citizens from their great red hot oven, into those calm and peaceful shades of the sweet unsophisticated country, which to them—sordid souls—savor far more of purgatory than they do of paradise—"for quiet, to quick bosoms, is a hell,"—and theirs are quick enough, heaven knows, in Wall Street. But to return from our vagary: It was a hot and breathless afternoon—the sun, which had been scourging the faint earth all day long with a degree of heat endurable by those alone who can laugh at 100° of Farenheit, was stooping toward the western verge of heaven; but no drop of diamond dew had as yet fallen to refresh the innocent flowers, which hung their scathed heads, like worn maidens smitten by the dread curse of passionate and ill-requited love; no indication of the evening breeze had sent its welcome whisper among the motionless and silent tree-tops. Such was the season and the hour, when, having started long before Dan Phœbus had arisen from his bed, to beat the mountain swales about the Greenwood Lake, and having bagged, by dint of infinite exertion and vast *sudor*, present alike to dogs and men, our thirty couple of good summer woodcock, Archer and I paused on the bald scalp of Round Mountain.

"The deuce take you,"—I panted out as well as I was able, for I was blown and angry, and between the two made but a poor hand at discoursing,—“The deuce take you, you villain, what could have tempted you to send the wagon round the hill—with fat Tom basking in it, at his ease, and sucking up beyond doubt all that remains of that once noble pitcher of cold punch—and to drag me over this huge craggy ridge, with about as much chance of killing a woodcock, as of trapping a rhinoceros?”

"Mark! mark!"—was the reply, in quick and startling accents—"Mark—right across your face, you blunderhead!"—and sure enough, with the first exclamation, a well-grown bird flapped past me, at so short a distance that I might easily have knocked him down with my gun barrel, had I perceived him on his first appearance; and actually alighted, without having seen me, on the bare ground within six paces of my feet. Curiously I scanned his motions—having meanwhile brought down my gun from its recumbent posture on my shoulder, and holding it in readiness with the nail of my fore-finger on the trigger guard, and my thumb on the right-hand hammer—curiously, I say, I scanned his motions, as, utterly unconscious of my near vicinity, he, for a moment's space, with his head cocked knowingly aside, and his full black eye glancing keenly, listened to the sounds which had scared him from his

luxurious day-dream among the soft green grasses and overshadowing dock-leaves of the moist mountain gulley. After a minute's pause, however, he started off, with his wings trailing, at a quick run to the nearest covert; which chanced to be a tuft of fern leaves shooting profusely out from a small damp basin, to the leeward of a gray granite ledge, from under which welled silently a small clear spring, sending its tiny rivulet down soaking through moss and mire to form the hillside swale, in quest of which I had been lugged—full three miles sweltering in the fierce sunshine—over the steep ascent and treeless scalp of that bold eminence. I watched him into his lair, with an interested eye; and, singular enough to say, keen sportsman as I am and have been, no thought of hostile import had crossed my mind, till the full round reports of Harry's double-barrel, fired in quick succession, awoke the dormant ardor in my spirit; and simultaneously aroused friend *scolopax* from his imagined place of safety. Flip-flap-flip! up he got, and was going off as quietly as possible down the hill-side, toward the denser alder-brake which filled the channel of the boggy streamlet, when, pitching my gun quickly to my shoulder, and pulling my trigger as it rose, I stopped him cleverly—not wing-tipped, but completely riddled. At the same instant, the fluttering rush of another bird, springing up close behind, made me turn round in double-quick time! It was a full grown hen-bird, and by her hovering flight, which might have led a tyro to believe her maimed, I instantly became aware that her brood lay close about me. It is a cruel and a thoughtless art—the sportsman's! Pity all swallowed up in the fierce energy—the keen excitement—not of destruction, as it most falsely has been said by the maligners of the noble sport, but of *pursuit*!—*Pursuit*, which gives a zest—which creates a fictitious value—in things, the meanest and most worthless!—which prompts *us*, of the gentle craft, to toil through the hot days of summer, from peep of morning till the first glimmer of the evening star, a prey to the blood-thirsty legions of the swamp, avengers of our feathered victims, the vampire hosts of the accursed mosquitoes!—through the chill days of winter, with beefy and wind-weltered hands scarce sentient enough to find the trigger, with pendulous drops, minacious of becoming icicles, swaying from our blue noses!—to toil through mire and moss!—to thread the tangled brake!—to plunge knee-deep in baths of most ungrateful and tooth-chattering frigidity!—laden with ponderous guns, and many-pound-containing shot pouches, and powder flasks, and brandy bottles!—alas! the last most needful to sustain our sinking frames! And all this labor—all this annoyance—all this genuine suffering—for at times such it is—for what? For half a dozen or a dozen miserable birdlings!—poor, valueless, much-boasted-of, but little-worth, plumed bipeds; which, if we wanted, we might buy daily of friend Flock, for not much *more* than three times their true value, and at the same time not much *less* than fifty times less than each one of them costs the true sportsman!

Well! to resume!—pity being, as we have said before, an imperceptible and bumpless organ in the fowler, we felt it not. Alas!

poor mother, vain were thy simular flutterings; vain the feigned dragging of those pendulous legs; vain the slow lopping flight superinduced, instead of the quick whirr with which thou wouldst have darted through the thick set saplings, to lure us from thy cherished fledglings.—Alas! poor mother!—thou and thy little ones alike are fated to recline, after one flapping shivering pang, within the blood-stained cavity of our vast game pocket!—fated, resurging thence, to be impaled on worsted-sustained hooks, within the glowing vault of Rumford range, or humbler Dutch oven!—to be imbedded on crisp butter-fried toast!—to be devoured, brain, trail, brown-muscle and white flesh, by your relentless slayer! Bang!—she is down, and we will load before we bag her.

“Archer!—halloa! halloa!—why Harry!”

“Halloa!”—responded he—“what is it?”

“Come up! come up! quick, man!—I’m in the middle of a brood here—mark!—mark!—ma-a-ark!”—as one by one they flapped up—jolly, well-grown young birds—staggered a little way, and then, unguided in their course by the shrill parent whistle, dodged down among the bushes, and secured themselves as best they might, poor devils, among the tussocks and bog grass; frail and fallacious refuges from the unerring noses of Harry’s well-broke setters.

Up he came, by the time I had reloaded; with Shot and Chase snooping along—as old Tom would have called it—close at his heel; ’till, as he crossed the swale where the last birds had risen, they both came on the fresh scent, stood for a moment stiff on a dead point, snuffed the air hard, and with a quick doubtful wave of their fine feathery sterns, crept forward on their chests and haunches; again they stood for a second where the game had taken wing, broke off, and questing round, both pointed dead and almost simultaneously, on the two birds I had knocked down.

“Have you killed two, Frank?”

“Ay ay!”

“Are those they?”

“Yes.”

“Hold up, good dogs, and fetch!” More words were needless; for on the instant they drew on, and Shot picked up his bird, and, mouthing it most gently, came trotting up to us with an air of vast self-satisfaction depicted on his smiling countenance.—What means that cynic grin, Sir Critic?—knowest thou not that a dog can smile, and far more sweetly than thou too, thou bitter visaged snarler?—and in his wagging tail. But not so Chase—he drew on at his master’s bidding, but with a doubtful and unwilling motion—again he pointed dead! “Hold up, sir—hold up—ha-a!—you villain!”—shouted Harry.

“You’re wrong—you’re wrong, depend upon it, Harry,” exclaimed I, as the dog ran on once again, but not above three paces, and again stood immovable.

“I am *not*, d—n it!—do you think I can’t tell a run bird?”—replied my worthy partner, who was—be it remembered—not a little flashy-tempered.

"My bird did *not* run!—not a yard!—he is as dead as Hannibal, I tell you."

"Hold up—hold up, Chase—Ha-a! you d—d rascal—wait just till I get at you,"—and, with the word, he propped his gun against the butt of a tall white oak, and lugged out his ponderous dog-whip—while the sagacious brute, contrary though it was to the far sounder dictates of his *instinct*, obeyed his master's *reason*, and dashed in. Up sprung, under his very nose, a couple of fresh birds—luckily I was on the watch, and my two barrels told a double tale. Chase dropped to "down, charge,"—I looked at Harry—but, tell it not in Gath! Harry was actually, though but for once, abashed! I *am* good-natured, so I said not a word. When I had loaded, and Chase rose again from his recumbent posture, my first dead bird was in his mouth; so hard did the cock lie in that sheltered gulley—two minutes more, and the remaining two were bagged. Then we directed our attention to the birds I had marked down; and, having rendered a reasonably good account of these, beat out the swale to its extremity, picking up shots enough to satisfy me fully for the labor of my previous walk.

Above an hour was thus consumed, and hungry, hot, and thirsty, when we reached its termination, I was about to throw myself down on the mossy turf beside the muddy streamlet—when—"Hold up, Frank,"—cried Harry—"hold up for a few yards at least, and I'll take you to the nicest nook and freshest spring you ever saw—come, get up! get up—do! you lazy devil."

"Well! well!—I've no objection, so that it is not really above a few yards off!"

"It is not, I assure you!—just beyond that knoll!—the rill, which rises there, falls into this brook two or three rods beyond that leafy hickory—come on, do, and I'll spin you a good yarn anent a bear that we once murdered there."

Exhorted thus, I jumped up forthwith, and crossing the little ridge, came suddenly upon the loveliest and most fairy-looking *ghyll* (for I must have recourse to a north-country word to denote that which lacks a name in any other dialect of the Anglo-Saxon tongue,) I ever looked upon. Not, at the most, above ten yards wide at the brink, and above five in depth, it was clothed with a dense rich growth of hazel, birch, and juniper; the small rill brawling and sparkling in a thousand mimic cataracts over the tiny limestone ledges which opposed its progress—a beautiful profusion of wild flowers—the tall and vivid spikes of the bright scarlet *habenaria*—the gorgeous yellow cups of the low growing *enothera*—and many gaily-colored creepers decked the green margins of the water, or curled in clustering beauty over the neighboring coppice. We followed for a few paces this fantastic cleft, until it widened into a circular recess or cove—the summit level of its waters—whence it dashed headlong, from a shaley ridge, some twenty-five or thirty feet into the chasm below. The floor of this small basin was paved with the bare rock, through the very midst of which the little stream had worn a channel scarcely a foot in depth, its clear cold waters glancing like chrystal over its pebbly bed. On three

sides it was hemmed in by steep banks, so densely set with the evergreen junipers, interlaced and matted with cat-briars and other creeping plants, that a small dog could not, without a struggle, have forced its way through the close thicket. On the fourth side, fronting the opening of the rift by which the waters found their egress, there stood a tall flat face of granite rock, completely blocking up the glen, perfectly smooth and slippery, until it reached the height of forty feet, when it became uneven, and broke into many craggy steps and seams, from one of which shot out the broad stem and gnarled branches of an aged oak, overshadowing with its grateful umbrage the sequestered source of that wild mountain spring. The small cascade, gushing from an aperture midway the height of the tall cliff, leaped in a single glittering thread, scarce a foot broad and but an inch or two in volume, into the little pool which it had worn out for its own reception in the hard stone at the bottom. Immediately behind this natural fountain, which in its free leap formed an arch of several feet in diameter, might be seen a small and craggy aperture, but little larger than the entrance of a common well, situate close to the rock's base, descending in a direction nearly perpendicular, for several feet, as might be easily discovered from without.

"There, Frank,"—cried Harry, as he pointed to the cave—"there is the scene of my bear story; and here, as I told you, is the sweetest nook, and freshest spring, you ever saw or tasted!"

"For the sight,"—replied I,—*"I confess!—As to the taste, I will speak more presently."* While I replied, I was engaged in producing from my pocket our slight stores of pilot biscuit, salt, and hard beiled eggs, whereunto Harry contributed his quota in the shape of a small piece of cold salt pork, and—tell it not in Gath—two or three young, green-topped, summer onions. Two modest sized dram bottles, duly supplied with the old Farentosh, and a dozen or two of right Manilla cheroots, arranged in tempting order beside the brimming basin of the nymph-like cascade, completed our arrangement; and after having laved our heated brows and hands, begrimed with gunpowder and stained with the red witness of volverine slaughter, stretched on the cool granite floor, and sheltered from the fierce rays of the summer sun by the dark foliage of the oak—we feasted, happier and more content with that our frugal fare, than the most lordly epicure that ever strove to stimulate his sated appetite to the appreciation of fresh luxuries.

"Well, Harry,"—exclaimed I, when I was satiate with food, and while, having already quaffed two moderate horns, I was engaged in emptying, alas! the last remaining drops of whiskey into the silver cup, sparkling with pure cold water,—*"Well, Harry, the spring is fresh, and cold, and tasteless, as any water I ever did taste!—Pity it were not situate in some fawn-haunted glen of green Arcadia, or some sweet flower-enamelled dell of merry England, that it might have a meeter legend for romantic ears than your bear story—some minstrel dream of Dryad, or Oread, or of Dian's train, wild spiritual beauty, mortal-wood!—some frolic tale of Oberon and his blythe Titania!—or, stranger yet, some thrilling*

and disastrous lay, after the German school, of 'woman wailing for her demon lover!' But, sith it may not be—let's have the bear."

"Well then, here goes!"—replied that worthy,—“and first, as you must know, the hero of my tale is—alas! that I must say *was*, rather—a brother of Tom Draw's; than whom no braver nor more honest man, no warmer friend, no keener sportsman, ever departed to his long last home, dewed by the tears of all who knew him. He *was*—but it boots not to weave long reminiscences!—you know the *trump* who still survives; and knowing him, you have the veritable picture of the defunct, as regards soul, I mean, and spirit—for he was not a mountain in the flesh, but a man only—and a stout and good one—as, even more than my assertion, my now forthcoming tale will testify. It was the very first winter I had passed in the United States, that I was staying up here: for the first time likewise. I had of course become in double-quick time vastly intimate with Tom, with whom indeed it needs no long space to become so; and scarcely less familiar with his brother, who at that time held a nice farm in the valley just below our feet. I had been resident at Tom's above six weeks; and during that spell, as he would call it, we had achieved much highly pleasant and exciting slaughter of quail, woodcock, and partridge; not overlooking sundry foxes, red, black, and gray, and four or five right stags of ten, whose blood had dyed the limpid waters of the Greenwood Lake. It was late in the autumn; the leaves had fallen; and lo! one morning we awoke and found the earth carpeted far and near with smooth white snow. Enough had fallen in the night to cover the whole surface of the fields, hill, vale, and cultivated level, with one wide vest of virgin purity—but that was all!—for it had cleared off early in the morning, and frozen somewhat crisply— and then a brisk breeze rising had swept it from the trees, before the sun had gained sufficient power to thaw the burthen of the loaded branches.

"Tom and I, therefore, set forth after breakfast, with dog and gun, to beat up a large bevy of quail which we had found on the preceding evening, when it was quite too late to profit by the find, in a great buckwheat stubble, a quarter of a mile hence on the southern slope. After a merry tramp, we flushed them in a hedge-row, drove them up into this swale, and used them up considerable—as Tom said. The last three birds pitched into that bank just above you; and, as we followed them, we came across what Tom pronounced upon the instant to be the fresh track of a bear. Leaving the meaner game, we set ourselves to work immediately to trail old Bruin to his lair, if possible;—the rather, that from the loss of a toe, Tom confidently and with many oaths asserted that this was no other than 'the damndest eternal biggest Bar that ever had been knowed in Warwick,'—one that had been acquainted with the sheep and calves of all the farmers round, for many a year of riot and impunity. In less than ten minutes we had traced him to this cave, whereunto the track led visibly, and whence no track returned. The moment we had housed him, Tom left me with directions to sit down close to the den's mouth, and there to smoke my cigar and talk to myself aloud, until his return from reconnoitre-

ing the locale, and learning whether our friend had any second exit to his snug *hiemalia*. 'You needn't be scar't now, I tell you, Archer,'—he concluded,—'for he's a d—d deal too 'cute to come out, or even show his nose, while he sinells 'bacca and hears voices. I'll be back t6-rights !'

"After some twenty-five or thirty minutes, back he came, blown and tired, but in extraordinary glee !

" 'There's no help for it, Archer, he's got to smell h—ll any ways ! there's not a hole in the hull hill-side, but this !'

" 'But can we bolt him ?'—enquired I, somewhat dubiously.

" 'Sartain !'—replied he scornfully,—'Sartain ; what the h—ll is there now to hinder us ? I'll bide here quietly, while you cuts down into the village and brings all hands as you can raise—and bid them bring lots of blankets, and an axe or two, and all there is in the house to eat and drink, both ; and a heap of straw. Now don't be stoppin to ask me no questions—shin it, I say, d—n you,—and jest call in and tell my brother what we've done, and start him up here right away—leave me your gun, and all o' them cigars.—Now, strick it.'

"Well, away I went—and, in less than an hour, we had a dozen able-bodied men, with axes, arms, provisions—edible and potable—enough for a week's consumption, on the ground ; where we found Tom and his brother both, keeping good watch and ward. The first step was to prepare a shanty, as it was evident there was small chance of bolting him ere nightfall. This was soon done, and our party was immediately divided into gangs, so that we might be on the alert both day and night. A mighty fire was next kindled over the cavern's mouth—the rill having been turned aside—in hopes that we might smoke him out. After this method had been tried all that day, and all night, it was found wholly useless—the cavern having many rifts and rents, as we could see by the fumes which arose from the earth at several points, whereby the smoke escaped without becoming dense enough to force our friend to bolt. We then tried dogs—four of the best the country could produce were sent in, and a most demoniacal affray and hubbub followed within the bowels of the earthfast rock—but in a little while three of our canine friends were glad enough to make their exit, mangled, and maimed, and bleeding ; more fortunate than their companion, whose greater pluck had only earned for him a harder and more mournful fate. We sent for fire-works ; and kept up for some three hours such a din and such a stench as might have scared the devil from his lair ; but Bruin bore it all with truly stoical endurance. Miners were summoned next ; and we essayed to blast the granite—but it was all in vain, the hardness of the stone defied our labors. Three days had passed away, and we were now no nearer than at first—every means had been tried—and every means found futile ! Blank disappointment sat on every face !—when Michael Draw, Tom's brother, not merely volunteered, but could not be by any means deterred from going down into the den and shooting the brute in its very hold. Dissuasion and remonstrance were in vain—he was bent on it !—and at length

Tom, who had been the most resolved in opposition, exclaimed—‘D—n him, if he will go, let him!’—so that decided the whole matter.

“The cave, it seemed, had been explored already, and its localities were known to several of the party, but more particularly to the bold volunteer who had insisted on this perilous enterprize. The well-like aperture—which could alone be seen from without—descended, widening gradually as it got farther from the surface, for somewhat more than eight feet. At that depth the fissure turned off at right angles, running quite horizontally, an arch of about three feet in height and some two yards in length, into a small and circular chamber, beyond which there was no passage whether for man or beast, and in which it was certain that the well-known and much-detested bear had taken up his winter quarters. The plan, then, on which Michael had resolved—was to descend into this cavity, with a rope securely fastened under his arm-pits, provided with a sufficient quantity of lights, and his good musket—to worm himself feet forward on his back along the horizontal tunnel, and to shoot at the eyes of the fierce monster, which would be clearly visible in the dark den by the reflection of the torches; trusting to the alertness of his comrades from without, who were instructed instantly on hearing the report of his musket-shot to haul him out hand over hand. This mode decided on, it needed no long space to put it into execution. Two narrow laths of pine-wood were procured, and half a dozen augur-holes drilled into each—as many candles were inserted into these temporary candelabra, and duly lighted. The rope was next made fast about his chest—his musket carefully loaded with two good ounce bullets, well wadded in greased buckskin—his butcher knife disposed in readiness to meet his grasp—and in he went, without one shade of fear or doubt on his bold sun-burnt visage. As he descended, I confess that my heart fairly sank within me, and a faint sickness came across me, when I thought of the dread risk he ran in courting the encounter of so fell a foe, wounded and furious, in that small narrow hole, where valor, nor activity, nor the high heart of manhood, could be expected to avail anything against the close hug of the shaggy monster.

“Tom’s ruddy face grew pale, and his huge body quivered with emotion, as bidding him ‘God speed’ he gripped his brother’s fist, gave him the trusty piece which his own hand had loaded, and saw him gradually disappear, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the long queen’s arm cocked and ready in a hand that trembled not—the *only* hand that trembled not, of all our party! Inch by inch his stout frame vanished into the narrow fissure—and now his head disappeared, and still he drew the yielding rope along!—Now he has stopped, there is no strain upon the cord!—there is a pause! a long and fearful pause! The men without stood by to haul, their arms stretched forward to their full extent, their sinewy frames bent to the task, and their rough lineaments expressive of strange agitation! Tom, and myself, and some half dozen others, stood on the watch with ready rifles, lest

wounded and infuriate the brute should follow hard on the invader of its perilous lair. Hark to that dull and stifled growl! The watchers positively shivered, and their teeth chattered with excitement. There! there! that loud and bellowing roar, reverberated by the ten thousand echoes of the confined cavern, till it might have been taken for a burst of subterraneous thunder!—that wild and fearful howl,—half roar of fury—half yell of mortal anguish!

“With headlong violence they hauled upon the creaking rope, and dragged with terrible impetuosity out of the fearful cavern, his head striking the granite rocks and his limbs fairly clattering against the rude projections, yet still with gallant hardihood retaining his good weapon, the sturdy woodman was whirled out into the open air unwounded,—while the fierce brute within rushed after him to the very cavern’s mouth, raving and roaring till the solid mountain seemed to shake and quiver.

“As soon as he had entered the small chamber, he had perceived the glaring eyeballs of the monster; had taken his aim steadily between them, by the strong light of the flaring candles; and, as he said, had lodged his bullets fairly—a statement which was verified by the long-drawn and painful moanings of the beast within. After a while, these dread sounds died away, and all was still as death. Then once again, undaunted by his previous peril, the bold man (though—as he averred—he felt the hot breath of the monster on his face, so nearly had it followed him in his precipitate retreat,) prepared to beard the savage in his hold. Again he vanished from our sight!—again his musket-shot roared like the voice of a volcano from the vitals of the rock!—again, at mighty peril to his bones, he was dragged into daylight!—but this time, maddened with wrath and agony, yelling with rage and pain, streaming with gore, and white with foam, which flew on every side churned from its gnashing tusks, the bear rushed after him. One mighty bound brought it clear out of the deep chasm—the bruised trunk of the daring hunter, and the confused group of men who had been stationed at the rope, and who were now, between anxiety and terror, floundering to and fro hindering one another—lay within three, or at most four paces of the frantic monster—while to increase the peril, a wild and ill-directed volley, fired in haste and fear, was poured in by the watchers, the bullets whistling on every side, but with far greater peril to our friends than to the object of their aim. Tom drew his gun up coolly—pulled—but no spark replied to the unlucky flint. With a loud curse he dashed the useless musket to the ground, unsheathed his butcher knife, and rushed on to attack the wild beast single handed. At the same point of time, I saw my sight, as I fetched up my rifle, in clear relief against the dark fur of the head, close to the root of the left ear!—my finger was upon the trigger—when—mortally wounded long before—exhausted by his dying effort—the huge brute pitched headlong, without waiting for my shot—and, within ten feet of his destined victims, ‘in one wild roar expired.’ He had received all four of Michael’s bullets!—the first shot had

planted one ball in his lower jaw, which it had shattered fearfully, and another in his neck!—the second had driven one through the right eye into the very brain, and cut a long deep furrow on the crown with the other! Six hundred and odd pounds did he weigh! He was the largest, and the last! None of his shaggy brethren have visited, since his decease, the woods of Warwick!—nor shall I ever more, I trust, witness so dread a peril so needlessly encountered.”

WAGNER AND GREY EAGLE'S RACES,

AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

THE Editor of this Magazine had the pleasure of attending the last meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club, and witnessing the two splendid races between *Wagner* and *Grey Eagle*. Those who have noticed the spirit with which everything connected with breeding and racing is carried on at present in Kentucky, will hardly be surprised to hear that the late meeting has never been equalled in the excellence of the sport, or in the number and character of the visitors. Turfmen, and distinguished strangers from the neighboring States, mustered in great force; while the Kentuckians themselves turned out in such numbers, that the hotels and lodging houses literally overflowed. A week of more delightful weather we have rarely known; the fields were large every day, the horses ran well, “all the world and his wife” were on the course, the “pressure” was forgotten, and all appeared to enjoy themselves without stint or measure.

In addition to the brilliant report of “N. of Arkansas,” in the “Spirit of the Times,” the Editor, since his return, has given his impressions of the meeting, in the columns of that paper. Many readers of this Magazine have expressed a desire that we should also give them a report of the two great races. The annexed letter, from a Missouri breeder, indicates the feeling existing among the subscribers to the “Register,” on the subject:

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, Jan. 4, 1840.

Dear Sir:—Nigh upon twelve months ago I addressed a letter to the Editor of the “American Turf Register,” and *not* to the Editor of the “Spirit of the Times,” which fell into your hands (in consequence of your purchasing the former work), and which you took the liberty of publishing, with your comments, in the July number, page 421. In that letter I remarked, speaking of the “Register,” to the following effect:

“I am truly, heartily gratified to learn that this useful work, this work of incalculable value, is to be continued, and that the 10th volume has been commenced under auspices so favorable to the great objects contemplated in its commencement. I have ever regarded it as being by far the best and most valuable work of the kind ever published in this country, the opinions of all the advocates of the “Spirit” to the contrary notwithstanding. I do not mean by this, to find fault with the articles or matter contained in other works of the kind, nor the ability with which their Editorial departments are filled; but I do mean to say and maintain, that as a *useful register* and *reference* book, it has no equal in this country to my knowledge. The “Spirit of the Times,” though edited with great ability and conducted with a spirit and liberality worthy of the age in which we live, *will not do for a reference book*. Experience satisfies me of this fact. There are perhaps a half dozen or more subscribers to it in this place, who I believe have taken it for three or four years, and some probably from its

commencement; yet if the pedigree of any horse in the country is called for, or the particulars of any interesting race are wanted, my book-case is almost invariably resorted to—not because the same information is not contained in the “*Spirit*,” but because it cannot be found. Works in the common newspaper form are rarely, if ever, filed and bound into books, for the obvious reason that they make a volume too unwieldy and altogether unfitted for the library, while pamphlets are always, by careful hands, preserved for their usefulness and convenience, and at the same time to fill and adorn the library. Be assured, Sir, that it requires but an effort to replace this valuable work upon that high and elevated ground which it once so conspicuously occupied. If it shall be conducted in the manner promised in your address, I for one, promise and assure you, that it will never want for patronage—the times themselves forbid it.”

Notwithstanding you attempt to controvert the opinion above expressed, I am still, however, a “*Register*” man. It is my favorite work, and all I have to say, is, “go ahead” with both “*REGISTER*” and “*SPIRIT*.” If I had a lap that would hold a folding barn-door, I would go, head and ears, for the “*Spirit* ;” but as I have not, I must put up with the “*Register*.”

You seem to admire my postscripts: I think myself they are the most pleasing to Editors, and as my object is to please, here goes another five for the 11th volume.

Allow me to suggest one small matter. You seem afraid to publish any thing in the “*Register*,” which had previously been published in the “*Spirit*.” Now there are some things which could never be worn out by republishing them. For instance, the glowing account of the great sweepstake so well contested by *Grey Eagle* and *Wagner*, and also of the “struggles” and “flings” made by the same two horses for the Jockey Club Purse a few days afterwards, over the Louisville Course.

A full description of all such races ought to be published and republished in every thing which comes under the eye of man. The readers of the “*Register*” and the “*Spirit*” never tire upon such diet. The account of the great match between *Eclipse* and *Henry*, also between *Flirtilla* and *Ariel*, grows better and better every time I read them, which is every wet day, and sometimes on other occasions.

I think it would be well to put all such accounts as above referred to, in the “*Register*.” You, I know, think differently; but I tell you, your subscribers generally will not preserve your “*Spirit*,” and bind it into a book.

Very respectfully,

C. F. J.

WM. T. PORTER, Esq.

In compliance with the general desire of our readers—without stopping to enquire into the tenability of the conclusions drawn by our correspondent in favor of the “*Register*” over the “*Spirit*,”—we proceed to give our own impressions of the two races which have contributed in an eminent degree to give *Wagner* and *Grey Eagle* the high and enduring reputation they now enjoy. The races during the week were characterized by good fields, strong running, fine weather, and an attendance unparalleled in numbers and respectability. The Oakland Course was in the finest possible order, the Stewards were in uniform and well mounted, and the arrangements of the proprietor, Col. Oliver, and of the Club, for the gratification and convenience of their guests, were not only in good taste, but complete in all respects.

We have not room to speak in this place of a variety of interesting circumstances connected with the meeting, but shall be pardoned for alluding to the unusual number of distinguished individuals present, and the blaze of beauty reflected from the Ladies’ Pavilion, on the occasion of the first race between the champions of Louisiana and Kentucky. The number of ladies in attendance was estimated at eight hundred, while nearly two thousand horsemen were assembled on the field. The stands, the fences, the trees, the tops of carriages, and every eminence overlooking the

course, were crowded; probably not less than ten thousand persons composed the assemblage, comprising not only several distinguished Senators, and nearly the entire Kentucky delegation in Congress, with their families, but of the elite of the beauty and fashion of the State.

Among the earliest on the ground were the Hon. Judge Porter, of Louisiana, the distinguished ex-Senator, and Mr. Clay. His colleague in the Senate, Mr. Crittenden, soon followed, with Gen. Atkinson, Maj. Stewart, and Capt. Alexander, of the army, Judge Woolley, Gov. Poindexter, Judge Rowan, the Hon. Messrs. Menifee, Allan, Letcher, Hardin, Graves, Hawes, etc. Among the guests of the Club, well known to the sporting world, we noticed J. S. Skinner, Esq., of Baltimore, W. M. Anderson, Esq., of Ohio, Col. C. F. M. Noland, of Arkansas, the Messrs. Kenner, Mr. Slidell, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Beasley, of Louisiana, Mr. McCargo, Mr. Beasley, and Capt. Bacon, of Virginia, Mr. Geo. Cheatham, of Tenn., Maj. Fleming, of Alabama, and a great number more whose names have escaped us.

Good breeding forbids an enumeration of the distinguished throng of belles. The young miss just from the trammels of school, flush with joy and fears, the budding, blooming girl of sweet sixteen, the more stately and elegant full blown woman, the dark-eyed Southerner, with her brown complexion and matchless form, the blue-eyed Northerner with her dimpled cheek and fair and spotless beauty, were gathered here in one lustrous galaxy. The gentlemen were unmatched for variety: the Bar, the Bench, the Senate, and the Press, the Army and the Navy, and all the *et cetera* that pleasure or curiosity attracted, were here represented.

We are very much tempted to essay to describe a few of these radiant belles—had kind Heaven made us a poet, like Prentice, we would immortalize them; as we are only a prosier, we can merely detail them. If any demand by what right we allude so pointedly to them, surely we may ask what right they have to be so beautiful? There was one with a form of perfect symmetry, and a countenance not only beautiful, but entirely intellectual; like Halleck's Fanny, she may have been "younger once than she is now," but she is, and will ever be, "a thing to bless—all full of light and loveliness." With a purely Grecian bust and classic head, and with an eye as dark as the absence of all light, beaming with a lustre that eclipses all, her figure varied itself into every grace that can belong either to rest or motion. And there was a reigning belle, in the spring time of her youth and beauty, with a face beaming with perfect happiness; it was like a "star-lit lake curling its lips into ripples in some stream of delight, as the west-wind salutes them with its balmy breath, and disturbs their placid slumber." It was the realization of Byron's idea of "music breathing o'er the face." There comes a bride—and from the East, too. A peep at her face, almost hid by clustering braids of raven hair, displays a belle of an Atlantic city, and ere we have time to ask her name, a lovely blonde sweeps by in a gay mantilla, changeable as the hues of evening, with a hat whiter than the wing of a dove,

and a face faultless as *Næra*. It would puzzle a *Sphinx* to divine the cause of her radiant smile. Walks she fancy free? Has Cupid's bolt passed her innocuous? In the centre of the Pavilion stand two rival belles, of a style of beauty so varied as to attract marked attention. The face and figure of one was rounded to the complete fullness of the mould for a *Juño*; while the other, with the form of a sylph, and the eyes of an angel, was the impersonation of delicacy and loveliness. And there was a lady from the northernmost extremity of the Republic, nearly allied to the Patrick Henry of the South-west, with eyes of the sweetest and most tranquil blue "that ever reflected the serene Heaven of a happy hearth—eyes to love, not wonder at—to adore and rely upon, not admire and tremble for." And then there was that beautiful belle from Scott County, and that brilliant wit from Lexington; here, the pearl wreath strove to rival the fairer brow—the ruby, a rubier lip—the diamond, a brighter eye; there, the cornelian borrowed from the damask cheek a deeper hue; the gossamer floated round a lighter form—the light plume nodded o'er a lighter heart.

But what grace can flowers or sweeping plumes confer when the rich smile of Beauty is parting her vermilion lips, and the breath of the morning, added to the excitement of the occasion, have given a ripeness to her cheek, and a fire to her eye, which, to our bachelor taste, would be worth a pilgrimage to Mecca to enjoy, as we did at that moment. Who can fail to detect the graceful being on our left, in a Parisian hat, lined with violets, whose soft liquid eye and raven braids render her the fairest gem in the brilliant cluster of Western beauties? The flashing eyes of a dark-brow'd matron from Missouri are roving restlessly over the nodding sea of heads beneath; and the pensive smile of a fair lily, just home from school, has become absolutely radiant as she shakes back, from her open brow, a flood of glistening ringlets, and gazes down upon the multitude with the innocent gaze of a young-eyed seraph. But how shall our pen do homage to the daughters of Old Kentuck, whose striking *Di Vernon* beauty, with their dark lustrous eyes and sable tresses, is only rivalled by the high culture bestowed upon their minds, and the attraction of those feminine accomplishments which "gild refined gold," and render them among the loveliest and most fascinating women within the circuit of the sun? The waters of *Lethe* must flow deep over our souls, to banish the memory of the boquets and gloves we lost and won upon that day! The evening festivities that followed—the brilliant dance, the plaintive song that "lapt us in *Elysium*,"—and she, too, the fairy masquerader, in the *Suliot* cap and boddice, lives she not last, as well as first, in our remembrance?

But our pages forbid a longer retrospection. The hospitalities and courtesies of the West, joined to the smile of her beauteous women, are indelibly impressed upon our hearts, and shall be freshly remembered when we pledge our warmest friends in the generous wine-cup.

The occasion of this brilliant assembly, was the Stake for all

ages, Four mile heats, which closed on the 1st of January, 1839, with ten subscribers at \$2000 each, half forfeit, as follows:—

- 1—Y. N. Oliver & Miles W. Dickey, of Kentucky, named gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.—Dress, Red, Blue and Orange.
- 2—Win. T. Ward, of Kentucky, named b. m. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs.—Dress, Blue and White.
- 3—Willa Viley, of Kentucky, named ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs.—Dress, White and Green.
- 4—Geo. N. Sanders & Lewis Sanders, Jr., of Kentucky, named b. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Turpin's Florizel, 4 yrs.—Dress, White.
- 5—Sidney Burbridge, of Kentucky, named b. c. *Tarleton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 5 yrs.—Dress, not declared.
- 6—Jas. L. Bradley & H. B. Steel, of Kentucky, named ch. c. *Hawk-Eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam by Jenkins' Sir William, 4 yrs.—Dress, Orange and Black.
- 7—Archie Cheatham, of Virginia, named b. h. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fyde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.—Dress, Purple and Red.
- 8—Jas. S. Garrison, of Louisiana, named ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs.—Dress, Red and Red.
- 9—Wm. Wynn, of Virginia, named b. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.—Dress, not declared.
- 10—Wm. Buford, Jr., of Kentucky, named ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.—Dress, not declared.

The race came off on Monday, the 30th of September. Of the ten nominations, four only came to the post—Wagner, Grey Eagle, Queen Mary, and Hawk-Eye. Of the other six, Tarleton and Musedora had given way in training; Picton was in Tennessee, and complaining; Occident's trials would not justify his starting; Billy Townes and Mary Vaughan were on the ground, but not up to the mark in condition. From the day the stake closed, the betting had been going on with spirit in different sections of the country, increasing daily in amount as the race drew nigh. From the first, Wagner was decidedly the favorite; and when it became reduced almost to a certainty that not above six would start, the betting was about 50 to 75 on him *vs.* the field. For many months previous to the race, and before it was known how many would start, odds were offered, from New York to New Orleans, on Wagner and Billy Townes against the field. Immense sums were laid out at odds, in Kentucky, on Grey Eagle's winning the first heat, and in many instances he was backed against Wagner for the race. In consequence of the unlimited confidence felt by the Kentuckians in the "foot" of Grey Eagle, it was resolved by the Wagner party not to run for the first heat, unless circumstances should occur which might render it an easy thing for their horse. But the day before the race a commission from New Orleans was received, offering a large sum on Wagner's beating the Grey the first heat, which induced them to change this determination; indeed, the inducement to run for it was a pretty substantial one, for they could lose nothing, and might win several thousands—we do not feel at liberty to say how many, or who were the parties; it is enough that they were keen, and also successful. Two days before the race, Mr. McCargo gave Billy Townes a trial with Missouri and Texana, and though the result was entirely satisfactory so far as his action was concerned, he soon after cramped to such a degree that it was at once declared that he would not be started. Mary Vaughan, we believe, was plated for the race, but not being quite up to the mark, she also paid forfeit. On the morning of the race, it being understood pretty thoroughly that Wagner, Grey Eagle, Queen Mary, and Hawk-eye only would start, out of the ten

nominations, "business" commenced in earnest, Wagner being freely offered against the field, and as freely taken, while Grey Eagle was backed at small odds for the first heat.

The "call" for the horses was sounded at a quarter to one o'clock, and soon after all eyes were directed toward a motley group approaching from Mr. Garrison's stable: "with stately step and slow," the proud champion of Louisiana made his appearance. He was directly stripped, and a finer exhibition of the perfection to which the trainer's art can be carried, we have rarely seen. His coat and eye were alike brilliant. *Wagner* is a light gold chesnut, with a roan stripe on the right side of his face, and white hind feet—about fifteen hands and a half high. His head is singularly small, clean, and bony, set on a light but rather long neck; forehanded, he resembles the pictures of his sire, and his carriage is said to resemble him. His shoulder is immensely strong, running very well back into a good middle piece, which is well ribbed home. One of the finest points about him is his great depth of chest; few horses can measure with him from the point of the shoulder to the brisket. His arms are heavily muscled like Mingo's, with the tendons standing out in bold relief. He has uncommonly strong and wide hips, a good loin, remarkably fine stifles and thighs, with as fine hocks and legs as ever stood under a horse. *Wagner* has been in training ever since his 3 yr. old year, and has travelled over three thousand miles! without three week's rest this season. Mr. Garrison commencing galloping him just four weeks previous to this race; he had not even been turned loose in a paddock.

A murmur, which was soon lost in a suppressed cheer at the head of the quarter stretch, announced to the multitude about the stands the approach of *Grey Eagle*; as he came up in front of the stand, his lofty carriage and flashing eye elicited a burst of applause, which told better than words can express the intense and ardent aspirations felt in his success, by every son and daughter of Kentucky. Clinton, his trainer, immediately stripped off his sheet and hood, and a finer specimen of the high-mettled racer was never exhibited. He was in condition to run for a man's life—a magnificent grey, nearly sixteen hands high, with the step of a gazelle and the strength of a Bucephalus. Mr. Burbridge had told us that of one thing he was confident—his horse might want foot, but of his game he was certain; the correctness of his judgment the sequel will show. In the hands of Clinton, who, by-the-bye, is a Kentuckian, not above seven and twenty years of age, *Grey Eagle* had never lost a heat; the previous October, he won a two mile Sweepstakes, over this course, in 3:41—3:43½, and a week afterwards repeated the race in 3:48—3:44. His form indicates more power of endurance than any horse we saw in Kentucky; from the girth forward, his shape and make could hardly be improved, if he merely had the delicate finely tapered ears of a Sir Charles, or a Wild Bill. Standing behind him, his quarters display a fine development of muscle, but many would call them light in proportion to his size and forehand; in this respect he closely resembles Priam. His coupling, thigh, and stifle, are unexcep-

tionably good, and his hocks come well down to the ground, giving him great length from their point to that of the whirl-bone. His legs are clean, broad, and flat, with the hamstrings and leaders beautifully developed—no son of Whip ever had a finer set of limbs under him.

Two chesnuts next challenged the public's attention; the first was Queen Mary, a very blood-like looking filly, with white hind feet, that a single glance would have shown to be a daughter of Bertrand. She measures about $15\frac{1}{2}$ hands, is well put up, and when running in good form, must be a dangerous lady to trifle with. Hawk-Eye, as we remember him, is a heavy moulded colt, of nearly $15\frac{1}{2}$ hands, with a star and white fore feet; without the foot or the endurance of his half brother, Pressure, he presents to the eye no such game appearance. We trust he was not himself on this occasion, or we should wish "ne'er to look upon his like again," for he cut a very sorry figure in this party. Both himself and the Bertrand filly have been winners, and the latter has ever been looked upon as a performer of great promise.

At half-past one o'clock, the jockies having received their orders from the Judges, the order was given to "clear the course." Cato (called Kate,) in a richly embroidered scarlet dress, was put up on Wagner; he is a capital jockey, and rode nearly up to his weight, 110 lbs. The rider engaged for Grey Eagle, lost the confidence of his owners just before the race, and at the eleventh hour they were obliged to hunt up another. Stephen Welsh, a 3 yr. old rider, was selected, though obliged to carry thirteen pounds dead weight in shot pouches on his saddle! The friends of Grey Eagle, however, had entire confidence in his honesty; and it is clear that he did his best, though, weighing as he did but eighty-two pounds, he had neither the strength nor stamina to hold and control a powerful, fiery horse, like Grey Eagle. He rode superbly for a lad of his years, while Cato's exhibition of skill and judgment would have done credit to Gil. Patrick. The horses took their places in accordance with the precedence of their nomination for the Stake, Grey Eagle having the inside track, Queen Mary 2d, Hawk-Eye 3d, and Wagner the outside. Just at this moment Mr. Ward, the President of the Club, dislodged the Band from their seats over the Judges' Stand, and Mr. Clay, Judge Porter, Judge Rowan, our friend Col. Whetstone of the Devil's Fork of the Little Red, and the writer of this article, with two or three other gentlemen, were invited to occupy them, by which we all obtained a fine view, not only of the race, but—of the ladies in the stands opposite.

The Race.

All being in motion and nearly in line, the President gave the word "Go!" and tapped the drum. Grey Eagle was the last off, while Wagner went away like a quarter-horse, with Queen Mary well up 2d; they were taken in hand at once, which allowed Hawk-Eye to take the place of the Queen on the back stretch, and at the three quarter mile post, Wagner allowed him to take the track. Hawk-

Eye led home to the stand at a moderate pace, Wagner 2d, and Queen Mary 3d; both of them were pulling to Grey Eagle, at whose head Stephen was tugging with might and main. Hawk-Eye carried on the running for about half a mile further, until Gooding bid Cato "go along." The pace mended at once; Wagner went up to Hawk-Eye, and might have cut him down in half a dozen strides, but the Queen was still laying back, and Grey Eagle had not yet made a stroke. Wagner came first to the stand, and at the turn Cato having held up his whip as a signal to a crowd of rubbers and boys on Garrison's stable, that "the old Sorrel Stud" was going just right, they gave him a slight cheer, at which Wagner broke loose, and made a spread-eagle of the field in "no time." The other jocks were not a little startled at this demonstration of Wagner's speed, and each called upon his nag, so that opposite the Oakland House, near the three quarter mile post, the field closed. Stephen here let out the phenomenon he so gracefully bestrode, and like twin bullets the gallant Grey and Wagner came out of the melee. At the head of the quarter stretch Stephen was told to "pull him steady," so that before Wagner reached the stand, Queen Mary had changed places with Grey Eagle, notwithstanding her saddle had slipped on her withers. Hawk-Eye was already in difficulty, and for him the pace was getting "no better very fast." Grey Eagle set to work in earnest on entering the back stretch, first outfooting the Queen and then challenging Wagner. From the Oakland House to the head of the quarter stretch, the ground is descending, and from thence up the straight run to the stand, a distance of perhaps six hundred yards, it is ascending. At the half mile post, Cato called upon Wagner, and the critical moment having arrived, Stephen collared him with the Grey, on the outside. For three hundred yards the pace was tremendous; Grey Eagle once got his head and neck in front, and a tremendous shout was sent up; but Wagner threw him off so far in going round the last turn, that, half way up the stretch, Mr. Burbridge ordered him to be pulled up, and Wagner won cleverly, Queen Mary dropping just within her distance (150 yards). Hawk-Eye was no where. Time, 7:48.

The disappointment and mortification was so great, that for the first twenty minutes after the heat Queen Mary was freely backed against Grey Eagle, while so far as Wagner was concerned, it was considered "a dead open and shut." Before the forty-five minutes had elapsed, however, a re-action took place in favor of Grey Eagle. *Not a Kentuckian on the ground laid out a dollar on Wagner!* From the first, the very few individuals who were disposed to back him on account of his blood, his form, his performances, and his condition, had not staked a dollar; their judgment prompted them to back the Southern champion, but they *would not* bet against *Kentucky!* Talk of State pride in South Carolina! Why, the Kentuckians have more of it than the citizens of all the States in the Confederacy added together. They not only believe Kentucky to be the Eden of the world, and the garden of the Union, but their own favorite County to be the asparagus-bed of the State! And

they have good reason ; Kentucky *is* a glorious State. The talent and chivalry of her sons are in keeping with the intelligence and peerless beauty of her daughters, and well may they be proud of her and of each other. But to the horses.

All cooled off well, but more especially Grey Eagle, who appeared not to mind the run a jot. They got, as Clinton remarked, "a capital scrape out of him," and he was "as fine as silk,"—in good order for a bruising heat. He extended himself with a degree of ease in the second heat, and changed his action in a manner that convinced us that the sweat had relieved him. Wagner, who resembles Boston in many other respects, showed all that placidity and calmness of look and motion which characterizes "the old White-nose." Great odds were offered on him for the race, but small amounts only were staked. Grey Eagle's noble bearing and game-cock look as he came up to contest in a second heat for the meed of honor and applause, was the theme of universal admiration ; so much so, indeed, that a cargo of laces, gloves, bijouterie, etc., must have been required to pay the wagers made in the Ladies' Pavilion.

Second Heat.—The tap of the drum sent them away with a beautiful start, Wagner leading off with a steady, business-like stride, while Grey Eagle, as full of game as of beauty, waited upon him close up. It was instantly evident that Mr. Burbridge had changed his tactics ; the moment Stephen got Grey Eagle into straight work on the back side, he made play for the track, and after a terrific burst of speed for one hundred and fifty yards, he came in front ; keeping up his stroke, he soon after made a gap of four lengths, and though Wagner drew upon him a little in coming up the rising ground towards the stand, yet he passed it far enough in advance to warrant the warm and hearty plaudits of his friends. As if inspired by the cheers of the crowd, and the tokens of unalloyed gratification exhibited by the galaxy of radiant beauty in the stands, Grey Eagle kept up his murderous rate throughout the entire second mile ; Wagner lay up close, and there was no faltering, no flinching, no giving back, on the part of either. The stride was over twenty-two feet, perfectly steady, strong, and regular, with no dwelling, no floundering, no laboring. Grey Eagle made the running to beyond the half mile post on the third mile, and the pace seemed too good to last, but there were "links" yet to be "let out." From this point the two cracks made a match of it, in which Queen Mary had as little apparent concern as if out of the race. Near the Oakland House, Wagner set to work to do or die. "*Rowel him up !*" shouted his owner to Cato ; while Garrison, at the head of the quarter-stretch, was waving his hat to him to come on ! The rally that ensued down the descent to the turn, was desperate, but Wagner could not gain an inch ; as they swung round into the quarter-stretch they were lapped ; "spur your proud coursers hard and ride in blood," were the orders on this, as they are described to have been on Bosworth "field." Both horses got a taste of steel and catgut as they came up the ascent, and on casting our eye along the cord extended across the course from

the Judges' to the Club stands, Grey Eagle was the first under it by a head and shoulders; at the turn Stephen manœuvred so as to press Wagner on the outside, and soon after drew out clear in front, looking so much like a winner that the crowd, unable to repress an irresistible impulse, sent up a cheer that made the welkin ring for miles around. The group on Wagner's stable again bid him "*go on!*" but Cato, "calm as a summer's morning," was quietly biding his time; he seemed to feel that Patience has won more dollars than Haste has coppers, and that there was but a solitary chance of winning the race out of the fire. Fully aware of the indomitable game of the nonpareil under him, he thought if he could bottle him up for a few hundred yards there was still another run to be got out of him. He accordingly took a bracing pull on his horse, and though it was "go along" every inch, Wagner recovered his wind so as to come again at the head of the quarter-stretch. Stephen, long ere this, had become so exhausted as to be unable to give Grey Eagle the support he required; he rode wide, swerving considerably from a straight line, and was frequently all abroad in his seat. From the Oakland House home, it was a terrible race! By the most extraordinary exertions Wagner got up neck and neck with "the gallant Grey," as they swung round the turn into the quarter-stretch. The feelings of the assembled thousands were wrought up to a pitch absolutely painful—silence the most profound reigned over that vast assembly as these noble animals sped on as if life and death called forth their utmost energies. Both jockies had their whip-hands at work, and at every stroke, each spur, with a desperate stab, was buried to the rowel head. Grey Eagle, for the first hundred yards, was clearly gaining; but in another instant Wagner was even with him. Both were out and doing their best. It was anybody's race yet! Now Wagner—now Grey Eagle has the advantage. It will be a dead heat! "See! Grey Eagle's got him!"—"No—Wagner's ahead!" A moment ensues—the people shout—hearts throb—ladies faint—a thrill of emotion, and the race is over! Wagner wins by a neck, in 7:44, the best race ever run south of the Potomac; while Kentucky's gallant champion demonstrates his claim to that proud title, by a performance which throws into the shade the most brilliant ever made in his native State. Summary:—

MONDAY, Sept. 30, 1839.—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Ten subscribers at \$2000 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor added the receipts of the Stands. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs.	<i>Cato</i> .	1	1
Oliver & Dickey's (A. L. Shotwell's) gr. c. <i>Grey Eagle</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.	<i>Stephen Welch</i> .	2	2
Capt. Willa Viley's ch. f. <i>Queen Mary</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs.		3	3
Bradley & Steel's ch. c. <i>Hawk-Eye</i> , by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam by Jenkins' Sir William, 4 yrs.			dist.

Time, 7:48—7:44.

To say that Wagner was better managed and better jockeyed in this race than Grey Eagle, is to express the opinion of every unprejudiced individual who had the pleasure of witnessing it. What might have been the result of *the race*, we cannot pretend to say, but we assert with perfect confidence our belief, that with Gil. Pat-

rick on his back, Grey Eagle would have won the *second* heat. People differ in opinion, luckily, and were it not so we should be in a mass. Had the managers of Grey Eagle been content to bide their time, another tale might have been told. "Wait and win," carries off more purses than "Take the track and keep it." Grey Eagle could outfoot Wagner in a brush of one hundred and fifty yards—he clearly demonstrated that fact half a dozen times in the course of the week; but in a run of five or six hundred yards, Wagner could beat him about the same distance. The two horses were so nearly matched that good generalship and good riding did the business. Instead of allowing him to go forward and cut out the work, Grey Eagle should have been laid quietly behind, with a steady, bracing pull until within the distance stand, and then pulled out, and made to win if he could. That was his only chance; tiring down Wagner is like tiring down a locomotive.

We must here break off, but not without remarking that after being weighed, Cato was put up again on Wagner, and with the Stakes in his hand (\$14,000!) he promenaded in front of the stand, preceded by a band of music, playing "*Old Virginny never tire.*" In bringing our report of this memorable race to a conclusion, we must not neglect to record the gratifying fact, that notwithstanding the immense throng of spectators on the ground, and the peculiar excitement of the occasion, not a solitary circumstance occurred calculated for a moment to interrupt the harmony and general good feeling which prevailed on all hands.

We have not room to give the details of the running on the intermediate days of the meeting. Suffice to say that the fine Medoc filly *Cub*, won the Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, in 3:45½—3:44;—that the Woodpecker colt *Ralph*, won the three mile purse cleverly, in 5:50 each heat;—that the Eclipse mare *Missouri*, won the Oakland Plate, two mile heats, in 3:50—3:44—3:50;—and that several other exhibitions of beauty, game, and speed, were given during the week. The first race between Wagner and Grey Eagle came off on Monday; on Saturday, they again came out for the Jockey Club Purse of \$1500, Four mile heats.—Throughout the week the weather had been delightful, and the attendance good enough to realize \$15,000 to the spirited proprietor; but on this day there was an immense gathering from far and near, and the sun never shone out on a more lovely morning. The attraction, it must be confessed, could not have been surpassed—*Wagner and Grey Eagle were again to come together!* After their race on Monday, both parties immediately interested were willing to draw off their forces and enjoy an honorable armistice until next Spring; but the interference and misrepresentation of sanguine friends ultimately broke off the truce existing between them, and the high contracting parties set about prosecuting the war with greater zeal and energy than ever. Some one wrote from Louisville, directly after the race, to the effect that Wagner had declined to meet Grey Eagle in a match for \$10,000, Four mile heats; which letter made its appearance in the columns of a Lexington journal. This statement the friends of Grey Eagle did not deny, though it was made without their authority; and in consequence Wagner was forced to notice it. In an article "by authority," from the pen of a distinguished correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times,"

published in the Louisville "Journal" on the 5th October, the writer remarked to the following effect :

"*Wagner and Grey Eagle.*—The reputation of his horse is dear to a turfman, and it is his duty to shield and defend it as he would his own honor. The contest between Wagner and Grey Eagle will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. Wagner's honors were nobly won; he earned them in a field where every inch of ground was closely contested; and any one who would attempt to pluck a laurel from his brow, by falsehood or misrepresentation, deserves the scorn of every honorable man.

"The writer of this has been induced to make these remarks, from the fact that a letter has been published in a Lexington paper, written from Louisville, containing a statement that Grey Eagle had challenged Wagner for \$10,000, and the latter had declined the contest. This statement is positively false, and the owners of Grey Eagle will cheerfully bear testimony to the truth of the assertion. The facts of the case are these—Wagner had gained a victory over Grey Eagle—a victory in which even the defeated party gained the brightest laurels, and won for himself imperishable fame. Hence Wagner's friends prized his victory the more highly; and with that courtesy towards the friends of Grey Eagle which is ever due from the victor to the vanquished, they would have been willing to leave Kentucky, perfectly satisfied with his performance. But the communication above referred to leaves but one course to the owner of Wagner. He is willing to run him against Grey Eagle, or any other horse in the United States, Four mile heats, for \$10,000, or any amount above that sum. This offer is made with no disposition to detract from the reputation of the game and gallant Grey Eagle, but solely on account of justice to Wagner, who has been placed in a situation by some of the friends of Grey Eagle that leaves no alternative. "C."

The article just quoted made its appearance in the "Journal" on the morning of the second race, which we are about to describe; but the friends of Grey Eagle were prepared to see it. If we are not very much mistaken, it was read to his owner, as it was to several of his friends, two days before its publication, but was delayed in the hope that Grey Eagle's friends would contradict the statement alluded to. In the meantime, both horses were got in order to make another race. We saw both immediately after their first race, and on the following morning; both recovered well, and Grey Eagle especially so, exhibiting very little stiffness or soreness. They improved from that time up to Saturday morning, and we never saw two high-mettled racers in finer condition than they were when stripped to run their second race.

In anticipation of a race which for severity and interest would throw their first in the shade, both parties were wide awake to secure every honorable advantage within their reach. Wagner's rider, Cato, had become free about the time of the first race; if he rode the second as well as he did the first, many were the odd twenties and fifties he was promised. Stephen Welch, Grey Eagle's jockey in his first race, weighing but 82lbs., the managers of the horse endeavored to find a rider nearer up to his proper weight (100lbs.) The only one on the ground preferable to their own, was Mr. McCargo's *Archer*, a very capital rider, with a good seat, a steady hand, and a cool head. Mr. McCargo having no interest whatever in the race, at once placed *Archer's* services at the disposal of Grey Eagle's friends; but as his doing so might possibly place him in a position of great delicacy and embarrassment, at his own request they relieved him from it, and concluded to put up Stephen Welch again, whose only fault was that there was not enough of him!

After the race on Monday, the topic of conversation in every circle was the prospect of a second one between the rival champions. The Wagner party were not anxious for a race, but they would not avoid one; their horse had not only realized their expectations, but had exceeded their most sanguine hopes, and they were prepared to back him to "the size of their pile." And well did that noble son of a worthy sire justify the high opinion of his friends—a small circle, it is true, but they were staunch and true, and when it came to "putting up the mopusses," there were enough of them to "suit customers" and no mistake! The friends of Grey Eagle had every reason to be proud of the first performance of their horse, and they were so. He was the first discoverer of "the Forties"

in a four mile race ever bred in Kentucky, and he had explored the degrees of pace to the latitude of 44, below the Equator! All this he had done as an untried four year old, and if his friends backed him with less confidence now, it was on account of the severe race he had made five days previous. He was in fine health, and his look and action indicated all the spirit and courage of a game cock, but it was thought physically impossible for him to make such another race as his first in the same week. The betting consequently settled down at 2 and 3 to 1 on Wagner.

It will naturally be supposed that the rumor of a *second* four mile race between these two cracks, attracted an immense crowd of spectators. Many persons came down from Cincinnati, while the citizens of Lexington, Frankfort, Georgetown, and the circle of towns for fifty miles about Louisville, turned out in great numbers. Again the city was crowded, and on the morning of the race every carriage and horse in town was in requisition. Many were glad to get out to the course and call it "riding," when jolting along in a bone-setter, compared with which, riding on a white oak rail would be fun! Again the ladies turned out *en masse*, to grace the scene with their radiant beauty, and "lend enchantment to the view" of the race—and themselves.

The jockies, having received their instructions from the Judges, "mounted in hot haste," Cato on *Wagner*, and Stephen Welch on *Grey Eagle*. The third entry was Messrs. Viley & Ward's *Emily Johnson*—own sister to Singleton, and half sister to Mistletoe—a 4 yr. old bay filly by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan. She was not in prime fit, and could not, therefore, live in such a crowd.

The Race.

At the word "go," Wagner went off with the lead at about three parts speed, Emily laying 2d, and all three under a strong pull. Grey Eagle's long, steady stride, after getting into straight work going down the back stretch, soon brought him up with the field, and opposite the Oakland House (about 300 yards beyond the half-mile post) the three were lapped. The pace now improved; Grey Eagle drew out at the last turn, but Wagner having the inside, and beginning to get warm, made sharp running up the stretch to the stand, and on the next turn came out clear in front. Down the back stretch they each kept up a good racing stroke, but at the Oakland House Grey Eagle increased his stride and locked Wagner; as neither was yet called upon, a very fair view was had of their relative rate of going; Grey Eagle led down to the head of the stretch and up to the stand by half a length, and immediately after came in front. He carried on the running two lengths in advance to near the termination of the mile, when Wagner got a hint to extend himself; without lapping him, Wagner waited upon him close up, and opposite the Oakland House made his run; the rally that ensued was a very brilliant affair, but Grey Eagle out-footed him in one hundred yards, and drew out clear amidst tremendous cheers from all parts of the course. The instant Wagner declined, Emily took his place, lapping the Grey as they swung round the turn. But Wagner had yet another run left, and they had no sooner got into the quarter-stretch than Cato set to work with him. Grey Eagle had been able to pull to Emily, and accordingly when Wagner, by an extraordinary effort, reached him,

half way up the stretch, he was able to outfoot him a second time, and came away home a gallant winner by nearly a length, Emily having the second place, amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and tumultuous cheers, that would well nigh have drowned the roar of Niagara! The first mile was run in 2:05—the second in 1:55—the third in 1:56—the fourth in 1:55, making the time of the heat 7:51.

The heartfelt gratification and rapture exhibited at the close of the heat by the assembled thousands, knew no bounds. Kentucky's most distinguished sons, and her loveliest daughters, felt alike interested, and Grey Eagle's success was enjoyed as if each was personally concerned. The odds, from being 2 and 3 to 1 in favor of Wagner, now changed, and Grey Eagle had the call at 4 to 3. Considerable sums were staked, as Garrison declared "the old sorrel stud" had sulked, but would show his hand the next heat. The fact was, Grey Eagle for the first time had been properly managed; instead of running the whole last half mile, he had taken advantage of the ground, and made his first run down the descent from the Oakland House to the head of the stretch, and then being braced up for three hundred yards, which allowed him time to recover his wind, he was able to come again and make a second rally, as brilliant as the first. As we before remarked, we think Wagner could beat Grey Eagle by a desperate rush for six hundred yards at the heel of a very fast heat, but not over a head and shoulders at that; while Grey Eagle had so much more speed, that in a brush of one hundred and fifty yards he could let in the daylight between them. With so light and feeble a rider as Stephen on his back, it was impossible to place Grey Eagle exactly as his managers would have liked, though he is a fine-tempered horse, and runs kindly; the result of the race, we trust, will be a caution to them hereafter, how they venture in a race of so much importance without providing that most indispensable of requisites to success—a suitable jockey.

Both horses perspired freely, and in much less time than could have been expected they cooled out finely; neither hung out a signal of distress, but came up for the second heat with distended nostrils and eyes of fire, betokening the most unflinching courage.

At the tap of the drum the horses were hardly in motion, and Cato drew his whip on Wagner the very first jump. The pace was little better than a hand gallop for the first half mile, but as Wagner led past the entrance gate, Gooding bid him "go along," and he increased his rate. Stephen seeing this, let the Grey out a link, and in going down the descending ground below the Oakland House, went up on the inside so suddenly, that he had locked Wagner before Cato was aware of his close proximity. The run up the quarter-stretch was a pretty fast thing, though neither was doing his best; the time of the mile was 2:08. The crowd cheered them as they ran lapped past the stand, at which Grey Eagle pricked up his ears and set to work in earnest, shaking off Wagner at the next turn. The race had now commenced; Stephen braced his horse as well as he was able, and kept him up to his rate down the

entire length of the back stretch. At the Oakland House Cato again called on Wagner, and steel and catgut came into play. The gallant Grey led clear to the turn and half way up the stretch, Stephen beginning to use his whip-hand, and to give the nonpareil under him an occasional eye-opener with the spur. This mile was run in 1:52. They passed the stand neck and neck, Emily being already nearly out of her distance. From the stand to the first turn the ground is descending, and here almost invariably Grey Eagle gained upon Wagner, who kept up one steady stride from end to end, without flinching or faltering, and able always to do *a little more* when persuaded by the cold steel with which Cato plied him ever and anon throughout the heat. We said they passed the stand on the 2d mile neck and neck; when they reached the turn Grey Eagle had got in front, but no sooner had they come into straight work on the back side, than Wagner made a most determined challenge and locked him; the contest was splendid, and was maintained with unflinching game and spirit; at the end of 700 yards, however, Grey Eagle had the best of it, for in spite of Cato's most desperate efforts Wagner could only reach Stephen's knee; Grey Eagle seemed able, after a brush of one hundred yards, to come again with renewed vigor, if well braced for a dozen strides. Down the descent on the last half mile Grey Eagle maintained his advantage, but on ascending towards the stand Wagner's strength told, and they came through under whip and spur, Wagner having his head and neck in front, running this mile in 1:55. Stephen was here instructed to take a strong pull on his horse, and to "*keep him moving*," while "*ram the spurs into him*," were the orders to Cato. The result was, that Wagner came in front, and the pace down the entire back stretch was tremendous, both being kept up to their rate by the most terrible punishment. Unfortunately, Stephen was directed to "*take the track*" about opposite the Oakland House, instead of putting the issue on a brush up the last 200 yards of the heat. Too soon the gallant Grey was called upon, but true as steel the noble animal responded to it. With the most dauntless courage he made his run down the descending ground, and though Wagner, like the bravest of the brave, as he is, made the most desperate efforts, Grey Eagle came round the last turn on the outside, with his head and shoulders in front, at a flight of speed we never saw equalled. Both jockies were nearly faint with their exertions, and Stephen, poor fellow, lost his presence of mind. Up to the distance stand it was impossible to say which was ahead; whips and spurs had been in constant requisition the entire mile, but at this moment Stephen gave up his pull, and unconsciously yawed his horse across the track, which broke him off his stride, while Cato, holding Wagner well together, and mercilessly dashing in his spurs, at length brought him through a gallant winner by a neck, having run the last mile in 1:48, and the heat in 7:43!

This was without exception the most game and spirited race we ever witnessed. The heat was Wagner's, and while we accord to him all the reputation so brilliantly won after a bloody struggle of near three miles, we feel bound to express the belief, that for an

untried 4 yr. old, Grey Eagle's performance is without a parallel in the annals of the American Turf! The last three miles of a second heat, in a second four mile race the same week, were run in 5:35, and the sixteenth mile in 1:48!

The enthusiasm of the spectators was now excited to the highest pitch. There was not on the ground, probably, an individual who would not have been pleased to see the horses withdrawn and the purse divided between them, rather than farther task the indomitable game and courage of these noble animals; but no such proposition was made, and after the usual respite they were brought to the post a third time, and it would have been difficult to decide which had recovered best. So much feeling was manifested in reference to the horses, that the baser impulses to bet on the result of the concluding heat were almost entirely disregarded; odds, however, were in a few instances offered on Wagner.

In detailing the contest for the third heat, we are compelled to record

‘A few of the unpleasantest words
That e'er man writ on paper!’

At the word “go,” they broke off with a racing stride, Wagner taking the lead by about two lengths; the pace was moderate, for Stephen on Grey Eagle was expressly charged to pull him steady, and wait for orders. Wagner accordingly led with an easy stroke through the first mile, and being cheered as he passed the stand, he widened the gap soon after to four or five lengths. At the half mile post Grey Eagle made play, and had nearly closed the gap as they came opposite the Oakland House, when he suddenly faltered as if shot, and after limping a step or two, abruptly stopped! “*Grey Eagle has let down!*” was the cry on all hands, and when the spectators became aware of the truth of the painful announcement, the tearful eyes of a radiant host of Kentucky's daughters, and the heartfelt sorrow depicted in the countenances of her sons, indicated the sincerity of the sympathy with which they regarded the untimely accident to their game and gallant champion! It was supposed, on a hasty examination, that Grey Eagle had given way in the back sinews of his left fore leg, but it has since been ascertained that the injury was in the coffin joint. Mr. Burbridge on the instant tightly bandaged the leg with a stout strip of dry canvass, which being kept wet, would have prevented the horse from coming down on his pastern joints even had his leaders given way. A fortnight after the race the horse promised to recover perfectly; Mr. Shotwell informed us that the ancle and joint were a little swollen, but that neither the horse's pastern nor cannon bones were affected, and his leaders were as sound as ever. We doubt, however, whether he will ever stand another training; a slight wrench would render him as lame as ever. We need not add, that while his owners and managers have the cordial sympathy of their friends, and the Sporting World generally, there is no one “with soul so dead” as to withhold the expression of their admiration of the gallant Grey, and their heartiest wishes for his speedy recovery. Soon after Grey Eagle was stopped, Cato pulled Wagner out of

his stride, and galloped him slowly round. The intelligence of the High Mettled Racer was clearly indicated by Wagner's subsequent action; from the head of the stretch home he invariably went at a racing pace, and appeared as if he did not know what was required of him, frequently bursting off in spite of his rider. On the fourth mile, as he passed his own stable, the rubbers and riders standing on its roof gave him a hearty cheer, and the gallant horse broke off, and in spite of Cato's utmost exertions ran at the very top of his speed for near 500 yards as if plied with steel and timber the whole way! We never saw a more magnificent exhibition of unflinching game; even the friends of Grey Eagle forgot their distress for a moment in doing justice by a cheer to the gallant and victorious champion of Louisiana! Recapitulation:—

SATURDAY, Oct. 5.—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs.----- *Cato*. 3 1 1
 A. L. Shotwell's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.----- *Stephen Welch*. 1 2 *
 Willa Viley's b. f. *Emily Johnson*, (own sister to Singleton,) by Bertrand, out of Black Eyed Susan by Tiger, 4 yrs.----- 2 dist.
 Time, 7:51—7:43—3d heat, no time kept. * Grey Eagle gave way in 2d mile.

For more convenient reference, we repeat the time of each mile in tabular form:—

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>		<i>Third Heat.</i>
1st mile.....	2:05	1st mile.....	2:08	No time kept, as Grey
2d mile.....	1:55	2d mile.....	1:52	Eagle gave way in running
3d mile.....	1:56	3d mile.....	1:55	the second mile.
4th mile.....	1:55	4th mile.....	1:48	
	7:51		7:43	

In bringing our report to a conclusion, we cannot suffer the occasion to pass without again expressing our grateful acknowledgments for the eminent degree of consideration and kindness which characterized our visit to Kentucky. And we should be obnoxious to grave censure, as the conductor of the accredited organs of the Sporting World, were we to withhold the opinion expressed by every Western Turfman and Breeder we met, that the Officers and Members of the Jockey Club at Louisville, seconded by the zeal and enterprise of the Proprietor of the Oakland Course, are entitled to the best wishes and cordial support of their fellow citizens, generally, throughout the State. The weight of influence of gentlemen of their intelligence, character, and wealth, thrown into the scale in favor of establishing the Kentucky Turf upon a basis of the highest respectability and integrity, has already resulted in the happiest effects. The price of blood stock has been enhanced, breeders have been encouraged to persevere, the demand for good performers has been increased, lukewarm friends have become staunch, and the prejudices existing in the public mind against the Sports of the Turf, have become almost obliterated. Kentucky is, emphatically, *the Race-Horse Region* of the West; and while her courses are graced, as at Louisville, with the presence and witching smiles of her lovely daughters, and her Clubs comprise the most distinguished of her sons, he will be a fortunate man who may win an invitation to attend one of her principal Jockey Club Meetings,

CARABOO HUNTING,

IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, DURING THE WINTER SEASON.

BY MEADOWS.

 Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

IN January, 1836, I was one evening seated at the hospitable board of my old friend TOM HOWARD, of New Brunswick (British America), enjoying the "*otium cum dig.*," and little heeding the storm without. Rain had fallen during the day, but the wind had chopped round to the north, and snow now drifted in large flakes against the windows. Every thing inside was, however, bright and happy: we drew the table nearer the blazing fire, and having prevailed on the ladies to remain, we placed the easy-chairs on each side of the hearth for their convenience, and once more seated ourselves. "Fill your glass, my good fellow, from that black bottle," cried Howard, "I never decant very old Port. We will drink to dear old England, and fox-hunting. By-the-by, Meadows, before you leave us, I must endeavor to show you some Caraboo hunting. The Caraboo of this country are very like Reindeer—a little larger; they travel with great swiftness and ease over snow. But a bull Caraboo has little of the amiable and tractable about him, and, when enraged, is a most formidable enemy. Hunting on snow-shoes you will find fatiguing; but I doubt much if the novelty of the scenes, and the excitement, will not amply repay you, who are, as I well know, a keen sportsman. My favorite Indian, Sabatisie, has promised to be here the first favorable opportunity for hunting, and as this snow will cover the crust made by the late rains, I should not be surprised to see him this evening; his camp is a few miles in the woods behind us, and an Indian hunter never forgets an appointment."

Scarce were the words spoken, when the angry cry of the dogs without bespoke the approach of some person. A moment after, a low and distant whistle was heard, and the cry of the dogs was instantly changed to a quick and joyous bark. "There is Sabats, —'talk of the devil,' &c.,—my dogs know the Indian well, and are very fond of him." The hall-door was opened without any knock or ring, and the Indian quietly entered the dining-room. He was a middle-sized, strong-built man; his face was handsome, with a grave and rather melancholy expression; but such an eye! With one quick glance he scan'd the room, and without uttering a syllable approached the fire. His dress consisted of a loose blanket frock and leggings: a broad leather belt encircled his waist, from which hung a long formidable looking knife, and a pouch made of the skin of a young otter dressed whole, and ornamented with dull porcupine quills; his feet were encased by strong moccasins. Drawing a small stool to the fire, he seated himself; and after a moment's search in his pouch, produced a card-case made of birch

bark, beautifully wrought with quills and stained bark. With a grace that would have put to the blush many of our sprigs of fashion, he presented his offering to my friend's sister; and without appearing to notice the compliments which were paid to his elegant little gift, he betook himself to filling a small stone pipe; which the ladies remarking, made a motion to leave the room, but Howard gave them a hint to remain. Sabatisie, after lighting his pipe and taking a few pulls, presented it to me. Now, be it known, that though I enjoy a good cigar, ten whiffs of a pipe of the mildest tobacco sets my head ringing, and my stomach in most dismal disorder. I therefore was on the point of refusing, when Howard said—"do not be afraid, there is very little tobacco in that pipe; the mixture is the inside bark of young willows dried and pounded, a small quantity of sweet wild grass, and very little tobacco." So encouraged, I took the pipe, and soon found curling round my head smoke of a most mild, aromatic, and delicious flavor.

Howard, who had not yet appeared to notice the Indian, now poured out a glass of wine, and presenting it to Sabatisie, said—"Brother, you will stay with us to-night?" After gulping down the wine, the Indian said—"Brother, me start to hunt to-morrow—very fine time for hunt Caraboo—about three inch snow on crust—you go?—brought two pair of snow-shoes my squa mended, and the macusines—You go? ha!" "Which way, Sabatisie, do you go?" "O, same as last year—old camp all ready—plenty Caraboo—no Indian." "Well, brother, if you will let me take my friend, I go." The Indian cast his keen eyes on me, and seemed to scan every muscle and sinew in my body; and said—"Can strange brother walk on snow-shoes?" There was a poser; I had never even seen such a machine; but Howard came to my rescue. "I will take care of my strange brother; if he cannot walk, he must stay in the camp and cook for us." Sabatisie did not seem to half like the plan, but consented.

The ladies now retired; and Howard producing two small stone pipes, we each filled a pipe of the Indian's mixture. Whilst discussing the same, every thing was arranged for our departure at 4 o'clock next morning, (having to drive 80 miles during the day.) Howard procured every thing necessary—rifles, snow-shoes, Indian dresses, &c. &c. I had been so engaged examining these arrangements, that I had forgotten Sabatisie, when a loud snore drew my attention, and I saw the Indian stretched his full length on the rug before the fire. "That dusky fellow would not exchange that berth for the best bed in the house," said Howard; "I must leave him fuel, and he will be comfortable till morning: and now to bed, and should you find an Indian in your room in the morning, do not be alarmed, for Sabatisie will have us up, even should he rouse you out by the heels."

I was awakened in the morning by the appearance of a light in my room, and starting up, I thought the Indian was before me; but Tom Howard's merry cheer soon undeceived me.—"Up! up! my jolly fellow!—every thing is ready. The coffee is getting cold, and Sabatisie, who is laying in a stock to last the whole hunt, will

not leave you a single chop!" I jumped out, and found Howard rigged out in a complete winter hunting-dress:—white blanket frock; ditto trousers, drawn at the ankle; neat Indian moccasins on his feet; around his waist was a very broad leather belt, from which hung a long knife, a pouch like the Indian's, and a small very sharp axe, the head in a leather case.—"You will find a dress exactly similar to this by your bed; we cannot carry much baggage; your great coat will hide your toggerly whilst you pass through the county —."

Our breakfast was soon over, our pipes replenished with the Indian mixture, and the sleigh ordered round to the door. We were soon seated and away. Tom Howard's small white bull terrier crouched at our feet. It was not yet light, and we speeded on many miles in almost perfect silence, lulled by the delicious fragrance of our pipes and the merry chime of the sleigh bells. But as the light gradually increased the silvery landscape before us, our voices almost of one accord broke forth in joyous admiration. The rain which had fallen on the trees and shrubs was now frozen, and every thing, from the most delicate fibre of the cedar to the ponderous limb of the ancient oak, appeared encased in a *frosting* of silver—a thousand prismatic icicles hung from the surrounding crags—and through a vista in the wood, we could see the noble river St. John stretching as far as the eye could reach. Bright Sol now showed his welcome face on the distant hills, heightening every moment, by his luxuriant rays, the beauty of the scene, and making it so dazzling and brilliant that the eye could not long rest thereon. Thus we journeyed through a forest of chrystals for about two hours, when we pulled up to give the horses breath.

"Ah! Master Howard, after them Caraboo again!"—cried a sharp-faced cute looking publican who appeared at the door,—"*Ah*, Sir, if you had not that cursed Ingun with you, I should deadly like to join you; but, Sir, the thieving varmint always desaves me. Our Tim and I was out all last week with two of the same breed, and we did work most almighty hard, but not a hoof could we see, and returned home to the old 'oman lighter than we went out. Would you believe it, Master Tom, them same Inguns went out yesterday, and killed three as fine bucks as a Lord Mayor ever put a tooth in! No, no, Sir; there's no trusting the breed!"

"Well, well, Creighton, let the horses have some warm gruel, and let Tim rub their legs. Come into the house, and tell the old woman to give us a taste of that black jug she keeps for her own *particular*—you understand." In a few minutes a jolly good-humored landlady appeared, bearing a black bottle, which she presented to Howard.—"Here, Mister Howard, is something will warm the cockles of your heart—take the whole, Sir, it is but poor amends for your kindness last Spring, when our poor little Tommy was ill of the measles."

After a chat with these worthy people, we again started. I will not detain you with an account of our drive; suffice it to say, we pulled up at 8 o'clock, having travelled 84 miles, Howard's horses

fresh and hungry. Here we slept, and in the morning started at daylight for the woods, leaving everything except what was absolutely necessary for camping out. In the morning, as I was about to put on my moccasins, Howard cried—"Hold, now comes your first lesson: first put on these two pair of thick woollen socks—there now, this under moccasin, made of an old hat—now the Indian moccasins; your feet will not easily gall; the Indians use, instead of the under shoe, a piece of thick flannel bound several times tight round their feet." For the first time I was now placed on snow-shoes—Howard tying them on with a wicked smile.—"There, Meadows, all right!—give me your gun, you *may* fall and wet her. You must observe your snow-shoes are about three feet long, therefore you must stride over a yard, or you will place the heel of one shoe on the toe of the other, which proceeding will surely bring you on your nose. Now, march!"—and off he went. I, after five or six strides, found my head well planted in a snow bank; but was soon righted, and after a hearty laugh, again proceeded. A sharp walk of two hours, through a rough uneven forest of cedar and pine, brought us up to the Indian, who had started some time before light with all our camping baggage. He was seated on a log near a warm spring. After a rest, we again started for the hunting ground. I observed Sabatisie, who was leading, peering about in every direction; at last he stopped and examined a fallen branch, but advanced with his head bent as if looking for something; presently he came to a full stand, and thrust his hand far into the snow. Howard said: "there are deer near us—they have been feeding on yonder branch, and see, there are their tracks; the last snow has filled their trail, but look closely and you will see small indents in the snow, at regular distances; if you wish to be sure, thrust the handle of your axe into the snow. Deer cannot run on such a snow as this—we shall find them, not far off, in what is called a yard, which the deer form by treading the snow down under the shelter of some large pines;—and now, silence, and if you should see a buck within range, I beg of you do not fire, for though we are still some miles from the Caraboo ground, the rascals would most certainly hear the shot, and we should lose our sport.—Back, Billy, good dog! to heel!—see, he already scents the game."

As we proceeded, the trail became more distinct. The dog was secured by a cord; Sabatisie chose one of the tracks, and we stealthily stole along. Billy, with his nose thrust into every crevice, slaver running from his lips, and eyes starting from their sockets, strained at the cord that detained him—but not a whine escaped his lips. Down went Sabatisie; ditto Howard. Clumsy work, thought I, for professed snow-shoers; and I was proudly striding on, when a crack across the shins from Howard's rifle brought me to their level. In no very amiable mood, I was about to demand explanation, when, raising my head, I saw the deer not 200 yards off. There they were, huddled together, to all appearance asleep. Forgetting Howard's caution, my gun was up in an instant; but I was brought to my senses by another tap from Howard's rifle.

Tom now approached the game, yard by yard, taking advantage of every drift and tree, but did not appear to take much care to prevent a noise. The Indian and myself remained anxious spectators of the scene. Up rose the noble deer as though they were one animal; with outstretched necks and starting eye-balls they scan the forest; but all is quiet, and their subtle foes are hid from view. They scent the air, but nought is borne on the breeze but the sweet-scented spruce or aromatic cedar. A noble buck, with majestic air, stalks forward, leader of the herd. He approaches the tree behind which Howard is hid; inch by inch he advances. Ah! he stops, and is about to retire, when from behind the tree a red silk handkerchief is displayed. The eye of the deer in an instant is fixed—again he advances—he is within ten yards of the tree. Out springs the dog; in two bounces he is at the buck's head—the next instant he is spinning many feet in the air, and away speed the game. But the little dog no sooner gained his legs, than he settled down on the track in chase, and away ran Howard and Sabatisie at a pace which appeared to me incredible in snow-shoes. I stumbled on as well as I could, pitching over fallen wood, &c., in my anxiety and haste. Presently I came to where, from the appearances, there had been a hard struggle between the dog and buck—the snow was much discolored with blood. I could now and again hear the merry cheer of Tom Howard echoing through the wood. The buck was bleeding fast, and had several times been brought to bay; but he was a powerful creature, and the fine little dog could not hold long enough for Howard or the Indian to get up. Of a sudden I found the trail led down a steep hill, at the foot of which was a lake. The strong wind had blown the snow almost entirely from the smooth blue ice, and there our friend the buck had retreated in hopes of shaking off his persevering pursuers. I found Howard and Sabatisie at the edge of the wood. The buck took a complete circuit of the lake, ice flying from his sharp hoofs; he soon outstripped the dog, leaving him far, far behind. "Is not that perfect?" said Howard, as the game passed within twenty yards,—“It requires some resolution to withstand the temptation of a shot; but we must hasten to the outlet of the lake, for which the deer is making—if it is open, his long legs will carry him down it like a locomotive. We must make ourselves visible at that point, and head him off. But see! he is sinking fast!—Billy has been busy with his throat. Ah! he is down!—now, good dog! hark forward and you have him!—there, hold him, sir! hold him! By Jove the buck is up, and carrying off the dog as a cat would a mouse!—but the little villain has his favorite grip, the upper lip—and see, he has the buck down again! Now for a rush!”—and, throwing off his snow-shoes, Howard sprang on the ice—in a few bounds was on the back of the prostrate deer, and drawing his hunting knife, slaughtered him "*secundum artem*."

When I came up, he was caressing Billy, who had his lips glued to the throat of the buck, drinking his warm life-blood as it poured from the gaping wound. "The best stag-hound could not have

done this business more quickly," said Howard; "they are too heavy, and sink deep in the snow, quite as far as the deer; and the best of them cannot hold a buck as well as this little lad! Sabatisie, you must turn to and butcher this buck before he freezes—cut off the best parts, and leave the rest for the foxes. We have procured venison enough for our campaign. Come, Meadows, we have earned our dinner—I will cut a hole in this ice, and perhaps the lake may supply us with a trout—we may then have two courses, and dine in the wild woods of North America, as well as any Alderman in London!"—and drawing his axe, a few sharp blows brought the water gushing up like a fountain, until it found the level of the ice, when it instantly became placid. "Come, Sabatisie, out with the hooks, and bait them with a piece of the liver of the buck;—here, Meadows, now down with the line as quick as possible, if there are any trout near they will rush to the light,—I will go and make a fire, and prepare dinner." I had soon taken four large trout, and was entering eagerly into the sport when I was hailed by Tom, and gathering up my spoils, I joined him. The trout were cleaned and split open—a small stick put across the belly to stretch them open—they were then stuck on a stick and roasted before the fire, and a biscuit placed under each to catch the rich fat as it dropped from them. Dried reindeers' tongues, ham, and whiskey, were produced from the wallet, and all being ready we beckoned to Sabatisie, but he was too busy to think of eating. "That hardy fellow," said Howard, "will not eat more than one meal a day until the hunt is over, and not taste one drop of any liquor but water." We seated ourselves on a fallen tree, and never before did I so enjoy a repast—the trout were beyond praise. After satisfying the cravings of our appetites, we filled our pipes with the Indian mixture, and stretched ourselves at full length to enjoy a siesta.

I was just lulled into a dreamy forgetfulness, when I was aroused by the approach of the Indian, with a tabogan or sledge loaded with our meat. The tabogan is made in general of cedar, both on account of the lightness of the wood, and the ease and regularity with which it splits. An Indian selects a small tree, and a few well-directed blows from his sharp axe brings it to his feet: he then cuts off a log about six foot long, splits it, and from the centre takes a slab about a quarter of an inch thick and one foot broad; of this he forms two broad runners, keeping the up-turned ends in their place by thongs; the runners are attached together with small studirons, and these covered with beach bark. The meat is then wrapped in the hide, and placed on the tabogan. Thus an Indian can in half an hour form a sledge capable of carrying over the lightest snow 130 lbs. of meat. Sabatisie had, in what appeared to me an incredible short time, skinned and cut up the buck, made and loaded the tabogan, and having strapped on his pack containing our baggage, was ready with this extra weight to continue the march.

Before we reached the Caraboo ground, the sun was tinting the western horizon. The country was rugged and heavily timbered

—a lofty mountain towered over our heads, and in the valley before us was a rapid and turbulent stream. Tracks were every where visible. "As this is the first time you have seen a Caraboo trail," said Howard, "you must observe it is much like that of an ox, save that the cleft is much more open—and the pastern of the Caraboo being very long and flexible, comes down the whole length on the snow, and gives the animal additional support."

We soon came to the "old camp" which Sabatisie had spoken of. It was formed of upright poles, covered with birch bark and spruce boughs. It needed little repair, and a little snow thrown over the outside, made it quite air-tight. The front was quite open, and Sabatisie commenced building a large fire. I was set to work to clear out the inside, while Howard cut fuel for the night. Beds were now prepared by our faithful Indian, who cut a quantity of young cedar sprigs, and laying them carefully at the back of the camp, placed our blankets over them, forming a most soft and fragrant couch. By the time these arrangements were made, it was quite dark: we seated ourselves on the couches, with our feet to the fire, and partook of the contents of the wallet; then rolling myself in my blanket, I was almost instantly encircled by the arms of Morpheus.

I was early aroused from my slumber by Sabatisie preparing every thing for the day's hunt. It was not yet light, the morning star was still shining brightly, and though the air was intensely cold, there being no wind I did not feel in the least inconvenienced, and, having laved myself in a small stream which gurgled from a hot spring near the camp, I felt so fresh, and the air so bracing, that I found myself carolling at the top of my voice—"Some love to roam." Awful was the look the Indian cast on me. Howard rushed from the tent, and with an aspect of despair cried—"Silence! silence! unless you wish to drive off every Caraboo within five miles!—they have ears more sensitive than the hare, and brain more subtle than the fox." Sabatisie grunted some words in his own language to Howard, not, I expect, very complimentary to the singer.

After a hearty meal, every thing being ready, we *mounted* our snow-shoes and marched. The first golden rays were just struggling through the gray East and dispersing the thick mist which hung over our camp, as I strode forth on my first Caraboo hunt, my heart leaping in anxious anticipation, and my nerves strung by the healthy atmosphere. We proceeded in silence, and had ample time to observe the lonely grandeur of the surrounding forest; the death-like stillness enlivened only by the cheerful chirp of the active ground squirrel, or the loud booming of that most beautiful of woodpeckers, the Hid. We crossed Caraboo tracks at every step, but still the Indian proceeded, his quick eye glancing at every trail. After about an hour's walk, we found ourselves ascending a steep mountain. Here the Indian came to a halt: in a low tone he told us that we were now near the Caraboo ground, this being the warm side of the hill, and good feeding ground; cautioning us to be quiet, we again advanced, but had not gone far before we came to a trail

that the Indian said was only made last night. Sabatisie chose the outside track of the herd, to take the wind—which having followed about three miles, brought us to where the Caraboo had rested during the night. Tom placed his hand on the damp snow, and remarked that the Caraboo had not been up much before us, and could not be far off.

Rifles were now examined, and fresh caps put on—Billy secured by a cord to Howard's belt. The tracks from the resting-place of the Caraboo branched off in every direction; and the Indian leaving us, took a *cast* round, some distance, and having ascertained the direction the herd had taken, he returned, and we cautiously followed him. I now perceived that at the bottom of the tracks the snow was of a deep blue, and quite soft; we were therefore quite near the game. Sabatisie halted and took off his snow-shoes that he might proceed with less noise. Howard beckoned me to him, and in a low whisper said—"Do exactly as you see me do—follow close upon my track, and do not for your life make the slightest noise—we are close on them!"

Sabatisie and Howard now slung their snow-shoes on their backs: to prevent the crackling of the crust, the Indian with his finger broke the snow before him, and placing his foot in the hole he made, quietly advanced,—Howard putting his in the track the Indian had left, I mine in Howard's. By this means we proceeded without the slightest noise; and as our movements were simultaneous, we should to a person in front appear as one body. Our situations were certainly any thing but agreeable, up to the waist in snow. The trail became every moment more fresh, and the eagle eye of our sagacious guide pried far into the depths of the forest in front. Suddenly he cast himself at full length on the snow, and remained so long in that position that I innocently thrust my head out of the line to see what was the matter; but the Indian glared at me with anger and contempt, and Howard's sign recalled my senses. In front, the wood being quite open, Sabatisie had seen the Caraboo, and now made for a large pine to shelter his approach. His movements, as he dragged himself along on his belly in the snow, were snake-like; and we followed, endeavoring as far as possible to imitate his very *interesting contortions*. At last I caught sight of the game. They were a large herd of 18 or 20—some rubbing the bark from the branches—others performing their morning toilet, licking their dark brown glossy jackets, and combing them with their noble antlers. All appeared unconscious of the approach of their most deadly foes, save one noble bull, the leader of the herd. He seemed suspicious—with head erect, eyes darting in every direction, ears wagging to and fro, and nostril expanded, he snuffed the breeze. Upon this splendid creature the Indian kept his eye, never venturing to move save when the head of the Caraboo was turned away. Inch by inch we approached the tree. Oh! the agony of suspense I suffered in those few minutes!

At length we reached our shelter. No time was lost. Howard signed to me to single out a Caraboo, while he took the noble

leader, which was about 100 yards distant,—the Indian reserving his fire. We stationed ourselves each side of the tree, and our rifles exploded almost at the same moment. Springing up to see the effect of my shot, I was pulled down by the Indian;—what was my astonishment to see the bull Howard had fired at, stamping the snow, and gazing around, with fire and rage in his eye, in search of his hidden enemy. As I looked at his formidable antlers, his majestic height, and great strength—a thought of our helpless situation crossed my mind. The Indian now rested his gun quietly on the tree, and took a long steady aim—the cap alone exploded with a sharp crack! Quick as lightning the bull discovered our ambush, and with a loud snort made directly for us. Defence or retreat, against such a foe, in our situation, up to the waist in snow, was almost impossible. In another bound the antlers of the enraged beast would have been in my side, when our gallant little dog dashed forward and seized the bull by the muzzle. Sabatisie and Howard were busily employed putting on their snow-shoes; and I endeavored to do the same, but with little success. The dog had luckily checked the beast, but he was no match for the enormous strength and wonderful activity of his adversary. Tossing his head, the Caraboo beat the poor little fellow on the snow and against the tree, till I thought every bone was broken. Finding this of no avail, the bull reared, and with his fore-legs dealt such a shower of quick and powerful blows, that I expected to see the dog drop every minute. While the Caraboo was in this position, the Indian approached him behind and endeavored to ham-string him. But the eye of the bull was too quick: wheeling like lightning, he made a rush at Sabatisie, which must have been serious, but was avoided by his falling flat on his face, the Caraboo passing over him and wounding his back. Meanwhile Howard had loaded, but his rifle having become wet, he could not discharge it. The violent exertions of the Caraboo had by this time broke the hold of the dog, and the furious beast now turned to the prostrate Indian—but before he could reach his prey, the dog was again at his head, checking, but not stopping his mad career. Sabatisie on his knee received the shock, and at the moment grasping the bull by the antlers, brought him down; when Howard sprang forward and plunged his knife to the hilt in the breast of the Caraboo. With a last mighty effort, the noble creature dashed the Indian in the air, and the next moment his own strong limbs were quivering in death.

From the commencement of this burst, I confess I was a *little* agitated—so much so, that I had not coolness sufficient to tie on my snow-shoes, or load my rifle; but let not any blame me until they themselves have had the pleasure of being placed in the same delicate situation, up to the waist in snow, and one of those emperors of the deer tribe dancing round in mad fury, threatening instant annihilation. On examination, we found Howard's ball had taken effect just behind the shoulder, and would have caused death in a short time.

"Hillo! old boy, are you hurt?" said Tom Howard, seeing the

Indian still on his back. "Caraboo *sartain bery strong*," grunted the poor fellow. His back was much lacerated. "Brother cut some gum, and soon be well," said Sabatisie. Howard gathered some balsam formed by the sap running from the bark of the fir tree, and spreading it on a piece of his handkerchief, formed a strong adhesive plaster—staunching the blood, he placed it on the wound. "And now, Meadows, what has become of your game? Think you he is hit?" "Yes, by Jove, I'll bet my rifle to a pop-gun he is—for see, Billy has settled down on his track, and is in chase." "On with your snow-shoes, and away!—the track with the blood will be plain as a van waggon—if you come up with the Caraboo, do not fire unless you are sure to kill. I must stop and see if the Indian is much hurt, and swab out my rifle—but I will soon overtake you—away now!"

So urged, I started off, and found large drops of blood on the track the prime little dog had taken. As I proceeded, I saw the strides of the Caraboo were shorter, and he had been down several times. As I pressed on, in great hopes of overtaking the game before Howard came up, I observed the Caraboo had made for the valley, and after a sharp walk of an hour, I came to the stream, which was open. Here I lost the track, but saw the marks of the dog down the stream—these I followed, and soon heard the baying of the dog. As I proceeded, the river was every moment more rapid. After a sharp turn, the stream was compressed between two huge cliffs, and rushed down a water-gap, forming a cascade of nearly 100 feet. To the very verge of the fall the river was open; but over the fall itself there was a thin coating of transparent ice, which clung to the perpendicular cliffs on each side of the narrow gap, forming a gauze-like veil. The towering cliffs around were covered with a frosting of ice; and from the stunted pines which clung to the barren rock, hung myriads of fantastic icicles. At the foot of the fall, the blue water rushed out, dashing the white foam many feet in the air; and through the thick woods which overhung the cascade, the sun cast his rays upon the gorgeous prospect, making every object throw forth a thousand brilliant shades, and the glittering ice which encircled the fall was so transparent, that the blue water could be seen beneath dashing furiously down, as if enraged at restraint. Not ten feet from the verge of the fall, on a rock in the centre of the river, stood the wounded Caraboo. The water round him was fearfully rapid—one false step would carry him under the ice, and down the fall. On the bank stood the dog: my first care was to secure him, as he appeared ready every instant to make a spring that must have been fatal. The Caraboo had chosen a most admirable place of retreat; nothing living could approach him with safety. On each side the perpendicular cliffs towered many feet over his head—before him the roaring torrent, and behind, the ice-bound cataract. After feasting my eyes on this wild and romantic scene, I approached as near the fall as the rugged cliff would permit. The Caraboo saw me, and with glaring eye-balls he shook his branching antlers in impotent rage, presenting to my rifle his broad front, as in defiance.

I am not ashamed to say I was happy when I glanced at the rapid water and rugged cliff between me and my devoted prey; for I have no doubt had it been in his power he would have soon shortened the distance between us—and after what I had so lately witnessed, I had no very great desire (seeing I was not as yet a perfect harlequin on snow-shoes,) to play the same game over again with my friend on the rock. To put an end to his wishes and my fears, I presented. My ball took effect directly in his brain, and he quietly dropped into the stream, leaving me master of the *field*. The next moment I could see, through the transparent ice, his glossy hide gliding down the cascade.

“Well hit!”—cried Howard, who had come up in time to see the shot,—“we must hasten round and try to recover your game.” Taking a circuit to avoid the cliffs, we soon arrived at the pool at the foot of the fall, but did not discover our Caraboo. “Hark forward!”—said Howard,—“for see, the dog has more sense than we, or why stand we here staring at this rapid water; our quarry must be carried down, and Billy has gone off in search.” A sharp walk of some five minutes brought us to a rocky shallow, and there with joy I saw the dead Caraboo quietly rolling down the stream, Billy using all his strength to pull the heavy carcass to the bank. Howard, after a moment’s thought, dashed down the bank for some distance, and selecting a small tree near the water, soon felled it, so that it dropped directly across the stream. The game soon drifted against this impediment, and with little difficulty we dragged it out. “As it is late,” said Howard, “we must hoist this fellow up in a tree, out of the reach of the forest prowlers, and make for home—Sabatisie, who has gone on, will have supper ready.”

We bled and disemboweled the Caraboo; and while Billy feasted on the rich dark blood that stained the ice, we, not without difficulty, hoisted our game on the bough of a pine, and then made tracks for our camp. The stars had for some time gained ascendancy in the clear sky ere we reached our rendezvous, and I could discover the savory steam of the venison stew, long before our eyes could our welcome little camp.

PHENOMENA,

THE PROPERTY OF COL. RICHARD SINGLETON, OF SINGLETON HALL, S. C.

WITH INCIDENTAL NOTICES OF HIS STUD.

IN the course of a recent visit to South Carolina, it was the good fortune of the Editor of this Magazine to enjoy for a few days the elegant and refined hospitality of Singleton Hall—a noble mansion, as eminent for its beauty and the taste with which the extensive grounds surrounding it are laid out, as for the courtesy and considerate kindness which characterize the proprietor. Aside from the interest with which we regarded this princely estate, from its great extent, its high state of cultivation, the perfect order and good taste so apparent in its minutest details, and the associations connected with it as the time-honored seat of the distinguished family of its present owner, it had a peculiar charm in our eyes, as being the nearest approach, we had ever seen, to our idea of the residence of

“The fine Old English Gentleman
All of the olden time.”

And more ; we regarded it with increased pleasure and interest as the estate upon which have been bred more “High Mettled Racers” than almost any other in the Union.

It will be readily imagined that the details of the breeding and racing establishments are all complete—the training grounds, stables, paddocks, etc. The mansion-house itself is situated on the line of the Charleston and Camden Turnpike, which is skirted for many miles in front of the estate by a beautiful hawthorn hedge, the growth of fifty years. Fronting the house is a park of nearly fifty acres, in the highest state of cultivation, with fine forest trees laid out in lines radiating from it to the public road. Nothing can surpass the picturesque beauty and effect of the partial views obtained through the vistas of the trees, of the massive columns which support the entablature of this splendid mansion, as seen from a distance. The approach to it is up through a broad avenue, shaded on either side by “brave old oaks.” Within this park the training course is laid out—an exact mile in circuit—so that the horses may be seen taking their exercise, or making trials, from the windows of the drawing-room ; one straight side of the course, running parallel with the house, is so near that orders can be given the trainer or jockies from the piazza. The racing stables are situated immediately in the rear of the house, with the paddocks on either side. Everything is substantially built and in perfect order, and there is no want of room, or convenience of any kind, manifest in the details.



For a number of years, Col. Singleton had for his contemporaries on the Turf, the late Generals Hampton and McPherson, Col. Alston, Col. Richardson, and other distinguished gentlemen of Carolina; at that day he was one of the most prominent breeders and turfmen in the State, and subsequently he became emphatically the "Napoleon of the South," having on one occasion won every purse offered at the Charleston races. Within the last few years, however, his leisure has been so occupied with the cares and constant attention incident to the management of an immense estate, that his stud has been neglected. For the last few years it has been managed almost exclusively by *Cornelius*, a trusty old retainer, whose faithfulness, however, cannot supply the place of great practical knowledge and experience, combined with consummate skill. The racing stable contains several promising young things, while in the breeding stud are a number of brood mares and foals that it would be difficult to match in blood or appearance.

Among the brood mares, we were particularly struck with *Phenomena*, the subject of the illustration of the present number of our Magazine. She is remarkably blood-like, and withal handsome; though of great size, she has many fine points; her head, neck, limbs, and chest, are models of beauty in a brood mare. Troye painted a beautiful picture of her some time since, which, at Col. Singleton's request, we shall immediately ship to England, to Mr. Stevenson, our Minister at the Court of St. James, as a specimen of American Stock, in which, by-the-bye, Mr. S. takes that warm interest so characteristic of a high-bred Virginian. Intending to have it beautifully engraved, we placed it in the hands of Mr. Gimber, one of the most eminent artists in mezzotinto engraving in this city; he has succeeded in executing a fine picture, but like every artist, whether he be a painter or engraver, who has not a decided taste for horses, he has comparatively failed in imparting to his subject the spirit and striking effect of the original. The head, shoulder, and cannon bones appear somewhat coarse, while in the original they are singularly clean, fine, and blood-like.

Phenomena, a bay without white, was bred by her present owner, and foaled in 1825, on his "True Blue" estate, in Orangeburg District. She was got by Sir Archy out of the celebrated Lottery by Imp. Bedford, and she out of imported Anvilina by Anvil—g. g. dam Col. O'Kelly's favorite race mare Augusta by Eclipse. Lottery, the dam of the subject of this notice, ran twenty-one races, losing but a single one, and that her first, owing to the carelessness of her jockey; she was never "put up." She was bred by the late Col. Win. Alston in 1803, and died Col. Singleton's property in 1834, after producing Young Lottery, Kosciusko, Sylph, Indian Princess, Saxe-Weimar, Crusader, and *Phenomena*. Nothing can be richer than *Phenomena*'s pedigree; few mares living trace back so directly, through distinguished performers, to English Eclipse. She was a mare of very fine speed and game, but unfortunately gave way in her 3 yr. old form, in the second heat of a four mile race, at Charleston, in running with the celebrated Polly

Hopkins, now in England—the property of Robert L. Stevens, Esq., of this city. The following is a correct list of her

Produce.

- 1831. Missed to Crusader.
- 1832. B. f. by Crusader.
- 1833. Missed to Godolphin.
- 1834. Ch. c. *Lusborow*, by Imp. Luzborough.
- 1835. B. f. by Godolphin.
- 1836. Missed to Imp. Priam.
- 1837. Ch. c. by Imp. Nonplus.
- 1838. Ch. f. by Imp. Rowton.
- 1839. Missed to Imp. Emancipation.

Last season she was again stinted to Imp. Priam, and is in foal.

Col. Singleton has very judiciously distributed his stud on his different plantations, retaining little else about him than the horses in training. In addition to Phenomena, he has six *Brood Mares*, two of which are imported. The first is Medora, a brown, 7 yrs. old, by Chateau Margaux, out of Marianne (the dam of Medoro) by Cervantes. She had a fine turn of speed; and at Charleston, in 1836, she won the purse for two mile heats, beating Vertumnus, Sally Jenkins, and Hebe, in 4:00—3:50—3:51, winning the 2d and 3d heats. The tendon of one of her hind legs was subsequently cut by a horse running on her, and she was in consequence withdrawn from the Turf; she appears, however, to have entirely recovered from the injury. Last season she was sent to Imp. Priam, but missed. The other imported mare is a black, by Confederate out of Clinkerina by Humphrey Clinker. She is in foal to Imp. Hibiscus. The other four are Lamballe, Limber, a Half sister to Clara Fisher, and the Crusader mare out of Phenomena. Lamballe is a chesnut, 16 yrs. old, by Kosciusko, out of the celebrated Psyche, by Sir Peter Teazle. She is in foal to Imp. Hibiscus. Limber (formerly called Augusta) is 9 yrs. old; she is by Crusader out of Roxana, and is also in foal to Imp. Hibiscus; as is the chesnut mare, Half sister to Clara Fisher. The bay mare by Crusader, out of Phenomena, foaled in '32, is blind; she is in foal to Imp. Nonplus. This horse, by-the-bye, was imported by, and is still in the possession of Col. S., and stands at one of his plantations. He is a very large, powerful horse, and was a good performer at long distances with heavy weights. Some of his colts have run very well this season in Carolina.

Of the *Foals* we saw nine or ten. The 2 yr. old chesnut colt by Imp. Rowton out of Lamballe, is one of the finest in the State. Phenomena's chesnut filly, 2 yrs. old, by the same fine horse, is said to be the very image of old Lottery, its grandam, but is not equal to the colt in substance and power. The yearlings are a very fine lot. Four of them are by Imp. Nonplus out of Lamballe, the Half sister to Clara Fisher, Limber, and the imported Confederate mare; the last two are colts. Limber has also a good 2 yr. old bay filly, by Nonplus. A bay filly foal by Imp. Emancipation, out of the Confederate mare, is very racing-like—the first of his get we had seen. Since we left Carolina, this lot of young things has received an addition from England of two very promising

fillies, selected, during a recent visit, by Matthew R. Singleton, Esq., a spirited and accomplished young gentleman, who inherits a large portion of his father's taste for fine horses, and who, we trust, will one day succeed him on the Turf. One of them is a brown filly by Augustus, dam by Orville, out of Sprightly by Whisker; the other, a filly by Glaucus, out of Christabel by Woful, and she out of Harriet, the dam of the great Plenipo.

The *Racing Stable* contained five, to which might properly be added three or four more that were turned out, at the date of our visit, in consequence of some one of "the thousand ills to which horse-flesh is heir to." One of them was Chieftain, a very fine 4 yr. old, by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery. He is a bay, without white, $15\frac{1}{2}$ hands in height, and nicely put together. He unfortunately has splints on both fore legs, and will not show in public until next season. He is a colt of superb action and unusually fine speed; he ran a two mile trial, with his shoes on, in 3:52, over Col. S's. course, being the best time ever made on it. From a register of trials, it was ascertained that Clara Fisher and Crusader, in their prime, had each run the distance in 3:53, and Godolphin in 3:54. Another one on the sick list is an imported bay filly, 4 yrs. old, by Sultan, out of Rachel by Whalebone, who is lame; as is also an imported 3 yr. old ch. f. by Langar, out of a Whisker mare. This fine filly is marked very much like her sire and Imp. Felt, now on Long Island, having three white feet, a blaze face, and two black flesh-marks on her quarter. In a light training she showed uncommon speed. A 4 yr. old bay filly, by Godolphin, out of Phenomena, is also turned out, from training unkindly. A 3 yr. old b. f. by Argyle, out of the Half sister to Clara Fisher, has been disposed of, as was another fine filly of the Duke's get recently—Kate Seyton—belonging to Col. Hampton. Both were fast and blood-like, but quite too slight and delicate for the Turf. Following the example of Col. H., Col. Singleton has just made a present of his to his daughter, Mrs. Van Buren—the very best possible disposition that could be made of either we presume—the ladies will agree.

The available force of Col. S., it will be seen, is somewhat reduced. The string, however, is headed by a good one. We esteem it a compliment to our taste and discernment, that she was started at Pineville, on the 28th of Jan. last, for a Plate, two mile heats, with a name, and that *Helen*. She won in two heats, beating a field of *eight*, in 3:50 each heat. She is an imported brown filly by Priam, out of Malibran by Rubens; she was bred by Lord Chesterfield, as was the Langar filly before spoken of, and is 3 yrs. old. She is at least fifteen hands three inches under the standard, with plenty of bone and substance. She has a light and very pretty head and neck, good shoulders, great depth of chest, and a back and loin strong enough to pack her weight well. She greatly resembles the engravings of Miss Letty, the Priam filly that won the Oaks two years since, and if we are not greatly mistaken will place some heavy balances to the credit side of her stable account.

Another imported filly, 4 yrs. old, next challenges our attention]

She was bred by Mr. Tattersall, and was got by Chateau M., out of Cuirass by Oiseau. She is a bay, rather small, and when we saw her was suffering from a cough. In the hope of her speedy recovery, we move on to the adjoining box to take a peep at Luzborow, a strapping son of Phenomena's, by Imp. Luzborough. He is 5 yrs. old—a rich satin coated chesnut, with a star and a white ring around the coronet of his right hind foot. He has great size and strength, inclining to coarseness; it is not unlikely he may turn up a trump yet; he won the purse for three mile heats, at Pineville, very recently, beating three others in as many heats, in 6:01—5:53—6:04. This 2d heat (which he won) in 5:53, looks as if a stain of old Lottery's blood was beginning to show itself. Another chesnut in the stable is a 4 yr. old colt out of La Pucelle, by Bertrand Jr. He is an overgrown brute, and we should be pleased to hear that his owner had given him away.

We have notes to write out of several breeding and racing establishments we had the pleasure of visiting during our late trip to the South and West, but have been prevented hitherto by the imperious calls upon our leisure. In a short time we trust to have it in our power to do more justice to our friends and to ourselves.

TESTACEOUS LYRICS.

THE DISCONSOLATE CLAM TO HIS MISTRESS.

AH, dearest! when I sat entranced,
Through many a happy day,
And heard thee sing, as Cupid danced,
'Young love will ne'er decay,'
I little dreamed that wicked men,
For hateful lust of gold,
Would murder youthful clams, and then
Look on while they were sold!

To know that we are doomed to part,
That all our hopes are vain;
To feel the ashes near my heart,
The coals upon my brain;
To lie and think of severed joys,
And sigh a last farewell,
While roasting here for clam-orous boys,
'T will burst my very shell!

But hark! I hear the hopeful twain
To seat themselves prepare;
I scent, alas! with added pain,
The butter, sliced with care;
Soon, soon the knife will do its work—
Now pray be gentle, Sam!
There! there! I'm out—oh, what a jerk!
Farewell! thou widow'd clam!

Boston, February 1839.

[Knickerbocker for March.]

Notes of the Month.

MARCH.

SALES OF STOCK. Since our last number, reports of the following Sales have reached us, the most important of which is that by auction of the stock of the late Dr. JAMES LEVERITCH, of Augusta, Ga., on Jan. 27th :—

1. B. c. <i>Gano</i> , by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards, 4 yrs—T. J. Walton.....	\$10,010
2. Br. h. <i>Pennoyer</i> , by Henry, out of Ariel, 6 yrs—Thos. Niel.....	560
3. Ch. c. <i>Seminole</i> , by Eclipse, out of Celeste, 4 yrs—Col. Jno. Phinizy.....	175
4. Ch. m. <i>Ajarrah Harrison</i> , by Eclipse, d. by Gallatin, 6 y.—Gen. T. Glascock..	560
5. Ch. f. <i>Wenona</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs—S. W. Shelton.....	310
6. Ch. c. <i>Highland Henry</i> , by Henry, out of Highland Mary, 4 yrs—one half of him—Lewis Lovell.....	200
7. Ch. c. <i>Norman Leslie</i> , by Bertrand, out of John Guedron's dam, 4 yrs. (injured)—Gen. Glascock.....	55
8. Ch. f. by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, yearling—Jas. Lamkin.....	225
9. Ch. c. by Bertrand, dam by Janus, 2 yrs—Thos. B. Smith.....	75
10. B. m. <i>Eliza Hunter</i> , by Red Shark, out of Betsey Weaver, own sister to Mucklejohn Jr., 6 yrs., in foal by Pennoyer—J. W. Berrian.....	120
11. Gr. m. <i>Lady Bathgate</i> , by Kirkland, out of own sister to Medoc, 6 yrs., in foal to Pennoyer—Chas. McCoy.....	210
12. B. m. <i>Princess</i> , by Defiance, out of Empress, aged, in foal to John Bascombe—E. B. Glascock.....	127 50

Several others were sold, principally half bred, at lower rates.

Mr. JAMES BATHGATE, of West Farms, N. Y., the breeder of Medoc, Midas, etc., disposed of the following draft from his stud, on the 28th Jan., to THOMAS J. PAYNE, Esq., of St. Louis, Mo. :—

Highland Mary, ch. m. 14 yrs., own sister to Medoc; in foal to Imp. Trustee.
Maid of the Mill, gr. m. 20 yrs., own sister to Eclipse; in foal to Imp. Trustee.
Grey Maria, gr. f. 4 yr s., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Maid of the Mill.
Chesnut colt, 4 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Highland Mary.
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., by Imp. Trustee, out of Highland Mary.
Chesnut filly, 1 yr., by Imp. Trustee, out of Highland Mary.

Mr. Bathgate has also sold to JOHN S. BLAINE, Esq., of St. Louis, a 2 yr. old colt by Imp. Trustee, out of Waterloo's dam.

Gen. JOSEPH THOMAS, of Burke Co., Ga., has sold an interest of one half of his ch. c. by Andrew out of Eliza North by Eclipse, 2 yrs., to Col. A. H. KENAN, of Milledgeville. Ga., for \$1500.

DAWSON ATKINSON, Esq. of Augusta, Ga., has sold his yearling filly by Bertrand, Jr. out of the celebrated Betsey Richards, to Col. PAUL FITZSIMONS, for \$2000.

Maj. N. T. GREEN, of Mecklenburg County, Va., has sold his half of *Texanna*, own sister to *Duane*, to T. G. LOGWOOD, Esq., of Richmond, for \$1850. She is in Wm. McCARGO's stable, who owns the other half.

JOHN C. ROGERS, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C., has sold his interest (one half) in the 3 year old ch. f. *Fanny*, by Eclipse, out of Wagner's dam, to Col. W. HAMPTON, of Columbia, S. C. Col. H. paid Col. JOHNSON, of Va., \$3500 for the other half. Mr. Rogers has also sold Col. H. the Andrew filly out of Maria West, the 30th nomination in the Peyton Stakes of 30 subscribers, at \$5000 each; and also the produce of Maria West and Imp. Priam.

JOHN W. HUNT, Esq., of Lexington, Ky., has recently purchased two very fine trotting Stallions, selected in this vicinity expressly for him, by the Editor of this Magazine. One of them, *Abdallah*, was bred by JOHN TREADWELL, Esq., of Jamaica, L. I., and foaled in 1826. He was got by the celebrated Mambrino, (the son of Imp. Messenger,) out of Mr. T.'s equally celebrated mare Amazonia, who for ten years, or more, had no superior on the road. *Abdallah* is a beautiful bay, without white, fifteen hands three inches high. He was slightly trained at 4 yrs. old, and was considered the fastest horse on Long Island; no purses being offered at that time for trotting, Mr. T. put him into the breeding stud, where he has proved himself a sure foal-getter, and won the highest reputation. With the exception of *Andrew Jackson*, for whom \$5000

has been refused, Abdallah is the finest limbed and most bloodlike trotting stallion we ever saw. For one of his get—Lady Blanche—\$2000 has been refused. The other horse, *Commodore*, was bred by Col. BENJ. ALBERTSON, of North Hempstead, Queen's Co., L. I., and foaled in 1828. He was also got by Mambrino; his dam by True American, (a son of Volunteer, who was got by Imp. Messenger)—grand dam by Tom Bogus, imported by Gen. Burgoyne of the British army. *Commodore* is believed to have more strains of the blood of old Messenger in his veins, than any horse remaining on Long Island. He is a rich blood bay, with no other white than a pretty star, and over sixteen hands high, of immense substance and power. He is a horse of noble presence, and unusually fine action. His stock is held in high estimation by the breeders of Long Island, where everything in relation to himself and his get is well known.

OBITUARIES. We regret being obliged to record the death of Col. HAMP-
TON's *Charlotte Russe*, own sister to Trifle. She died of the lockjaw, on the
12th of January, in foal to Imp. Priam.

We have also to register the death on the 3d ult. of Mr. P. A. PRINDLE's
nomination in the great Peyton Stake, (number 16.) It was by Imp. Priam,
out of Aggy-down by Timoleon.

NAMES CLAIMED. That of *Despatch*, by JAMES B. KENDALL, Esq. of Bal-
timore, Md., for a colt foal, by Drone, out of Mary McHenry.

That of *Neoshio Dillard*, by Mr. THOMAS S. SMITH, of Columbia, Tenn., for
his 2 yr. old ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough out of Anvelina Smith, by Stockholder.

That of *Belle Brown*, by Mr. JAMES STOVER, of Dayton, Ohio, for his year-
ling ch. f. by Wm. R. Johnson, dam by Archy of Transport.

STALLIONS FOR 1840. The Annual List is omitted in this number of the
"Turf Register" for the simple reason that very few have announced their place
of standing. At this time last season, we had a list of over one hundred, while
at present, the location of not above half that number has been advertised. If
gentlemen will send us the requisite particulars in time for the April number of
the "Register," they will be published gratuitously. We require the horse's
name, color, sire, dam, terms, place of standing, and owner or agent's address.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MEMOIR OF IMPORTED JOHN BULL.

THIS finely formed and beautiful young horse was imported into
the United States by Capt. R. F. STOCKTON, of the U. S. Navy,
in the year 1834, when but one year old. He was purchased in
England for Capt. S. by Mr. Tattersall, on account of his *perfectly*
pure blood, and the racing qualities of his stock on both sire and
dam's side. At three years old, he was put in training by Capt. S.
and gave evidences of decided promise, until he received an injury
by falling, from which he never sufficiently recovered to be put in
training again. He was owned by Capt. S. until the spring of
1838, when he was purchased of him by J. S. SKINNER, Esq., of
Baltimore, late editor of the *Turf Register*, from whom he was
purchased recently by his present owner, THOMAS F. BOWIE, Esq.,
of Maryland.

The following letter addressed to his present owner by John R.
Thomson, Esq. the brother-in-law of Capt. Stockton, so fully ex-

plains the reasons for his never having been run, that its insertion may not be deemed improper.

PRINCETON, N. J., NOVEMBER, 26, 1838.

SIR—Captain Stockton being very much engaged in making his arrangements for going to sea in the United States Ship *Ohio*, has desired me in his behalf, to reply to your letter of October last.

John Bull was purchased by Mr. Tattersall, for him, in England, in spring of 1834, then one year old, and was imported in the same year into the United States. The pedigree as given in your advertisement, and to Mr J. S. Skinner, was derived from the certificate of Mr. Tattersall.

He was trained when three years old, and showed good speed in his training; but previous to the races, he fell lame and was not tried. In his exercise, he injured himself (I think from falling,) and was not taken up again that year. The following year he was slightly trained, and had a run of one mile, but not having sufficiently recovered from his lameness, or its effects, (he being a very heavy horse) he was not continued in training, and was again thrown out. He was a horse of remarkably good disposition, and good constitution, and certainly combines many of the best crosses of blood in England.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JNO. R. THOMSON.

THOMAS F. BOWIE, Esq.

Prince George's County, Maryland.

John Bull will be seven years old next spring, is a dark bay, sixteen hands high, with no white except a very little on the coronet of his left hind foot. In form he so nearly resembles the portraits we have seen of his great ancestor, Highflyer, that he might be supposed to have stood for the likeness of that unrivalled racer and stallion, to be seen at Tulip Hill, the seat of the late Joseph Galloway, on West River, Md. His blood runs through the most distinguished ancestry to be found in the English Stud Book, going as it may be clearly traced, not only up to the White Turk, the ne plus ultra of pedigrees, but to the Taffolet Barb and the Natural Barb mare. Indeed, the writer of this has heard it said by several very intelligent Turfmen, in no way interested in or connected either with John Bull or his owner, that they considered him the highest bred horse that had been brought to this country for many years, and it cannot, it is believed, be safely denied, that, with the exception of Chateau Margaux, his sire, he is more closely allied in a direct line, to the immortal Highflyer, than any horse now living. The certificate of his pedigree as furnished to Captain Stockton by Mr. Tattersall, is now in the possession of J. S. Skinner, Esq. of Baltimore, late editor of the American Turf Register, who has taken some trouble by referring to the English Stud Book, to extend it as far back as the records of the pedigrees of English Race Horses furnish any account. The following is the pedigree of John Bull as extended by Mr. Skinner:

"He was foaled in the spring of 1833, and was got by Chateau Margaux, his dam by Woful, the sire of Rowton's dam, his grandam was a sister to Brandon, by Benningbrough, his g. g. dam was the famous Miss Tomboy, by Highflyer; his g. g. g. dam was by Shakspeare, his g. g. g. g. dam was the celebrated Barbara by Snap; his g. g. g. g. g. dam was the famous running mare Miss Vernon, by Cade; and his g. g. g. g. g. g. dam, was sister to the celebrated Widdrington Mare, by Partner. The dam of Chateau Margaux, (John Bull's sire,) was the famous Wasp, and she was by Gohanna, the best four mile horse of his day, and equally celebrated as a stallion. The dam of Wasp was by the invincible Highflyer, the great 1 AM of horses, that never was beat and

never paid forfeit. So that it will be seen that John Bull has a double cross of that horse of all horses, the famous Highflyer, of whom it is enough to say, he was Highflyer! being very closely allied to him in a direct descent, both on the side of his sire and dam. It would be sufficient to stop here, but going back to Woful, sire of John Bull's dam, we find that his dam was the famous Penelope by Trumpator, she out of the no less famous Prunella, and she again by old Snap. Prunella, says Darville, (author of a recent treatise on the care, treatment and training of the English race horse,) "was the dam of eleven first rate horses, and she is said to have realized to the Grafton family, little short of £100,000. In fact all breeders of race horses try for a stain of the justly celebrated Prunella."

Those who desire to have recourse to imported blood, combining the very best in England, to cross on their native mares, have an opportunity in John Bull, at a comparatively moderate price, to avail themselves of the use of a Stallion, who, though he has himself never been started in a race, possesses all the fine points of a race horse, with ample size, and a pedigree equal in the performances and renown of his ancestors, to any horse in the world. If it be true, as it unquestionably is, that "blood will tell" both in beast and man, then must the get of John Bull prove to be winners; for it is confidently believed that no horse has been imported into this country within the last twenty years, not excepting even Priam or Leviathan, who can boast of purer blood or a more illustrious descent.

In the spring of 1838, John Bull made his first season at Upper Marlbro', Prince George's Co. Md., and his second season the spring of 1839, at the same place, during which time he covered about, sixty mares, and among others the dams of Atalanta, Argylet Wonder, Charles Magic, and Isaac of York, as also Mr. Hamilton's Queen of Clubs, by Eclipse, and Mr. W. D. Bowie's gr. m. Agility, out of Omega's dam. The dams however, of Atalanta, Argyle and Charles Magic, did not prove in foal, although in other instances he proved himself to be a remarkably sure foal getter—at least fifty out of the sixty mares which have yet been covered by him, having either dropt foals or proved in foal to him. His oldest colts will be one year old next spring, and they are considered by all who have seen them, as well formed and handsome, exhibiting in a great degree, every evidence of strength, activity and speed. As the principal design of his owner in purchasing him, was to supply those gentlemen in the lower parts of Maryland, who have been in the habit of sending their mares long distances to Stallions, and at great cost, with a horse from which they might safely breed, he will be permanently located at his present stand, at Upper Marlbro', Prince George's County, Maryland, where he will be the next season, and will be limited to fifty mares at the moderate price of \$40 the season, and \$60 to insure.

A M E R I C A N

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

A P R I L, 1 8 4 0.

Embellishments:

PORTRAITS OF DELPHINE AND HERALD: *on Steel* BY DICK, AFTER DE LATRE.

Contents:

Contents:		Page	
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.....		154	
MEMOIR OF DELPHINE, WITH NOTICES OF COL. HAMPTON'S STUD: BY THE EDITOR.		155	
CORRESPONDENCE: BY A. M. H.....		160	
PHENOMENA: BY "SENEX".....		160	
HOW TO BUY A HORSE. No. VIII. BY AN AMATEUR.....		161	
OPINIONS AND EXPLOITS OF TOM TRIGOR—No. II.: BY "BEN BULLIT"		167	
A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS ON LONG ISLAND: BY "J. CYPRESS, JR." ..		174	
THE MODERN ARAB RACER.....		178	
MEMOIR OF ARTHUR PAVIS, THE JOCKEY.....		180	
THE LAST GROUSE SEASON IN SCOTLAND: BY "FIRELOCK"		182	
PARISIAN SPORTING GOSSIP: BY "VAGABOND," OWN BROTHER TO VAGRANT"....		185	
SHOOTING AND FISHING IN CANADA: BY "CAPSULE".....		188	
THE DYING RACER: BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.		192	
BOSTON TO WAGNER. "THE LAST CALL!".....		193	
TURF REGISTER.....		194	
BLOOD STOCK OF JAS. B. KENDALL, ESQ. 194 BLOOD STOCK OF MAJ. JAS. COOK.....		195	
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1840.....		190	
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1840. RACES AT			
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA.....	3	NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI	5
AUGUSTA, GA., HAMPTON COURSE.....	"	PINEVILLE, S. C.	"
RAYMOND, MISSISSIPPI	4	CHARLESTON, S. C.	6
ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA	"	AUGUSTA, GA., LAFAYETTE COURSE	7
AUGUSTA, GA., LAFAYETTE COURSE	"	MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.....	"
ENGLISH RACING CALENDAR, 1839. RACES AT			
EDINBURGH—MUSSELBURGH COURSE.....	54	WORCESTER	57
WINCHESTER.....	"	BRIGHTON.....	58
LANCASTER	"	NEWCASTLE	59
GOODWOOD	55	WOLVERHAMPTON	"

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

VOL. XI,

13

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE proposition of A. J. D. is accepted with pleasure. Instead of detailing errors in pedigrees already published, however, we would suggest that he commence *de novo*. We fear it will be necessary for him to have his manuscript transcribed in a plain hand, for though his chirography looks as plain as it is pretty, it is quite another thing to decypher it. *Guessing* at the proper names has already led to the perpetration of numberless errors in the recorded pedigrees of American horses. His articles reached us on the 28th ult., too late for this number.

"Frank Forester" has, ere this, probably, received two letters from this office.

The second original paper of "Meadows," on "Moose Hunting," will appear in the May number, as also the "Mermaid Story" of "J. Cypress, Jr.," being a continuation of his "Week at the Fire Islands on Long Island."

A list of J. L.'s Stock will appear immediately. The stock of E. B., and G. P. K. are in type.

"Captain" in our next. We are gratified at the evidences of his continued health amid the morasses of Florida.

To Col. E. H., of M. Your request shall be complied with.

The "confidential" letter of G. W. L., of L., is the cleverest thing we have seen for a long time. We had written something to accompany it, having disguised the matter somewhat, and omitted the names; but it extended to a length that prevented its insertion this month. In our next we will do ample justice to the "fine old gentleman," whose age certainly would never have been suspected from his communications. We will go on our knees, if necessary, to "The Girls up Town," though, if they should ever see the gallant cavalier we alluded to as "a gentleman of sixty," they would never believe we referred to him!

There appears to be some misunderstanding among country bookbinders about binding the last volume of the "Register." It is a very simple matter. The body of the magazine extends from page 1 to 634, index included; then comes the American Racing Calendar, from page 1 to 76, index included. The English Racing Calendar follows, paged by itself, so that it may be bound with the Register or by itself, and the same of the American Calendar. The Calendar being all together, and having a separate Index, the performances of a horse, a race or a pedigree, can be much more readily found than by the old plan of publication, as will be manifest to every reader when his volume is correctly bound.

Pedigree of Mary Powell.—A well known breeder and turfman has addressed us the following letter relative to the list of Mr. ROBERT S. WOODING'S stock, published in our February number:—

DEAR P.—In your "Turf Register" for February I see the pedigree of Mr. Robert S. Wooding's stock, which I assure you is one tissue of errors. Now there is no one who would be more unwilling than Mr. Wooding to publish a false pedigree, and I would have written him on the subject, but I have not his address at this time, and I hold the correction should appear in the Register, which all must wish should be correct.

The pedigree of *Mary Powell* should be—by Sir Archy, dam by Rattler (Peeble's), grandam by Planter, g. g. dam by Sweeper.

Peeble's Rattler was by Rattler, by Shark, from Lady Legs by Centinel.

Planter was a thorough-bred horse, by Pantaloon, raised by Mr. Harrison of Virginia.

At the sale of Mr. Wm. Amis' stock a filly of the above pedigree was sold, and is, I presume, the one now called *Mary Powell*.

Mr. Amis at no time of his life ever owned a nag descended from any one of Mr. Jones mares; neither had Mr. Jones a Pantaloon filly; nor could Wildair trace to Miss Selden, as Miss Selden was one year old only at the time Mr. Jones died,—his horse Wildair was then six years old.

I knew the horses both of Mr. Amis and also of Mr. Wyllie Jones; you may rely I am right—Miss Selden was my property.

D.



THE PROPERTY OF COL. W. H. HAMPTON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

DELPHINE AND HERALD;

THE PROPERTY OF COL. WADE HAMPTON, OF MILLWOOD, NEAR COLUMBIA, S. C.

WITH INCIDENTAL NOTICES OF HIS STUD.

THE present number of this Magazine is appropriately embellished with a portrait of the celebrated imported brood mare *Delphine*, with *Herald* at her foot. As the dam of Monarch, and The Queen,—the two finest performers that have been imported into this country for many years,—she has excited a degree of attention here in keeping with the brilliant reputation she acquired in England. If symmetry of form and blood-like appearance may be relied upon as certain indications of future promise, it may safely be anticipated that Herald will crown her with fresh laurels. Probably no brood mare and foal in the Union, are regarded with more sanguine expectations; and we are confident none could be disposed of at an equal sum. When Herald was but a few months old, the enormous sum of \$6000 was refused for him, as was also the same price for Delphine. Mr. Dick's engraving is from a picture in oil by De Lattre, the French Animal Painter, who has not been so fortunate in obtaining striking likenesses in this instance, as usual. Compared with Bay Maria, Delphine appears plain as would almost any other brood mare that we ever saw, but she shows more blood and finish than De Lattre's "counterfeit presentment" indicates. The portraits were executed when Herald was but a very few months old, and he has improved so surprisingly since, that we never should have recognized him.

Delphine was bred by the Hon. Mr. PETRE, and foaled in 1825. She was got by the celebrated Whisker, out of My Lady by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam by Delpini—Tipple Cyder by King Fergus, etc. etc. My Lady, the dam of Delphine, has been imported into Virginia, by Col. ROBT. B. CORBIN, and her son, *Passenger*, foaled a few days subsequent to her arrival, is well known throughout the Atlantic States as one of the best 3 yr. olds, if not the very best, that came out last year. Delphine was a distinguished performer herself. She came out in her 2 yr. old form, as Mr. Petre's, in 1827, and won £105 at Manchester. The following year she won £210 at Doncaster, and the Cups at Richmond and Northallerton. In 1829, she won the Gold Cup at Pontefract, and the King's Plate at Richmond.

In 1830 being withdrawn from the Turf, she passed successively through the hands of Mr. Gully, Mr. Goring, and Lord Lichfield, from whom she was purchased by his late Majesty William IV., in 1833, and retained in the Royal Stud at Hampton Court until it was broken up after his death, in 1837. In this year, on the 25th Oct., at the sale of the stud, she was bought in by Mr. Tattersall; she was at the time in foal to Plenipo', but subsequently, with several other brood mares of Mr. T.'s, lost it in consequence of fright caused by a pack of fox hounds running through their pad-

docks. She was subsequently sold to Col. Hampton, her present owner, for 500 guineas, and was imported into Charleston, S. C., in Nov. 1838, with several others in his stud, of whom we shall have occasion presently to speak. The following is a list of her

Produce.

1831. Ch. c. <i>Stapleton</i> , by <i>Velocipede</i>	Mr. Gully.
1832. Ch. c. <i>Leander</i> , by <i>Langar</i>	Mr. Gorizg.
1833. Br. e., by <i>Velocipede</i>	Lord Liehfield.
1834. B. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by <i>Priam</i>	} His Majesty.
1835. Ch. f. <i>The Queen</i> , by <i>Priam</i>	
1836. Slipped foal to Sultan.....	
1837. Missed to <i>Emilius</i>	
1838. Slipped foal to <i>Plenipo</i> '.....	Mr. Tattersall.
1839. Ch. e. <i>Herald</i> , by <i>Plenipo</i> '.....	Col. Hampton.
Stinted to Imp. <i>Hybiscus</i>	

Stapleton, *Delphine*'s first colt, was sent to the continent at an early age. *Leander* was a winner at Epsom and at Reigate, in his 3 yr. old form. Of the *Velocipede* colt we cannot speak with certainty, an "*individual*" having loaned two or three volumes of our English Racing Calendar "for an hour or two," as many weeks since. *Monarch* was purchased for Col. Hampton, at the annual sale of His Majesty's Yearlings in 1835, and imported in the Fall of the following year, with *The Queen*, *Lily*, *Ella*, and others. He came out in 1837, and has won all his races without losing a heat. He unfortunately met with an accident last Fall, which caused him to be withdrawn from the Turf; during his limited but brilliant career, he never encountered any thing, either in public or private, that could afford him a trial. Four mile heats was his play, but his turn of speed was remarkable; after winning the Jockey Club Purse at Charleston last year, he walked over, three days afterwards, for the "*Tattersall Whip*," also four miles. It being the last race of the season, Gil. Patrick was ordered, after galloping him three miles, to let him out the 4th mile, which he ran in 1:48, carrying 9lbs. extra! The immense sum of \$20,000 was refused for him after this race. He makes his first season this year near Columbia, at \$100, and some of the finest brood mares in the country have been sent to him, including the dams of *Wagner* and *Portsmouth*. *The Queen* was also purchased at His Majesty's annual sale, and up to the present time has won all her races but one, in which she was beaten four mile heats by *Boston*, after running the *second* heat in the best time ever made on the Newmarket Course. Subsequent to the race, she was sold to the owner of *Boston* for \$8000, the highest price ever paid in America for a filly.

Delphine is a very dark bay, with no other white than a star. She is of moderate size, not measuring over fifteen and a half hands, if quite so much. Her head is very short, while the width and expanse of her forehead is unusually great, which gives it a singular appearance. Her limbs are delicate, and her form blood-like to a degree. Her produce are large, and are distinguished for the possession of great bone and substance, and superior muscular development. As we shall have occasion to speak further of

Monarch presently, we will remark *en passant* of The Queen, that she is a chesnut, with a star, and white hind feet. We have not seen her since the latter part of her 2 yr. old year, but recollect her well. Mr. Lucas of the Repository, at Liverpool, pronounced her the most racing-like and symmetrically formed filly that had been sent to this country. The admiration her appearance has always excited, has been amply justified by her performances. Mr. McCargo, the distinguished Virginia Turfman, assured us but a few months since, that she had more speed than anything he ever trained, and his confidence in her game was most undoubted. She passed out of Col. Hampton's hands under circumstances so perfectly characteristic of his generosity and good feeling, that it might be deemed indelicate in us to detail them here. No one was better acquainted with, or more fully appreciated, her surprising capabilities, than himself.

Herald was foaled on the 9th of March, 1839, previous to which Delphine's produce (she having been imported in foal to Plenipo,) had been nominated in the "Peyton Stake" of thirty subscribers at \$5000 each, four mile heats, to come off over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, in the Fall of 1843. He is a chesnut, with a star and snip, and has the flesh marks of his sire, *i. e.* a black spot on his arm nearly a foot long by three inches wide; the spots on the point of his right hip and flank, are precisely those of "the Great Plenipotentiary." He is the most sumptuous colt we ever saw; his action is superb—as fine as The Queen's. He has plenty of size and substance, with remarkably good bone. The Queen's legs, below the knee, were always considered too delicate; both her dam and sire (Priam,) have slight limbs; but Plenipo's arm and leg is strong and muscular enough for the model of a draught horse. Herald's limbs are flat, clean, and well shaped, with broad knees and capital hocks; the leaders are well detached, and he stands clear and even on good feet. Perhaps his finest points are his back and loin, though his shoulder, thigh, and stifle, are quite up to the mark. His head and beautifully arched neck, are as light and graceful as a fawn's, and would excite the admiration of the wild "Children of the Desert."

Notwithstanding Col. HAMPTON's comparatively brief career on the Turf, few gentlemen have ever succeeded in collecting a finer stud. Gifted in an eminent degree with a natural taste for and knowledge of horses, his attention was no sooner directed to the Turf, than his spirit, his sterling sense and consummate skill, immediately placed him at its head in his native State.* On reference

* For a great number of years, the late Gen. Wade Hampton was one of the most distinguished breeders and turfmen in America, and at a time when the Turf was at the zenith of its popularity from New York to New Orleans. Among its most brilliant ornaments in those days of auld lang syne, contemporaries of his, were the late Col. Tayloe, Gen. Wynne, Gen. Coles, Gen. Davie, Gen. McPherson, Marmaduke Johnson, Col. Hoopes, Col. Selden, Mr. De Lancy, Gov. Ogle, Gen. Spottiswoode, Gen. Jackson, Col. Taylor, Mr. Harrison, Gen. Ridgeley, Mr. Bond, Mr. Singleton, the two Baylors, Dr. Thornton, Gen. Jones, Mr. Van Rantz, Gen. Wm. Washington, the brothers Richardson, the Duvals, Col. Symmes, and a host of others, all good men and true.

United to a princely fortune, Col. H. inherited the surpassing shrewdness and sound judgment in horses, which characterized his father; and to this circumstance, in a great measure, is to be attributed his success. His stable has never been large, his string of horses in training rarely exceeding four or five, the very general impression to the contrary

to the pages of the Racing Calendar, it will be found that, for the number in which his horses have started, few Turfinen in the Union have won so many races. The Editor of this work had the unalloyed gratification of passing several days at Millwood, during the course of a recent visit to the South, in the enjoyment of all that refined and elegant hospitality peculiar to Carolina, but which so pre-eminently distinguishes the princely owner of this splendid estate. The races at Columbia came off during the first week of our visit, and it may be readily imagined the training stable preferred very strong claims upon our attention, aside from the pleasure afforded every one by the examination of the High Mettled Racer in condition to run for a man's life.

Santa Anna, at this period, was at the head of the string: he is a chesnut, with white hind feet, of good size and immense strength; in form, as well as color, he greatly resembles Boston. He is a son of Bertrand Junior, out of a Kosciusko mare, and 4 years old. After Monarch gave way early in the Fall, Col. H. purchased an interest in him of one half, of Col. J. B. RICHARDSON, at \$1000. In his 3 yr. old form he ran eight public races, and thirteen trials. He won the Jockey Club Purse at Columbia, four mile heats, on the 26th Nov.; and subsequently both the J. C. purses at Augusta. He was not started at Charleston, having gone amiss the day before the four mile race. Another crack that had been purchased to make good the loss of Monarch, was Fanny, for an interest of one half in whom Col. H. paid Col. Johnson \$3500, and he has since purchased Mr. Rogers' interest in her. She reached Columbia during the races, in the charge of Willis; but unfortunately was seized with the distemper just before her arrival, which prevented her being trained. She is by Eclipse, out of Maria West the dam of Wagner, and is undoubtedly the best 3 yr. old of the native bred stock that came out last season. Col. Johnson declined an offer of \$4000 for his interest in her, while at the North. She is a chesnut, but her flank, barrel, and quarter, more than Wagner's, incline to roan. She has a star, and her near fore foot is white. No Eclipse filly we have seen has so fine a head; but her chest, thighs, and hocks, designate her sire at the first glance. For a long time we had a sketch in oil of Trifle, by Troye, hanging in our office, that almost every one recognized; it is equally a likeness of Fanny.

Emily, an imported mare, 5 yrs. old, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, also bred by His Majesty, made her last race at Columbia during our visit. She met with an accident shortly after, and has been withdrawn from the Turf. She had been out eight times, and won six races, three of them at three mile heats. She will make a splendid brood mare. Kate Seyton, the beautiful

notwithstanding. He first started horses in his own name in 1835, but it was not until the following year that he had his string complete; since which they have won for him thirteen races at four mile heats, twelve at three mile heats, and as many more at two mile heats; we have not counted his winning races at mile heats, as he deems them of "no account." Among the best horses that he has ran, may be named Lath, Gadsden, Bay Maria, Charlotte Russe, Monarch, Emily, Kitty Heth, and Santa Anna. Several others, as Argyle, The Queen, etc., have been trained in his stable, but their winnings are not comprised in the enumeration above.

Argyle filly out of Pocahontas, who won all her engagements at the North, was lamed after her return home, and never started but once. Having now recovered, Col. H. has presented her to one of the loveliest of Carolina's sunny daughters, a being as bright and beautiful as the Scottish namesake of her spirited and graceful palfrey.

Among the young things taken up last Fall and lightly trained, were Sovereign, Penelope, and Milliner. The first is a bay, coming 4 yrs. old, and quite sixteen hands high. He is by Emilius out of the celebrated Fleur de Lis, who was purchased for the French Government, at an immense price, at the sale of the Royal Stud. Fleur de Lis, like Elizabeth (the dam of Emily,) and Maria, were great favorites of his late Majesty, and of George IV.; the last two were daughters of the famous Belvoirina, bred by the latter. Fleur de Lis was considered the most blood-like mare in England, and was purchased for the Royal Stud, after she was taken from the Turf, at 1500 guineas. Sovereign was purchased for Col. H. in 1837, at the annual sale of yearlings, for 400 guineas. He is described by several writers in the English sporting magazines: "Craven," especially, was struck with his appearance, and speaks of him as "the sumptuous looking colt." He has as much bone and substance as Capt. Stockton's imported Langford, also bred at Hampton Court, and promises, when his form shall have become more closely knit and matured, to make a flyer. He has a capital set of limbs under him, with hocks that are good for weak eyes. Penelope is an imported chesnut filly, with a blaze face, by Plenipo', out of Brazil by Ivanhoe; she is coming 3 yrs. old. She is put up in the highest racing form, and will measure fifteen hands three inches under the standard. A print of the Queen of Trumps colored chesnut instead of a very dark brown, would make as correct a likeness of her as Troye could paint. She runs with a steady and immensely powerful stroke, covering twenty-two feet in her stride. Milliner, also imported, is of the same age; she is by Merchant, out of Surprise by Scud, and would be taken for a daughter of Bertrand. She is a bay, with two white feet, about fifteen hands high, and very promising.

We have written out our notes of a visit to The Woodlands, and Gadsden, two adjoining estates of Col. Hampton's, in which the reader is introduced to the Brood Mares, Foals, etc. But the article extends to a greater length than we anticipated, and we are compelled to postpone it until next month, for the following very clear reason:—Sixteen pages of the "Register" are printed at a time on one sheet of paper, and in order to refer to the contents of all the other pages, and bring down the Notes of the Month to the latest possible date, we are obliged to print the first eight and last eight pages of the magazine together. Cutting down our article to the requisite length, is a different matter from whittling a stick; so that we break off at once, and fill up the space with something else, promising to resume the subject in our next.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VIRGINIA, 6th Feb., 1840.

MR. EDITOR: In the course of the past Autumn, I enjoyed the pleasure of meeting with a Mr. SOMERVILLE, from the Patuxent, in Maryland, who hearing me express a desire to possess some of the fine-looking hounds belonging to the "Hunt of the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs" in Virginia (where we then were), very kindly offered to send me some of a superior breed of Irish hounds. Being a zealous sportsman, and wishing to renew a pack that I had from circumstances allowed to go down, I gladly accepted his offer. In a few weeks, I heard through my agent in Richmond, that a couple of hound-puppies had been sent me from Baltimore, with no clue to the name of the donor. After a short time I received them,—and beauties they are, indeed—the admiration of all who have seen them.

Taking it for granted they are Mr. Somerville's present, I beg leave (being under the impression that he takes the "American Turf Register,") to make my most thankful acknowledgements to him through your journal,—not recollecting the name of his seat, and post-office which bears the same name,—otherwise it would afford me gratification to make them directly to him. The dogs (one a *slut*,) are tans of the most vivid black and yellow—of fine size, form, and action; and I look forward to the next season as affording fine sport with them. I shall then, too, have an opportunity of comparing their performance with that of some fine-looking young dogs of the Fauquier breed, which I brought with me from the Springs in September. But judging from their appearance and industry *now*, I have no idea that any dogs in these parts will be able to run with the *Somervilles*.

Mr. S. must not think me unreasonable in asking that he will send me *at least* a couple of *dogs* of the same stock, and to the same address; and if he will favor me with *his* address, I will name one of them, as he desired, after his place,—another, if he acquits himself in his appropriate sphere with half the agility I have seen exhibited by the liberal donor "on light fantastic toe," will well deserve the name of Somerville.

A. M. H.

N.B. Address "A. M. H.," Palmyra, Fluvanna Co., Va.

Phenomena.—The last "Turf Register" presents a beautiful and, I have no doubt, accurate portrait of Phenomena, descended from that "breed of noble bloods" that produced Lottery, Clara Fisher, and other "good ones." It should not have been omitted that her illustrious maternal ancestor, imported Augusta, by the unrivalled Eclipse, was presented, in England, by *his* owner, Mr. O'Kelly, to the late Col. John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, in Virginia; who *there* bred her produce, in the same paddocks where had gambolled Bellair, Gallatin, Sir Archy, Lady Lightfoot, and others of his renowned stock. "Blood will tell," and where it is, will usually be found "the Race-Horse region."

SENEX.

MR. EDITOR: Methinks there has been some mistake of the time at the last Washington City races. I saw the races won by Gov. Sprigg's fine Autocrat filly and Tom Walker, and do not think they were as fast as stated in the "Turf Register;" but of that I am not positive. Reliance was third in each heat of the latter race. He was wholly out of condition. The others, not placed, were distanced. I can furnish no farther particulars; but they may be obtained by Mr. Holmead, the Proprietor of the Course, by consulting the files of the "Daily N. Intelligencer," on the days succeeding the races.

OBSERVER.

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.*

BY AN AMATEUR.

ON FEEDING.

I SHALL now proceed to consider perhaps the most important part of the treatment of horses—their food, and the mode of giving it. In writing upon this portion of my subject, I beg it to be understood that it is my intention only to treat of the best method of getting a horse into condition for hard work, and not to notice the various modes of feeding to which many people resort who have but little employment for their horses—turning them out to grass, for instance, on idle days, and only giving them a few oats preparatory to using them. A horse may assuredly be *kept* in this way, but good condition can never be acquired by such a mode of treatment.

The principal food of horses in the stable is hay and oats, and consequently it behoves every master of horses to be a good judge of their quality. The hay given to your horses should be old upland meadow hay, bright, greenish, fragrant, and not too dry and crisp: it ought indeed to be in a trifling degree tough, and not to crackle when twisted in the hand, thereby denoting that it has preserved its juices and nutritious qualities. Many people are in the habit of never giving any other than meadow hay to their horses, but I am by no means an advocate for this system, neither do I think it at all necessary. Provided the *quantity* of hay you allow your horses in the day be not too great, they will be gratified by a slight change in their diet now and then; and you may therefore with great propriety let them have an occasional handful of sainfoin hay, or of white clover and bents (rye-grass), although most people will assert that by so doing you will inevitably ruin your horse's wind. Those who say so, however, have never made the experiment themselves, or have made it improperly, by allowing their groom to stuff a horse with hay until he is completely surfeited, or by giving it in too new a state, when, like every other species of vegetable matter, it will produce acidity and flatulence. I have known post-horses that never had any other hay than white clover and bents, which is very strong and hearty food, and whose wind was by no means affected by such diet. We all know that these horses are not spared when at work, and therefore they form a good criterion to judge of the effects of such food. The allowance of hay for every horse is, in nineteen stables out of twenty, two trusses per week; but you may take my word for it that one-half this quantity is amply sufficient. I consider eight pounds of hay per diem, to be quite as much as any horse should be allowed to eat; and those who give them more, go the right way to work to breed listlessness, dulness, and disease. I will tell you how this cramming with hay proves injurious to a horse. Of all animals, the horse, in comparison to

* Resumed from page 33.

his size, has the smallest stomach; and consequently his food, when hard work is required of him, should contain as much nutriment as possible in the smallest compass: for remember that the origin of impaired digestion, and consequently the cause of most diseases, is distention of the stomach and bowels, by which they become debilitated, and their secretions vitiated; the natural and inevitable result of which is general weakness of the whole system. How, then, can any horse possess vigor and sprightliness who is allowed to swallow as much hay at a time as he will eat, when a large quantity of this species of food does not contain sufficient nutriment of itself to keep a horse in condition who is not even worked at all? The food of horses, whatever it may consist of, should at all times be small in quantity, and of the very best quality; for as we require great exertions from them, so must we take the best means to provide them with the most nutritious sustenance without over-taxing their powers of digestion.

Hay that is at all mow-burnt, is very liable to produce gripes or flatulent cholic; as likewise is that which has been recently made, and has not, as it is called, completely *sweated* in the stack. Indeed horses that are expected to perform hard work should never be allowed to eat hay less than eight months old. Many people like it better when two years old; for my own part I would as soon give so much straw; but *suo cuique voluptas*.

Your oats should be at least a twelvemonth old, bright, clear, full, without smell of any kind, and weighing at least forty pounds per bushel. Many people prefer black oats to white; for my own part, provided the weight of both be equal, and they be equally well kept, I do not think it matters much which of the two you use—horses will work as well when kept on the one as on the other. Nevertheless it is certainly a difficult matter to obtain black oats of as fine a quality as the white potato oat, inasmuch as they will generally be found to contain more *heads and tails* than the latter; and therefore those who are not simply satisfied with good oats, but will procure the very best, will be more likely to find the great desiderata of weight and plumpness in some species of the white than in the black oat. A horse of good constitution, and in regular and moderate work, should not have less than four quarters of oats (weighing forty pounds per bushel) in the course of the day. Oats of the above weight may be thus given by measure, and they are by far better than a larger quantity of oats of less weight. It is the most absurd plan to feed a horse by measure without reference to the weight of his corn. I have been frequently asked by friends how it happened that their horses, with an allowance of food equal to that given to my own, and with perhaps less work, never looked in condition; and have found on examination that they never chose their own corn, but suffered a corn-chandler to send them what he pleased; so that they were often feeding with oats that to all appearance were the light seeds blown aside by the winnowing machine, and were only fit to keep poultry alive. No horse can of course be expected to thrive and stand his work upon such diet; therefore be particular, when you purchase oats, to see

them weighed ; and for this purpose turn out one-third of the oats in the sack, and weigh a bushel from the middle, for here you will often find them of an inferior quality both as regards weight and cleanliness.

If you work your horses hard, they must be allowed either a larger quantity of oats than I have specified, or you must mix with them a few handfuls of old and sweet beans. This is good hearty food for a horse of strong constitution ; but some horses of a foul habit of body will not endure being fed for any length of time on beans without exhibiting symptoms of heat of body somewhere—generally by greasy or cracked heels, or by scurf and surfeit. With a horse of this description you must every now and then—say three times a fortnight—adopt the plan of giving half a pailful of bran mash instead of a feed of corn, giving him at the same time half an ounce of nitre in his water ; or you may add a double handful of dry bran to his oats every day, or whenever the state of his bowels requires it.

Peas are a very good substitute for beans, and, according to the analysis which has been made of both, contain rather more nutritious matter in a given quantity. They are not, however, in very general use, and as I have not employed them as food for horses myself, I shall not make any further remarks upon them—those which I have already made, and intend making, being purely the result of observation and experience. For the same reason I shall content myself with saying, that a small quantity of barley added to oats, is by many recommended as excellent food for horses ; but as I have not given it a trial, I can say nothing respecting it from personal experience.

When horses are worked very hard, as for instance in stage coaches, the practice of giving what is called manger-meat alone has been adopted, and with great success, according to the statement of those who have given this plan a trial. Manger-meat is nothing more than a mixture of corn with hay cut into chaff instead of being put into the rack. The advocates of this plan assert that a horse required to go through much work finishes his food quicker than with rack-meat before him, lies down sooner, and consequently has a longer period for rest than he would if treated in the usual way. This may be very true as regards some horses, but there are in fact very few who lie down directly after feeding ; and I imagine that a great proportion of horses, after having finished their manger-meat, will pick over their straw, and eat such parts of it as are not much soiled, in preference to lying down. The Americans, I believe, in addition to chopping up their horses' hay, grind their oats coarsely, and mix the whole together. For farm-horses, while baiting, such a plan may be a good one ; but horses used for pleasure are generally allowed plenty of time for feeding, and there can therefore neither be any necessity for adopting this system with them, nor should I ever recommend it, as I think many a horse after a fatiguing day's work would in this manner be induced to swallow a greater proportion of hay than he would were it not mixed with corn. Horses again that have weak

stomachs, and are shy feeders, take a long time before they will eat a sufficient quantity of food to keep them in condition; and, if a large mess of hay and corn be placed before them, will take a few mouthfuls perhaps, and blow upon the rest until they take a disgust to it, and refuse it altogether. There is many a hunter of this description not fit, probably, to take the field more than once a week, but who, when out, does his work in a style that makes him invaluable to a man who can afford to keep a large stud, and is therefore worth nursing. If you cram his manger with food, the animal will, in all probability, not touch one particle of it; you visit him hour after hour, and find his corn untouched, and himself dispirited from want of nourishment. What is to be done with such a horse? I will tell you. You have over-taxed his powers—you have thought of nothing but keeping the lead; and when your horse has flagged under you, you have roused him with bit and spur; and, despite the warning voices of heaving sides and shaking tail, of which some brother sportsman has perhaps given you notice, you have crammed along to the finish, and found that you had just killed in time, for your horse had already cried “hold, enough!” The excitement of the moment past, you perhaps lead your horse part of the way home (if you are the man I hope you are), and jog him on to his stable to have your fears of “having come it rather too strong” confirmed by finding your trusty steed refuse his corn and shew other evident symptoms of distress. If you are enough of a Veterinarian to be able to judge of the state of his pulse, and no symptoms of congestion of the lungs betray themselves, it *may* happen that a little warm ale and ginger may be advantageous to him; but as there is risk in giving stimulants after hard work, unless you have a “good store of veterinary science” to guide you, after having seen him made pretty comfortable, give him (and this drink you should accustom him to take lest he refuse it when you wish him to take it) half a quartern or more of oatmeal made into porridge or gruel with a small quantity of boiling water—stirring in the oatmeal in small quantities, and keeping the whole simmering, diluted with linseed tea. This last may be made by putting half a pint of linseed into a gallon of water, and placing it close to the fire for some hours, after which set it aside to get cold. On hunting days, this should be prepared while you are out, and be ready for use on your return. The linseed tea, on cooling, gets very thick and glutinous, and contains as much nourishment as with the oatmeal is sufficient for a horse whose powers of digestion are for a time enfeebled. If your horse drink this mixture, you may put a lock of sweet hay in his rack, a few handfuls of oats in one corner of his manger, and as much beans in another, with perhaps a couple of chopped carrots; and it is ten to one, unless he be severely overworked, but he will soon nibble sufficient of one or the other to sustain him until his appetite completely returns.

It is by no means an uncommon notion, that, if horses are to be got into condition for work, they should be allowed to drink but a very small quantity of water. On what physiological basis this

opinion is founded, I confess appears to me to be a perfect mystery. Nevertheless, as many persons adopt this treatment, it is fitting to notice it. For my own part, I have ever found that it is an extremely bad plan to stint a horse in his water, and have consequently always made a practice of leaving plenty of it at all times within reach of every horse I have had. Of course I do not intend to say that when a horse comes in heated from exercise he should be suffered to drink, or should have a bellyful of water just prior to being ridden; but, if a horse be watered *ad libitum* in the morning, he will not require to drink again for some hours, and should never be allowed to do so then unless perfectly cool. Those horses that are only supplied with a limited quantity of water at a time, and are never permitted to slake their thirst fully, will be much more liable to be griped, if at any time they by chance should drink their fill, than those who are always suffered to take as much as Nature dictates to them: but, should a horse have been hard-worked, and come into his stable very hot, I would, after having seen him well dried, only at first give him a small quantity, for two reasons: first, because his eagerness for water may lead him to drink more at a time than is good for him; and secondly, because a large quantity of water will probably cause him to break out into a cold sweat, in which he may remain all night if not looked to. After having taken a third, or less, of a stable pailful of water, he should be kept without any for some time, and then be allowed to take what he pleases. When, however, you intend to stint your horse in this way, do not suffer your groom to offer him a pailful of water, and to take it from him when he has drank a small portion of it, but let just the quantity you wish him to have, and no more, be given to him; he will then feel to a certain degree satisfied with what he gets: whereas, by taking from him what he expects to have, he becomes fretful and discontented. In the first instance he makes up his *mind* to slake his thirst with a short allowance of water; whereas, in the second, his just expectations are baulked in mid career, and his imagination cheated as it were in the height of his enjoyment: and there is much more in this than may be generally supposed. Physiologists are well aware of the connexion existing between the stomach and brain; and those who have not inquired into this fact, must either do so before they attempt to refute it, or take what I have stated as proved.

What I have said with respect to giving a horse water while he is hot, applies equally to his food. Never suffer a horse to feed until he is cool. After fatigue of body, the stomach, of all other parts, is perhaps the least capable of exertion; and although in some cases of severe exertion a slight degree of sustenance may be requisite to support the strength and stamina of every living animal, it should always be administered in moderation; and for this purpose I know of nothing better than the gruel I have already recommended. It is a light species of diet when not given too abundantly, against which the stomach will seldom rebel; and it is always proper that this organ, like any other, should be in good tone before its work—that of digestion—be required of it; and as,

when a horse is violently heated, the blood is propelled by the heart in a much greater ratio than usual, the stomach, being consequently supplied with a greater quantity of blood within a given time than it would have received without undue excitement, is as unfitted to perform its task while under the influence of that stimulus, as the eye would be to bear a strong light after having been irritated by some heating application. Let your horse, then, remain quiet for some time after he has done his work, and he will not only feed the better for it, but will likewise digest what he eats.

There are not a few masters of horses, who, from a mistaken feeling of kindness, like always to see a good quantity of food before them, in order that *they may never be hungry*; not stopping for a moment to consider the degree of injury they occasion by this perpetual cramming, but vainly imagining that every extra mouthful a horse swallows is so much added to his strength and condition. We cannot, of course, expect the brute creation to act as rational beings, or to be able to resist the temptation of eating more than is good for them; and therefore the first symptom of loathing food, which is the necessary consequence of perpetual repletion, is a proof that the powers of the stomach have been overtaxed, and that it requires the same rest—only for a much longer period—as does the body generally after severe exercise. Next to the quantity and quality of your horse's food, there is nothing that will tend so quickly to put him into condition, as giving it at stated hours and at regular intervals. After a meal proportioned to his work—say from a quartern to a quartern and a half of oats—four hours is the very least period that should be allowed to elapse before your horse is again fed; and during this time (unless he have been worked so hard that you wish him to lie down) his head should be fastened so that he may not be able to get at his straw, which very many horses will eat, no matter how soiled it may be. A horse in regular and fair exercise should have but very little, if any, hay in the middle of the day; but a small quantity may be given in the early part of the morning, and a sufficient portion at night to make up his daily allowance of about eight pounds—not more. Although corn is certainly more nutritious than hay, yet if you increase your number of feeds of oats, and deprive your horses entirely of hay, it is surprising how quickly some of them will lose flesh. I have tried this, and, unless it be on the principle of the stomach being pleased with a change of aliment, cannot satisfactorily account for the fact.

Business of various kinds will sometimes compel you to alter your hours of feeding, but regularity should always be adhered to as strictly as possible; for after having been for some time accustomed to be fed at a certain time, nature will crave food at the usual hour, even though the previous meal may have been more than commonly abundant. A horse that is generally taken out in the forenoon, if fed twice in the morning, should have the larger portion of his food at his first meal; and if he be required to work on most days from about nine till one or two, the better plan is to divide his corn into three feeds instead of four. This is preferable

to working him on a full stomach, than which few things in time are likely to prove more injurious.

It is a common practice not to allow a horse any hay whatever on the night before he is hunted; and what is the consequence? Unless he be muzzled, he will eat straw instead of hay; and if the muzzle be used, he will either fret from being unused to it, or from his knowledge of the work to be done on the following day. Give your hunter, therefore, an extra allowance of corn at night, if you please; but let him have a lock of hay, just to satisfy his feelings, and leave him nothing to expect; he will then lie down, unconscious of anything extraordinary being in store for him, and will be proportionally fresh and lively after his night's rest. On the morning of hunting, hay must certainly not be allowed, but some extra corn (which will lie in a smaller compass, and be equally invigorating) be substituted for it.

What more shall I say on this most interesting subject? It is a prolific one; and were I to enter upon an explanation of the mode in which improper treatment in the one simple item of feeding leads, by vitiating the blood, and consequently every secretion of the different organs of the body, to disease of the gravest and most intractable character, I might perhaps be thought

“Crispini scrinia lippi
Computasse.”—

I will therefore sum up by saying, “Never overload the stomach, and the back will bear the greater load for it.”

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Jan. 1840.]

THE OPINIONS AND EXPLOITS OF TOM TRIGOR,

COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED WITH SOME OF HIS SMALL TALK,

BY BEN BULLIT.

NUMBER II.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

For more than a week after the conversation I have attempted to record, Tom was so much occupied in seeing and hearing, and in renewing acquaintances, that we got no opportunity for another *tête-à-tête*. The theatres, and the hospitalities of a pretty wide circle of friends, seemed, to judge from the *abandon* with which he gave himself up to their fascinations, to be affording him no bad substitute for the joys of independence and the prairies. I met with him often during this interval, and think I never saw any one in a higher state of pleasurable excitement. As we were parting one night, I said to him,—“What think you of a little breathing spell from all this fun and frolic, and another quiet evening at my lodgings? Let it be to-morrow.” “To-morrow night,” said he, “why I am engaged to your aunt B—’s; but to confess the truth, I am getting afraid of a pair of bright eyes there, and, as I did not

come here to make a fool of myself, I'll get excused, and be with you."

Of the talk with which we wiled away, not unpleasantly, the hours of that winter's night, I have preserved the following specimen:—

Ben.—Confess now, trusty Thomas, that the pleasures of refinement and the enjoyments of a high grade of civilization, are exquisite, and have banished from your thoughts, *pro tempore*, the ruder delights of your Robinson Crusoeism.

Tom.—I will very freely confess the first half of your inquisition, and own that I have drank deeply of enjoyment for the last ten days; but while I acknowledge that a portion of these pleasures are of a kind to which I would be willing often to revert, yet the keen zest with which you have lately seen me participate in this round of gaiety, is to be attributed entirely to novelty and the force of contrast. While in many of them I would often be willing to find amusement and relaxation, yet in none could I find a substitute for a pursuit—call it a hobby if you will—or an employment. To an idly active man like myself, unwilling to encounter the vicissitudes of business, or the drudgery of the profession to which I was educated, averse too by habit and principle from the inanity of dissipation, I see nothing in the scenes I have just witnessed which could permanently supply the place of the delight with which I prosecute improvements on my farm, which I took, by the way, at the hands of Nature; or indulge unrestrained—in the most charming of countries—my fondness for field sports.

Ben.—As for the last-mentioned hobby, you may find game in abundance, if you know where to look for it, in the vicinity of this city, with this advantage, that you can occasionally alternate your sport with a sight of "the poetry of motion" as exhibited by Augusta or Celeste; with the attic comicalities of Placide; or an occasional dinner at our friend Col. J—'s.

Tom.—All of which, far be it from me to undervalue. Placide and Power, in "The Nervous Man," is a treat I am not likely soon to forget; and the *noctes canaque* at the Colonel's, may well leave an abiding flavor behind them; but don't talk to me of field sports about a city. The necessity of a long preconcerted arrangement, the everlasting bother of the preparations, make a shooting excursion here too much of a set business, and would worry me to death with nervous excitement. And then when you get to your favorite haunt—it either begins to rain, or you find that some "blundering blockheads" have discovered it too, and have been over the ground, rummaging all your secret nooks, and scaring and dispersing the game. No, no; I have been spoiled for all such set excursions. I like, when I rise, if the weather is suitable, to whistle up my dogs, and with no other preparation than grasping my gun, and slipping on the ready game bag, to sally out wherever the whim of the moment may lead me—sure that I cannot go wrong—only sparing the four or five coveys which frequent my own grain fields; not that such forbearance is at all necessary for the preservation of the game; but I have a fancy not to destroy the little animals

over which I seem to extend a sort of ownership, and which have a claim to my protection. Should it rain or be windy, why, I have a letter to write to some such never-do-well, may be, as yourself, or some job of repairing on hand in my little workshop, or I have an errand to the village, or some timber to select from the wood lot for the new stable or corn-crib.

And then, to be waked of a Spring morning by the trumpeting of the grouse! No, Mister Ben, I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff. I remember that all is not gold that glistens. Shakspeare has said long ago

“Then happy, lowly clown,
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,”

and the comparison holds good through all the grades of life.

Ben.—What an incorrigible demi-savage you are! I tell you that such a life as you have just sketched, would kill nine men out of ten in less than six months.

Tom.—And therefore I don't ask the nine men to live so; nor, for that matter, the tenth either. The fact that I am enjoying a mode of life which would be intolerable to the multitude—while it secures me from rivalry or interruption—adds, at the same time, to my zest for its pleasures.

Ben.—Well, this is a point upon which we are not likely to agree, though I own I would like passing well to spend two or three of the shooting months at your hermitage; none the less, too, that you have accumulated around you most of the comforts of civilization, out of the reach of which I must own I am matter-of-fact enough never to desire to find myself.

Tom.—Pshaw! you remind me of a piddling fellow who came out once from New York, collecting, I believe. Pierce got hold of him. A jolly fellow was Pierce; he had been a sea-captain, and knew a thing or two. He brought him out to see me, and, Lord! what a list of grievances he had to complain of. He had been compelled to sleep in the same room, aye, and—“upon horror's head horrors accumulate”—in the same bed with another man. The sheets were not always unexceptionable. His boots were seldom blacked. The coffee that he got was execrable, and his *fare* generally, neither *fair* nor middling. In short, he avowed it as his determination, if he ever did get back to *the city*—a matter about which, considering the perils that lay before him, he seemed to think there was much uncertainty—never again to set foot out of the lamp district. I went into town the next day, and found Pierce cramming him like a sausage skin. He had been exciting his curiosity about a pair of very splendid horses which he promised to shew him. Now it happened that though the Captain had quite a stud, he did not own a single pair of matches; but, nothing daunted, he held a whispering consultation with a young vagabond who officiated sometimes as his ostler, when the youngster led out a very gay shewy-looking horse, which excited the unqualified admiration of the visitor. After he had inspected all his points, and passed judgment with the air of a connoisseur, the ostler led off the nag out of sight, and in two minutes returned with precisely the

same horse, and received a d—ning from Pierce for his stupidity in not bringing the two together, in order that his friend might better judge of the correctness of the match ; but my gentleman, who had probably never laid his hand on a live horse in his life, protested that it was not necessary—that though the likeness between the two horses was very striking, yet he could easily perceive certain points of difference—for instance the first horse had decidedly the gayer action, and any one could see a marked difference in the shape and position of their heads and ears. I looked under his hat, and fancied that his own auricular appendages were of the longest.

Ben.—And I remind you of this genius ! Upon my word, my friend, you are disposed to be complimentary. But I flatter myself that I have more philosophy than thus to grumble over unavoidables, and am not so green but what, like Hamlet, I know “a hawk from a handsaw.” I would rather, though, if it is the same to you, listen to your adventures, if you have any to tell, than argue this or any other point with you just now.

Tom.—I crave pardon for the unsavory comparison. I had no intention, I assure you, of carrying it out. But as for a story—I am like the knife-grinder—

“God bless you,
I’ve got none to tell, Sir.”

My mode of life has been varied by few incidents worth hearing. My adventures are not of much more note than those of the Vicar of Wakefield, in whose diary (in early times) the migration from the green room to the blue was quite an incident.

Ben.—Well, if I must prompt you—you said something the other night of a bear hunt in which you once participated.

Tom.—Hah ! a bear hunt with old Moss, or, as he is generally called, old Mossy ; on the same principle, I suppose, upon which Pat said his own name was converted into Paddy—for shortness. Old Mossy ! I shall never forget his appearance as I first saw him. He was leading about his Rattlesnake filly, preparatory to a quarter race. A tall, spare, hawk-nosed, falcon-eyed figure, with a sandy beard of a week’s growth, his shirt collar open down to the pit of his stomach, bare-headed, his long locks flying wild in the wind, with his right arm and shoulder pressed up against the filly’s, and his words jerked out of him at every jump of the restive animal, he was offering to bet ten dollars upon twenty feet. It was taken. Twenty dollars upon twenty *yards*,—that was taken too. One hundred dollars upon a hundred feet. Here I merited the gratitude of a friend, who I observed at this last banter was fumbling in his breeches pocket, by whispering in his ear that I had understood it was a dangerous business to bet against old Mossy. The result proved the soundness of the caution, for the *sar-pent* made a gap so wide between herself and her competitor that there was no telling any thing at all about it, and wound up by throwing her rider after she had come out, and making off into the woods, whence she was not recovered for a week. I have since known him intimately, and I found that this odd scarecrow-looking figure was a farmer of large

property, universally loved in his neighborhood for his benevolence ; and I am able, from the many dealings I have had with him, to pronounce him one of the few men I have known whose word was equal to his sealed bond. But, to parody a little Goldsmith's description of his village schoolmaster,

—— If extreme in aught,
The love he bore to horses was in fault.

Deep is his love on all matters connected with the Turf. He takes the "Spirit of the Times," and can give you the time of every great race run within the last fifteen years. He has lived more than thirty years on the frontiers, and has imbibed all sorts of strange notions and habits. It is a very common thing for him in the Spring to get, as he says, "sort o' restless," when he gathers up his muskrat traps, and starts for some unfrequented spot in the river bottoms, erects a hut, and camps out sometimes for months without seeing a human being. He wound up his last trapping frolic by setting fire somehow to his camp, and burning up not only his stock of furs, but all his camp furniture, gun, and blankets. He deprecates the introduction of rail-roads into his neighborhood, of which he has heard some talk ; for he says he understands the d—d things scare the stock so confoundedly.

Ben.—But what of the bear hunt ? I am curious to hear about that, for I must confess I do not see how in so open a country bears can find shelter.

Tom.—They are scarce, but there is more shelter for them than you would suppose. Occasionally they are seen in some tracts of heavily-timbered bottom land in the neighborhood, and still more abundantly in the broken country on Sugar Creek, a dozen or fifteen miles east of my house. Old Moss, who keeps three or four couple of fox hounds, and he is the only man in the county who does, generally contrives to get up one or two bear hunts in the course of the season. He had often invited me to go along with him, but I somehow felt no great fancy for the business, and had always declined. Meeting me, however, in town one day, he urged me so strongly to join him the next week, that I at last consented ; for, said he, "Beuf Morris, Steeve Thomas, and a parcel more of us are going over on to Sugar Creek, and old man Iles the other day telled me he see a couple last week while he was out hog hunting, and a power of sign." On the appointed day I joined the party on their way to the scene of action. So motley a crew it would be no easy matter to get together in any civilized country. Our numbers hardly reached a dozen, yet you might have selected from the group an abundant variety of costume. Some were protected from the cold by large capotes or blanket coats, of which red and green were favorite colors. Others sported a large Mackinaw blanket, which hung around the person untouched by the tailor, the head protruding from a hole cut in the centre. The party were *tiled*, some in broad-brimmed round-crowned wool hats, some in caps made of coon-skins, and one or two contented themselves with tying an old straw hat on their heads with a handkerchief ; and each man carried in his hand a heavy rifle. They were

mounted on rough shaggy animals, whose hides were innocent of any acquaintance with comb or brush, some of them were even unshod; and yet these fantastic scarecrows were as proud of their respective steeds, enlarged as much on their good points, bragged as loudly of their speed and performances, and were as eager and as knowing in a trade, as if they had been raised in a racing stable, or had served an apprenticeship with Gil. Patrick. Old Moss, however, and his son, were mounted on nags nearly thorough-bred (the latter bestrode the redoubtable Rattlesnake filly), though they did not look, either of them, as if they had passed through the hands of Arthur Taylor.

We did not reach our place of destination without adventure, for the dogs got upon the track of a prairie wolf, and after he broke cover we had a burst of about three miles in full view every jump, when we overhauled him, and one youngster, excited out of all discretion, leaped from his horse into the midst of the dogs, determined to have a part in the fray. The wolf, who had been defending himself with desperation, seized him by the calf of the leg, and contrary to the usual habit of the animal, for he generally fights with quick short snaps, retained his hold with a tenacity which all our efforts could not overcome till his throat was cut. The youth is lame from his wound to this day. This adventure delayed us, so that it was late in the afternoon when we reached the house which we purposed making our head-quarters. I wish you could have seen us—you would have learned with how small an amount of accommodation people can be content. The hospitable mansion which received us might have afforded a counterpart to the story in the records of the London police, where four families are represented as occupying a single room, with which arrangement the inmates expressed themselves very well satisfied, if only one of their number would not persist in taking boarders. You must fancy—I cannot describe it to you—what was the condition of things where a family, consisting of the full complement of women and children, whose house contained but a single apartment, had a sudden addition to its numbers of ten or a dozen great strapping men. No ways at all disconcerted seemed the aboriginal tenants themselves. We had provided ourselves with a stock of provisions, and each man had carried across his horse a bag of corn; so that relieved from apprehensions of an inroad on their scanty larder, they cared little for the intrusion, crowding, dirt, and discomfort, to which they must be subjected. The good woman bustled about and prepared a fluid which was called, and drank for, coffee; a few slices of dried bacon, and corn dodges, furnished forth the residue of our repast; and having secured our horses for the night, each to a tree, and given them their allowance of corn, we wrapped ourselves in such integuments as we had provided, and bolstering our heads upon our saddles, passed the night on the floor—none of the cleanest, by-the-bye, neither.

Bright and early were we stirring the next morning, and, without waiting for a very elaborate breakfast, we sallied out under old Mossy's auspices, to give the bears a tussle. So rough a country

I never saw traversed on horseback. The breaks of the creek presented a series of sharp rocky ridges, intersected by deep brushy ravines, so curiously and intricately interlocked as to preclude all chance of winding round them, and obliging us to struggle up and down their steep sides as best we might.

Cheering on the dogs, and urging them into the thickets, in language which to civilized animals would have been utterly unintelligible, old Mossy—now in the full glow of excitement—scrambled on, waiving his hat and ordering the different members of the hunt, now to hold back and give the dogs a chance, now to penetrate the brush and see what they were about. “You, Bill Blatherskite,” he shouted, “keep off old June! How the h—ll can she puzzle out the scent, when she’s afeerd all the time you’ll ride over her?” Then turning to me—“The old slut thinks there has been something along here since last harvest, and you’ll soon hear her open, now that that d—d young scrub has held up a little.” Sure enough the old dog, who had been puzzling about a few minutes in a bit of wet brushy bottom, now put her nose to the ground and opened with a bay which reverberated through the woods like the ringing of a church bell. We made for the spot, and beyond all controversy there was the track of a bear; but it was equally certain, after minute inspection, that the animal which made it had passed more than twenty-four hours before; and as we heard nothing more, after a considerable interval, from old June, it became a matter of some doubt whether it would be possible to run it up. While we were yet in uncertainty, another hound sent forth a note, deep, loud, and prolonged, from the opposite side of the hollow; and Moss, swearing that there spoke Cæsar, offered to bet two to one that in ten minutes we should hear all the hounds in full cry. I never was more struck by the marvellous acuteness of the organs of the dog, than on this occasion. It was perfectly certain, as I before observed, that the animal upon whose scent they now were, had passed more than twenty-four hours before; yet did the hounds worry it out; every bush against which he had rubbed in his progress seeming to retain enough of the scent to lead them on, while ever and anon they would give out a yell which began to send quicksilver through the veins of the whole party. And it required some such stimulus to carry horsemen over such ground. I would have recommended leaving our nags and trying it on foot, but I knew my horse could carry me where anybody else’s would, and I was resolved not to be the first to make the suggestion.

On we went, scrambling up the steep sides of the hills, and plunging down into the ravines, at a rate which, as the scent grew warmer, soon became perilous. It required all of Old Mossy’s authority, backed by no little hard swearing, to keep any thing like order in his undisciplined corps, and prevent them in their zeal from riding over and confusing the dogs. They—the dogs, videlicet—soon, however, got out of sight, and in a few minutes a tremendous crash told that they had caught a view of Bruin, who appeared to be trying to get himself out of trouble as fast as pos-

sible, for the cry of the hounds told that they were going at their utmost speed. Desperate now became the efforts of the horsemen to overhaul the chace, and I laid my account to the hunt's winding up with a broken neck or two. For my part, I kept by the side of our redoubtable leader, who I perceived was getting along very moderately. "That's right," said he, "Mr. Trigor, take it easy, there's no use of getting into such a fluster. Some of them youngsters are bound to break their d—d necks, and no great loss neither. The hounds will soon overhaul old brown nose, and when they do, they'll keep him too busy to travel fast." He was right; for while crossing the top of a ridge, we heard in the hollow beyond, the deep savage bay of some of the dogs, and the fierce short bark of others, which told that their foe had turned to defend himself. Some of the huntsmen now coming in sight, he again took to his trotters; and after him, neck or nothing, went we. Some half-a-dozen saddles had been emptied, but as yet without serious injury to any one, till at last the dogs having brought Bruin again to a stand-still at the bottom of the most infernal ravine you ever saw, the same youngster, whom Moss had christened extempore by the euphonious name of *Blatherskite*, urging on his tacky, now well nigh exhausted, down the rugged descent, a mis-step caused horse and rider to roll promiscuously down the hill, where the latter brought up like Hudibras almost on top of the bear, who, fortunately for him, was just then too busy to attend to the intruder. He escaped with sore bones, and an excessive fright; but his steed was ruined, and had to be killed on the spot. A shot from Old Mossy's son, fired with admirable coolness, considering how dogs, bear, and men were mixed up in the *mêlée*, so crippled the bear, that though he broke away once more from the dogs, yet he could make no great headway, and one or two bullets more soon finished him. That fine skin which you admired so much at my house, was my share of the spoil. We killed a couple more of smaller size, before we broke up. And this was my first, and, though often invited to repeat the experiment, has so far been, my last bear hunt.

A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS ON LONG ISLAND.

BY J. CYPRESS, JR.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF "FIRE ISLAND ANA," IN WHICH IS CONTAINED A BEAR STORY, AS TOLD BY VENUS RAYNOR, IN THE FISHING HUT.

"WHAT an infernal lie!" growled Daniel.

"Have my doubts;" suggested the somnolent Peter Probasco, with all the solemnity of a man who knows his situation; at the same time shaking his head and spilling his liquor.

"Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!" roared all the rest of the boys together.

"Is he done?" asked Raynor Rock.

"How many shirks was there?" cried long John, putting in his unusual lingual oar.

"That story puts me in mind," said Venus Raynor, "about what I've heerd tell on Ebenezer Smith, at the time he went down to the north pole on a walen' voyage."

"Now look out for a screamer," laughed out Raynor Rock, refilling his pipe. "Stand by, Mr. Cypress, to let the sheet go."

"Is there any thing uncommon about that yarn, Venus?"

"Oncommon! well, I expect it's putty smart and oncommon for a man to go to sea with a bear, all alone, on a bare cake of ice. Captain Smith's woman used to say she couldn't bear to think on't."

"Tell us the whole of that, Venus," said Ned,— "that is, if it is true. Mine was—the whole of it,—although Peter has his doubts."

"I can't tell it as well as Zoph can; but I've no 'jections to tell it my way, no how. So, here goes—that's great brandy, Mr. Cypress." There was a gurgling sound of "something-to-take," running.

"Well, they was down into Baffin's Bay, or some other o' them cold Norwegen bays at the North, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, on winter mornens, like great mountens o' ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layen at anchor, and all the hands was out into the small boats, looken for wales,—all except the captin, who said he wa'n't very well that day. Well, he was walken up and down, on deck, smoken and thinken, I expect, mostly, when all of a sudden he reckoned he see one o' them big white bears—polar bears, you know—big as thunder—with long teeth. He reckoned he see one on 'em scumpen along on a great cake o' ice, that lay on the leeward side of the bay, up agin the bank. The old cap. wanted to kill one o' them varmint's most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now tho', he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one on 'em at laast, and fix his mutton for him right. So he run forrad and lay hold onto a small skiff, that was layen near the forc'stal, and run her out and launched her. Then he tuk a drink, and—here's luck—and put in a stiff load of powder, a couple of balls, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

"It wa'n't long 'fore he got 'cross the bay, for it was a narrer piece o' water—not more than haaf a mile wide—and then he got out on to the ice. It was a smart and large cake, and the bear was 'way down to the tother end on it, by the edge o' the water. So, he walked first strut along, and then when he got putty cloast he walked 'round catecorned-like—likes's if he was drivin for a plain plover—so that the bear wouldn't think he was comen arter him, and he dragged himself along on his hands and knees, low down, mostly. Well, the bear didn't seem to mind him none, and he got up within 'bout fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage and big—the bear did—that the captin stopped, and rested on his knees, and put up his gun, and he was a goin to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captin—just as one of Lif's hounds snuffs up an old buck, Mr. Cypress,

—and begun to walk towards him, slowly like. He come along, the captin said, clump, clump, very slow, and made the ice bend and crack agin under him, so that the water come up and putty much kivered it all over. Well, there the captin was all the time squat on his knees, with his gun pinted, waiten for the varment to come up, and his knees and legs was mighty cold by means of the water that the bear riz on the ice as I was mentionen. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind to see how the captin *would* taste, and so he left off walken slow, and started off on a smart and swift trot, right towards the old man, with his mouth wide open, roaren, and his tail sticken out stiff. The captin kept still, looken out all the time putty sharp, I should say, till the beast got within about ten yards on him, and then he let him have it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear dodged at the flash, and rared up, and the balls went into his two hind legs, jist by the jynt, one into each, and broke the thigh bones smack off, so that he went right down aft, on the ice, thump, on his hind quarters, with nothen standen but his fore legs and his head riz up, a growlen at the captin. When the old man see him down, and tryen to slide along the ice to get his revenge, likely, thinks he to himself, thinks he, I might as well get up and go and cut that ere creter's throat. So he tuk out his knife and opened it. But when he started to get up, he found, to his extonishment, that he was fruz fast to the ice. Don't laugh: it's a fact; there an't no doubt. The water, you see, had been round him a smart and long while, whilst he was waiten for the bear, and it's wonderful cold in them regions, as I was sayen, and you'll freeze in a minit if you don't keep moven about smartly. So the captin he strained first one leg, and then he strained tother, but he couldn't move 'em none. They was both fruz fast into the ice, about an inch and a half deep, from knee to toe, tight as a Jersey oyster perryauger on a mud flat at low water. So he laid down his gun, and looked at the bear, and doubled up his fists. 'Come on, you bloody varmint,' says the old man, as the bear swallowed along on his hinder eend, comen at him. He kept getten weaker, tho', and comen slower and slower all the time, so that, at last, he didn't seem to move none; and directly, when he'd got so near that the captin could jist give him a dig in the nose by reachen forrard putty smart and far, the captin see that the beast was fruz fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further forrard no ways. Then the captin burst out a laughen, and clapped his hands down on to his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be most onmighty mad at the old man's fun, and set up such a growlen that what should come to pass, but the ice cracks and breaks all around the captin and the bear, down to the water's edge, and the wind jist then a shiften, and comen off shore, away they floated on a cake of ice about ten by six, off to sea, without the darned a biscuit, or a quart o' liquor to stand 'em on the cruise! There they sot, the bear and the captin, jist so near that when they both reached forrads, they could jist about touch noses, and nother one not able to move any part on him, only excepten his upper part and fore paws."

"By jolly! that was rather a critical predicament, Venus," cried Ned, buttoning his coat. "I should have thought that the captain's nose and ears and hands would have been frozen too."

"That's quite naytr'l to suppose, sir, but you see the bear kept him warm in the upper parts, by bein so cloast to him, and breathen hard and hot on the old man whenever he growled at him. Them polar bears is wonderful hardy animals, and has a monstrous deal o' heat into 'em, by means of their bein able to stand such cold climates, I expect. And so the captin knowed this, and whenever he felt chilly, he jist tuk his ramrod, and stirred up the old rascal, and made him roar and squeal, and then the hot breath would come pouren out all over the captin, and made the air quite moderut and pleasant."

"Well, go on, Venus. Take another horn first."

"Well, there a'nt much more on't. Off they went to sea, and sometimes the wind druv 'em nothe, and then agin it druv 'em southe, but they went southe mostly; and so it went on, until they were out about three weeks. So at last, one afternoon"—

"But, Venus, stop: tell us, in the name of wonder, how did the captain contrive to support life all this time?"

"Why, sir, to be sure, it was a hard kind o' life to support, but a hardy man will get used to almost"—

"No, no: what did he eat? what did he feed on?"

"O—O—I'd liked to've skipped that ere. Why, sir, I've heerd different accounts as to that. Uncle Obe Verity told me he reckoned the captin cut off one of the bear's paws, when he lay stretched out asleep, one day, with his jack-knife, and sucked that for fodder, and they say there's a smart deal o' nourishment in a white bear's foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my 'pinion, I should say my old man's account is the rightest, and that's—what's as follows. You see after they'd been out three days abouts, they begun to grow kind o' hungry, and then they got friendly, for misery loves company, you know; and the captin said the bear looked at him several times, very sorrowful, as much as to say, 'captin, what the devil shall we do?' Well, one day they was sitten, looken at each other, with the tears ready to burst out o' their eyes, when all of a hurry, somethin come floppen up out o' the water onto the ice. The captin looked and see it was a seal. The bear's eyes kindled up as he looked at it, and then, the captin said, he giv him a wink to keep still. So there they sot, still as starch, till the seal not thinken nothin o' them no more nor if they was dead, walked right up between 'em. Then slump! went down old whitey's nails into the fishes flesh, and the captin run his jack-knife into the tender loin. The seal soon got his bitters, and the captin cut a big hunk off the tail eend, and put it behind him, out o' the bear's reach, and then he felt smart and comfortable, for he had stores enough for a long cruise, though the bear couldn't say so much for himself.

Well, the bear, by course, soon run out o' provisions, and had to put himself onto short allowance; and then he begun to show his naytural temper. He first stretched himself out as far as he

could go, and tried to hook the captin's piece o' seal, but when he found he couldn't reach that, he begun to blow and yell. Then he'd rare up and roar, and try to get himself clear from the ice. But mostly he rared up and roared, and pounded his big paws and head upon the ice, till bye-and-bye (jist as the captin said he expected), the ice cracked in two agin, and split right through between the bear and the captin, and there they was on two different pieces o' ice, the captin and the bear! The old man said he raaly felt sorry at parten company, and when the cake split and separate, he cut off about a haaf o' pound o' seal and chucked it to the bear. But either because it wan't enough for him, or else on account o' his feelen bad at the captin's goen, the beast wouldn't touch it to eat it, and he laid it down, and growled and moaned over it quite pitiful. Well, off they went, one one way, and t'other 'nother way, both feel'n pretty bad, I expect. After a while the captin got smart and cold, and felt mighty lonesome, and he said he raaly thought he'd a gi'n in and died, if they hadn't pick'd him up that arternoon."

"Who picked him up, Venus?"

"Who? a codfish craft off o' Newfoundland, I expect. They didn't know what to make o' him when they first see him slingen up his hat for 'em. But they got out all their boats, and took a small swivel and a couple o' muskets aboard, and started off—expecten it was the sea-sarpent, or an old maremaid. They woudn't believe it was a man, until he'd told 'em all about it, and then they didn't hardly believe it nuther; and they cut him out o' the ice and tuk him aboard their vessel, and rubbed his legs with ile o' vitrol; but it was a long time afore they come to."

"Didn't they hurt him badly in cutting him out, Venus?"

"No, sir, I believe not; not so bad as one might s'pose: for you see he'd been stuck in so long, that the circulaten on his blood had kind o' rotted the ice that was right next to him, and when they begun to cut, it crack'd off putty smart and easy, and he come out whole like a hard biled egg."

"What became of the bear?"

"Can't say as to that, what became o' him. He went off to sea somewheres, I expect. I should like to know, myself, how the varment got along, right well, for it was kind in him to let the captin have the biggest haaf o' the seal, any how. That's all boys. How many's asleep?"

THE MODERN ARAB RACER.

Much less is generally known of the comparative speed of the British and Arab race-horse, than the interest of the question, and the facility for its solution, seem to justify. Our possessions in India exhibit the native Arab in the character of a racer, probably, in the highest form in which the animal has ever been brought to the post. The following extract from the "Bengal Sporting Ma-

gazine," for April last, furnishes some useful *data* upon that interesting inquiry.

"From Cuttack we come to the first Calcutta Meeting, and I have little fear of contradiction in proclaiming it the first in rank that has ever taken place on that course, whether we look to the number of the subscribers, to the various cups and stakes, the number of first-rate horses that appeared, or the time in which the several races were run. The first day was looked for with great anxiety, as a probable test of the best Arab in Bengal. . . . The trial did take place, and though the gallant little Pirate ran as well as he had ever done, he had no chance with Fieschi or Corriemonie, who accomplished *two miles in three minutes fifty-one seconds and a half*, or some six or eight seconds less than was formerly considered an excellent performance." (Unfortunately the weights do not accompany this account.) "A question arises to me of difficult solution:—Whence comes this year's apparent superiority? By reference to the Calendars, the timing of even the second-rate horses surpasses what we have ever witnessed: two miles in three minutes fifty-seven or fifty-eight seconds, is now looked upon as nothing. Are the horses better, or are the owners more skilful? Perhaps the Arabs, finding a market, at high prices, for racing-like horses, pay more attention to breeding than they did twenty or thirty years ago: this is my idea, for I can scarcely think there are better trainers now on the course, than Gilbert, Treeves, Barwell, the Hunters, and Gwatkin; or that even the owner of Fieschi is so very much improved from the time his character, as a trainer, was drawn in these words:—'Mr. B.'s system of training is considered too severe; he is fond of being ready at the *commencement* of the racing season, and will get the most out of his horse: it must be remembered, also, that he never brings a horse to the post that is not fit to go.' I should like to see the opinions of some of your sporting correspondents on this undoubted excellence over former years, in point of timing."

In addition to this extract, we give the following notice of a handicap run on the 15th of February last, at the Bombay Meeting. "A Forced Handicap for all horses that have won public money during the meeting; optional to losers. Rupees 600 from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 100 rupees each: two miles." This was won by Mr. Ettrick's grey Arab horse, Exile, carrying 9st. 9lb., *in three minutes fifty-six seconds*, and is thus spoken of in the "Bengal Racing Calendar:—" "Won easy by Exile, in the best time ever run on this course at the weight; and proving himself, if not the very best, one of the best Arabs in India, at all weights and distances."

Now, without offering any opinion upon the "comparative merits" to which we have above alluded, we will only suppose the course at Bombay, over which this race was run, as *bad* as was that of Goodwood, on Thursday, the 1st of August last (and *worse* it could not have been), and putting a case before the reader, leave the issue with him. Exile, the best Arab in India, as his best performance, has done *two miles in three minutes fifty-six seconds*, at

9st. 9lb.: Harkaway, an English thorough-bred horse, has done *two miles and three-quarters in four minutes fifty-eight seconds*, at 9st. 4lb., winning his race in a canter. It is well that such facts as these should be preserved—the time will come when such knowledge will be as valuable as would now be any authentic records of the running of Childers and Eclipse.

[London Sporting Review for Jan. 1840.]

MEMOIR OF ARTHUR PAVIS THE JOCKEY.

“Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two *blades*, which bears the *better temper*;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merrier eye;
He had, perhaps, no shallow spirit of judgment.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE death of Arthur Pavis, a true Sportsman, in the fullest sense of the word, we announced in our last number; promising, at the same time, to devote a page or two to his memory at the earliest opportunity. That pledge we now hasten to redeem; and we are quite sure, that, to such of our readers as put a just estimate upon unquestioned private worth,—a devoted love for the pursuit in which his life was passed,—and a sleepless zeal for the interests of those who placed their confidence in him,—a short record of his career will be welcomed with melancholy pleasure. His premature death,—for he died at the early age of 34,—has been very sincerely felt by all who knew him;—for he was an earnest friend,—a skilful and resolute Jockey,—an intelligent and amiable companion,—and an honest man.

Arthur Pavis was born at Hounslow Heath on the 17th January, 1806,—and at a very early period manifested quickness, nerve and neatness, as a rider. When he was only twelve years old, he went into the service of a Captain Farmer,—then living at Putney;—and with that gentleman he resided for fifteen months,—giving such satisfaction as to procure him a recommendation from the Captain to Lord Rossmore. He then became private jockey to his lordship,—and passed a short period of his time at Hedgeford,—from whence he was sent to Lord Rossmore’s seat near Foxhall, Parson’s Town, in Ireland. Lord Rossmore in a few months after the engagement of his young English jockey, gave up racing entirely;—and Arthur Pavis returned to England totally disengaged,—but certain, from his comely appearance, invariable neatness of habit, and promising talent in the saddle, to command a service in one of the English Racing Establishments. Mr. Dilly at once recognized his valuable qualities—and with him, young Arthur remained for six or seven years. His appearance as a public jockey commenced about a year after his first connection with Dilly;—for his debut in the silk jacket, on the thronged race-

course, was at Exeter in 1821,—when he rode Nightshade over the flinty and dangerous course on Haldon. His ability to ride the light weights, with the ease of a boy, at the same time that he could bring into the scale the matured judgment of the man,—soon recommended him to wealthier and higher masters:—and in the year 1829, he was employed by that distinguished patron of the turf,—the Duke of Richmond, and almost immediately afterward His Majesty George the Fourth engaged him as one of his regular jockies. The first royal saddle in which he had the honor of taking a seat, and carrying the kingly colors from post to post, was in the year 1829; and we know that at this period, that devoted lover of the turf, George the Fourth, declared to one of his noble attendants, attached to the sport, that he was satisfied that in ability, character, bearing, and dress,—he had three of the most distinguished jockies of the day in his service. One of his great pleasures was to see James Robinson parade before him in his beautiful turf livery, on his favorite mare Maria, the daughter of Waterloo; or Nelson (still a commander of the *Fleet*) or Pavis; clean symmetry itself in miniature. Subsequently to his Majesty's death, Arthur has been engaged with Colonel Peel, and the late Sir Mark Wood, Captain Gardner, Lord Suffield, Lord Uxbridge, Mr. George Payne, and various other noblemen and gentlemen. The subject of this brief memoir was, in the great races, perhaps, not a lucky rider; for he had the annoyance, in the short space of two years, of being twice *second* for the Derby,—once *second* for the Oaks,—and once *second* for the Leger. Caravan, Ion, and Calisto, were the three animals that would not take him up *first* for judgment. In the service of Colonel Peel, and Captain Gardner, Arthur Pavis remained until the time of his death: had life been permitted to him, there is no doubt that he would even have ripened as a rider; for confidence, and experience in jockeyship, are the head masters of skill and success. He was fond of all sports,—particularly that of pugilism, and for his weight was perhaps one of the best setters-to of his day. He had a turn also for Cocking (one of the Newmarket pastimes of the winter)—was a cheerful attendant at the Coursing meetings—and occasionally followed the hounds.

In the year 1833, Arthur Pavis married Eliza, the daughter of old James Edwards, the long-trying, faithful, and accomplished trainer of the Earl of Jersey. Turf-blood, therefore, being on both sides, it is not unreasonable to hope and expect that one of his three sons, Arthur, Albert, or Alfred, will turn out A 1 in the class of life adopted by the father. The eldest boy was *five years old* last October, and must therefore (if duty be done to him), begin to have his attention directed to the saddle. We trust his God-father gave him a *stirrup-cup* at his christening, the most apposite sponsorial present. Poor Arthur, we fear, has left his little family to a wide heath, and but scanty land-marks! and this, though it is the highest compliment to his honesty, is a poor and but a sad reed for them to depend upon. Many of those, who have participated in the benefits arising from his zealous exertions,—might by a ge-

nerous conjoining together, do good service to those who were dear to, and depended on him.

We cannot do better—in bearing testimony to the straight forward and talented character of Arthur Pavis—than state the number of races in which he rode, from the first time he put foot into the public stirrup, to the last, when he carried that stirrup into the scale, for the final time! as well as the number of times in which he was successful. He rode 1845 *races*, and *won out of them 706*; thus making himself one of fortune's very few favorite children!

He was seized with a kind of fit, about ten days after the Houghton Meeting, upon which brain-fever supervened. Conolly was by his bedside when he died. His illness was short, and his death comparatively sudden. He now rests peacefully under the turf, upon which he so honorably distinguished himself.

[London (New) Sporting Magazine.]

THE LAST GROUSE SEASON IN SCOTLAND.

“Land of brown heath and shaggy wood!
Land of the mountain and the flood!
Land of my Sires! what mortal hand
Can ere untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!”

SCOTT.

“TIME and tide wait for no man;” they are always upon the move; and here we are at the close of another grouse season, as Tuesday the 10th sounded the who-whoop for 1839. Still another season will arrive in due course, as also another 12th of August, when all will be “hopes and fears” for another glorious campaign upon the moors and mountains.

Never was a season in the remembrance of Sportsmen so bright and glorious in an over-abundant supply of grouse, as the one which has just terminated, its only drawback being the weather, which has been wretchedly bad all through. Surely the old Saint will take pity upon us “Knights of the Trigger” who may live to see another season, and give us something less of his unruly influence! Most of us, I am sure, are not over hard upon his Saintship, but we don't like to be in a continual drench. A joke now and then is nothing, but six months' deluge is beyond a joke “*intirely*,” as Pat says. In this state of things no one will doubt that the birds were uncommonly wild; but should it keep an open winter—and I have great hopes that this will be the case after so much wet—and a good spring and summer succeed, the crop of grouse will be so plentiful that you will only need to hold up your gun and pull the trigger to knock down four or five birds at a shot; for I can with all honesty assure our brother Sportsmen of the South, and particularly those who may be making arrangements to visit another season the dark brown mountains of the North, that there are thousands and tens of thousands of birds left to stock the bonnie brown heather in all parts of the country.

In the immediate neighborhood in which I have been domiciled for the last four months, the different parties have had splendid sport, and I may safely assert that all who have departed for a more southern clime, some to find new pleasures in the *battue*, others to sport the pink jacket and seek for new glories in the chase, will coincide with me in opinion as to the productiveness of the past and the anticipation of the next season.

When all have had splendid sport, it is almost needless to particularise; but I must mention a few, although I have no doubt that others have met with equal if not more brilliant success.

In the front rank I must here again place my old friend Colonel Paterson, who only remained a few weeks at his splendid shooting-box at Logie Lodge, but in that short space a thousand brace of birds were bagged, most of which fell to the gallant Colonel's own gun, he having shot in all only twenty-four days: he declared it was nothing to kill them, the greater trouble being that of writing cards and puzzling his brains to find out people to take or send them to: and although two thousand birds have been killed upon his extensive moors, I am far within the truth when I state that tens of thousands still remain as a stock for another season. In this the Colonel is not singular, for all the other shootings upon the front range of the Grampians have a bountiful supply. Sir William Murray, of Ochtertyre, has also met with brilliant success. Up to the 20th of November, when I was at Ochtertyre, his party had bagged a thousand birds upon his moors in Glenturret. In the same neighborhood, Mr. Campbell, of Monzie, killed upon his own moors fifty-three and a half brace in six hours shooting, and this well on in the season.

Here I must not omit noticing a day Sir P. M. Thriepland, of Fingask, had at Dalnaspidal among the ptarmigan, of which twenty-three and a half brace fell to his own gun. Those who have never trod the mountains of Scotland, can scarcely form an idea of the grandeur, if I may so express myself, of seeing a brother Sportsman some three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea in quest of those beautiful birds!

Mr. Condie, at Conachan Lodge, bagged nearly 1000 birds, exclusive of 100 of snipe.

Abercairney and party, upon the Orchills and at Buccanty, had splendid sport, their game-book up to the 10th numbering 1800 head.

The Marquis of Brædalbane and party had grand doings at the Black Mount among the deer; as also a select party at Taymouth Castle, had lots of sport among the grouse in the immediate neighborhood of the Castle.

A friend, who was for some time in Caithness and Sutherland shires, thus writes:—"October the 10th. I was happy to hear that you had had good sport, and as some of your neighbors have met with brilliant success, we in the more northern quarters have not been behind you, and the quantity of grouse in Sutherland and Caithness can nowhere be exceeded: vast quantities were slaughtered early in the season, but, notwithstanding this, abundance still

remain. Mr. Macleod, of Rassay, killed on the 2d September forty-one brace to his own gun, on the Langwell moors: Captain Inge and Sir F. A. Mackenzie bagged ninety and a half brace, shooting together at Bramore on the 5th September: and Sir F. A. Mackenzie bagged fifty brace, shooting alone upon the 7th at the same place, upon the property of Sir Ralph Anstruther."

As a proof of the rage for grouse-shootings, the moors now coming to the market are letting better than I have known them in the latter part of July in former years. Sir David Dundaz, a few days since, engaged the splendid shooting-box of the late Lord Balgray, at Invergeldy. The Hon. Fox Maule has taken Glenquich Lodge, belonging to the Marquis of Brædalbane, late in the possession of Lord Mexborough. Mr. Reid, from Sussex, who shot at Auchnafree, another splendid lodge upon the same property, has given it up; but I have no doubt it will in a very short time find a tenant, as there are no better moors in the North of Scotland. Mr. Reid bagged 400 brace in the first six weeks, with hardly a dry day.

The party at Drummond Castle had also most excellent sport.

Having received an invitation from my friend Mr. Condie, of Conachan Lodge, *for the last day*, I proceeded thither in due course, and had good sport, the average of each gun (five in number) being nine brace, which cannot be called bad work at the close of the season.

In fact, East, West, South, and North, has each sent forth vast quantities of red-feathered grouse this season; and I may freely add that it has closed with every satisfaction to the Sportsman.

Scotland, the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me!
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me!
Land of my home, my father's land,
Land where my soul was nourished;
Land of anticipated joy,
And all my memory cherished!

The Grampians, December 12, 1839.

FIRELOCK.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I am sorry to say that the poachers in the glens in the upper part of the country are killing cart-loads of grouse upon the shocks of corn—for in some of the Highland glens not a sheaf has been got in to this date—where they congregate in such abundance that the slaughter is immense, and there is no keeping them from the corn-fields: indeed they have made a regular invasion upon the farmers in all the upper parts of the country. This is a sad job, as it may hurt the breed next season.

It gives me great pleasure to add, that, as I learn from Guthrie, the Marquis of Brædalbane's head-keeper, our old friends the capercailzie are progressing in grand style at Taymouth Castle, and there is now not the slightest doubt of again making this splendid bird a native of Scotland. [London (Old) Sporting Magazine.]

PARISIAN SPORTING GOSSIP.

•To the Editor of the London Sporting Review.

SIR: You must not expect any fine writing from me, being, as my signature implies, rather a loose character; neither (this day being the shortest, and, necessarily, dirtiest of the year; and be assured the gay city of Paris is not exempt from either dirt or fog) must you promise to yourself a very lively epistle. "Howsomever," as they say in my native country, having been always a bit of a racing man, and, in my walk through the capital of *la belle France*, having picked up a little racing news, I feel myself qualified to give you the result of my discoveries in this novel department of the amusements of a country, in which, twenty years back, a race-horse and a training-groom might have been sought for in vain. It is, however, a matter of surprise, that such a sharp-sighted people as the French are, in most worldly matters, should not, long ere this, have found out, that the improvement of their horses, by the importation of English blood, would prove an immense source of national prosperity; and that it is only considerably within the period named by me, that racing, in France, has been protected and encouraged by the Government, and patronised by the heir-apparent to the crown. And to shew you what success the Government stud has been favored with, I have only to state that, on the last Paris September Meeting, the horses belonging to it won five out of eight prizes run for.

But you and your readers will be surprised at the entries for the forthcoming and subsequent years. At Chantilly, for example:—to the Jockey Club Stakes for 1840, twenty-nine subscribers; to the Produce Stakes, thirty-six; the Trial Stakes, eighteen; and the Two-year-old Stakes, twelve! Then the prizes given by the Society for the Encouragement of Racing, amount to the liberal sum of £868 for the forthcoming year alone, with a promise of liberal sums for Trial and Produce Stakes in following years. And now a word or two touching the breeders of the high-mettled racer here, and their immediate chances for success.

To begin. Monsieur Auguste Lupin must have been born under a lucky planet: I will bet any man a pony, that England cannot, at this time, produce a breeder who, having only three mares, can shew three such yearlings, and three such foals, as he can shew, out of Fleur-de-Lis, Wings, and Young Mouse. The yearling colt by Emilius out of Fleur-de-Lis, looks more like a three-year-old; and the fillies, out of the other mares, are equally fine and promising. He has, likewise, this year, a colt foal out of Young Mouse, and fillies out of Fleur-de-Lis and Wings, all in high form, all by Lottery; and the mares are in foal to him again. Shame betide you, my countrymen, for letting such mares as these go out of England! and *bravo*, Monsieur Lupin, who had the heart to give their value (2,000 guineas)! William Butler is engaged to train for him; so he makes a good start, let the end be what it may.

And now for the nags in work: Monsieur Guastalla has twenty-

nine young ones in training, besides old horses, making a string of at least forty! The Duke of Orleans has most of his old horses going, as well as six three-year-olds, Borodino and Dudu amongst the former lot. Another of this lot, by Royal Oak out of Moema, is, to my eye (and I have seen a few of the best in my own land, and at the best of places to see them), one of the finest animals of his sort in the whole world, as well as one of the best goers, so that, if he keeps well, he must come out a trump. They have also six yearlings just out of the breaking tackle, all of which I have seen, and amongst them are two splendid fillies by Alteruter, and the lot altogether is good. Then the cock of the walk (for such he long was, if his comb *has* lately been clipped a bit, by distemper, &c., in his stables), Lord Henry Seymour. He has fourteen in work; amongst them, Fortunatus (five-years old); Chip of the Old Block (four); Lantaru (four); Britannia (four); with several three-year-olds, all of which have been out in public, and six promising yearlings,—three of them particularly so—namely, Brother to Lantaru, Florence, and Poetess. Mr. Fasquel, another breeder, has a long string in training, and Olivier has seven in work for Mr. Santerre; Mr. Achille Fould, the same number, with Barbarina for schoolmistress; and Palmer, the public trainer, at the Bois-de-Boulogne, has ten: amongst them old Mendicant, still at it. But they don't use the good old horse well: after winning a stake at Versailles, beating Barbarina at twenty-four pounds, they made him give Insulaire, a four-year-old, sixty pounds in a handicap! What will his late noble owner, on your side the water, say to this? or your fidus Achates, Nimrod, who sent him over?

You will now see how the turf is progressing here, in spite of some checks. It received a severe blow on the death—by the “infernal machine”—of one of its most active supporters, the late Monsieur Ricussic; and a temporary one in the partial withdrawal of the Prince of Moskowa, whose military duties call him from the principal scene of action; although the Calendar informs me that he has been running and winning at Nantes, where his regiment is quartered. These deficiencies, however, are made good by the spirited proceedings of the Government stud, which, with the able handling of Tom Robinson, has proved, and is likely to continue to prove, a teaser. It has certainly produced some splendid colts.

Great credit is due to the Count de Gambis, for the spirit with which he has conducted the stud of the Duke of Orleans, who has five three-year-olds entered for the Jockey Club Stakes (the French Derby, as it is called); and, likewise, for the improvement he has made at the royal stud-farm at Meudon, since he has had the direction of it. Two of the four favorites for the above stakes—Borodino and Quoniam—are in this stable, under the care and tuition of George Edwards, who, if his success since his start does not upset him, as it has wiser heads than his, will do great things on the French turf. Lord Seymour, as they call him here, has six in the Derby, and the other two favorites are in his string, *viz.* Jenny, by Royal Oak, out of Kermesse, and Voltaire, by Royal Oak, out of Maria. “Nothing else thought of,” as we say at Newmarket.

And I must say a word for Palmer, of the New Betting-Rooms, for the spirited way in which he has done his best to promote French racing; and, in proof of my commendation of him, he is building stables—at all events, having them built—at Chantilly, for the convenience of horses entrusted to his care during the meeting there, which, for sport, eclipses all others.

As regards France, I think I have said enough to shew that a great change is working in the general character of the people; and, independently of racing, the proprietors of estates are amusing themselves with pursuing objects which will prove more useful to their country than those to be met with in the saloons and hells of Paris, or at watering places. Agriculture is becoming a principal one; and they are beginning to find out, and write about, the virtues of a Durham short-horn bullock, and a new Leicester or South Down sheep. These pursuits were once thought below the notice of the highly-bred French gentleman, but times are changed; and, when united to the greatly prevailing and rapidly increasing passion for horse-breeding, we now see Monsieur in a very different character to that in which we were taught to look upon him in our younger days, and, indeed, to that which he really sustained.

Stepping across the border, as we say in the north, there has been much loose talk here touching a challenge on the part of the Prince Pukler-Muskau, to produce an Arabian horse that shall beat any English thorough-bred horse *at distance*; which challenge has been accepted by Baron Biel, of Zierow, near Wismar, in the north of Germany; and the said challenge having been inserted in the "Journal des Haras des Courses des Chevaux," published in October last, I give you as faithful a translation of it as my rather limited knowledge of the language will allow.

"ZIEROW, July 8, 1839.

"MY LORD: Your numerous friends and admirers abound in acknowledgments of the benevolent communications which, from countries very remote from them, you have presented to the public on the subject of Oriental horses. The greater part of what you have stated, in your letters addressed to the Count de Veltheim-Harbke, was most interesting to me. But that which struck me most forcibly, is the description you give of the stoutness and endurance of the Arab horses. You seem convinced that they are much superior to the English horses of pure blood; and you throw down the glove to any one who entertains a contrary opinion. Permit me to take it up.

"I hereby offer to make the trial, with a horse of pure English blood, against any one of Arabian blood—that is to say, which of the two shall, in the space of six days, run the greater distance of ground. Respecting the weights, and other secondary conditions, we can regulate them by-and-by. This affair is sufficiently important, as regards the characters of the horses of the two countries; but the hope of passing six days with you, is a motive powerful enough to make me anxious that you should accept my challenge.

"At the moment of the publication of your second letter to Count De Veltheim, which I sent immediately to the "Journal des Haras de Paris," I hoped to be able to have a personal communication with you on the above affair; but, having since been apprized that the period of your return is not yet fixed, I requested the Count De Holmer (the Editor) to insert this letter in his journal, a copy of which, no doubt, you receive.

(Signed) "BIEL."

Now, although in the case of Sharper, a thorough-bred English racer, against the flower of the Cossack horses, in a race of forty miles an end, the latter had no chance, the trial here proposed ad-

mits of some speculation. In one respect, the Baron, from his long experience in racing, would have the benefit of superior condition; but, did not the weights exceed nine or ten stone, I should not refuse odds against the horse of the East. We know he is not within two distances of a good English racer, on a race course; but, such is the density of his bone, the elasticity of his sinew, and the strength of his muscle, that, in a long and tiring match of the description here detailed, I should be almost afraid to bet against him. Should the trial come off, it will be one of the most interesting events of modern days, in which horses have been concerned; although it may justly be objected to on the score of humanity. But, Mr. Editor, I must now cut my stick, for I am tired, and my paper is full; so subscribe myself, yours, &c.,

VAGABOND, OWN BROTHER TO VAGRANT.

Paris, Dec. 21, 1839.

[London Sporting Review for Feb. 1840.]

SHOOTING AND FISHING IN CANADA.

BY CAPSULE.

OUR possessions in North America are at this moment engrossing the attention and interest of the politician as well as the emigrant, and I can take upon myself to say, that the Canadas are equally worthy the notice of the Sportsman. I know not of any country which affords such facility for the unrestrained indulgence in the amusement to be derived from the gun and the rod, as the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.

To the civilian, as well as the military man, who may prefer the free and roving life of the backwoods to penury and dependence at home, Canada possesses attractions of a superior order: the whole country abounds in game of infinite variety, and its rivers, streams, and lakes are profusely stocked with the finest fish. The settler, therefore, if he be fond of field sports, and possessing but a small capital, may indulge in his favorite amusement with profit as well as pleasure to himself. I have some little knowledge of the locality of the different settlements, having been quartered in the Lower Province for nearly five years, during which period I was permitted to make more than one trip to Upper Canada, and visited *en route* the several townships formed by the emigrants and more wealthy settlers. Some of the government grants are delightfully situated; the spots have been selected with discrimination and judgment; and the agriculturist has given proof of the fertility of the soil, as well as the local advantages provided for him. The officer who may have retired from the service, and with a small capital—even half the sum which a subaltern's commission would sell for—might settle himself for life most advantageously at Brockville, Drummondville, or Richmondville. I take it for granted that the land on which he is to locate is found him by Government; this he will have to clear at his own expense; his tenement will have to

be erected at his own cost also ; and he must live, too, for the first ten or twelve months, before he can derive any substantial benefit from his newly acquired acres. Three hundred pounds will more than cover all this outlay ; but afterwards he will be a comparatively rich man, with every necessary of life within his reach—his own master—possessing an undoubted right to shoot and fish where he listeth—the lord and ruler over his terrestrial paradise. I know some few old military men domiciled in the woods with their families, who are in the enjoyment of more real contentment and happiness than many a millionaire of Grosvenor Square. Thus much for the advantages an emigrant may command ; and, if he be a sportsman withal, I will proceed to show him that he may employ his skill very profitably.

Canada is the country for snipe—they are more abundant, much larger, and finer in quality, than in any other quarter of the globe. There is a certain marsh, by name Chateau Richer, some sixteen miles below Quebec, which, to use an emphatic Yankeeism, “flogs all creation hollow.” It is the favorite resort of these delicious migratories ; indeed, one might imagine on a first visit to this favored spot, that all the snipe tribe of the Northern Region had congregated there—so extraordinarily abundant are they. The swamp is some six miles in extent, and I have known the whole of it to be swarming with birds. I myself have used three guns in one day’s shooting, and have not unfrequently killed sixty couple—an achievement of no extraordinary merit, for the snipe at the fall of the year, before the severe Canadian winter sets in, are so fat, and fly so heavily, that the veriest novice that ever took gun in hand, could not miss them. I could name two first-rate shots, the one an old field officer, and the other a civilian, (both crack shots,) who have killed a hundred couple each between the rising and setting of the sun : incredible as it may appear, I can assure the reader *that I have seen the birds*—the best of all evidence it will be admitted. If the snipe are larger in Canada than with us, the woodcocks are very much smaller and inferior in flavor ; they are tolerably abundant, and afford good sport both in the Spring and Autumn ; the former is the better season of the two. I have occasionally found them in great numbers beyond the Plains of Abraham, in the Alders around Sillery Cove, beyond the one celebrated by the name of Wolf. Another favorite spot is behind the village of Beauport on the north side of the River Charles, about four miles from Quebec : I have killed them here both in the fall and spring of the year. The snipe, as the winter disappears, are to be found in quantities in the fields, and yield excellent sport, but of course not in such countless flocks as at the close of the season. Of field shooting in Canada there is none. The partridge shot must make up for the disappointment he will experience by taking to the marshes. The bird so called in North America is in point of fact not a partridge—I should say it is half ptarmigan and half grouse ; it resembles the partridge in plumage, but is totally dissimilar in its habits. It is never seen in fields or hedge-rows, but invariably perches in the pine trees, and feeding principally on

the excrescences from the bark, imbibes a nauseating turpentine flavor, which resembles what a pitch-pine deal board would be when roasted, and about as tender. It is a libel on our plump and juicy bird to call it by the same name; a more dry, stringy, detestable specimen of game never offended mortal palate; an owl or a woodpecker would be savory in comparison. The Canadian chasseurs, however, pop at them from under the branches of the trees, and consider them a delicacy: "tot homines, tot sententiæ," which being interpreted, means,

Different men have different opinions,
Some likes apples, and some likes ing'ons.

In the winter, of course, there is no lack of wild fowl. The Habitans keep the market well supplied; they have snow huts well lined all along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and encased in bear and buffalo skins, will face the nipping cold, and blaze away all night long. This may be profitable, but I should think far from pleasant when the thermometer is at some degrees below zero: but this is no affair of mine; they do it—and the ducks are good. But the Upper Province bears away the palm for wild fowl: who has not heard of the canvass-back and black duck of Upper Canada? the latter is in truth the greatest of all flat-footed delicacies; my mouth waters at the thought of this delicious bird; no language can do justice to its surpassing excellence: as Mr. George Robins says, it must be seen to be described,—and I say, it must be eaten to be duly appreciated. In Upper Canada, and there only, another dainty is to be found—the wild turkey. This is the king of the feathered tribe, and throws Norfolk into the shade. In addition to the delicate, plump, juicy, snow-white meat they furnish to the lover of poultry on a large scale, you have the additional gratification of shooting them: they afford very good sport; sometimes they will lay well to the dogs, at others run a surprising distance and puzzle them amazingly; they take less shot than would be imagined from their size. Some inordinate destroyers provide themselves with a pigeon gun, but I have always found a good double answer every purpose, and killed them well at tolerably long shots. Their weight is enormous; from forty-five to fifty pounds. I have killed one of forty-eight, but seldom above forty. They are delicious birds, with the flavor of the pheasant combined with that of the domestic turkey at home. They are very destructive to the farmer, and one is always certain of his active co-operation when in pursuit of them. The hares in Canada are hardly equal to the tame rabbit; they are tasteless, white in appearance, and totally different from our much esteemed puss. It will be seen, therefore, that the shooting in Canada is confined to the marsh and the woods; but the sportsman will cease to regret the partridge shooting when he has once made trial of what the country affords. The snipe shooting is worth all put together; it is unrivalled.

Gentle reader, are you a salmon fisher? If you be, go to Canada; it is worth crossing the banks of Newfoundland to wet your line in a North American stream; they one and all are full to repletion of salmon and trout, which take with a voracity so gratifying to the

zealous angler, flies of all denominations and colors; they are the veriest gluttons that ever rose to insect; not the finny epicure we meet with in our stinted rivers, which will lie furtively under a bank, or in the eddying pool, and laugh in his scales at your futile imitation of his living fare; but the downright gormandizer of real and mock flies, and who will rise at all and every description your book may contain. The most prolific of all the rivers within a reasonable distance of the garrison of Quebec, is the Jacques Cartier, a broad, bubbling, impetuous, rushing stream, tributary to that queen of waters, the Saint Lawrence: it runs into this magnificent river some six and thirty miles above the capital of the Lower Province. The fishing ground is at a village bearing the same name as the river (christened after a Frenchman, it is said, who discovered it), and which is romantically situated on either side of its high and rocky banks: a beautiful and curiously formed bridge connects the straggling cottages, or rather forms a communication for the inhabitants. At this spot, while standing on the wooden platform rudely fastened to the huge piles which perform the duty of arches, the scene is imposingly grand; it is a most lovely spot: the roaring of the water is awful in the extreme, the sound of which is heard for some miles. The water is of a very dark color, arising, it is presumed, from a substratum of feruginous ore over which it flows. About a quarter of a mile below this bridge is the grand fishing stand: the river suddenly widens here, and the water still and smooth as in a mill pond, although there is an under-current of frightful rapidity. This pool, if I may so term it, has been christened the Hospital, by the Canadian fishermen of the village, from the circumstance of the fish remaining here to recruit their strength on their arrival from the sea and the St. Lawrence, prior to proceeding up the numerous falls and rushing waters which intercept their progress. The whole of this water is full of fish, none of them very large; the biggest I ever caught weighed fifteen pounds. I once had half my line carried away, and my rod shivered to splinters, by an enormous fish, I should say nearly double that weight. I have seen some immense salmon in some deep pools and eddies, under some shelving rock overhanging them; but they were out of reach, and doubtless too wary to be enticed by feather and dubbing. The general run of fish averaged from ten to twelve pounds, and I have caught nine of these in an afternoon. The London tackle I found too slight for this water; for the rapidity of the current, the scope the fish had for play, and the difficulty of keeping pace with him on foot owing to the inequality of the rocky banks, made it necessary to construct lines, foot lengths, and even rods to guard against casualties. An account of these, together with a list of the proper flies to be fished with, must form subjects for another chapter. Some four miles up this river there is (I think I may safely say so) the finest trout fishing in the world. An European can have no conception of the numbers which this river produces; and in point of flavor they are equal to any I ever tasted, and they take the fly with the greatest avidity; had I but a yacht, I would sail for the St. Lawrence every season, were it only for the

extraordinary sport to be met with on the river Jacques Cartier alone. I shall hereafter speak of the lakes which abound in the Upper Province; they contain extraordinary specimens of fresh water fish—*inter alia*, a kind of mammoth pike—a monstrous fish called by the Indians maskinongé—they run to a frightful size, and are proportionately ravenous. I have had the good fortune to kill a few on Lake Erie, an account of which, together with a description of the requisite tackle, will appear in due time. In the interim I shall be happy to give any wandering sportsman farther information respecting the Canadas, should he have predetermined upon settling there.

Essex, Dec. 1839.

[London Sportsman for Jan. 1840.]

THE DYING RACER.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

THOU'RT dying : thou'rt dying, my beautiful steed !
That served me, and saved, in the hour of my need !
That won me a pathway to wealth and renown,
When fortune forsook, and when friendship could frown :
I loved thee, thou dying one, e'en as a friend—
'The first on whose truth I might surely depend :
'Thou bravest ; most true ; must I speak the farewell ?
No, I'm bound to thy side, and I yield to the spell.

I had hoped to have seen thee pass calmly away
In some green, sheltered paddock, by gentle decay ;
'To have nursed thee—and petted—and braided thy mane,
As I thought on old times, and thy honors again :
Yet why should I mourn thee, my noble one ! here
Bright, glorious—though brief—was thy gallant career :
And thy fame cannot die, while men name thee, and say,
"The courser that's gone, was the best of his day."

How my heart has beat high, when a thousand bright eyes
Have followed thy track with delight and surprise,
As thou seemedst to fly, like the darted jereed,
From the post to the goal with the flash of thy speed.
And now to behold thee, in agony there—
In mercy thy dying convulsions I spare—
By the hand that caress'd thee thy destiny meet,
Soh ! a shot and a shock—and thou'rt dead at my feet.

They have laid, by the course, the good racer that's dead :
They have placed the green turf, that he graced, o'er his head ;
In the field of his glory his fate they deplore—
He has fame and a grave—could a mortal have more ?
Then farewell, my gallant one ! costlier shrine
Hath rarely held ashes more honored than thine :
And seldom hath marble been ever decreed,
To tell of a course true as thine was, my steed !

[London Sporting Review for Feb. 1840.]

BOSTON TO WAGNER. "THE LAST CALL!"

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 25th, 1840.

To the Editor of the "*Spirit of the Times*."—SIR: In your paper of the 22d inst., appeared a communication over the signature of John Campbell, dated New Orleans, Dec. 25th, 1839.

The vituperative allusions and fanciful shadows gliding through that communication, it were misspent time to notice. I know but little of Mr. Campbell's condition, nor have I felt myself at liberty to enquire whether, or no, he ever had, has now, or ever will have, a trainer, "*old*" or young, white or *black*. That never has been, nor is it now, any part of my business. From his speculations, however, I am most happy to *cull one* tangible paragraph. Mr. C. says:—

"I arrived here on the 15th inst., and am now prepared to treat with the gentleman, if he wishes the race, and will explain more definitely what he means by 'any equal middle Course.' Let him make his proposition for the Fall of 1840, so as to give me some hand in making the Match, and allow the horses to be put on a footing of equality. To such a proposition I will most cheerfully give a definite answer."

I thank the gentleman; and as I am particularly anxious to make the Match, I will explain to *him*, and to the *public*, what I mean by "any equal middle Course." I mean, by "any equal middle Course," *any Course* which may be selected by Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, and any other honorable man whom Mr. C. may think proper to nominate; and should they disagree, they shall themselves call on some third gentleman to *name* the "equal middle *Southern* Course" over which the horses shall run, between New Orleans and the National Seat of Government.

Having now removed *all* the previous obstacles to the Match between these horses, in reply to Mr. Jno. Campbell's suggestion, I have the pleasure to say that I now propose to run a match with Boston against Wagner, Four mile heats, for *Twenty-five thousand Dollars, half forfeit*, over the Course that may be designated by the gentlemen selected by the parties, on the 27th day of October, 1840.

As Boston may possibly be differently employed during the approaching Spring, unless this match is taken; and with an eye to his future destination, it is *absolutely* necessary that my proposition should be accepted on or before the 15th day of April, 1840. Letters of acceptance *on*, or *prior* to the date specified, reaching me at Washington, District of Columbia, will meet most *prompt* attention; and in the absence of such contemplated *acceptance*, I beg leave to inform Mr. Campbell and the public, that Boston can never condescend to take any future notice of Wagner.

Very respectfully, your obed't serv't,

JAMES LONG.

P.S.—From the recent publication of Mr. Campbell, the residence of Wagner is *fixed* at "New Orleans." J. L.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of JAS. B. KENDALL, Esq.,
of Baltimore, Md.

No. 1. DRONE, ch. h., 15 hands 3 inches high, foaled in 1830; got by Mons. Tonson, out of Wynn's Isabella (the dam of Picton, Anvil, etc.) by Sir Archy. See Am. Turf Register, vol. vi. p. 313.

No. 2. MARY RANDOLPH, gr. m., 16 hands high, foaled 13th March, 1829; got by Gohanna, dam by Independence, grandam Meg of Wapping by Imp. Bedford, out of the Imp. mare Alexandria, bred by Mr. Kidd; she by Woodpecker, her dam by Phlegon, out of Lord Egremont's Highflyer mare. Independence was by Quicksilver, his dam by Handel, grandam by Spanking Roger, out of the Imp. mare Polly Peachem. Quicksilver was by Hart's Imp. Medley.

Her Produce.

1836. Gr. f. *Lady Canton*, by Tranby, 15 hands 3 inches high.

1837. Gr. c. *Hector Bell*, by Drone, 15 hands high.

1840. In foal to Drone.

No. 3. BETSEY GOODE, b. m., 16 hands, foaled 1830; got by Mons. Tonson, out of Field's Calypso by Sir Archy, grandam by Imp. Precipitate, out of Mary Gray (the dam of Pacolet, Palafox, Wonder and other good ones,) by Tippoo Saib—Brimmer's Imp. Silver-Eye—Imp. Valiant—Imp. Jolly Roger, &c.

Her Produce.

1839. Ch. f. by Drone, 13½ hands high.

1840. In foal to Imp. Emancipation.

No. 4. MARY McHENRY, b. m., 15 hands, foaled 1833; got by Col. Allen's Spring Hill, out of his ch. m. Lady Clermont by Imp. Jack Andrews, she out of Miss-in-her-Teens (also the dam of Gift) by Imp. Bedford, out of a Bel-air mare (the dam of Atlantic), out of Blossom, imported by Gen. Nelson, of Yorktown. Blossom was got by Old Sloe, her dam by Regulus, the sire of Fearnought. Spring Hill was got by Sir Archy, out of Miss Munroe by Imp. Precipitate; her dam Sting, grandam by Imp. Diomed, g. g. dam Cades by Wormley's King Herod—Primrose by Imp. Dove—Stella by Imp. Othello—Tasker's Imp. mare Selima by the Godolphin Arabian.

Mary McHenry is now in foal to Drone.

No. 5. PYTHIAS, (own brother to Mr. Botts' Damon), b. h., 15 hands 2 inches high, foaled 1832; got by Gohanna, his dam by Bel-air, belonging to Mr. John Mann, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. g. dam by Wildair—Spadille—Janus—Imp. Fearnought, &c. Mr. Mann's Bel-air was by Old Regulus—Bel-air—Wild-air—Spadille—Imp. Fearnought, &c. &c.

No. 6. ECARTE, ch. m., foaled 1830, 15 hands 2 inches high; got by Eclipse, out of Robin Hood's dam by Hickory, grandam by Hamiltonian—Miller's Damsel (the dam of Am. Eclipse) by Imp. Messenger. Hickory was got by Imp. Whip—Hamiltonian by Diomed, &c. &c.

Her Produce.

1837. Ch. f. by Drone, 14 hands 3 in.

1838. Ch. f. by Drone, 14 " 3 "

1839. Ch. f. by Drone, 14 " "

1840. In foal to Drone.

The above three fillies are very promising.

No. 7. MARY GRANVILLE, ch. m., 15½ hands, foaled in 1833; got by Sir Charles, out of Lady Granville by Randolph's Roanoke, grandam by Imp. Bryan O'Lin, g. g. dam by Imp. True Blue—Meade's Celer—Partner—Apollo—Valiant—Jolly Roger, etc. See *Edgar's Stud Book*, vol. 1, p. 295.

Mary Granville is now in foal to Imp. Emancipation.

No. 8. MEDORA, dark br. m., foaled 1833, 15 hands 2 inches high; got by John Richards, out of May Dacre by Imp. Valentine, and she out of Gov. Wright's Selima by Topgallant, g. g. dam by John Bull (a son of Gabriel), out of Shepherdess by Eden's Imp. Slim, etc. See *Turf Register*, vol. vi. p. 484.

Stinted to Imp. Priam.

No. 9. SARAH TEACKLE, b. m., 15 hands high, foaled 1834; got by Eclipse, out of Jenny Daw by Arab, grandam Toynett by Sir Archy, g. g. dam by old Potomac, g. g. g. dam by Bel-air, g. g. g. g. dam by Maj. Cook's old Vesta. The dam of Vesta was by Tatom's Dreadnought, out of Bandy by Imp. Clockfast—Imp. Americus—Imp. Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp.

Morton's Traveller, out of an Imp. Barb mare.

Her Produce.

1839. Ch. c. by Drone, 13½ hands.

1840. In foal to Drone.

No. 10. CRICKET, ch. m., bred by Maj. Jas. Cook, of Hightstown, N. J., in 1835, 16 hands high; got by Henry, out of Major Cook's Lady Nimble by Eclipse, grandam Transport by Kosciusko, g. g. dam by Young Bedford, g. g. g. dam Ariel, owned by John Tayloe, Esq., of Columbia, Va.

No. 11. HENRY A. WISE, br. h., 15 hands high, foaled 1834; got by Dick Dashall, out of the dam of Robin Hood and Ecarté [No. 6.]

No. 12. SUFFERER, b. h., 16 hands, foaled 1835; got by Eclipse, out of Meg Dodds (own sister to Wynn's Isabella) by Sir Archy. [See Turf Register, vol. iv. p. 491, for Isabella.]

No. 13. WINDSOR, ch. h., 16 hands one inch high, foaled 1835; got by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey by Sir Alfred, grandam Virgo by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Imp. Castianira, Sir Archy's dam.

The above, with one half of O'KELLY (by Eclipse, out of the dam of Ariel by Financier—see T. R., vol. vi. p. 4,) comprise my Stock at present.

JAMES B. KENDALL.

Canton, Md., Jan. 20, 1840.

Blood Stock of Maj. JAMES COOK, of Hightstown, N. J.

No. 1. CHARLOTTE PAGE, b. m., 15½ hands high, black legs mane and tail, without white, purchased of Capt. R. F. Stockton, U. S. N., of Princeton, N. J.; was got by Sir Archy (by Diomed, by Florizel, by King Herod,) his dam Imp. Castianira by Rockingham—Tabitha by Trentham—Bosphorus—Forester, &c. Her dam was by Imp. Restless, (by Remembrancer, by Pipator,) out of Green's mare by Celer, (by Janus, by Bay Javelin,) out of Young Flora (Sister to Spadille) by Highflyer, &c. &c. [See Eng. Stud Book.]

Her Produce.

1834. Gr. c. *Bergen*, by Grey Medley.

1835. Ch. f. by Eclipse.

1837. B. c. by Imp. Trustee.

[The above are owned by Capt. Stockton.]

1838. B. c. by Monmouth Eclipse.

1839. Ch. c. by Imp. Trustee [dead].

1840. Stinted to Trustee and in foal.

No. 2. LADY MOSTYN, Imp., b. m., foaled 1831, 15½ hands high, imported

by Francis P. Corbin, Esq., of Va., and sold by him to Capt. Robt. F. Stockton, of Princeton, N. J., and by him to the subscriber; she was got by Teniers, (by Rubens), out of Snowdrop by Highland Fling; her dam Daisy by Buzzard, out of Tulip, &c.; her dam Invalid by Whisker, grandam Helen by Hamiltonian, g. g. dam Susan, her dam Drowsy by Drone—Old English Cullen Arabian—Cade, &c. See Eng. Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

Her Produce.

1837. Br. f. by Imp. Trustee.

1838. Slipped foal to Imp. Trustee.

1839. Slipped two colts by Trustee.

1840. In foal to Shark.

No. 3. COMUS MARE, ch., imported by Capt. R. F. Stockton, and sold by him to the subscriber; she was foaled in 1834, and is now 15½ hands high. She was got by Comus, (by Sorcerer, by Trumpator, by Conductor, by Matchem, by Cade, by the Godolphin Arabian,) her dam by Partisan, (by Walton, by Sir Peter Teazle, by Highflyer,) his dam Parasol by Pot-8-o's, grandam Prunella by Highflyer, g. g. dam Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank, &c. Her grandam Fawn by Trumpator, own sister to Penelope, the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, Web, Woful, Wire, &c.; g. g. dam Prunella by Highflyer, &c. See Eng. Stud Book.

Her Produce.

1838. Ch. c. *Flying Childers*, by Buskin, by Tramp. [In foal when shipped. Capt. Stockton's.]

1839. Ch. f. by Imp. Trustee

1840. Stinted to Shark.

No. 4. LADY NIMBLE, ch. m., foaled 1839, full 15½ hands high, and is own sister to the celebrated horse Singleton. She was bred by Dr. Alex. Hossack, of Hyde Park, N. Y., got by Eclipse, (he by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger), out of Transport (bred by John Singleton, Esq., of S. C.) by Kosciusko, (he by Sir Archy), grandam by Young Bedford (he by Imp. Bedford), g. g. dam Ariel, owned by John Tayloe, Esq., of Columbia, Va.

Her Produce.

1835. Ch. f. *Cricket*, by Henry. [Sold to Jas. B. Kendall, Esq.]

1836. B. f. by Dashall.

1837. Ch. f. by Imp. Trustee.

1838. Ch. c. by Imp. Trustee. [Dead.]

1839. Ch. f. by Drone.

1840. Stinted to Trustee.

JAMES COOK.

Hights Town, N. J., Feb. 17, 1840.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1840.

COMPILED FOR THE "AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE."

NAME.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF 'STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Alonzo.....	ch.	Eclipse.....	By Sir Archy.....	Madison, N. C.....	15	100	Messrs. Williamson.
Ainderby, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Velocipede.....	Kate, by Catton.....	Maury Co., Tenn.....	75	100	Lucius J. Polk.
Andrew.....	ch.	Sir Charles.....	By Herod.....	Petersburg, Va.....	75	100	Otway P. Hare.
Argyle.....	br.	Monsieur Tonson.....	Thistle, by Ogle's Oscar.....	Laurens District, S. C.....	50	70	William R. Smith.
Autocrat, <i>Imp.</i>	gr.	Grand Duke.....	Olivetta, by Sir Oliver.....	Clarksville, Tenn.....	60	30	James McClure & Co.
Bay Middleton.....	b.	Imp. Fyde.....	Not stated.....	Near Memphis, Tenn.....	30	50	A. Vincent.
Balie Peyton.....	b.	Andrew.....	Pocahontas, by Eclipse.....	Broad Rock, Va.....	50	75	Isham Puckett.
Berner's Comus, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Comus.....	Rotterdam, by Juniper.....	The Mills, near Huntsville, Ala.....	80	100	Col. E. H. Boardman.
Bertrand.....	gr.	Bertrand.....	By Pacolet.....	Pulaski, Tenn.....	20	50	A. C. Esselman.
Bertrand Jr.....	ch.	Bertrand.....	Transport, by Virginus.....	Near Lexington, Ky.....	50	125	Benjamin R. Jenkins.
Belshazzar, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Blacklock.....	Mannella, by Dick Andrews.....	Nashville, Tenn.....	75	50	Thomas Alderson.
Birmingham.....	br.	Stockholder.....	Black Sophia, by Top Gallant.....	Near Lexington, Ky.....	50	20	James L. Bradley.
Big John.....	ch.	Bertrand.....	By Hamiltonian.....	Limestone Springs, S. C.....	20	30	Hiram Lockhart.
Bill Austin.....	b.	Bertrand.....	By Timoleon.....	Autauga Co., Ala.....	30	50	W. Gay.
Black Arabian, <i>Imp.</i>	bl.	Presented by the Em.....	por of Morocco to U. S. Gov.....	Prince Edward's Co., Va.....	35	50	Thomas Flournoy.
Bloody Nathan.....	ch.	Imp. Valentine.....	Daphne, by Duroc.....	Coatesville, Pa.....	20	30	Dr. George McClellan.
Brilliant.....	br.	Sir Archy.....	Bet Bounce by Imp. Sir Harry.....	Russellville, Ky.....	30	50	J. M. Beal.
Bussorah Arabian, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Imported by Abraham.....	G. Duchess, by Imp. Gracchus.....	Beaverdam, Union Dist., S. C.....	30	50	J. C. Jeter.
Bustis.....	ch.	Eclipse.....	Di Vernon, by Florizel.....	12 miles west of Philadelphia, Pa.....	40	30	Gen. C. Irvine.
Cadmus.....	b.	Whalebonc.....	Lamia, by Gohanna.....	Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky.....	30	50	Lewis Shirley, Corbin.
Cetus, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Sea Gull.....	By Hazzard.....	The Reeds, Caroline Co., Va.....	15	60	Col. Robert P. Snyder.
Chilton.....	b.	Sir Archy.....	Roxana, by Hephæstion.....	Near Paris, Rager Co., Ill.....	40	30	Maj. J. D. Casey.
Cherokee.....	b.	Pacific.....	By Wilkes' Madison.....	Louisville, Mo.....	40	30	A. T. Nolan.
Chesterfield.....	ch.	Imp. Contract.....	Not stated.....	Near Franklin, Tenn.....	15	10	Alex. Breckenridge.
Chorister.....	b.	Mambrino.....	By True American.....	Near Lexington, Ky.....	10	25	Tazewell Marr.
Commodore.....	ch.	Catton.....	Helen by Hambletonian.....	Near Lexington, Ky.....	25		Alex. Breckenridge.

Coronet, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Catton	By Paynator	Somerville, Tenn.	60	Edwin Haskins.
Claret, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Chateau Margaux	By Parizian	Belivar, Tenn.	60	William Y. Faqua.
Colorado		Eclipse	By Sir Archy	Lalayette Co., Miss.	100	J. P. Sneed.
Cortes		Ratler	By Jack Andrews	Near Franklin, Mo.		A. Hickerson.
Count Badger	ch.	Eclipse	Arabella, by Hickory	Elkton, Giles Co., Tenn.		Capt. Nicholas Davis.
Cripple	b.	Medoc	Grecian Princess, by Whip	Woodford Co., Ky.	60	Col. William Buford.
Critic	ch.	Eclipse	By Eclipse Herod	Ellicott's Mills, Md.		C. S. W. Dorsey.
Daghee, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Muley	By Arabian Sheik	Lynchburg, Va.		Melville Talbot.
Daniel O'Connell	gr.	Sir Henry Tonson	By Imp. Sir Harry	Rutherford Co., Tenn.	25	Joseph Morton.
Drone	ch.	Monsieur Tonson	Isabella, by Sir Archy	Baltimore, Md.	30	James B. Kendall.
Duke Sumner	gr.	Pacific	By Grey Archy	Fayette, Mo.	30	James B. Cooper & Co.
Dungannon	ch.	Sumpter	By Duke of Bedford	Terre Haute, Ind.	100	Thomas Dowling.
Eclipse	ch.	Duroc	Mil's Damsel by Imp. Messenger	Near Franklin, Tenn.	100	James Swanson.
Emancipation, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Whisker	By Ardrossan	Halifax C. H., Va.	30	John Winbush.
Exile		Imp. Leviathan	Imp. Refugee, by Wanderer	Florence, Ala.	60	Elias Farris.
Felt, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Langar	Steam, by Waxy Pope	Union Course, L. I.	75	John R. Snediker.
Festival	ch.	Eclipse	By Timoleon	Forsyth, Munroe Co., Ga.	50	John W. Trotter.
Flatterer, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Muley	Clare, by Marmion	Warrenton Race Course, N. C.	50	Thomas W. Rainey.
Flexible, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Whalebone	Themus by Sorcerer	Wilton, Granville Co., N. C.	30	Edwin H. Carter.
Pop, <i>Imp.</i>	gr.	Stumps	By Fitz-James	Chapel Hill, Marshall Co., Tenn.	50	Col. F. C. H. Miller.
Frank	ch.	Sir Charles	Betsey Archer, by Sir Archy	Lexington, Ky.	50	J. Davenport & Co.
Francis Marion	ch.	Marion	Malvina, by Sir Archy	Marianna, Flo.	50	Col. James J. Pittman
Gerow	ch.	Henry	Vixen, by Eclipse	Augusta, Ga.	50	M. L. Hammond.
General Mabry	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	Galen, by Pacific	Knoxville, Tenn.	30	William R. Bowen.
Glencoe, <i>Imp.</i>		Sultan	Trampoline, by Traup	Florence, Ala.	100	James Jackson.
Gohanna		Sir Archy	Merino Ewe, by Imp. Bedford	Manchester, near St. Louis, Mo.	75	John Buford, Jr.
Gold Boy	b.	Industry	Buck-Eye's dam, by Oscar	Near Pulaski, Tenn.	30	Jesse Luton & Co.
Gov. Hamilton	gr.	Sir Andrew	By Bonaparte	Upsom Co., Ga.	50	E. Roberson.
Grey Eagle	gr.	Woodpecker	Ophelia, by Wild Medley	Near Frankfort, Ky.	100	Sidney Burbridge.
Grimalkin	b.	Grimalkin	Not stated	Little Rock, Arks.	15	John L. Gatto.
Gum Elastic	b.	Waxy	By Read's Spread Eagle	Benton, Arks.	25	James Brewer.
Hard Luck	gr.	Randolph's Roanoke	Lady Washington	Raleigh, N. C.	30	Col. William L. Otey.
Haywood		Imp. Leviathan	Black Sophia, by Top Gallant	Chucky Bend, Tenn.	25	Scruggs & Smith.
Hedgford, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Filho da Puta	Miss Craigie, by Orville	Franklin Co., Ky.	100	George E. Blackburn.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1846—Continued.

NAME.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Hibiscus, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Sultan	Duchess of York, by Waxy	Charleston, S. C.	40		George Fryer.
Hickory John	ch.	John Richards	Kitty Hickory, by Hickory	Gerrard Co., Ky.			J. & J. Dunn.
Hiazim	ch.	Sir Archy	Janey, by Imp. Arehdike	Near Danville, Ky.	15	25	Walter Meaux.
Ibrahim Pacha, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Pure Bedouin Arab.	Stock, imp. by Capt. Jas. Riley	Jefferson Co., Tenn.	50		J. G. Smith.
John Bascombe	ch.	Bertrand	Grey Goose, by Pacolet	Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky.	100		L. Y. Craig.
John Bull, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Chateau Margaux	By Woful	Upper Marlboro', Md.	40	60	Thomas F. Bowie.
John Gascoigne		Randolph's Gascoigne	By Virginian	Tallahassee, Flo.	25	30	Capt. Thomas Brown.
John Randolph		Imp. Leviathan	Not stated	Shelbyville, Ky.			Reaves & Newsam.
John Richards	b.	Sir Archy	By Rattler	Near Bardstown, Ky.	40	60	Wilson Bowman.
Jugurtha	b.	Eclipse	By Betsey Archer	Liberty, Clay Co., Mo.			Dr. George McClellan
Kangaroo	ch.	Uncas	By Orphan	Near Winchester, Va.			Francis Brown.
Keph	b.	Hephcstion	By Sumpter	Terre Haute, Ind.	12	16	Milton Graham.
Lafayette	b.	Conqueror	By Julia, by Sir Arthur	Near Franklin, Tenn.	15	25	L. B. Beech.
Lancer	b.	Lance	Lady Forrest by Tormentor	Peoria, Ill.	15		Isaac Evans.
Langford, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Starch	Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules	Near Princeton, N. J.	10	20	Capt. R. F. Stockton.
Laplender	ch.	Flagellator	Medora	Fayette, Mo.			William H. Edgar.
Lein Gustine		Mercury	By Oscar	Rocheport, Mo.			John Cooper.
Leviathan, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Muley	By Windle	Gallatin, Tenn.	150		Col. George Elliott.
Leviathan Jr.	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	By Young Diomed	Near Columbia, Tenn.			J. G. Keeble.
Leviathan Jr.		Imp. Leviathan	Not stated	Little Rock, Arks.	25	50	L. Gibson.
Linber John	ch.	Kosciusko	By Moses	Fulton, Mo.			A. B. Fant.
Lubber		Maryland Eclipse	Bumpass' dam, by Alfred	Near Owingsville, Ky.			Reason Jordan.
Lurcher, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Grey Leg	Harpalyce, by Gohanna	Russellville, Ky.	50	75	Z. M. Beall.
Luzborough, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Williamson's Ditto	By Dick Andrews	Near Athens, Ala.	100		Hickman Lewis.
Luzborough Jr.	b.	Imp. Luzborough	By Sumpter	Near Knoxville, Tenn.	20	30	J. M. A. Ramsay.
Margrave, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Muley	By Election	Near Richmond, Va.	50		Ro. C. Williamson.
Mark Moore	ch.	Eclipse	Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar	Saline Co., Mo.			Pearson & Jackson.
Mayzoube, <i>Imp.</i>	gr.	Imported from Arabia,	by Capt. James Riley	Woodford Co., Ky.	20		Col. William Buford.
Merman, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Whalebone	By Orville	Near Nashville, Tenn.	75		L. P. Cheatham.

Miner	b.	Monsieur Tonson	By Top Gallant	Near Lexington, Ky.	10	William Sparks.
Monarch, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Priam	Delphine, by Whisker	Near Columbia, S. C.	100	Col. Wade Hampton.
Monmouth Eclipse	ch.	Eclipse	Honesty, by Imp. Expedition	Near Frankfort, Ky.	100	W. W. Bacon & Co.
Monsieur Tonson	gr.	Pacolet	Mad. Tonson, by Top Gallant	Bourbon Co., Ky.	60	James E. Hutchinson.
Mordacci, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Lottery	By Welbeck	New Design, Twigg Co., Ky.	60	Edmund Bacon.
Ned Byrne	b.	John Richards	Coquette, by Sir Archy	City of Four Lakes, Wisconsin	80	Dr. George McClellan
Nonplus, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Catton	Miss Garforth, by Walton	Garner's Ferry, Waterec River, S. C.	50	Col. R. Singleton.
Oliver	b.	Mayday	Y. Betsey Richards, by J. R.	Trenton, N. J.		O. Bailey.
Onus, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Camel	The Etching, by Rubens	Tremont, Tazewell Co., Ill.		Col. Charles Oakley.
Othello	br.	Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Madison Co., Ala.	40	Maj. Samuel Ragland.
Pactolus	ch.	Pacific	Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet	Greensboro', Ala.	40	Henry A. Tayloe.
Pacific	b.	Sir Archy	Eliza, by Imp. Bedford	Spring Grove, Tenn.	100	Duke W. Sumner.
Panunkey	b.	Eclipse	By Bellona	White Hall, Hanover Co., Va.	20	Maj. Thomas Doswell
Paul Clifford	ch.	Eclipse	Betsey Richards, by John R'ds.	Leesburg, Va.	50	W. S. McPherson.
Pete Whetstone	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	By Stockholder	Near Murfreesboro', Tenn.	75	M. B. Murfree.
Philip	br.	Randolph's Janus	J. Pendleton's dam by Trafalgar	Near Belfield, Va.	30	Thomas Payne.
Piction	ch.	Imp. Luzborough	Isabella, by Sir Archy	La Grange, Tenn.	60	Hugh Robertson.
Portland, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Recovery	By Walton	Near Waynesboro', Ga.	40	Gen. J. D. Thomas.
Post Boy	ch.	Henry	Garland, by Duroc	Near Murfreesboro', Tenn.	75	James Holmes.
Powhattan	b.	Arab	By Oscar	Abington, Va.	100	Not stated.
Premium	b.	Trumpator	By Aratus	Terre Haute, Ind.		Daniel Wiesager.
Priam, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Emilius	Cressida, by Whisker	Hicksford, Va.	150	Dr. A. T. B. Merritt.
Priam Junior	b.	Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Near Memphis, Tenn.	25	William McMahon.
Puzzle, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Reveller	By Juniper	Elizabethton, Tenn.	25	Isaac P. Tipton.
Ratler	ch.	Sir Archy	By Imp. Robin Red Breast	Paoli, Ind.	50	Richard Becson.
Red Fox	ch.	Virginia	Poll Baker by Imp. Knowsley	Terre Haute, Ind.	40	M. M. Hickcox.
Reindeer	ch.	Henry	Alice Grey's dam, by Hickory	Macon, Ga.	25	James P. Carey.
Reindeer	ch.	Sussex	By Oscar	Prince Edward's C. H., Va.	35	Josiah M. Rice.
Riddlesworth, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Emilius	Flagree, by Soothsayer	Mount Meigs, Ala.	100	Alexander Carter.
Roanoke	b.	Archy	By Cœur de Lion	Pulaski, Tenn.	10	William Shaddon.
Robin Adair	b.	Sir Archy	Lady Burton by Sir Archy	Marshall Co., Tenn.	20	Robert M. Walters.
Robin Brown	b.	Monsieur Tonson	Boston's dam by Ball's Florizel	Walnut Grove, Marengo Co., Ala.	30	Henry A. Tayloe.
Rodolph	b.	Archy Montorio	By Haxall's Moses	Bethel Meeting House, Ky.	50	John Kilby.
Santee	b.	Rob Roy	Betty, by Imp. Buzzard	Fork of the two Catomas, Aia.	35	Adam Felder.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1840—CONTINUED.

NAME.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Sarpedon, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Emilius	Icaria, by The Flyer	Winchester, Va.	60	100	Hector Bell.
Scipio	b.	Imp. Leviathan	Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles	Limestone Co., Ala.	40		Capt. Nicholas Davis.
Shadow	bl.	Eclipse Lightfoot	Sally Slouch, by Virginian	Morristown, N. J.	10		William Gibbons.
Shark	bl.	Eclipse	Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy	Woodford Co., Ky.	100		Edward H. Blackburn.
Shakspere, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Smolensko.	Charming Molly, by Rubens	Near Nashville, Tenn.			Capt. Henry M. Clay.
Sheriff Pacha, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Nedji bred, imported	by Commodore Elliott	Jefferson Co., Tenn.		75	J. G. Smith.
Sidi Hamet	b.	Eclipse	Princess, by Defiance	Near Frankfort, Ky.	12		William S. Ware.
Sidney	b.	Sir Charles	Virginia, by Ratler	Belleville, St. Clair Co., Ill.	20	30	John Flanagan.
Sir Leslie	b.	Sir William	By Imp. Buzzard	The Meadows, near Lexington, Ky.	25		Dr. E. Warfield.
Sir William		Sir William	By Tiger	Terre Haute, Ind.			Daniel Weisger.
Skylark, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Waxy Pope	Skylark, by Musician	Macon, Ga.			G. B. Robertson.
St. Leger	gt.	Eclipse	Ariel's dam, by Financier	Spring Grove, Hanover Co., Va.	25	45	Col. Wm. L. White.
Steel	b.	Fyde	By Constitution	Granville Co., N. C.	60	100	Col. Edmund Townes.
Stockholder	b.	Sir Archy	By Imp. Citizen	Lebanon, Wilson Co., Tenn.	75	125	A. B. Newsam.
Tatfon	b.	Woodpecker	By Robin Grey	Near Newtown, Scott Co., Ky.	25		John Parks.
Thos. H. Benton	br.	Waxy	Virginia, by Mataponi	Near Russellville, Ky.	10	15	E. L. Anderson.
Tobacconist	b.	Gohanna	Yankee Maid by Ball's Florizel	Salt Sulphur Springs, Va.	25	40	Alexander E. S. Ring.
Tornado	ch.	Eclipse	Polly Hopkins, by Virginian	Union Course, L. I.	20		Robert Stevens.
Tom Tunstall		Pacific	Highland Mary, by Pacolet	Augusta, Ga.	30		William Holmes.
Tranby, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Blacklock	By Orville	Boonville, Cooper Co., Mo.	60	100	Charles McCormick.
Trustee, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Catton	Emma, by Whisker	Charlotte C. H., Va.	60		Wyatt Cardwell.
Valparaiso, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Velocipede	Juliana, by Gohanna	Near Versailles, Ky.			Col. B. P. Gray.
Vermunus	b.	Eclipse	Princess, by Defiance	Montgomery Co., Ky.		30	Horace Benton.
Volney, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Velocipede	Dam of Voltaire	Somerville, Tenn.	75		W. H. Edwards.
Washington	ch.	Timoleon	Ariadne, by Imp. Citizen	Dayton, Ohio	25		Dr. Joshua Clements.
Whale, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Whalebone	Rectory by Octavius	Near Berryville, Clarke Co., Va.	50	75	Josiah Wm. Ware.
Whalebone		Sir Archy	By Pacolet	Near Huntsville, Ala.	50		John A. Reedy.
William H. Harrison	gt.	Trumpator	By Doublehead	Fulton, Mo.			A. B. Fant.
Woodpecker	b.	Bertrand	By Imp. Buzzard	Bourbon Co., Ky.	100		Capt. J. Cunningham.
Zingance, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Tramp	Folly, by Young Drone	Jessamine, Ky.	100		Capt. P. E. Todhunter.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MAY, 1840.

Embellishment:

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH AGAINST TIME.

ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK AFTER HERRING.

Contents:

	Page
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, Etc.....	202
TROTTING MATCH AGAINST TIME: BY THE EDITOR.....	203
PRICES OF TRIED AND UNTRIED STALLIONS: BY "CAPTAIN".....	205
A PENITENTIAL CONFESSION: BY THE EDITOR.....	206
ANTI-CORROSIVES FOR MIDDLE AND OLD AGE—A SONG: BY "I".....	208
HOW TO BUY A HORSE. No. IX. BY AN AMATEUR.....	209
LIFE IN THE WOODS: BY "MEADOWS".....	218
A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS ON LONG ISLAND: BY "J. CYPRESS, JR.".....	226
EXCURSIONS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS: BY J. R. TOWNSEND, ESQ.	235
MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH JOCKEY CLUB: 1840.....	240
NATIVE AND IMPORTED STALLIONS: REPLY TO "B. C." BY "D.".....	241
INCIDENTAL NOTICES OF COL. HAMPTON'S STUD: BY THE EDITOR.....	243
PRESCRIPTION FOR "FOUNDER": BY H. C. H.	248
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR.....	249
BOSTON AND WAGNER'S MATCH.....	249
NEW ORLEANS RACES.....	"
SALES OF STOCK.....	"
MATCHES.....	250
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1840.....	252
ENGLISH RACING CALENDAR, 1839. <i>Concluded.</i> RACES AT	
CHELMSFORD.....	61
SALISBURY.....	"
DEVON AND EXETER.....	62
SWANSEA.....	"
BURNLEY.....	"
RIPON.....	63
OXFORD.....	"
BURTON-ON-TRENT.....	"
DOVE-HOUSE MEETING.....	"
BLANDFORD.....	64
LEOMINSTER.....	"
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.....	"
YORK AUGUST MEETING.....	"
PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT AND CORNWALL.....	65
FAISLEY.....	"
STOURBRIDGE.....	66
IPSWICH.....	"
EGHAM.....	"
HEREFORD.....	67
CANTERBURY.....	68
NORTHAMPTON.....	"
WEYMOUTH.....	"
TIVERTON.....	"
STOCKTON.....	69
CURRAGH SEPTEMBER MEETING.....	"
WARWICK.....	70
MORPETH.....	71
RICHMOND.....	"
WESTERN MEETING.....	72
SOUTHAMPTON.....	"
ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM.....	73
LICHFIELD.....	"
LEICESTER.....	"
ABINGDON.....	74
HOWTH PARK.....	"
ISLE OF THANET.....	75
SHREWSBURY.....	"
OSWESTRY.....	76
BEDFORD.....	"
BRECONSHIRE.....	"
LIVERPOOL AUTUMN MEETING.....	77
HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.....	78
NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEET'G.....	"
WREXHAM.....	79
ROYAL CALEDONIAN PIPE HUNT.....	"
CHESTERFIELD.....	80
RUGELEY.....	"
HOLYWELL HUNT.....	81
KNUTSFORD.....	"
NOTTINGHAM.....	"
YORK OCTOBER MEETING.....	82
NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEET.....	"
CURRAGH OCTOBER MEETING.....	83
BIRMINGHAM AND SOLIHULL.....	84
KELSO.....	"
WELSHPOOL.....	85
DUMFRIES.....	"
NORTHALLERTON.....	"
NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.....	86
STAFFORD.....	88

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE present number of this magazine contains *Sixteen Pages Extra*, which we have added in order to complete the English Racing Calendar.

In the June number will be commenced a new series of Original Papers from the felicitous pen of "FRANK FORESTER." "Spring Snipe Shooting" is the subject of his first article. The same number will probably contain communications from "J. CYPRESS, JR." and "MEADOWS," who have them nearly ready. A well known correspondent is also expected to give us a spirited review of the late brilliant race meetings at Charleston and New Orleans.

A Kentucky subscriber (W. B., Esq.) complains of the typographical arrangement of the "Register," for the reason *that his binder does not understand it!* What a pity. Our subscriber has just had his 10th volume bound, and remarks of it that

"In looking for anything in it, after examining the Index, you may turn to page 400 and the next page will be 25—and so on."

The way to tell *this* story is to commence by pronouncing the aforesaid book-binder a block-head. The "Register" is printed on the model which has been pursued by the English Sporting Magazines for half a century. The binder has merely to commence with the title-page of the volume, and follow to page 684, on which directions are given where the engravings are to be placed. This done, if the subscriber wishes his American Racing Calendar bound *with* the magazine, the binder has merely to commence with the title-page and follow to page 75—and the same with the English Calendar. The Calendars are printed on different sized type, and paged by themselves.

The same subscriber furthermore complains as follows:—

"There is another omission in the work. It frequently happens that Secretaries of Jockey Clubs do not insert the year, day, or week on which races came off; therefore we see a horse running without knowing the year."

Now this complaint is ridiculous. However careless Secretaries of Jockey Clubs may be, we shall be much obliged to our correspondent if he will point out a single instance wherein the date of a race has been omitted. If he will take the Racing Calendar of last year (when the "Register" came under our control), and point out a solitary instance where the year, day, or week have been omitted, we will furnish him with a copy of the present volume gratis. In previous volumes of the "Register" it was not only frequently the case that the DATES of races were omitted, but the *pedigrees, weights or ages* of the horses were not given seven times in ten, and more than all that, the reports of two meetings out of five were not published at all! If W. B. will refer to the 9th volume of the "Register," (published in the year before it fell into our hands), he will find that no less than *Eighty-nine* different Jockey Club Meetings which came off in 1838, were omitted altogether! We are confident the worthy editor of this work at that time (our friend Mr. SMITH) did his best to procure and publish reports, for it was not until after an annual expense of several thousand dollars for seven years, that we at length got matters so arranged as to ensure prompt and authentic reports from all sections of the country, either from our friends or special agents sent for the express purpose.

The manifest injustice of our correspondent has led us to make the foregoing statement, though we are well aware of the fact that our exertions to improve the appearance and usefulness of the "Register" are duly appreciated. The outlay of means, time and labor, now expended upon it, so far exceed what was ever laid out upon it before, that if we had many such subscribers as W. B., we would "drop it like a hot potatoe!"

The list of the Stock of several gentlemen has been received, which will appear in our next. Having at length got through with the English Racing Calendar, we shall be able to give more variety to our pages.



EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH.

Forty-five Miles in Three successive Hours, in Tandem Harness.

THE spirited engraving which forms the embellishment of the present number of our Magazine, was copied from a magnificent colored print of immense size, published recently in London. The original painting was executed by J. F. Herring, and was engraved by Charles Hunt, in aquatinto, on a plate, the dimensions of which are 30 by 24 inches. The engraving has been reduced and executed for us in line by Mr. Dick, on steel; the spirit and beauty of the original has been admirably preserved, and the general effect, we are happy to say, is considered by those who have compared them, extremely felicitous.

The match thus finely illustrated came off on Tuesday, the 25th of June last, over five miles of Sunbury Common, from the Staines end to the Five-mile Stone, towards Hampton. It was for £100 a side, Mr. Burke, of Hereford, who made the match, undertaking *to drive two horses in the same vehicle Forty-five Miles in Three successive Hours!* Mr. Burke won the match by four and a half minutes, having accomplished it in TWO HOURS AND FIFTY-FIVE AND A HALF MINUTES!

The match-cart in which this extraordinary performance was made, was constructed upon the model of those in use upon the New York Trotting Turf, though considerably heavier. Our match-carts seldom weigh 100 lbs., while some of them do not exceed 75 lbs. The harness, though very handsome, is quite too heavy to suite an American amateur, who, by-the-bye, would not have drawn his leader's reins through terretts on the pad of his wheeler—the invariable English custom to the contrary notwithstanding. We cannot conceive that this arrangement of the reins is either useful or ornamental, though their stage-coaches and indeed four-in-hand turn-outs generally, are driven in this manner. In this country the terretts for the leaders' reins (in four-in-hand teams of course,) are placed in the centre of the head-strap of the bridle, between the ears of the wheel-horses, though in some parts of Tennessee and Kentucky, instead of terretts they substitute a ring attached to the end of a strap three inches long, fastened to the top of the head-stall; it is a custom, however, which to our taste is “more honored in the breach than the observance;” it not only has a peculiarly ungainly appearance, but must be a source of continued annoyance to the wheel-horses. In driving tandem, however, at the North, in lieu of terretts on the top of the wheeler's head-stall, (a practice, in many cases, though manifestly improper,) a ring is placed on each side, far enough beneath the ear to prevent chafing, through which alone the leader's reins are passed. Trotting horses with us are almost invariably driven in the plain “Dutch collar,” represented in the engraving, though without the double strap over the withers, which is unnecessary. In the single

shoulder-strap a ring (a substitute for terretts on the pad) is generally used, and the martingale, instead of being hooked to the cheeks of the bit, as formerly, is made with a ring looped into the ends, through which the reins are passed, which gives the horse more freedom of action, while it forces him to "carry his head" in what is deemed "more style." The use of the bearing or check-rein, like that of the crupper, is exploded here, so far as single horses are concerned, and very many double teams are driven without either.

Of the horses used in this Match, one of them, the leader, *Gustavus*, was imported from this city, where he was a well-known performer on the Third Avenue and other celebrated drives about New York. He was formerly the property of the late Duke of Gordon, for whom the celebrated *Confidence* and other trotting horses were imported. He is a blood bay, in good form, and a most extraordinary animal; at the time of this Match he was twenty-four years old. He is the property of C. Edwards, Esq., and in a previous Match trotted Twenty Miles in One Hour and Fourteen Minutes. He has very fine action, and is a horse of the utmost spirit and game, though not considered anything more than "a pretty sharp horse" here. The wheeler, *Tommy*, is a fine gaited horse, though evidently a high goer. As represented in the engraving, he appears not to be doing his share of the work, while at the same time, one would suppose he was "out" and doing his best. Two months previous to the present Match he had won another with the greatest ease of Twenty Miles in Harness, which he accomplished in One Hour and Eighteen Minutes on the West Bromwich road.

Mr. Burke is the *HIRAM WOODRUFF* of the English Trotting Turf, which, by-the-bye, is yet in its infancy. The demise of the late lamented Duke of Gordon, who was a passionate admirer of trotting, has prevented its occupying that share of public attention in Great Britain which his devotion to it would have prompted and his example encouraged. However, many fine American Trotting Horses have found their way across the Atlantic from this city, and besides those in England the famous *Charlotte Temple* and others are frequently to be seen "doing it up brown" in the Champ de Mars at Paris. To return to Mr. Burke. In March, 1837, for a large stake, he undertook, with two Ponies, to go from a sporting Hotel in Fleet street, London, to Mr. Bosley's Hotel, Hereford—a distance of One Hundred and Thirty-seven Miles, against the "Mazeppa" Coach. He arrived at Bosley's Twelve and a half minutes before the coach, the distance being completed in Fourteen Hours and Eleven Minutes. Up to the period of his last great Match against Time, Mr. Burke has won thirty-two out of thirty-five Matches, which, in England, were considered at the time as "most extraordinary."

PRICES OF TRIED AND UNTRIED STALLIONS.

REPLY OF "CAPTAIN" TO "J."

FORT ———, FLORIDA, Feb. 3, 1840.

MR. EDITOR: In the number of the "Turf Register" for Jan., 1840, page 42, a writer ("J.") has replied to a communication of mine in the number for November preceding. My position, that in breeding for the Turf, the English make a distinction between tried and untried Stallions, patronizing only the former at *high* prices, he thinks erroneous. To establish his opinion, he gives a list of Stallions covering at 25 guineas or higher, and a list of those standing at 20 guineas. In the first class there were *eight*, of which number *three* were untried; in the second class, *nine*, *three* being untried. As a *majority* of these high-priced horses were tried Stallions, I think his examples establish my position, instead of controverting it; but whether this be the English system or not, it is the rational system; it is one recommended by *common sense*, and it is on this ground I advocate it.

"J." charges upon breeders the "negligence and want of punctuality" to which the "existence of the present deplorable system" is to be attributed: and is of opinion that if a *cash* business could be done, the "owners of Stallions could lower their rates at once, and limit their horses to a reasonable number of mares." Why stallion owners cannot in this country demand cash for the services of their horses, I do not see, for if this be the determination of the majority of the owners of good horses, breeders must comply with it, or patronize inferior animals. Col. Hampton, I observe, has commenced the attempt with Monarch, and I do not anticipate neglect of this fine horse in consequence.

"J." is of opinion that I had "as well let alone" my allusion to Priam having been limited, and asserts that "his limit was expressly made known in his advertisements," and that he did not exceed his limit. As yet nothing has occurred to cause any regret on my part—and I assert that in his advertisements in the "Turf Register" and the "Spirit of the Times," his limit was not made known. As in the commencement of my article, I alluded to my "remote and secluded location," "J." could not suppose that I had access to any other advertisements, than those in these two publications.

"J." sneers at my "military dignity," and thinks I have endorsed and given circulation to charges against a "highly respectable and honorable gentleman." As I distinctly quoted the authority on which I based my remarks about Priam, and as I blamed breeders and owners alike, I do not see that my remarks were personal, especially as I condemned the practice as merely "loose and unexact." As I have no other knowledge of Priam's owners than as enterprising capitalists, who have imported many fine horses, I had no intention, and could have no motive, to write of them in offensive terms; and as my comments gave "J." an opportunity to ex-

press a warm eulogium of Priam, and a violent philippic against his non-admirers, I shall hope no unextinguishable anger has been excited. What my profession can have to do with my opinions on a sporting subject, I do not clearly perceive; and presuming that "J.'s" allusion to it is only another example of the prejudice and dislike which appears to pervade the minds of our countrymen against the members of our army, I shall write hereafter under so complete a mask that my opponents cannot indulge in sarcastic rebuke, by a "fling" at my profession.

"J." argues that Imp. Tranby has not failed as a stallion, as he has not had a "fair trial," having "hardly had a good tried mare his first season, and of course no chance to get good runners." If we compare him with one native horse, Medoc, his inferiority as a stallion is manifest; for it is asserted of the last, that of *fourteen* winners of his first year's get, only the dam of *one* had any reputation as a brood mare.

Most of the Native horses compare advantageously with him, Imp. Chateau Margaux, Imp. Valentine, and Imp. Roman. · CAPTAIN.

A PENITENTIAL CONFESSION.

It would seem that we have been guilty of committing "the unpardonable sin"—almost—by alluding to one of our most spirited and graceful correspondents as "a fine old gentleman, whose head is silvered o'er with the frosts of sixty winters." Although we have received nothing directly from him on the subject, one of his friends writes that he appeals to the "Family Bible" to verify the fact of his being "sent into this breathing world" so late as Anno Domini 1784, so that we wronged him to the amount of *four years*. His friend very sagely remarks that "No lady over twenty-five likes her age to be known—much less a man, especially if his wife is not in good health! Besides, if 'The Girls Up Town,' who correspond with the 'Spirit of the Times,' should happen to see the paragraph alluding to him as 'a fine old gentleman of *sixty*,' it might ruin him in their good graces, particularly if his wife should happen, some fine morning, to leave him a widower!"

The friend of our correspondent, whom we shall never venture to term "a fine *old* gentleman" again, (the fact would never have been suspected from his communications), remarks further, that the plaintiff in this case "makes no doubt the 'Girls' aforesaid take a sly peep into the 'Register' occasionally, for the reason that"—but our modesty (think of an *Editor's* modesty!) will not allow us to state the reason. He adds the following particulars as a sort of collateral testimony to prove the fact of his friend's birth, as given by the first witness, that is, the Family Bible:—

"He was born on the 25th of February, 1784, during the great snow that drifted up to the top of the garden pales, and remembers it well that they told him so afterwards. If that won't satisfy every body, I will state some well remembered

facts that took place on the day of my friend's birth. Old Mr. MALCOLM HART (the importer of old *Medley*) was the near neighbor of my friend's father, Col. —, of Bell-air, Spottsylvania County, Va., and hearing of his birth, notwithstanding the deep snow, rode over Pamunkey River, and through the snow, to congratulate the Colonel, and to enquire after the health of "the madame," and the little *snow-bird*. After the usual salutations, being ushered into the parlor, and *getting warm*, he insisted on seeing the bairn. My friend's father *ventured* to take him into the nursery, where my friend was ensconced in an old-fashioned cradle, beneath blankets, quilts, and counterpanes, to shield him from the intense cold. Mr. Hart approached the cradle, and uncovering him and seeing that he was, as he said, "a wee bit bairn," remarked, "well, my lad, ye're stunted for life, coming from *the West Indies to Canada in this cauld weather*." And so it turned out, for all his brothers, both before and after him, were like the rest of the —'s of his family, upwards of six feet high, and proper men, while he, under the standard, barely reaches five feet seven inches and a quarter, and never weighed 130 lbs. in his life. Yet he lately remarked to his son—"I believe I can outrun you now, and as to my looking old, that's impossible, for you know that Mr. FOSTER (and he is a clear-sighted man) the other day took me for my younger brother's son, and I can prove that before I left Virginia a few years ago, that JOHN BRONAUGH took me for my own son, and asked me how *the old gentleman was*."

We beg, after thanking the friend who has furnished us with the facts detailed above, to express to our correspondent himself, our sincere contrition for having alluded to him as "a fine *old gentleman*." When we come to reflect upon the heinous character of the allusion—an allusion that all will agree was entirely unwarranted by the perusal of any communication from his ornate and vigorous pen—we are dumb with amazement at the presumption of which we have been guilty. *Sixty* years, indeed! Why, if we may judge of his age by the sprightliness of his imagination, the brilliancy of his wit, and the zest and spirit with which he describes the manly sports peculiar to youth, he cannot have passed the age of thirty-five; indeed he must be in the enjoyment of the robust health and vigor, and imbued with all the fire and spirit of early manhood. It is a matter of great regret with us, that during our visit to Kentucky last autumn, it was not our good fortune to meet with him. An introduction to no gentleman in the State would have afforded us more sensible pleasure. We *understand* that whether at a race or a frolic—whether on the stump or at a christening—in a fox-chase or a contra dance, he can beat any man of his age in Kentucky and give him boot! As to his ability with the pen, our readers could judge for themselves did we feel at liberty to designate the articles he has written for this magazine under the different signatures of "Curiosus," "J. L.," et cetera. Very few of the most brilliant sporting writers on either side of the Atlantic, wield a more powerful, graphic, and elegant pen.

We humbly trust that our plea of "guilty" will be accepted as some extenuation of our offence, and that the jury of our readers will join in recommending us to the clemency of the court. Four years added to a gentleman's age, like four inches to the length of his nose, is enormous. Deeply sensible of the overwhelming con-

fusion we have brought down on our heads, we beg to be considered as not only occupying "the anxious seat," but as repenting of the high crime and misdemeanor, justly laid to our charge, in sackcloth and ashes.

ANTI-CORROSIVES FOR MIDDLE AND OLD AGE.

A SONG.

You ask for a song ! it were more than absurd
To hope for a song, from so tuneless a bird ;—
One melody only my temper doth suit,
Most eloquent music ! Foxhounds running mute ;
My heart and my whiskers, have both had their day,
My heart is grown cold, and my whiskers grown grey,
A bottle of dye can *their* color restore,
But the heart's bloom once lost, oh ! is lost evermore !—

For I feel not, alas ! as I once may have felt,
When this heart, now so cold, before beauty could melt,
When loved notes came forth from a voice soft and clear,
The *Addio mio caro*, still rings in my ear !
When the nights were consumed in soft breathings and sighs,
And the hours most befitting those mild southern skies ;
When the nights were too short, and the day broke too soon,—
And we wish'd there was no other orb but the moon !

But those days all are gone, as the "light summer cloud,"
And the future comes wrapt in Despair's dismal shroud ;
What resource then remains, but to exorcise Care,
And expel from the heart's core, that Vampire, Despair ?
With me there remains but to baffle the Fiend,
Good foxhounds, stout steeds, all more fleet than the wind.
When the mariner's wrecked, his kind stars he may thank,
Should Fortune perchance in his way throw a plank !

Oh you ! who your bark of bright visions have stove,
On the rocks of Ambition, or quicksands of Love ;
Hope throws to old age, as a final resort,
A *makogany plank*, just to bring you to *Port* !
I've preached but a sermon, you asked for a song,—
More music, say you, in the crack of my thong ;
To musing and sadness, I'm too much inclined,
But unkennel the hounds ; *they'll* hunt care from my mind !

FINAL CHORUS.

Then fill for the toast, which all tempers may suit ;
Scent lying breast high, and the pack running mute,
And the bottle to follow the death of the brute !

I.

[London (New) Sporting Magazine for March 1840.]

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.*

BY AN AMATEUR.

COURTEOUS READER ! my labors draw to a close. Yet a few words on the subject of exercise, clothing, and peradventure on the treatment of your horse while on a journey, together with some “ἐπεὰ πτεροεντὰ” anent clipping, singeing, and shaving, and we shake hands, with a fervent wish on my part that my lucubrations on the subject of horse-flesh may perchance have opened your eyes on some points which you have hitherto but imperfectly understood, or totally misconceived ; and that I may hereafter have occasion to find that I have “sown seed that has brought forth good fruit,” by improving the general treatment of an animal on which, as Mr. Kenwigs, in “Nicholas Nickleby,” says, “Evins itself looks down.”

Let us now proceed to consider the all-important subject of Exercise, without a sufficient quantity of which your horse's powers can never be fully developed. Regular work, *proportioned to the strength of your horse*, so far from diminishing his size, as many persons are apt to imagine, will on the contrary materially increase it. Look at the arm of the blacksmith, which is constantly employed in plying a heavy hammer, and you will immediately be satisfied that its girth is greatly augmented by his unremitting labor. Fat it certainly is not ; but that substance I do not take into consideration in speaking of the condition of horses, for it is one which must invariably be got rid of before they can possibly be rendered capable of great and continued exertion. Purgative medicine and repeated sweating are the two means best adapted for removing adipose matter, and these must be resorted to at first in a moderate degree ; for if by over-work you reduce the stamina of your horse, he will not only lose fat, but likewise flesh or muscle, which it should be your aim to preserve and enlarge. A good appetite, together with a glossy coat, clear wind, firmness of muscle, and a sprightly disposition, will always inform you that your horse is thriving ; whereas the reverse will indicate that your system of training is too severe. When a well-conditioned horse is at work, the play of his muscles should be distinctly visible, which can never be the case when he is loaded with fat.

Do you wish to have recourse to sweating for the purpose of reducing a horse, never on any account, if you are aware of it, suffer your groom to physic him with antimony—a practice of which they are extremely fond, and which is of a most injurious nature. Antimony acts only on the skin by disagreeing with the stomach ; in fact, all nauseating substances—of which this drug is one of the most powerful—operate in a similar manner ; and no person ever yet felt sick without being at the same time bathed more or less with perspiration. Trust simply to exercise, with or without blankets and hoods, as the condition of your horse may seem to

* Resumed from page 167.

require ; and proportion the pace and the degree of weight upon his back to the quantum of sweating you wish him to undergo. It is a good plan, when your object is to obtain profuse perspiration, to exercise in deep ground—a fallow-field for instance—and then either trot, canter, or gallop, according to the heaviness of the ground and the condition of your horse. The moment his work is completed, let him be trotted briskly to his stable, and set two or three men first to scrape off the sweat—which should be done quickly—and then to rub him perfectly dry ; and do not forget the loose bandages to his legs, and the other directions I have already given while on the subject of cleaning. Perfectly dry clothes should of course be substituted for those in which he has taken his gallop ; and after he has been made in every way comfortable, he should be left to himself, taking care to examine from time to time whether he break out in any part afresh. This he will be very apt to do when first put in training, and will be less and less liable to, the more his condition improves.

With respect to removing fat by purgatives, if you are not yourself a good judge of the operation of these medicines, you should first take the opinion of some good veterinary surgeon ere you attempt to meddle with them. A round-barrelled, trussy horse, of a hardy constitution, will bear a dose of medicine which would be destruction to a slight and narrow-gutted one, and you should therefore be extremely cautious how you administer such quantities as you may occasionally see prescribed as *physic* in veterinary works, without previously ascertaining, as far as you can, the capabilities of your horse for sustaining their operation. For the purpose of taking off fat, and at the same time of improving your horse's stamina, active purgation is seldom required, and therefore you must never think of giving such doses as would be prescribed for the treatment of inflammation. Such a practice, so far from doing good, would render your horse weak and languid for several days, and prevent him only from taking any but the most moderate exercise. Generally speaking, from three to four drachms of aloes are quite sufficient for your purpose ; and they may be occasionally repeated as circumstances may require. Previous to giving *physic*, keep your horse for half a day at least on bran-mashes, which species of food, with a little hay, must be all that is allowed him until his dung becomes tolerably firm, or, in stable language, is *set*. Without this precaution, you will run the risk of inducing gripes. Water with the chill taken off should also be given during the operation of a purgative, and the horse be kept tolerably warm. Walking exercise will at first be all that he will comfortably endure after his ball has left off working him, and this must be increased by degrees.

Having by this means brought your horses into such a state as to enable them to stand hard work, it should be your care, by regular exercise and careful attention to their diet, grooming, and other matters connected with their well-doing, to see that they are not suffered to fall off in strength and condition.

It is a good plan to give every horse, be his general work what

It may within the bounds of moderation, some gentle exercise early in the morning before their first feed is given them. The morning air both gives them an appetite, and improves, by its invigorating influence, the healthy tone of every organ of the body, and exercise at this time should therefore never be neglected.

The training of either hunters or race-horses is conducted on the self-same principles; the grand *arcana* of which are comprised in a knowledge of their constitutional treatment in the single article of diet, and in giving them regularly as much exercise as their strength will endure with advantage to themselves. I speak not here of what their *legs* will bear in the way of work; for, if they are so faulty as to be an impediment to active exertion, the sooner they are put out of training the better.

Trainers in general are too fond of employing physic, of the operation of which, in nine times out of ten, they are grossly ignorant. To be convinced of this, you have only to listen to the jargon they will run over to you of the action of the simplest remedies—a liniment, for instance, which they frequently, nay almost invariably, use for a strain of any kind, and that immediately after it has occurred, when its application may be highly injurious. How often have I been told, when I have asked on what *principle* they chose to rub in a strong liniment to an inflamed part, “Why, Sir, I do it to sweat out the inflammation!” and yet these are men to whose care the most valuable horses in the kingdom are entrusted, and who are allowed to physic and even to bleed them whenever they in their wisdom deem it necessary. I remember once predicting the loss of a race by a horse who would otherwise in all probability have won with ease, when his trainer told me, that, after having run two severe races on that day, he had prepared him for running the following morning by giving him an ounce and a half of nitre and a bran-mash to cool him. When I explained to him that by thus irritating the kidneys and bowels he drew off a large portion of the liquid particles of the blood, he seemed as though a new light had dawned upon him, as I sincerely trust it did. His horse no doubt would have run stouter, had his stamina not thus been reduced; as it was, he lost his race, and no great wonder. There is, however, in mankind in general, a hankering after being thought skilled in medicine, and few people will be found who have not nostrums for most diseases, and of course recommend a similar mode of treatment for every case. I am quite as convinced that a horse once put into condition may be kept so by good feeding, good grooming, and good exercise, unless he fall ill, as I am that the less medicine a man in good health and of regular habits takes the better for him. A horse’s habits and mode of life, while under the direction of man, must or ought to be more regular than those of a human being, and consequently the perpetual physicings that are prescribed in most racing stables cannot fail to be prejudicial.

Let then your horse’s work be proportioned to his powers of endurance; pay strict attention to his diet, to cleanliness, &c.; do not allow your groom to tamper with medicine, and to fancy himself an Esculapius or a Professor Coleman; and so shall the work you

get out of your stud be proportionally increased, your veterinary surgeon's bill be diminished, and your purse the weightier by the price of some few horses, which by a different mode of treatment might have been either rendered useless, or have graced the kennel coppers.

Before I conclude this portion of my subject, let me remark, that it is a mistaken notion to suppose that, to keep a horse in readiness to undergo quick work, it is necessary that he should be galloped daily at the top of his speed. Such an idea prevails among many who are ignorant of the mode in which race-horses—of whom the most active exertions are occasionally required—are trained. No horse, indeed, would be able for any length of time to undergo this species of labor. Of this fact I have lately had an example. A friend of mine, being desirous of himself training a horse for a steeple-chase, was in the daily habit of giving him a fast gallop of two or more miles; and the consequence of this treatment was, that at the moment when he was wanted to run his race, he was seized with inflammation, and had to be copiously bled and physicked. He was nevertheless a strong and hardy animal, and supported the exertions demanded of him for a considerable period, until at length nature gave way under the repeated trials to which he was subjected, and very serious injury was the result. A daily hand-gallop at a very moderate pace, with an occasional hard brush, is all that is requisite to keep a horse that is already in good condition, in proper wind, and fit at any moment to “go the pace.” For my own part, I must say that I have never had horses more ready to go through fast work than blood hacks that were out at all times and in all weathers, proper care being of course invariably taken of them in the stable, after the manner which I have recommended. Some people fancy that horses that are made to “rough it,” as they term it—that is, left to stand in the cold for hours, and kept perhaps without clothes—are more hardy and more fit for severe work than those to whose comforts more care and attention are paid; but independently of their usual bad appearance, I am well convinced that this is a serious error, and that a fair trial between the powers of a horse comparatively neglected in the stable in all but the quantity of his food, and those of one carefully looked after in every respect, will, *cæteris paribus*, prove that the strength of the latter is infinitely the more enduring of the two.

So much then, in a few words, for exercise; a subject upon which undoubtedly much more might be written, and with very great advantage too. I shall, however, not dive deeper into this portion of my *opusculum*, both because its limits are not very extended, and because it is but just to leave every one's judgment to do a little without fettering it in every instance by rules which never can be applicable to all cases. The main point for consideration is, “What is the quantum of work your horse is capable of supporting without over-taxing his powers?” and this being once ascertained, proportion his exercise to his strength, according to the best of your judgment, and observe carefully, from time to time whether he improve under your system of management, or appear

to fall off in condition. In either case, you must act according to circumstances, and allow rest or increase exercise as may appear requisite.

With respect to Clothing your horse, unless on raw foggy mornings, it is unnecessary to allow them any covering while at exercise. Race-horses are always taken out in their clothes; but, if their constitution be naturally good, and they are not required to sweat, I cannot but think that they are rendered more tender and more liable to take cold by such a practice. Moreover, it is with them, in some cases, attended with this inconvenience, that after having long been accustomed to gallop in clothes, they are actually obliged to race in them; and although they will of course count as so much dead weight, they hold the wind in some degree, and consequently retard speed.

In the stable your horses should always have clothes enough to keep them warm, but not hot. Grooms are generally too fond of heaping rugs and blankets upon their horses, for the purpose of improving the appearance of the coat; but depend on it that too warm clothing not only renders a horse more susceptible of cold than he should be, but also diminishes the size and firmness of his muscles. Employ then the "just mean;" and however pretty may be the appearance of a smart and thick rug, covered by a gay body-cloth, and this again surmounted by a hood thrown over the quarters, with the ears neatly peeping up behind the rollers, do not sacrifice your horse's well-being to appearances, which may be all very well in the show-stables of a London dealer, but are uncalled for in those of a Sportsman. If your horse be clipped or singed, he will of course require additional clothing, for a time at least: and this leads me to say a few words on these operations, as well as that of shaving.

I know of few modern improvements in the treatment of horses so great as that of taking off the rough coat of a horse that is required to do much work; and, if it be done early in the winter—some time, for instance, during the month of November—not only is there no danger, in nine cases out of ten, of his taking cold, but the benefit he will derive from it will generally be surprising to those who have not been accustomed to witness its good effects. A horse with a long rough coat, that defied the art of man to dry after it was once well wetted, and whose fate was accordingly to remain cold and comfortless for hours, will, after having been clipped, absolutely dry in the short space of ten minutes, even after sharp work; and, what is of still greater consequence, dry will he remain, without the slightest chance of his breaking out into a sweat. Oh! the delights of bringing in your favorite hack or hunter, after a smart gallop, and finding him dry and comfortable, and ready for his grub, hours before he would have touched a morsel with his thick and saturated coat hanging about him; to say nothing of groom's labor saved and time gained! I am certain that those who once adopt the system of clipping their horses on

the approach of winter, if their coats be long, will ever after be ready to acknowledge the incalculable advantages obtained by it, let those who rail against it on the score of its being unnatural, and of the new coat appearing late in the spring, say what they will.

The "Good Old English Gentleman's" cry of sticking to nature, as far as possible, is a mere wilful determination not to abandon old crotchets, and to shut the eyes and the senses against all innovations—whether improvements or not—that are introduced by the "New School" of Sportsmen, who require their horses to go now-a-days at a pace that would soon have pumped the wind out of our "fat-ale-and-chine-of-beef" grandsires. Let those who deny this fact, take a punchy, round-rumped, and well-fed gelding—"one of the olden time," if he can find such an animal—comfortably wrapped in his own natural upper-Benjamin of long and thick hair; and when hounds break covert with a good scent, let him stand high in his stirrups, according to the most approved antique sporting prints, and seduce his Bucephalus into his very best pace, and he will soon discover, that although it may be sufficient to prove, for the remainder of the day and night, that his coat is anything but water-proof, although it will hold water well, it cannot be put in competition with that of the well-bred hunter of the present day, inured to quick work, instead of dragging for hours after a pack about as fast as would be one composed of Newfoundlands, and divested of his pea-jacket that he may recover the quicker from the effects of his work.

The next best operation to Clipping, when this has been too long delayed, is Singeing. With care and pains you may singe a horse's coat off nearly as close as it can be removed by the scissors. Any groom, if he have once seen a horse singed, should be quite capable of singeing one himself. For this purpose, have a piece of iron, about four inches wide at the bottom, made in the shape of a Dutch hoe, and inserted into a handle six or eight inches in length: round the bar at the bottom of the instrument wind some cotton (such as is sold for lamps) very evenly, and, having dipped it in naphtha and lighted it, stroke the horse's coat down lightly with it, and repeat this operation over and over again, until the hair be burnt as close to the skin as possible. While doing this, you must hold in your left hand a blunt table-knife, with which to scrape out the flame if it burn too long. This is most essentially necessary, or you will otherwise blister your horse's skin, besides leaving unsightly marks on his coat. The burnt hair must also be scraped off before the flame be re-applied. You should likewise never set the same part a light several times in succession without allowing the skin to cool, or you may, by pursuing this plan to any great extent, produce great irritation, if not actual fever, in some horses. When about to singe the neck, take care to turn the mane to the opposite side to that you are going to operate on, and pass a water-brush over the top of it, otherwise it may be disfigured by the flame running over it. It is much better to singe a horse by degrees—

that is, by passing the iron over him for three or four days successively—than to burn all his coat off in one day; and, after the thickest part of the hair has been destroyed, one hour will at any time be sufficient to give the whole of his hide an extra burning. When a horse's coat is in tolerably good condition, you will frequently find it advantageous to singe him under the belly, near the flanks, and between the hind-legs. The hair grows long in these parts, and will retain the wet for some time after the greater part of the body is dry.

With respect to Shaving, my advice is that you never attempt it. Two years ago, I knew of several horses so treated, that were all but killed by this foolish practice. When the operation of shaving a horse's hide is properly done, it will be left completely denuded of hair, and this will not grow in sufficient quantity to render exposure to the weather at all safe for some weeks. It is, therefore, in some respects cruel as well as impolitic, and that which, in moderation, is extremely beneficial, becomes, when carried to extremes, a dangerous evil.

As I have promised to say a few words respecting the treatment of a horse on a journey, I will add a few remarks on that subject, albeit those I have already made under the head of preparing him for hard work generally, may be considered equally applicable to every case of this description. The main points for consideration are, "what is the distance you have to go, and the time in which you are to accomplish it?" Presuming that you are one of those who will rather "take time by the forelock," than distress your horse by forcing him to make up by pace for the hours you have consumed in the enjoyment of "creature-comforts," I have to recommend that he be fed full two hours before the time of starting, and that you begin your journey very leisurely, and proceed at an easy pace, well within your horse's powers, for the first ten miles, after which, as I think either old Markham or De Grey somewhat quaintly says, "In God's name begin your journey." If you have a strong, active, and hardy animal under you, step out moderately for another ten miles, ever taking advantage for this purpose of the level parts of the road, and easing your beast both up and down hill, for a declivity occasions almost as great a strain on the fore-legs as proportionally rising ground will upon the hind; and having ridden thus far, pull bridle, and walk your horse for a couple of miles or so, that he may recover himself in some measure, and get tolerably cool. Now put him into his stable, or a box if you can get one, and trust not to the tender mercies of an ostler to rub him perfectly dry. These gentry are too much accustomed to the rough treatment of farmers' nags and post-horses, to pay any extraordinary degree of attention to a valuable hack without supervision. Moreover, if your horse be of full blood, it is ten to one but he will have the common trick of lashing out behind while being cleaned, which almost all these horses have, and which to me is "right pleasant to behold." I love to see their little waywardness

of temper disdainfully displayed in this manner; more especially as it very rarely arises from vice, for they constantly kick with the leg that is farthest from the person cleaning them, and seems to be only done as a vent for feelings which they cannot control. Your ostler, however, who seldom handles an animal of this stamp, sees broken ribs and legs in every kick; and, unless you stand by and assure him your horse with gentle usage will not kick *him*, either bullies him and knocks him about *to make him quiet*, or leaves him to dry as he best may. Having then superintended the cleaning of your horse, water him moderately if perfectly cool, and give him about a quartern and a half of corn and beans, not more on any account, for that would only distend his stomach, and do him harm: then leave him to himself for a couple of hours ere you resume your journey. I confess I am one of those who never could admire the feats that are occasionally recorded of riding and driving horses enormous distances in the course of the day, and that too in a short space of time. I consider a journey of forty or fifty miles *per diem*, as much as any humane man, fond of his horse, ought to perform. Let those who choose to go double the distance boast of their exploits in this way if they please; to my mind it is anything but creditable to them: and I can never forbear the thought that with respect to horse-flesh they are as ignorant as they are cruel. While a horse has any work to be done during the day, he should not be allowed any hay; and if fed four times, the extra half-quartern allowed him will make up for any deficiency in this article of diet. At night let his feet be stopped, and all the other rules which I have laid down for his comfort be attended to. It is a very bad plan so to divide your work as to complete the last stage at night. Always, if possible, let your horse be housed early, that he may have plenty of time to rest before the next day's work; and this also will give you an opportunity of looking to him oftener than you otherwise could, and of having clothes properly aired for him, if, as is frequently the case, you find the ostler prepared with a set that has been put on another horse *because he was wet*, and that are now destined for your horse because *they* are wet, and require to be dried. At almost all inn-stables a horse's back is the drying ground for damp clothes; but it will be your own fault if you suffer your hack to be used for this purpose.

After all that I have written upon the subject of the general treatment of horses, it would be superfluous to say much more respecting the peculiar attention they may require when travelling. The main point is to endeavor to obtain for your horse as much care and as many comforts as he would experience in your own stables. If he be distressed, you may give him gruel; but no hack in good condition ever ought to be too severely pushed. It is only in the chase that this should possibly happen occasionally; for the man who has time enough, as I have supposed he *may* have by starting early, to go a certain distance with a horse well prepared for work (and no other should be used), must ride him very unfairly or very injudiciously if he require nursing instead of taking solid food.

There remains now for me but one subject more to treat of, and that I shall dismiss very summarily—it is the well-worn topic of turning a horse to grass during the summer. So much discussion has taken place on this debateable ground, that to repeat the arguments *pro* and *con* would be to tell a thrice or oftener told tale; and I can hardly hope that *decies repetita placebit*. I shall therefore put a few “civil questions” to those gentlemen-graziers who advocate the “summer-run” system.

Is not your horse turned out for the purpose of resting him, and of bringing round his legs, which begin to shew symptoms of work?

Is not a certain quantity of food at a time, and at regular hours, best for a horse?

Will grass put a horse in condition?

Do you not say that you turn him out to keep his feet cool and moist?

Now I should be glad to know whether a horse at grass will rest as much as one kept in a loose box, and led out every day *as long as is good for him*. Whether it is not better to feed him yourself on a certain quantity of food, giving green meat as a gentle physic if you will, than to suffer him to fill his belly from morning till night; and, in short, *never to have his stomach empty*. My third question I need not answer, as the first care of every man, on taking up his horse from grass, is to get rid of its bad effects by physic, grooming, and regular work: and as for the feet, if they cannot be kept sufficiently cool in the stable, why, as the Americans say, “it is a pity.” For kicks, bruises, strains, coughs, roaring, broken-wind, staggers, &c. &c., let the sins of the grazier, who will alone suffer from them, be visited lightly upon his soul in purgatory, but not so lightly as on that of the man who increases his horse’s comforts by personal superintendence in the stable, and unremitting care from one year’s end to the other.

Reader, be thou one of this latter genius, and I shall hope to have a little converse with thee when Old Charon shall have ferried us both across his “Whissendine” unto the plains where we may still “screw along” on our phantom favorites. To say truth, worthy Lector, I am loth to part with thee. Thou has evinced no common share of patience if thou has perused the “flowings of my phantasy” up to this point; and I am fain to look upon thee as my pupil, and one who is to do credit to my instructions hereafter. I may, therefore, yet renew our companionship on some future day, and on a subject equally dear to both; till when I pray thee to keep me in thy kind remembrance.

V A L E !

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for March 1840.]

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

MOOSE HUNTING DURING THE SUMMER SEASON IN NOVA SCOTIA.

BY MEADOWS.

 Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

ACCORDING to agreement made with Howard (after our Caraboo hunt, during the winter), one fine morning in the early part of August we met on the South pier, St. John's, N. B., and stepping on board the lively little steamer "Maid of the Mist," in a few hours landed in the picturesque town of "Annapolis Royal," N. S. Sabatisie and Billy forming our suite. As it was still early in the day, Sabatisie proposed we should at once proceed towards the Indian encampment, which was only a few miles in the woods behind the town, where we had appointed to meet his brother, who was to be our guide to some lakes said to abound with trout; we also expected to find moose and deer in the surrounding forests. Our faithful Indian cheerfully shouldered our camp equipage, and Howard and myself formed two small packs of a few necessities, which (together with our rifles, fly rods, &c.) were quite as much as we, during the hot season, felt able to carry. Thus equipped, we marched sturdily for the encampment. Following a *blazed* line, about dusk we approached the Indian village. A yelling of curs and squalling of children announced our approach. On gaining the clearing in front of the camp, I thought we had come upon our swarthy friends during a most deadly encounter. Forty or fifty men, stripped to the waist, and armed with clubs, appeared to be doing their best to *man handle* each other; a nearer view, however, showed me they were engaged in an innocent game of *hocky*. Now, being rather a *dab* at this sport when at school, I looked on with no little interest; when a slim young Indian (whose open, merry countenance, showed how much he enjoyed the game,) darted from the press. The ball was before him, and a quick blow sent it flying some 100 yards; with scarce less speed he followed. Laughing, yelling, the others strained every nerve to overtake him; but before this could be accomplished, he had again reached the ball and dealt another blow. A few runs, and as many *ducks* at the ball, proved clearly he had the game in his own hands; when, appearing satisfied, he suddenly turned and drove the ball directly into the midst of his defeated comrades, and turning, quietly walked towards us. "This my brother Adella," said Sabatisie. We greeted the young Indian, and he requested us to enter his camp. It appeared he had been lately married, for as we entered he introduced us to a very pretty little squaw, not more than 16. She was dressed in the very height of Indian fashion and finery, and had as many airs as a Paris beauty. As she could not speak our language, we were content to gaze; so that we were not sorry when Adella requested we would share his evening meal.

That night we slept in Adella's camp, and at daylight started for the woods. "Sabatisie and Adella," said Howard, as we walked sturdily forward, "held a council last night. They think, as the weather has been so very hot and dry, we shall find moose on the small islands in the lakes, or browsing on the edge of the thoroughfares (as streams are called here which connect lakes). Moose are very fond of the water, and will, during hot weather, remain all day in the streams, to rid themselves of mosquitoes and other tormenting insects; most probably we shall find plenty of wild-fowl in the large lakes; and Adella says there are trout in abundance. We are bound to a large lake which is the first of a chain which runs many miles across the Province; and, by Jove, I shall not be sorry when we get there, for tramping during this hot season through this thick wood, is no joke. But hallo! what *is* Bill about? Back! you villain, back!" On nearer approach we found master Bill enjoying the delightful recreation of shaking a porcupine to death; and as the said porcupine had resented the insult by filling Bill's mouth with quills, we had some difficulty to make the dog give up so profitless a sport. Late in the afternoon we reached the summit of a rising ground crowned with aged pines. Beneath their broad shadow we cast ourselves. The lake lay at our feet—not a breath disturbed its mirror-like surface. Many small picturesque islands dotted its bosom, on which flocks of wild-fowl lay slumbering, and not an echo disturbed the peaceful scene, save now and again the lonely loon uttering its mournful cry, and lazily flapping its broad wings, half flew half swam to some favorite fishing spot.

Sabatisie and Adella had meanwhile found their canoes, and having placed all our traps in them, we embarked,—I patronising my old friend Sabatisie. As we glided quietly on, side by side, Howard said:—"Now, Meadows, this mode of travelling suits me to a *T*,—here I can lounge my full length, and so gentle and soothing is the motion, that no other mode can be compared to it. Sabatisie thinks we had better at once make for the *thoroughfare*, and there encamp for the night. Oh L—d, the ducks!—look out, here they come!"—and as they passed we gave them a volley, and for our trouble picked up five fine teal. These shots echoing among the hills, aroused the slumbering wild-fowl; and many flocks circled round us, several coming within range; so that when we landed at the outlet of the lake, we had teal, widgeon, and wood-duck in abundance. The canoes were here hauled up, and while our guides prepared for the night, we *explored* the stream. It was now near twilight, and the mists of the coming night began to gather, waving in a thin curtain o'er the lake. No noise was heard save the hum of the restless mosquito, and the dash of the rapid stream, which fell refreshingly on the ear. Cool dews began to fall and refreshen the heated earth, and from the drooping wild-flowers rich sweets exhaled. The beauty and stillness of the evening lulled me into a dreamy thoughtfulness, and I was fast verging toward the romantic, when, as we sauntered on, my companion addressed me:—"Now, old fellow, to my eye this is as

pretty a stream as one could wish to cast a fly in; there must be trout, and good ones, lurking in those eddying pools, and as the air is getting cooler, the large fish will soon begin to feed. Ah! did you see that?—down there, close to the bank, where the turn of the river has made a deep pool. There he is again!—he rose at a black gnat—a whopper, by Jove! Let me put this fly on for you, and with this *red palmer* and a *white moth* for a drop, I think you may do something. Now take a cast or two to wet your line and get your gut straight—there, that will do; you throw a good fly. As it is yet rather bright, cast a few yards above where he last rose, and let your fly drop quietly down stream.—Ah! you struck too soon or you would have had him! he is a large fish, and does not like to be hurried—such fellows will generally, if let alone, hook themselves—you had better give him a little time. Now then!—well done!—a fine fish, by the powers, and as strong as a horse!—but do not give him line, as he may cut your gut on the sharp stones of the rapid below; bring him a little this way, and I will land him. There he is! and a noble fellow, well fed, and with a head as small and as fine ‘as the little end of nothing cut down to a point.’ I must prepare *my* tackle.”

We fished until it was too dark to see our flies; and gathering up our spoils, joined Adella and Sabatisie, who had by this time made our camp and prepared supper; which meal we forthwith attacked with a *sportsman's sauce*.

Our quarters were just within the woods, not fifty yards from the lake. After supper (lured by the beauty of the night,) we strolled down the stream. On a sudden the dog, which had accompanied us, plunged into the water, and swam about as if in search of something. “He is most likely after *musk rats*,” said Howard, “but he may save himself the trouble, as it will be long before he can swim and dive as they do; but do you get your gun, and we will sit down on this bank, and if we are quiet the rats will soon be out again.” We smoked in silence for some time, when Howard pointed to some dark object on the water. I instantly fired, and in dashed Bill. For some time we could, in the imperfect light, see he was struggling violently with something—then disappeared—and coming up again, the struggle was renewed. Howard, not liking this, stripped and swam to his favorite, and grasping him, with some difficulty brought the dog ashore, and found he had by the back of the neck a full-grown otter. The otter, though wounded, was too much for master Bill in the water; and as the dog was too game to loose his grip, he would very likely have been drowned had not Howard gone to his assistance. But now it was Billy's turn; and he certainly did “*take his pleasure*” out of his adversary—but not with impunity, for otters are ugly customers. At length the dog got a grip on the otter's throat, which he would not leave until he had ascertained to his own satisfaction that his adversary was by death deprived of power, offensive or defensive. After this *scrimmage*, we turned in and enjoyed a repose on our cedar beds, as refreshing as we would have, had we been on the softest down couch in the palace of the Sultan.

The dawn was just visible, and a few stars still lingered in the grey sky, when I was as usual aroused by the Indians. How fresh is the first breath of the newly awakened day!—What hour so life-invigorating! Braced by the thin pure air, the frame throws off its languor, and is at once ready for action. Walking forth, I joined Howard at the stream. "Come," said he, "rig up your tackle; we may have some good sport before the sun is up: the fish, during this hot season, feed only before sun-rise, and two or three hours after sun-set." With the assistance of Adella I launched one of the canoes, and placed her so as to command the mouth of the stream. A gentle morning breeze had sprung up, displacing the curtain of thick mist which overhung the lake, and forming that beautiful curl on the water so essential to fly-fishing. At the first cast, three trout rose at my three flies, and with the assistance of Adella, I *landed* two fine fish. So lively did the fish rise, that after a few casts I was compelled to abandon two flies; and when the sun poured forth his bright rays and put an end to my sport, I had thirty fine trout lying in the bottom of the canoe.

After a hearty breakfast we again embarked, and darted down the rapid. Howard and Adella were in advance, and I enjoyed the novelty of the scene of *poling* a canoe down a rapid. Indeed it was a thrilling sight to behold the tall and graceful figure of the young Indian, stripped to the waist, his glossy skin shining in the morning sun, standing erect and firm in the stern of the canoe—in his hand he grasped a stout pole, some twelve feet long, and with quick eye and ready hand guided his frail bark from the dangerous rocks upon which she each moment appeared about to be dashed to pieces. The *thoroughfare* was near three miles long. We now entered a lake very similar to that we had left. Wild-fowl were plenty; but Sabatisie recommended abstaining from shooting, as we expected to find moose either browsing on the margin, or wallowing in the stream. The Indians having resumed their paddles in the deep water, we glided quietly on, passing three lakes and as many connecting streams. About mid-day the sun became so overpoweringly hot, that we resolved to take shelter on the first grassy bank we came to. The canoes were hauled up, and we cast ourselves under the shade of a hospitable cedar. I had smoked myself drowsy, and was composing my limbs for a doze, when Adella making a sign to us to be quiet, cast himself flat on the earth and *wormed* his body to the water's edge. In a short time he returned to us with the joyful news that two moose had entered the stream a short distance below. How he had *guessed* such was the case, before he obtained ocular demonstration—whether he *heard* or *smelt* them—I cannot be expected to know; but since my rambles with the Indians, I can believe almost any tale of their extraordinary sagacity in discovering objects at a distance, tracking, &c. &c. The bank on which we were reposing, was a small peninsular jutting into the river. Between us and the moose, there was a thick clump of alders which reached to the water's edge; but beyond them the bank was clear some distance down, so that it was impossible to get within range of the moose.

from the land. A council was held, when Sabatisie proposed we should carry the canoes a short distance up the stream, embark, and coming rapidly down the river, dash round the point, and we *might* be on the game before they could gain the woods. This plan was quickly adopted. We embarked about 200 yards up the stream. My rifle was half up, my thumb on the hammer, and my heart beating with anxiety, when we dashed round the point with the rapidity of a hawk pouncing on its prey. I scanned the broad surface of the stream—but, alas! the moose were not visible. In silence and disappointment we glided quietly some distance down the rapid, and had given up all hopes of the moose, when a cheery cry from Howard told me he had the game in view, and in a few seconds I got sight of their enormous antlers. The moose were making the best of their way down the stream, and so swift was their pace that I supposed it useless to attempt pursuit; but not so the Indians. The river in this part was tortuous, and the rocky and abrupt banks were bounded by tall perpendicular cliffs. Sabatisie, grasping his pole more firmly, and keeping time with foot and hand, sent the light *bark* spinning through (or more properly *over*) the rapid torrent,—she actually seemed to fly from wave to wave. Casting my glance back, I saw that Adella had no idea of being beaten in the chase; and though the torrent was at this point foaming against sharp rocks, the gallant young Indian, instead of following the regular course of the stream, dashed directly across, and by that manœuvre placed his canoe some distance in advance of ours. For an instant, after performing this daring feat, he turned, stood erect, and with a look of triumph waved his hand and uttered a yell of delight. Sabatisie answered the cry, and the rival brothers strained every nerve in the race. No huntsman ever cheered his hounds more merrily than did my pilot his light canoe. She seemed “a thing of life,” and well did she answer the call: she leapt! she flew! skimming like a swallow on the surface, and mocking the rude waves, which, as we advanced, seemed to roll in an opposite direction. On, on we dashed. Now the moose are in view—now a bend of the stream hides them—and now again their broad antlers are seen waving to and fro on the rugged water. We were gaining rapidly, and the chase was becoming every moment more and more interesting. Adella was still some distance in advance of us, when an abrupt turn hid both the game and our comrades; and before we rounded the rock, the sharp crack of a rifle told me Howard had got within range. A moment, and we dashed round. The scene was wholly changed. Instead of a foaming torrent, rugged rocks and towering cliffs, the stream was now broad and placid, the banks verdant and easy of approach. The moose were still struggling forward, and appeared to be making for a thickly wooded island in the centre of the river; nor could all the efforts of Adella prevent them from accomplishing their purpose. Our companions now paused, as if uncertain how to act; but Sabatisie, with a cheery cry, dashed on and placed his canoe between the island and the main-land; and Adella, taking the hint, gained a position so as to guard the other side. Sabatisie now

rested for a moment, and leaning over the side of the canoe, took a long draught of water. He looked as fresh as when we started, and though the day was excessively close and hot, yet not a drop of moisture appeared on his swarthy brow. After waiting some time in suspense,—“Sartain brother Howard send dog to drive moose,” muttered the Indian, in rather an anxious tone. Nor was he mistaken; for we soon heard the bay of the dog—but it was of short duration, and again all was quiet; when Sabatisie uttered a yell that made me almost spring out of the canoe. The moose had taken the water, and were making for the main-land on our side. Sabatisie made swiftly for the shore, and springing on the bank like a grey-hound, arrived fortunately in time to head the moose off. Adella had by this gained a position on the other side of the river, so that the moose were obliged to make the best of their way up the rapid, or run the gauntlet between our canoes. The pursuit now again commenced. The canoes were nearly abreast, and again the Indians strove for superiority. But now the greater strength and bottom of Sabatisie told: the current ran at least six miles an hour, yet did he force his light vessel steadily and quietly up the stream, so that we were soon far in advance. At length we were within range of the moose, but still Sabatisie held on. “Sartain brother Meadows no shoot till I tell you.” We were now not fifty yards from the moose, when Sabatisie, choosing a good opportunity, placed his pole on the rocky bottom, and dexterously held the canoe as firm and motionless as a rock. “Now, brother!” A violent plunge showed my ball had not erred, and the monstrous carcase came rolling down the current. Adella and Howard passed on in pursuit of the other moose, which was some distance ahead.

I had been so much interested in the chace, that I had not noticed the great change which had taken place in the weather. The atmosphere, which a short time before was bright and cloudless, had suddenly become darkened—the air was thick and sultry—at intervals the angry growl of distant thunder could be heard, and the trees of the surrounding forests appeared to moan and sigh, as if dreading the approaching tempest. Sabatisie’s face (which till now had glowed with all the enthusiasm of the chace,) grew serious, and casting a glance at the sharp rocks and perpendicular cliffs on each side of the foaming rapid, he hailed Howard.—“Better turn back, brother—sartain very bad,” said he, pointing to the lowering clouds, which were becoming every moment more dark: “better come back and haul up canoe before storm come.” “Hallo! Sabatisie,” cried Howard, “no shirking with such a fellow as that before us!—You are done up, are you?—I thought that last burst up the rapid would blow you. Yoicks! hark forward, Adella! they must not kill both the moose—forward, my lad, forward!”—and Howard, to my astonishment, seizing another pole, sprung to the bow of his canoe, and at once showed me he was deeply skilled in the *mysteries* of the “*light bark*.” Not a moment did Sabatisie hesitate—the taunt had stung him in the tenderest point. A proud smile for a moment played over his countenance, and telling me to

place myself so as to throw the whole weight of my body in the bow of the canoe, he settled steadily to his work. With the assistance of Howard, Adella had been gradually widening the breach between us; but when Sabatisie had trimmed the canoe to his liking, and put forth his whole strength, it was evident they could not long maintain their advantage. Thus we proceeded, and the trial of skill and strength occupied all my attention, till a fierce peal of thunder burst directly over our heads, and one vivid glare of lightning wrapped the whole scene in a momentary blaze: down came the wind, rushing between the high cliffs, and lashing the rapid into a white foam. The poor canoe seemed to tremble, as Sabatisie, with a dark frown on his swarthy brow, sternly forced her against both the tempest and the force of the current. I now began to think we had better have taken the advice of the elder Indian. The sharp rocks on each side frowned foreboding on our approach, and we could not trust our frail vessel near them: to turn back was equally dangerous, as had the canoe broached to and taken the swell on her beam, she could not have lived a moment. The mist and foam had for some time hid our comrades from view, when the report of a rifle brought my recollection back to the chace, and I now thought I could discover a dark object drifting down the torrent towards us. I was not mistaken—it was Adella's canoe!!—and as it flew past, I could perceive the forms of two persons lying flat in the bottom. As the tempest was now at its greatest fury, it required all the skill, nerve, and strength of Sabatisie to keep the head of our canoe to the wind. His eye was steadily fixed on her sharp prow; his body thrown back so as to form an angle with the pole, which was placed firmly on the rocky bottom; and with his feet braced in the canoe, he gradually manœuvred her under the lee of a small rock, round which the waters formed an eddy. Having gained this position of comparative safety, he bid me, by signs, cast myself flat in the bottom of the canoe; then quickly seizing a paddle, he sprang lightly over me, and by this manœuvre instantly changed the bow into the stern, and we darted down the angry torrent. As I dared not lift my head, I could not see what passed, until I found the canoe driven with great force against some soft substance. I sprang up, and found we were high and dry on the grassy island from which the dog had driven the moose. The gale still raged with frightful violence, and my anxiety for the safety of my friend was great; but nothing could at present be done; we had most miraculously escaped. Sabatisie hauled the canoe up, and turning her over, we cast ourselves beneath her, to await the abatement of the tempest. Shortly after I had been in this position, I thought I felt something cold rubbing against my hand, and turning round, I saw our trusty little friend Billy. He was very lame, and the blood was running fast from a deep wound in his shoulder, received, most probably, when he charged the moose. I dressed the cut, and bound it up, for which he appeared very grateful; but the instant it was done he started off again in search of his master.

The storm passed off as quickly as it had gathered: the sun

again beamed brightly forth, and the howling hurricane died quietly away into a gentle breeze. Sabatisie launched the canoe; we stepped in, and were about to shove off when poor Bill came hobbling up the bank and requested a passage. It appeared the Indian had seen, as we came down the stream, part of Howard's canoe high and dry on the rocks of the point from which we had first viewed the moose; this he did not tell me until we were near the point, as I suppose he did not wish to increase my anxiety. For this spot he now made; and O! how my heart thrilled when I saw the shattered canoe strewed on the rocks. We landed, and searched in every direction, but could discover no trace of our friends, and had almost given them up as lost when a quick and merry bark from Billy renewed our hopes. We followed the sound, and soon found Howard and Adella; Billy, in utter contempt of his wounds, madly careering round them. Ours was indeed a joyful meeting; and now that the danger was past, we had a hearty laugh at the spree. It appeared that Howard and Adella, heedless of the storm, had struggled on in pursuit of the game. The foam and spray hid every thing ten yards from them, when on a sudden they came on the moose standing on a shallow, and apparently terrified at the tempest. Howard instantly dropped his pole, seized his rifle, and fired,—the canoe flew round with the wind, and Adella losing all command of her, they threw themselves in the bottom as a last recourse. The last thing they recollected was the canoe being dashed to pieces against a rock. When they came to, they found they had been cast by the force of the water many yards on the point, but had not received any material injury. When the dog found them, they were on their way down the river, as Adella said he thought Sabatisie would run his canoe on the island if he could escape the rapid. "I am sure," said Howard, "I saw the moose I shot at on the shallow, fall; in fact I was so near I could not well miss it. What think you, Sabatisie, have we any chance of finding it?" "If brother kill him, he for sartain soon found; but guess meat now not very good—water in rapid very much strong, and rocks sharp." "Well," said I, "we are sure, I trust, of my fellow, as I much wish to send his noble antlers and handsome jacket to England, as trophies. They have a very poor opinion concerning the sporting in the Provinces, and very little better of that of the United States: indeed I have seen it stated by more than one writer, that a gun is an almost useless article in these parts, as there is not any game worth mentioning. The fact is, these feather-bed sportsmen drive through the country, visit the principal places, make a few inquiries, take a short excursion, perhaps not three miles from the town, with a city sportsman, return fagged and disappointed, and in the bitterness of the moment pen a description of *Sporting in the Provinces*. Had any of these fellows been with us last June, salmon fishing in the *Nashwalk*—or July, trout fishing at the river *Philip*—woodcock shooting in August, round *Horton*, *Cornwallis*, or *Anapolis*—snipe shooting on the marshes near *Gagetown* and *Musquash*—wild-goose shooting on the great *Tantramar*, in October—had they been at our memorable

caraboo hunt, in January—or had they witnessed the way old Sabatisie *rigadooned* the moose up *that rapid*,—I have some notion their tune would have been changed. But these men have not *pluck* to face the hardships of sporting in a wild country, and expect to find game on the post-roads. Comæ, Sabatisie, let us in search of the moose.”

Howard and Adella started for the point where they were wrecked, in hopes of finding their guns, &c. We had not proceeded more than a mile, when we found the dead moose high and dry on a small island in the middle of the stream. He was a splendid creature, at least 16 hands high; his antlers were over 6 feet in the span. The Indian was not long in stripping off his hide, during which I set myself on the bank to enjoy a pipe. All trace of the storm had disappeared, save that the stream was turbulent and muddy, and a few small trees and broken branches strewed its surface. Not having room for the carcase, we were obliged to leave it, for which I have no doubt the lynx, foxes, &c., returned us many thanks. When we regained our comrades, we found they had been fortunate in recovering their rifles; but every thing else was lost. A camp was prepared, and we turned in early, being much fatigued with the events of the day.

The sun was an hour high next morning, before we could shake off our drowsiness. It was then agreed we should return to Anapolis, as we could not do much in one canoe. During our trip back, we had some good fishing and wild-fowl shooting; and so much were we pleased with the conduct of Adella, that we promised to meet at his camp in October, when, he said, he could show us *moose hunting* of quite a novel character. We remained part of one day with Adella and his pretty squaw, and then started for Anapolis, which we reached in good health and spirits, highly gratified with our excursion.

ATHENÆUM HOTEL, Feb. 27th, 1840.

A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS ON LONG ISLAND.

BY J. CYPRESS, JR.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF “FIRE ISLAND-ANA,” IN WHICH IS CONTAINED A STORY OF A MERMAID, AS TOLD BY DANIEL —, IN THE FISHING HUT.

“ASLEEP! Venus!”—cried Ned,—“it would be difficult for any sensible person to fall asleep during a recital of such original and thrilling interest. The Argonautic expedition, the perilous navigation of Æneas, the bold adventure of the New England pilgrims”—

“Have my doubts,” snorted Peter, interrupting Ned’s laudation, in a voice not so articulate but that the utterance might have been acknowledged for the profound expression of the sentiments of a gentleman in the land of dreams. Peter’s drowsiness had finally

prevailed not only over his sense of hearing, but also even over his sense of imbibition. I picked up his cannikin, and solemnly shook my own head in place of his, as he pronounced the oracular judgment. "Have my doubts, mostly, mister, I say," he grumbled again, and then the veteran gray battalion that stood marshalled upon his chin, erect, and John of Gaunt like, or rather like the ragged columns of the Giant's Causeway, bristled up to meet the descent of his overhanging, ultra-Wellington nose. There was a noise as of a muttered voice of trumpets,—and then it gradually died away, and there was a deep, deep peace. To use Peter's own classical language, he was "shut up."

"Asleep? Not a man, Venus," said Oliver Paul. "If thee tell us such yarns as that, we wont go to sleep all night. But thee must not ask us to believe them."

"Well, every man must believe for himself," replied Venus, "I expect. I admit it's likely the captin must have stretched a leetle about the length o' time he was out, I should say. But it's easy to make a mistake about the number of days in them latitudes, you know; 'cause I've heerd say the sun shines there several days together on a stretch, sometimes, without goen down none; and then agin it's as dark as pitch for a hull month, and no moon nother. Some people reckons the sun can't rise there, no how, winter mornens, on account it's bein so darn'd cold. How is it about that, Mr. Cypress? You're college larnt, I expect."

"It's a long answer to that question, Venus. Since Captain Symmes returned from his penetration into the north pole, there has been a vast addition to our stores of knowledge of the character and habits of the sun. Professor Saltonstall contends, and proves, to my satisfaction, at the least, that the god of day is a living animal, the Behemoth of the Scriptures. But I'll tell you all about that some other, better opportunity;—the next time we're stooling snipe together, in Pine Creek. Let's have another story, now. Zoph, can't you get up something? What was that Venus said about mermaids? Were there ever any mermaids about here?"

"Can't say—can't say," answered Zoph, with a hesitating, inquiring sort of deliberation: "can't say, for my part; but I've heerd folks tell there *used to be* lots on 'em."

"Sarten, sarten, no doubt;" continued Daniel, with better confidence. "I know, that in th' time o' my gr't gr'ndf'th'r they used to be pr'tty considerabl' plenty. Th' old man had a smart tussel with a he merm'd—a merman, I sh'd say—one day."

"Let's have that, Dannel;" cried two or three voices at once.

"Let's have a drink, first;" interposed Dan's copartner in the eel trade,—who probably knew the necessity of soaking the story—at the same time uncorking the jug. "Here, Dannel, hand the tumbler over to Mr. Paul."

"Don't drink—don't drink, boys;" advised the virtuous Oliver, as usual. "Well, if you will,"—resting the jug upon his knee with his right hand, and bringing its avenue of discharge into no merely suspicious juxta-position to the tumbler in his left—"if you will, you will. *Some pork will boil that way.*"

"It's geen to be a dry story, I expect, Mr. Paul. My throat feels 'mazen dusty a'ready."

A general drought prevailed, and the watering-pot performed its interesting and refreshing functions.

At last, the ground being put in order, Dan prepared to sow the crop. So he hummed and hawed, and threw out his quid, and drew his sleeve across his chin, and began his work after this wise. —Dan, it will be perceived, is a special economist of vowels, and uses no more words than are precisely necessary to "express his sentiments."

"Why, y' see, th' old man was one o' th' first settlers that come down from M'sschus'tts, and he tuk a small farm on shears down to Fort-neck, and he'd every thing fix'd accorden. The most his time, hows'm'ver, he spent in the bay, clammen and sich like. He was putty tol'r'bl' smart with a gun, too, and he was the first man that made wooden stools for ducks. So he was out bright and arely one morn'n—he'd laid out all night, likely—and he'd his stool sot out on th' n'r-east side o' a hassck off Wanza's Flat,—(the place tuk its name from gr't gr'ndf'th'r,)—th' wind bein from th' so'-west princip'ly; and he lay in his skiff in th' hassck, putty well hid, for't was in th' fall o' th' year, and the sedge was smart and high. Well, jest arter day 'd fairly broke, and the faawl begun to stir, he reckoned he heer'd a kind o' splashten in the water, like geese pick'n and wash'n themselves. So he peeked through the grass, softly, to see where the flock was; but, 'stead o' geese, he see a queer looken old feller waden 'long on the edge o' th' flat, jest by th' channel, benden low down, with a bow and arr in his hands, all fixed, ready to shoot, and his eye upon gr't gr'ndf'th'r's stool. 'That feller thinks my stool's faawl,' says the old man to himself, softly, 'cause he 'xpected the fell'r was an Ingen, and there wa'n't no tellen whether he was friendly or not, in them times. So he sot still and watched. The bow and arr kept goen on, and to rights it stopped. Then the feller what had it, ris up, and pulled string, and let slip. Slap went the arr, strut into one o' gr't gr'ndf'th'r's broadbills, and stuck fast, shaken. The old man sniggled as he see th' other feller pull, and then jump and splash thro' th' water to pick up his game, but he said nothen. Well, the merm'n—as it turned out to be—got to th' stool, and he seemed most won'rf'll s'prized th' birds didn't get up and fly, and then he tuk up the br'db'll, and pulled out his arr, and turned the stool ov'r and ov'r, and smelt it, and grinned, and seemed quite uneasy to make out what 'twas. Then he tuk up 'nother one, and he turned 'em putty much all ov'r, and tore their anchors loose.

"Gr't gr'ndf'th'r wa'n't a bit skeered, and he didn't like this much, but he didn't want to git into a passion with an Ingen, for they're full o' fight, and he loved peace: and besides he didn't want to take no dis'dvantage on 'im, and he'd two guns loaded in th' skiff, and th' other feller hadn't only a bow and arr, and the old man hoped he'd clear out soon. It wa'n't to be, hows'm'ver, that the old man shouldn't get int' a scrape; for what's the feller with the bow and arr do, arter consideren and smellen a smart and long

spell, but pick up the whole stool—every one on 'em—and sling 'em ov'r's shoulder, and begin to make tracks! Gr't gr'ndf'th'r couldn't stand that 'ere. So he sung out to him, putty loud and sharp, to lay down them stools; and he shoved the skiff out the hassck, and then he see plain enough it was a merm'n. Then the old man was a leetle started, I expect. Hows'mver, he shoved right up to him, and got his old muskets ready. Well, the merm'n turned round, and sich another looken mortal man gr't gr'ndf'th'r said he never did see. He'd big bushy hair all ov'r 'im, and big whiskers, and his eyes was green and small's a mushrat's, and where the flesh was he was ruther scaly-like. He hadn't stitch clothes ont' 'm, but the water was up to's waist, and kivered 'im up so that gr't gr'ndf'th'r couldn't see the biggist part on 'im. Soon's the old man got done jawen, the merm'n he begun to talk out the darndest talk you ever heerd. I disremember 'xactly, but I b'lieve 'twas something like 'norgus porgus carry-Yorkus,' and all sich stuff. Ephr'm Salem, the schoolmaster, used to reckon 'twas Lating, and meant somethin 'bout takin load o' porgees down to Yerk: other some said 'twas Dutch: but I can't say. Well, the old man let him talk his talk out, and then he tuk his turn. Says the old man, says he, 'it ant respect'ble, 'tant honest, mister merm'n, to hook other people's property. Them's my stool,' says he. 'Ye lie,' says the merm'n,—speakin so gr't gr'ndf'th'r could hear 'im plain enough when he cum to the pint,—'ye lie,' says he, 'I jest now shot 'em.'

"'Shot 'em, you b——,' says the old man, gittin mad: 'shot 'em? them's wooden stools what I made myself, and anchored 'em here last night.'

"'That's 'nother,' says the merm'n; 'ye blackguard, they're only dead ducks speterfried and turned into white oak. I'm seen 'em here, and knowed they was cotched fast into the eel grass, a smart and long while: good mornen, my old cock, I must be goen.'

"'Lay them stool down,' says gr't gr'ndf'th'r, 'lay them stool down, or, by golly, I'll put a charge o' shot into ye.'

"'Shoot away, my man,' says the merm'n, sneerin like, and he turns off to clear out. So, the old man sein his stool walked off in that 'ere way, cotched up one o' his guns, and, by jings, he let slip right into the merm'n's back, and marked him from his shoulders down, thick as mustard-seed, with about three ounces of No. 3,—what the old man put in for brant the night afore. The old thief was putty well riddled, I expect. He jumped up out th' water 'bout a yard high, and squealed out 's if he was killed. But he wa'n't tho', for arter rubbin his back a leetle while, he turned round, and says he, 'now, I s'pose you think you've done it, don't you?' quite sharp and saucy: 'I wanted a little lead into me for ballast; what's the costs, squire?'

"'Lay down them 'ere stool,' says the old man, 'lay down them 'ere stool.' 'I won't,' says the merm'n. 'If ye don't,' says gr't gr'ndf'th'r, 'I'll give ye t'other gun, and that's loaded with double B; may be ye won't like that quite so well, perhaps.'

"'Fire away and be d—d,' says the merm'n, and the old man

giv' it to him, sure enough. This time he planted it right int' his face and eyes, and the blood run out all white like milk. The merm'n hollored, and yawked, and swore, and rubbed, and he let the stool drop, and he seemed to be putty much blinded and done up, and gr't gr'ndf'th'r thought he was spoke for. Hows'm'ver he thought it was best to load up and be ready in case o' the merm'n's gittin well, and comin at 'im 'gen. But just as he tuk up his horn to prime, the merm'n div and vanished. 'What's the how, now?' says gr't gr'ndf'th'r, and he got up onto the gunnels o' the boat, to watch for squalls; and he stood there teteren on a larboard and starboard straddle, looken out putty sharp, for he reckoned there was somethin comin. There wa'n't no mistake 'bout that, for t'rights the old man felt the skiff shaken under 'im, and he see right off that the merm'n was down below, tryen t'upset 'im and git 'im int' the water. That ruther started the old man, for he knowed if he once got int' th' water, he'd stand no kind o' chance with a merm'n, which is jest the same as an otter, 'xcept the sense, you know. So he jumped down to his oars, to pull for the hassck. That wouldn't answer much, tho', for th' oars hadn't touched water 'fore the merm'n broke 'em smack off, and the old man had to pull the sprit out the sail, and take to shoven. The moment he struck bottom, he heerd a kind o' grunten laugh under th' skiff, and somebody drew the sprit down, deep int' th' mud, so that th' old man couldn't pull it out; at th' same time th' merm'n tilted th' skiff over smart and far, so that her keel was 'most out o' water, and th' old man was taken strut off both 's feet, and highsted up int' th' air, high and dry, holden onto the eend o' the sprit; and the skiff shot away, and left 'im, twenty yards off, or twenty-five I sh'd say, mostly. The sprit was putty stiff, I expect, tho' it bent smartly; but gr't gr'ndf'th'r hung on't, like death to a dead nigger, his feet bein 'bout three foot from the water's edge when he held up his knees."

"Dan," said I (taking advantage of a moment's pause, during which he experienced imbibition), "was the old gentleman on your father's or your mother's side?"

"Have my doubts he don't know nuther," again muttered the sleeping sceptic, whose tympanum readily acknowledged the interruption of a voice foreign to the story,—“but his father was a smart man, and I knowed him.”

"*Gravius anhelata!* Good night, Peter."

"Mr. Cypress," said Dan, with a face full of sincere anxiety, "would I tell *you* any thing I did not believe?"

"No, Dan, never; no, no; go on, go on. I only asked for information."

"Well, where was I?—Yes—yes—Well, there th' old man hung ont' th' top th' sprit, not taken much comfort, I sh'd say. Then, up, by course, pops the merm'n, and begins to make all kinds o' fun th' old man, and gives 'im all sorts o' saace, whilst he stood in the water clost by th' sprit, washen off the blood and pick'n the shots out his face. Gr't gr'ndf'th'r wouldn't answ'r 'im back, tho', 'cause he knowed it wa'n't no use, but he kept wishen some boat

would come along and give 'im a hand, and he 'xpected there must be somebody or 'nother out that day. Mean time, tho', he tho't 'twas best to let th' merm'n see he wa'n't 'fraid on 'im none, so he tuk out his tinder-box and pipe, and struck a light, and set up smoken, quite at ease. Well, there he hung and smoked, putty much all of three hours, till he got consid'r'ble tired, I sh'd say, and the merm'n looked 's good 's new, only 'xcepten the holes in 's face, which was all thick together like th' holes in th' black banks, where the fiddlers come out on. 'Wont you walk down, sir?' says the merm'n, arter a while, to gr't gr'ndf'th'r, quite p'lite; 'I sh'd be quite happy to shake hands wi' ye, and make it up.'

"Gr't gr'ndf'th'r wouldn't say a word.

"'Wont ye answer, d—n ye?' says the cunnen devil, gritt'n's teeth; and he walks up to th' sprit, and lays hold, and shakes it hard, jist as ye'd shake a young pear-tree. 'Drop off, drop off,' says he, shaken 'er all his might.

"Then th' old man made up his mind he'd got to come; so he watches 'is chance, and gives a spring, and jumps, so as to strike th' merm'n's shoulder, and from that he jumps agin, a good long stretch, tow'rds the hassck, where the water was shallerer.

"The merm'n was arter 'im strut, and cotched 'im up in no time, and then they clinched. That 'ere fight I sh'd like to seen, may be I don't think. It was hip and thigh, and toss up for the best, for putty much an hour 'bouts: sometimes the merm'n bein' ahead, and sometimes gr't gr'ndf'th'r, dependen mostly on th' depth th' water; for when th' old man could keep 's ground in shaller water, he could lick the merm'n to thunder; but the merm'n was leetle the activest in deep water. Well, it couldn't be 'xpected but what they sh'd both get pr'tty smart and tired, and I reckon they was both willen to 'cknowledge beat. Th' old man was jist goen to, when the merm'n sings out, 'Mister, let's stop and rest.'

"'Done,' says gr't gr'ndf'th'r, glad enough; and they stopped short, and went to th' hassck, and sot down on th' sedge grass, both breatheen like a porpus.

"Arter they'd sot there a little while, and got breath, th' old man sung out he was ready; but the merm'n said he wa'n't, and he reck'n'd he felt putty smart and bad. So th' old man thought 'twould be a good time to go arter's skiff. 'You ought n't t've shoved my boat away, any how,' says he; 'how shall I get back t' hum t'-night?'

"'That's true,' says the merm'n, quite reason'bl'; 'if y'll promise to come right back, and finish this 'ere fight, I'll let ye go and swim arter it.'

"'I will,' says th' old man, 'honor bright;' and off he swum. When he got off 'bout two rod, he looked back at the merm'n, and he thought he seemed to be 'mazen pale and sick. 'Make haste back,' sings out the merm'n. 'Ay, ay,' says th' old man, and he struck away.

"The tide had drifted th' skiff a smart ways off; and she lay putty much down t' th' beach, on a bar; and 'twas quite a spell 'fore the old man could get back to the hassck. But when he

arriv, there wa'n't a hair of a merin'n to b' seen, only in the place where he'd sot there was a big heap o' white jelly, like a stingen quarll. Gr't gr'ndf'th'r kicked it over w' his foot, and it made a thin squeak, like a swaller high up overhead, and he reckoned it giv' 'im a kind o' lect'ral shock. So he sot to work and picked up his stools, which was scattered putty much all over the bay, and he cleared out t' hum. That's the last he seen o' that merm'n."

"Surely, surely. Walloped him into nothen, I expect;" said Venus. "I give in arter that, Dannel."

"Have my doubts, agen;" sung out Peter, waking up from the straw, where his universally incredulous judgment had been for some time past taking unquiet and sonorous repose. Have my doubts, mister, I say."

"You're drunk, old vulture-nose;" cried Ned, authoritatively. "Shut up: I'm satisfied that the story is true. What object could the old man have had in telling a lie? Besides, every body knows that mermaids were plenty here once. Wasn't Jerry Smith's wife a mermaid? Didn't I see one myself, once, in Brick-house brook, when I was trouting?"

"Likely, likely;" quoth Oliver. "Tell us about that, Eddy. When was it? I never heard thee mention it before."

"Yes, you have, Oliver, fifty times: but, as it is a short story, and I should like to resolve Peter's doubts, for once, I'll tell it again.—Don't interrupt me now,—It was one April morning, in that year when you and I had the great flight of geese, Raynor. I went up through the woods, and struck into the brook about two miles above the turnpike, and started to wade it down to the road. You know how wild the country is there, and how wantonly the brook runs, bending, and winding, and coquetting with the winter-green and cranberry vines that fringe its banks; how it is constantly changing its depth, and strength, and color, sometimes dashing on, in a narrow current not more than three or four feet in width, and curling darkly and swiftly around the old stumps that are rotting by its edges, and then, at a little distance off, spreading free, and flowing smooth, to the breadth of twenty yards; while all the way it is overarched, and in some places nearly hidden by the intertwined hazel, and alders, and scrub oaks. It is just the stream that I should think would captivate a water nymph's fancy; it is so solitary, and quiet, and romantic. You hear no noise while you are fishing, save of your own splashing footsteps, or the brushed-by, crackling bushes,—scarcely even the rushing of the wind,—so deep and thick is the envelopment of the woods; and in wading half a mile, and basketing thirty fish, you might think you was alone in the world, if you did not now and then startle a thirsty fawn, or a brooding wood-duck. Well, I was coming down through a broad, shallow, beautifully gravelled bottom, where the water was not more than half-way up to my knees, and was just beginning to take more stealthy steps, so as to make the least possible noise (for I was approaching a favorite hole), when suddenly I heard what seemed to be the voice of a young girl of fifteen or sixteen burst out a-singing ahead of me, just around the next bend of the brook.

"I was half frightened to death, for I thought it must be some poor mad creature that had escaped from her confinement; and in fact I had heard that Ellen—what's her name? I forget—had been rather flighty ever since young Jones left off paying attentions to her. However, there was no backing out for me, now: *nulla vestigia retrorsum*, in the case of a woman, Cypress. I was in the scrape: *revocare gradum* was out of the question. So I went ahead softly, and when I got to the bend, I put my left eye around the bushes, and looked. By all the little fishes, it was a lovely sight! She was sitting upon a hemlock log that had fallen across the brook, with her naked feet and legs hanging into the water. There she sat, paddling, and splashing, and combing her long, beautiful, floating hair, and singing. I was entranced, petrified. She would sing a little ballad, and then she'd stop and wring her hands, and cry. Then she'd laugh, and flirt about her long hair. Then again she would look sorrowful, and sigh as though her heart would break, and sing her song over again. Presently, she bent down to the stream, and began to talk earnestly to somebody. I leaned forward to take a look at the stranger, and to whom do you think she was talking? It was a trout, a brook trout, an old fellow that I have no doubt would have weighed full eight pounds. He was floating on the top of the water, and dimpling, and springing up about her, as though he, too, felt and acknowledged the heavenly influence of her beauty. She bent her long fingers, and tickled him upon his back, and under his side, and he absolutely jumped through her hands, backwards and forwards, as if in a delirium of frolic. (It was by her hands that I knew she was a mermaid. They were bluey, and webbed, though not much more than a black-breasted plover's feet. There was nothing positively ichthyal in their formation.) After a while she commenced singing again. This was a new tune, and most exquisitely sweet. I took out my pencil, and wrote down the words of the song, on a blank leaf for memoranda, in my fishing book. Shall I repeat them?"

"Do it," we all cried out with earnestness.

"I'll try," said Ned, sighing. "I wish I could sing them. They ran somewhat in this way:—

'Down in the deep
Dark holes I keep,
And there, in the noontide, I float and sleep;
By the hemlock log,
And the springing bog,
And the arching alders I lie incog.

'The angler's fly
Comes dancing by,
But never a moment it cheats my eye;
For the hermit trout
Is not such a lout
As to be by a wading boy pulled out.

'King of the brook,
No fisher's hook
Fills me with dread of the sweaty cook;
But here I lie,
And laugh, as they try;
Shall I bite at their bait? No, no, not I.

‘But when the streams,
 With moonlight beams,
 Sparkle, all silver and starlight gleams,
 Then, then look out
 For the hermit trout;
 For he springs and dimples the shallows about,
 While the tired angler dreams.’

“The words are not much; but O! how exquisite was that music! Cypress. It was like the mellow tone of a soft harp!”

“Jewsharp, ha-a?” accorded long John: “that’s a nice kind o’ music. I’m told they have ’em large, down to York, and use ’em in meeten. How’s’t?”

“Yes, ’tis so, John, they do. But let me get through with my story. After the syren had finished her tune, she began playing with her companion again. Thinks I to myself, ‘old speckled-skin, I should like to have you in my basket: such a reverend old monarch of the brook is not to be caught every day in the year. What say you for a fresh worm, this morning?’ So I shortened my rod, and run it behind me, and let the dobber fall upon the water, and float down with the hook to the log where the old fellow and the mermaid were disputing. His love for the lady did not spoil his appetite. He bagged my worm, and then sprung at my float, and cut. I jerked back, and pulled in, and then he broke water and flounced. The mermaid saw that he was in trouble, and dashed at my line, broke it short off, and then took up the trout, and began to disengage the hook from his gills. I had no idea of losing my hook and my trout, besides one of Lentner’s best leaders (that cost me half a dollar), for any woman fishy or fleshy, however good a voice she might have. So I broke cover, and came out. The moment she caught a glimpse of me, she screamed, and dropped the trout, and ran. Did you ever see a deer flash through a thicket? She was gone in an instant—

“Gone, like the lightning, which o’er head
 Suddenly shines, and ere we’ve said
 Look! look! how beautiful! ’tis fled.

“Compelled by an irresistible impulse, I pursued. Down the brook, and through the brake, we went, leaping, and stooping, and turning, and swimming, and splashing, and I, at least a half a dozen times, stumbling and falling. It was but at intervals, as the brook made its longest bends, that I could catch a glimpse of the fugitive nymph, and the last time I put my eager eye upon her, she had stopped and was looking back, with both her hands crossed upon her bosom, panting, and apparently exhausted. But as I again broke upon her sight, she started and fled. With fresh ardor I pressed on, calling to her, and beseeching her to stop. I pleaded, promised, threatened, and called the gods to witness that my intentions were honorable, and that I would go and ask her mother first, if she did not live too far off. In the desperation of my entreaties I talked a little Latin to her, that came into my head, apropos, and which was once used by another gentleman,* in a similar case of Parthian courtship:—Parthian?—Yes, that is a correct word, for,

* Polyphem. to Gal. Ov. Met. 13. 608.

O! what arrows did the beauty of the flying nymph shoot into my soul! Telling her that she might depend upon my honor, and all that, I continued—

*“At bene si noris, pigeat fugisse : morasque
Ipsa tuas damnes, et me retinere labores—*

that is to say, boys, according to Bishop Heber's translation,

*“If you knew me, dear girl, I am sure you'd not fly me ;
Hold on half an hour, if you doubt, love, and try me.*

But, alas! the assurance and the prayer added fresh pinions to her wings. She flew, and despairingly I followed, tearing my hands and face with the merciless brambles that beset my way, until, at last, a sudden turn brought me plump up against the bridge upon the turnpike, in the open fields, and the mermaid was nowhere to be seen. I got up on the railing of the bridge, and sat there weary, wet, and sad. I had lost my fish, left my rod a mile off, and been played the fool with by a mongrel woman. Hook, fish, leader, heart, and mermaid, were all lost to me forever. ‘Give me some drink, Titinius,’ or Daniel, which I take to be the correct English translation. I feel melancholy and mad to think of it, even now.”

EXCURSIONS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY J. R. TOWNSEND, ESQ.

THE “London (New) Sporting Magazine,” from which we quote, remarks, that “who Mr. Townsend is, and whether the record of his Sporting Excursions in the Rocky Mountains has or has not already appeared in print on the other side the Atlantic, we are in an uninterrupted state of perfect ignorance; but we are quite sure, from internal evidence, that the author is a member of the New World, and it is not, therefore, very likely that he would have abstained from gratifying the curiosity of his Boston fellow creatures, or that he would have sent all the way from Columbia to Colburn, to scatter his little stories over a London octavo page of print. The absence of a Preface, too, goes to assure us that any explanation respecting the author of the book was very likely to break the charm of novelty, and was, therefore, not to be coveted by the English publisher. All, however, that we have really and properly to do with the book, is to introduce our readers to its most amusing sporting incidents, and this we shall do without further preface on our part, or delay.”

On the occasion of three Indians of the Otto tribe visiting the camp to which Mr. Townsend was attached, we meet with the following anecdote:—

While these people were smoking the pipe of peace with us, after breakfast, I observed that Richardson, our chief hunter, an experienced man in this country, of a tall and iron frame, and almost child-like simplicity of character, in fact an exact

counterpart of *Hawk-eye* in his younger days, stood aloof, and refused to sit in the circle, in which it was always the custom of the *old hands* to join.

Feeling some curiosity to ascertain the cause of this unusual diffidence, I occasionally allowed my eyes to wander to the spot where our sturdy hunter stood looking moodily upon us, as the calumet passed from hand to hand around the circle, and I thought I perceived him, now and then, cast a furtive glance at one of the Indians who sat opposite to me, and sometimes his countenance would assume an expression almost demoniacal, as though the most fierce and deadly passions were raging in his bosom. I felt certain that hereby hung a tale, and I watched for a corresponding expression, or at least a look of consciousness, in the face of my opposite neighbor. But expression there was none; his large features were settled in a tranquillity which nothing could disturb, and as he puffed the smoke in huge volumes from his mouth, and the fragrant vapor wreathed and curled around his head, he seemed the embodied spirit of meekness and taciturnity.

The camp moved soon after, and I lost no time in overhauling Richardson, and asking an explanation of his singular conduct.

"Why," said he, "that *Injen* that sat opposite to you, is my bitterest enemy. I was once going down alone from the rendezvous with letters for St. Louis, and when I arrived on the lower part of the Platte river, just a short distance beyond us here, I fell in with about a dozen Ottos. They were known to be a friendly tribe, and I, therefore, felt no fear of them. I dismounted from my horse and sat with them upon the ground. It was in the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and the river was frozen solid. While I was thinking of nothing but my dinner, which I was then about preparing, four or five of the cowards jumped on me, mastered my rifle, and held my arms fast, while they took from me my knife and tomahawk, my flint and steel, and all my ammunition. They then loosed me, and told me to be off. I begged them, for the love of God, to give me my rifle and a few loads of ammunition, or I should starve before I could reach the settlements. No—I should have nothing, and if I did not start off immediately, they would throw me under the ice of the river. And," continued the excited hunter—while he ground his teeth with bitter and uncontrollable rage—"that man that sat opposite to you was the chief of them. He recognized me, and knew very well the reason why I would not smoke with him. I tell you, Sir, if ever I meet with that man in any other situation than that in which I saw him this morning, I'll shoot him with as little hesitation as I would shoot a deer. Several years have passed since the perpetration of this outrage, but it is still as fresh in my memory as ever; and I again declare, that if ever an opportunity offers, I will kill that man."

"But, Richardson, did they take your horse also?"

"To be sure they did, and my blankets, and every thing I had, except my clothes."

"But how did you subsist until you reached the settlements? You had a long journey before you."

"Why, set to *trappin'* prairie squirrels with little nooses made out of the hairs of my head." I should remark that his hair was so long that it fell in heavy masses on his shoulders.

"But squirrels in winter, Richardson; I never heard of squirrels in winter."

"Well, but there was plenty of them, though; little white ones, that lived among the snow."

"Well, really, this was an unpleasant sort of adventure enough, but let me suggest that you do very wrong to remember it with such blood-thirsty feelings." He shook his head with a dogged and determined air, and rode off, as if anxious to escape a lecture.

The author thus describes buffalo-hunting and killing:—

The day following, we saw several small herds of buffalo, on our side of the river. Two of our hunters started out after a huge bull that had separated himself from his companions, and gave him chase on fleet horses.

Away went the buffalo, and away went the men, hard as they could dash; now the hunters gained upon him, and pressed him hard; again the enormous creature had the advantage, plunging with all his might, his terrific horns often ploughing up the earth as he spurned it under him. Sometimes he would double, and rush so near the horses as almost to gore them with his horns, and in an instant would

be off in a tangent, and throw his pursuers from the track. At length the poor animal came to bay, and made some unequivocal demonstrations of combat; raising and tossing his head furiously, and tearing up the ground with his feet. At this moment a shot was fired. The victim trembled like an aspen, and fell on his knees, but recovering himself in an instant, started again as fast as before. Again the determined hunters dashed after him, but the poor bull was nearly exhausted; he proceeded but a short distance and stopped again. The hunters approached, rode slowly by him, and shot two balls through his body with the most perfect coolness and precision. During the race—the whole of which occurred in full view of the party—the men seemed wild with the excitement which it occasioned; and when the animal fell, a shout rent the air, which startled the antelopes by dozens from the bluffs, and sent the wolves howling like demons from their lairs.

This is the most common mode of killing the buffalo, and is practised very generally by the travelling hunters; many are also destroyed by approaching them on foot, when, if the bushes are sufficiently dense, or the grass high enough to afford concealment, the hunter—by keeping carefully to leeward of his game—may sometimes approach so near as almost to touch the animal. If on a plain, without grass or bushes, it is necessary to be very circumspect; to approach so slowly as not to excite alarm, and, when observed by the animal, to imitate, dexterously, the clumsy motions of a young bear, or assume the sneaking, prowling attitude of a wolf, in order to lull suspicion.

The Indians resort to another stratagem, which is, perhaps even more successful. The skin of a calf is properly dressed, with the head and legs left attached to it. The Indian envelopes himself in this, and with his short bow and a brace of arrows, ambles off into the very midst of a herd. When he has selected such an animal as suits his fancy, he comes close alongside of it, and without noise, passes an arrow through his heart. One arrow is always sufficient, and it is generally delivered with such force, that at least half the shaft appears through the opposite side. The creature totters and is about to fall, when the Indian glides around, and draws the arrow from the wound lest it should be broken. A single Indian is said to kill a great number of buffaloes in this way, before any alarm is communicated to the herd.

Our brothers of the angle will not detect much of a learned brother in Mr. Townsend. His trout, looking at their *size*, are certainly curious as to their *weight*; they must have resembled speckled eels.

In this little stream, the trout are more abundant than we have yet seen them. One of our *sober* men took, this afternoon, upwards of thirty pounds. These fish would probably average *fifteen or sixteen inches in length, and weigh three-quarters of a pound*; occasionally, however, a much larger one is seen.

Again, he says:—

12th.—In the afternoon we made a camp near Ross' Creek, a small branch of Snake river. The pasture is better than we have had for two weeks, and the stream contains an abundance of excellent trout. Some of these are enormous, and very fine eating. They bite eagerly at a grasshopper or minnow, but the largest fish are shy, and the sportsman requires to be carefully concealed in order to take them. We have here none of the fine tackle, jointed rods, reels, and silk-worm gut of the accomplished city sportsman; we have only a piece of common cord, and a hook seized on with half-hitches, with a willow rod cut on the banks of the stream; but with this rough equipment we take as many trout as we wish, and who could do more, even with all the curious contrivances of old Izaak Walton or Christopher North?

Now, neither Izaak Walton nor Christopher North is remarkable for "curious contrivances" for taking the trout. Izaak, compared with the modern hero of the rod and line, is as the coachman of a century back, compared with the Hon. Mr. Jerningham, or the Charles Jones, of the present day.

When the dangers of travelling these rocky mountains are really:

considered, it is positively a wonder that Mr. Colburn is ever able to *trap* a traveller alive ! The following is a *thriller* :—

Wyeth told us of a narrow escape he had while travelling on foot near the summit of one of the peaks. He was walking on a ridge which sloped from the top at an angle of about forty degrees, and terminated, at its lower part, in a perpendicular precipice of a thousand or twelve hundred feet. He was moving along cautiously in the snow, near the lower edge, in order to attain a more level spot beyond, when his feet slipped and he fell. Before he could attempt to fix himself firmly, he slid down the declivity till within a few feet of the frightful precipice. At the instant of his fall, he had the presence of mind to plant the rifle which he held in one hand, and his knife which he drew from the scabbard with the other, into the snow, and as he almost tottered on the verge, he succeeded in checking himself, and holding his body perfectly still. He then gradually moved, first the rifle and then the knife, backward up the slanting hill behind him, and fixing them firmly, drew up his body parallel to them. In this way, he moved slowly and surely until he had gained his former station, when, without further difficulty, he succeeded in reaching the more level land.

Iron nerve is one of the indispensable arms, without which the sportsman in the mountains of America, or the wilds of Africa, is in imminent peril at every step. To shoot the buffalo within two yards of your feet, and in his last rush—to come uninvited into the breakfast-parlour of a panther—to see the hungered snake coiled up under your very eye—to disturb the full-grown bear in his solitude in the willow copse, or the currant bushes, when, too, there are but a few twigs between you both,—all these require the heart to be a fortress—the eye to be unalarmed—the hand, the wrist, and arm to be as steady as those of the marble Apollo, when he has loosed the arrow at the Python. A hasty step backward—a tremor even of the frame or face, would be fatal ; like an ill-assorted pair in wedlock, you have plunged into a bad match, and must set about effecting, with all the art in your power, that difficult thing—a separation ! There is great candor in Mr. Townsend's narration of what he now calls “ a ridiculous adventure ; ” but while it shows the honesty of his mind, it betrays the weakness of his nerve, and thus greatly accounts for the want of those dare-devil deeds which we look for, as our right, in travellers who choose to venture into scenes where wild beasts prevail, but where man's foot “ hath ne'er, or rarely trod.”

This afternoon I observed a large flock of wild geese passing over ; and upon watching them, perceived that they alighted about a mile and a half from us, where I knew there was a lake. Concluding that a little change of diet might be agreeable, I sallied forth with my gun across the plain in quest of the birds. I soon arrived at a thick copse of willow and currant bushes, which skirted the water, and was about entering, when I heard a sort of angry growl or grunt directly before me—and instantly after, saw a grizzly bear of the largest kind erect himself upon his hind feet within a dozen yards of me, his savage eyes glaring with horrible malignity, his mouth wide open, and his tremendous paws raised as though ready to descend upon me.

For a moment, I thought my hour had come, and that I was fated to die an inglorious death away from my friends and my kindred ; but after waiting a moment in agonizing suspense, and the bear showing no inclination to advance, my lagging courage returned, and cocking both barrels of my gun, and presenting it as steadily as my nerves would allow, full at the shaggy breast of the creature, I retreated slowly backwards. Bruin evidently had no notion of braving gunpowder, but I did not know whether, like a dog, if the enemy retreated he would not yet give me a chase ; so when I had placed about a hundred yards between us, I

wheeled about and flew, rather than ran, across the plain towards the camp. Several times during this run for life, as I considered it, did I fancy that I heard the bear at my heels; and not daring to look over my shoulder to ascertain the fact, I only increased my speed, until the camp was nearly gained, when, from sheer exhaustion I relaxed my efforts, fell flat upon the ground, and looked behind me. The whole space between me and the copse was untenanted, and I was forced to acknowledge, with a feeling strongly allied to shame, that my fears alone had represented the bear in chase of me.

When I arrived in camp, and told my breakneck adventure to the men, our young companion, Mr. Ashworth, expressed a wish to go and kill the bear, and requested the loan of my double-barrelled gun for this purpose. This I at first peremptorily refused, and the men, several of whom were experienced hunters, joined me in urging him not to attempt the rash adventure. At length, however, finding him determined on going, and that rather than remain he would trust to his own single gun, I was finally induced to offer him mine, with a request—which I had hoped would check his daring spirit—that he would leave the weapon in a situation where I could readily find it; for after he had made one shot, he would never use a gun again.

He seemed to heed our caution and advice but little; and, with a dogged and determined air, took the way across the plain to the bushes, which we could see in the distance. I watched him for some time, until I saw him enter them, and then, with a sigh, that one so young and talented should be lost from amongst us, and a regret that we did not forcibly prevent his going, I sat myself down, distressed and melancholy. We all listened anxiously to hear the report of the gun; but no sound reaching our ears, we began to hope that he had failed in finding the animal, and in about fifteen minutes, to my inexpressible relief, we saw him emerge from the copse, and bend his steps slowly toward us. When he came in, he seemed disappointed, and somewhat angry. He said he had searched the bushes in every direction, and although he had found numerous foot prints, no bear was to be seen. It is probable that when I commenced my retreat in one direction, Bruin made off in the other, and that although he was willing to dispute the ground with me, and prevent my passing his lair, he was equally willing to back out of an engagement in which his fears suggested that he might come off the loser.

Now Mr. Ashworth was a man of the right kidney, and we confess it appears strange to us, that though he himself went with his *arms*, they were without *supporters*.

The *acres* comes a little over Mr. Townsend too, on leaving Oahu on his return to Columbia, upon seeing some natives part with their swarthy friends on board the brig Mary Dacre, dash into the sea, and swim ashore.

We have had an accession to our crew of thirty Sandwich Islanders, who are to be engaged in the salmon fishery on the Columbia, and six of these have been allowed the unusual privilege of taking their wives with them. Some six or eight natives, of both sexes, friends and relatives of the crew, came on board when we weighed anchor, and their parting words were prolonged until the brig cleared the reef, and her sails had filled with the fresh trade wind. They thought it then time to withdraw, and putting their noses together after their fashion, they bade their friends an affectionate farewell, and without hesitation dashed into the sea, and made directly for shore. *I thought of blue sharks, and tiger sharks, and shovel-noses, and would not have run such a risk for all the wealth of the islands.*

We have extracted sufficiently from these two volumes to convey to our readers a tolerable notion of what they may expect to find in the work itself. They will experience much buffalo, a liberal allowance of wild horses, plenty of squirrel, incessant privation, everlasting natives, and excessive river. The records are not written with any remarkable animation, and have the effect of giving to us beast and bird more as stuffed specimens in the silent

cabinet of the curious, than as the fierce and wild inhabitants, trapped or rifled in their native lairs and solitudes. The book, however, carries us over new ground; and for what it gives us, we ought to be thankful and not critical. And we long, therefore, at parting, to be understood as cheerfully going through the ceremony of "smoking the calumet of peace" with him.

[London (New) Sporting Magazine for January 1840.]

MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH JOCKEY CLUB.

NEWMARKET, 1840.

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C. Wilson, Esq.
Earl of Wilton
Colonel G. Wyndham
General Yates.

[London (New) Sporting Magazine for March 1840.]

NATIVE AND IMPORTED STALLIONS.

REPLY TO "B. C." BY "D."

NASHVILLE, 22d Feb., 1840.

DEAR P.: I have been here some time, but the multiplicity of my engagements and a slight indisposition from exposure in travelling during the most inclement season we have had for years, has hitherto prevented me from writing; but your last "Register" has roused me to the task. Duty requires me and others to notice such pieces as, appearing in the "Register," may perpetuate errors either of fact or opinion.

Without attempting to follow your correspondent "B. C." through his communication, I will merely give you the observations its reading produced, and endeavor to do away the improper bias his observations are calculated to effect.

As to the comparative merits of English and American Stallions, I conceive no argument necessary: if *thorough-bred*, there can be no difference in the intrinsic value of the stock, except in so far as one may be of a more *racing family*, beauty, size, and constitution. The pure English and American race-horse spring from the same root.

In England, they have long had a printed record of all the blood horses of the kingdom; hence there are but few errors or impositions in the pedigrees of their horses. Not so in this country. Here, until the establishment of the "Register," there existed no public records of our blood stock, and but few private ones to which we could refer. Much of our best racing stock rely on tradition, and many, I fear, on *imagination*. This had induced many to prefer the Imported horses; as although some horses race with short pedigrees, they have been utter failures in the stud: and here let me add, I challenge any man to shew me two numbers of the "Register" in which he can find a list of more than one gentleman's stud where I cannot point him to some gross and palpable error—I do not say intentional, but still an error. Sometimes, Sir, I have thought that if a man would take up the "Register" from the first No., and correct all the pedigrees he found wrong, it would be a most acceptable work for the public; but the author himself would get "more curses than coppers." But to return to my subject: uncertain and false pedigrees have lessened the value of some of our best Stallions and racers.

Potomac left the Turf with a most splendid reputation as a racer, with a false pedigree; many were induced to breed from him, but his stock was utterly worthless. Sir Charles, whose blood is and ever must be doubtful, came off the Turf with the highest reputation as a racer; but the recent failure of Potomac prevented his getting much patronage until the success of his colts gave him reputation in the stud. Sir Charles was most probably thorough-bred; but as this could not be asserted on *authority*, it was prudent to distrust his breeding; as no gentleman who has thorough-bred stock will breed from horses of doubtful pedigree, as

a life-time will scarcely eradicate the stain; so they are induced to patronise imported horses of unquestionable blood, for if the first cross does not succeed, the stock is by no means deteriorated, and in the second or third generation sometimes produces splendid performers. This has been the case with the Buzzard stock: he was a horse of the purest blood, himself a fine performer on the Turf, his colts ran well in England: here he was considered a failure. Not so the Buzzard mares; they have bred race-horses to almost everything.

Your correspondent seems to think we have had among us already some of the best of the English horses. This is true in part. Some as fine Stallions as any in that country are now here, so far as blood and performance can entitle them to rank; and the same of brood mares; and some untried colts, of these last but few first-rate. They have won a more than fair share of purses. Of the Stallions I would remark, that no horse decidedly successful as a Stallion has been or can be brought over: we cannot afford to buy them. Let those who do not believe this, ask what Emilius, Plenipo', or Bay Middleton could have been bought for at any time within the last two years.

As to their young horses on the Turf, if really promising, we cannot afford to buy them; they are worth more in England than they can be here. A colt, in his two year old form alone, is of more value there than if successful here until he is aged; and a 3 year old, if he wins the Derby or Doncaster St. Leger, is worth more than a common fortune in America; how then can we expect to get their best racers here?—*only* by the purchase of young ones on which they do not place a high value.

Your correspondent doubts the speed of the English horses, and talks of the reputed length of the Courses. On that subject I would observe to him, that the Course at Doncaster has been accurately measured in the presence of *Americans*, and some of the fastest races there have been timed by our countrymen, with watches made expressly for the purpose. The same remark applies to Aintree, near Liverpool.

A personal view of the English horses, and of English racing, has convinced me that their horses have more speed than ours, and greater capacity for carrying weight. Now these things admitted, and I think no well-informed man will deny it, there is little reason to suspect they have less game or bottom, as they are descended from the same root, and bred with the greatest care and attention.

It is true Boston and Wagner are at this time at the head of the Turf as four mile nags. The latter was once beaten at three heats by Maria Black; and all candid men must admit that the ill-fated Queen should have beaten Boston.

I believe, on a fair investigation of all the races in our country, it will be found that the Imported horses, and the colts of Imported horses, have won a full share of all the purses, and at all distances, including 4 mile heats. They are not better than our own *thoroughbreds*, but are equally good, and more generally cross well.

The best test of public opinion on this subject, is the price at

which the untried colts sell. Now I have no hesitation in saying, that on an average they will bring one hundred per cent. more from Imported horses, than those gotten by Native Stallions.

This is one of those questions on which we can never expect an unanimous opinion; nor is it desirable. There is no wish to lessen the value of our Native stock. It is right, it is politic, it is for the general interest that Breeders here should be remunerated; but it is equally important that the Importers should be sustained by the patronage of the public: it is our only chance to keep up the value of our Native stock, and prevent it from deteriorating. Let us not war on either, but improve both by judicious crosses.

D.

Note by the Editor.

If our correspondent "D." was not a practical breeder and turfman of thirty years standing, we should not have ventured to publish the foregoing communication. But probably no gentleman in the Union is more familiar with the different strains of blood which have appeared on the Turf, on both sides of the Atlantic, for the last half century, and as what he asserts on this head he is ready to demonstrate, discussions of this description, maintained with spirit and good temper, are not only highly interesting, but of great practical utility. We beg to be distinctly understood as not holding ourselves responsible for the opinions advanced either by "D." or any one else. We do not believe, for instance, that Maria Black could have beaten Wagner *any* distance when he was brought to the post in equally good order, nor are we "candid" enough to "admit that the ill-fated Queen *should* have beaten Boston," though it is very possible that on a good course, and in tip top condition she might have done it. It was "a very tight fit" as it was, and it is notorious that The Queen lost ten days' work in her training for that race. Still, until something beats either him or his time, it is manifestly unjust to say of any one of Boston's competitors that they *ought* to have beaten him.

INCIDENTAL NOTICES OF COL. HAMPTON'S STUD.

CONCLUDED.

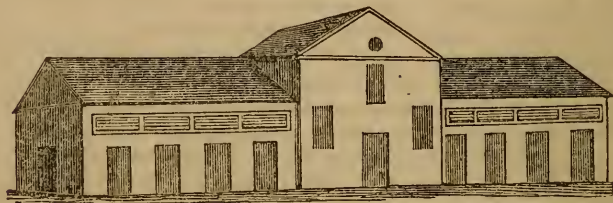
WE resume from the April number of the "Register" our notices of the Stud of Col. Wade Hampton, of Columbia, S. C. We are more than ever convinced that De Lattre's portraits of Delphine and Herald were "counterfeit presentments" of those fine animals, and are pleased to learn by a letter from the artist himself, that Mr. Troye, the eminent Animal Painter, is now on his way to Millwood for the purpose of executing portraits of the different "cracks" in the racing stable, as well as of the superb brood mares and foals in this splendid stud.

Since we commenced writing this article, a letter has reached us from a favored disciple of Momus in Carolina, who has more than once enlivened the columns of our weekly publication, by communications over the signature of "A Pea Ridger." We quote here a paragraph referring to our first article upon the subject of Col. H.'s stud:—

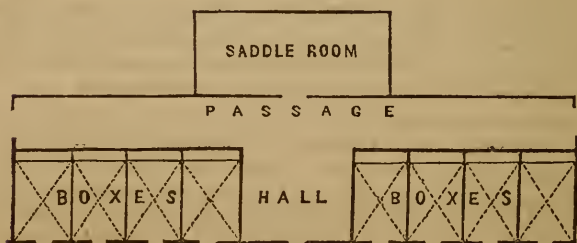
* * * * "I do not think the artist has done justice to old *Delphine*. Her head is certainly far superior to that of the Engraving—the general resemblance, however, is very good. The "*Herald*" I should have recognized in any crowd—

there we differ—but we agree that he is a nonpareil. *Sovereign* is one of the finest colts I ever laid winkers upon, and if he don't turn out a Dick Nailer, then they might as well quit making horses. Your opinion of *Penelope* convinces me that you haven't looked at horses for nothing. She struck me as one of the most magnificent fillies I ever looked upon, and "when she is turned loose, if the acorns don't drop," as they say on Pea Ridge, then I'm no judge of "fixings."

Having given a brief account of its inmates, the annexed sketch brings the pencil in aid of the pen, to give the reader an idea of the plan and elevation of Col. Hampton's stable itself.



Elevation.



Ground Plan.

The stable has 120 feet front; the wings are about 20 feet high, with the centre slightly elevated, to add to the general effect. The building, which is painted white, is of wood, weather-boarded, and provided with open luffer boards, for purposes of ventilation. The hall is furnished with corn-bins, etc., buckets, sieves, and all the paraphernalia of the stable, arranged in apple-pie order. There are large roomy boxes for eight horses, opening on the outside; each is partially lighted and well ventilated by the blinds seen from the front, which are twelve feet from the ground. The boxes have each a small sliding shutter, opening into the passage hall, through which the horse reaches his feed in the manger, which is placed on the outside, to avoid the necessity of opening the doors or entering the boxes. The saddle room is beautifully furnished and fitted up; around the walls hang a great number of superb English saddles, bridles, rollers and clothes, while the jockey caps, spurs, whips, etc., tastefully arranged, give the repository a fine effect. We need hardly add that every thing is composed of the very best materials, and supplied with the utmost profusion.

The private training course is finely situated on an elevated plot of ground about twenty rods from the stable. It is of the usual form, and an exact mile in circuit. The paddocks are well laid out on each side of the stable, and the walking ground, partially shaded, is in the immediate vicinity. The stable is within a minute's walk of the mansion-house, and is situated on the brow of a considerable elevation. In its rear, at the date of our visit, a very neat and pretty house was building for the trainer, Mr. William A. Stewart. "The Captain" has acquired a reputation unequalled by any trainer of his age in the country; we never knew a more thoroughly practical man, while his strict attention and faithfulness are proverbial. Arthur Taylor has been threatening for years to "quit training" and "settle down," and we know of no one better able to fill his place on the Turf than "The Captain," who would merely be obliged to throw aside the habiliments of a gentleman, and disguise himself under an old white hat. For the last few seasons, Gil. Patrick and Craig have been Col. Hampton's principal jockies, though he has a black diamond or two in his stable which are, Sam Slick would say, "actilly ekal to cash!"

If the reader will accompany us to The Woodlands, an adjoining estate of Col. H.'s, we will introduce him to the Brood Mares, Foals, and "the light of the Harem." In one paddock were *Charlotte Russe* and *Kitty Heth*, both in foal to Imp. Priam; the former is since dead of the lock-jaw, a serious loss. Both were winners at all distances, and made large, roomy brood mares. In an enclosure adjoining, exceedingly well laid out as regards water and the situation of the ground, having a fine stable in one corner, were *Bay Maria* and *Delphine*. The former was in foal to Priam and the latter to Hybiscus. To our taste Bay Maria is the model of a brood mare; we never saw a more beautiful creature, and had she been permitted to run on, she might have acquired as distinguished a reputation as her sister. After winning three races in succession, at four mile heats, in about as many weeks, she was withdrawn from the Turf when perfectly sound at 5 yrs. old.

Of Delphine and Herald we have spoken before, but we must not overlook a chesnut filly foal by Emancipation, out of Imp. Tears, running with the latter. As the half sister to *Sorrow*, whose short and brilliant career is well remembered in Alabama, we are led to form sanguine anticipations of her, which her form would seem to justify. She is the property of JOHN S. PRESTON, Esq. *Tears*, by Woful, out of Miss Stephenson—*Lucy* (a winner of nineteen races in England), by Cain, her dam by Bustard, and an imported Priam mare, out of a sister to Spermaceti by Whalebone, also belonging to the same gentleman, were in an adjoining paddock. Mr. P. has a chesnut filly out of Lucy, and a bay out of the Priam mare, both by Imp. Emancipation; the former is in foal to Hybiscus. Both mares and foals are a very fine lot. The nonpareil merits a distinct paragraph, and she is

Ruby, a yearling filly by Imp. Rowton, out of Bay Maria. Like her dam she is a rich blood bay, without white; if it is possible, she is prettier than Bay Maria ever was, though of her, when in

her 3 yr. old form, it was remarked on Long Island, that she was "too handsome to run." She is indeed

—— "as rare a piece, in form and workmanship,
As Nature's handiwork e'er turned out."

It would be almost impossible to place your finger on a point about her that you would have changed a fraction. Such a loin, hock, and shoulder, and such limbs we never saw possessed by the same animal. She is already named in several engagements, and if there are Bostons and Wagners growing up that may be able to go the pace and the distance with her, we shall yet see the time of four mile races "low down in the THIRTIES."

In another paddock was *The Actress*, an imported chesnut filly by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton by Partisan; she is lame in the coronet of one fore foot, and will not be trained; she is coming 4 yrs. old, as is also a fine looking chesnut filly by Langar, out of The Balkan; the latter is very promising, and will be again taken up. *Reprieve* is the name given to a dark iron-grey colt by Rowten, out of Imp. Augusta, coming 2 yrs. old. He had the distemper when a foal, and looked altogether so badly, that he was ordered to be shot. The stud groom, however, took him away and nursed him for six months or more, and his appearance was so changed when he returned, that no one recognized him. He is now a colt of fine size and shape, and promises to turn up a trump.

If we had leisure we would invite the reader to accompany us to Gadsden, a third estate of Col. H.'s, adjoining The Woodlands, situated in a bold and beautiful bend of the Congaree, and see the splendid half-bred hunters and saddle-horses, and some imported Cattle and Sheep. There is capital shooting and fishing, too, on the way, on all three estates, and at The Woodlands we can show you the finest cotton gin and press, worked by water power, that is to be seen probably in Carolina. But the printer has just intimated that we have little space at our command, so that we will conclude our morning's stroll by galloping down to his stand at The Woodlands, and paying our respects to *Monarch*.

The reputation of this superb animal extended across the Atlantic, and the lively regret expressed in the English Sporting World when he gave way, demonstrated the confident expectation with which was anticipated his meeting the champions of our native bred stock in four mile heats—a confidence which the race his sister made with Boston at that distance, when not up to the mark, shewed was not misplaced. He came out in 1837, and up to the close of his brilliant career last autumn, never encountered anything, either in public or private, that could afford him a trial. He never lost a heat, winning, among other races, four times at four miles. In his 4 yr. old year he more than once beat Emily, giving her 27 lbs. Some idea may be formed of his rate of speed by the fact of his last appearance at Charleston, where, after winning the Jockey Club Purse for four mile heats, he three days after galloped round for "The Tattersall Whip," also four miles, running the 4th mile in 1:48, carrying nine pounds extra! In his ex-

ercise last autumn he met with an accident by striking his foot on a stone or some other hard substance, by which he sprung the leader of a fore leg, and was in consequence withdrawn from the Turf. The general regret was heightened from the fact that it was intended, should he meet with nothing able to put him up in the course of the campaign for which he was then training, to make a public exhibition of his remarkable racing qualities at the close of the Charleston meeting, and then place him in the stud, where his many admirers would have an opportunity of demonstrating their high appreciation of his powers by breeding to him. The intelligence of his accident was no sooner made public, than letters from all sections of the country poured in to secure his services; the most extravagant offers were declined, however, and he now stands at The Woodlands, in Stewart's charge, at \$100. Some of the finest brood mares in the South, exclusive of his owner's, have been sent to him this season; among others the dams of Wagner and Portsmouth.

Monarch was bred by His late Majesty, William IV., at Hampton Court; he was foaled in 1834, and imported in the autumn of 1836. He was purchased for Col. H. at the annual sale of the Yearlings, for 360 guineas, by Mr. Tattersall, who wrote at the time that "this colt is as like Priam as possible at the same age." He is a rich satin-coated blood bay, with black legs, mane and tail, and no other white than a star. He is a horse of great bone and substance, and fully sixteen hands under the standard. The finest points about him, to our taste, are his chest and loins; very few horses evince so much ability to pack weight. He has a well proportioned head and neck, the former clean and blood-like, with wide nostrils, intelligent and cheerful eyes, and a throttle large and well detached. His arms are muscular and strong, without any show of "beefiness," while his cannon bones are short and stout, the leaders standing out in clear relief; his knees are broad and flat, and his pasterns unexceptionably good. There is no lack of bone and sinew below the knee; the complaint of their being "*too small below the knee*" has been the most general one urged against the imported horses, but in this respect Monarch can even give odds to his sire, who is, beyond dispute, the most splendid race horse and stallion imported into the United States by "the Virginia Company." We never saw a horse that we preferred to him, and had he a *little* more substance and strength "*behind*," he could not be improved. In this latter respect we prefer Monarch, who, by-the-bye, is "the very image" of him in general appearance. Monarch's shoulder is very broad and particularly well shaped, the blades inclining well back in the sway, forming with his loin and quarters an arch of remarkable strength. His chest is very roomy and well shaped, giving the utmost freedom to his respiratory organs, and instead of being slight or cut up in the waist, he is very deep through the flank, while his barrel is ribbed home with a degree of power, that reminds one forcibly of the Great Plenipo, or of the portraits of old imported Messenger. About his thigh and stifle Monarch is especially good, while his

hocks could not possibly be improved; the leaders are so detached that they can be traced from his pastern to the hock, and it occurred to us while looking at the formation of his legs from the stifle to the ground, that perhaps no horse in the Union was so well calculated to cross with Eclipse mares; it would be impossible to throw out a curb on legs like these. From the elbow to the knee, and from the whirlbone to the hock, few horses can measure with him. His pasterns are flexible and of good length, while his feet are well shaped and sound as Spanish dollars. Monarch was a remarkable steady goer, gathering quick and with as much ease as any horse we have ever seen. He moved with a long, rating, business-like stroke, coming well down to his work, with no clambering nor dwelling. We frequently see a fast horse all abroad at times, with seemingly no ability to get into his stride, but Monarch could not be taken by surprise; his action was so even and mechanical that he was always ready, and like a well constructed machine, was propelled with a greater or less degree of velocity, as directed by the controlling influence of his rider. Added to all this he is remarkably fine tempered, ran on his courage, and had a nice idea of "perpetual motion." He met with all the best horses of his day in Carolina and Georgia, but in all his races, at whatever distance, he proved himself too fleet for the fast and too stout for the strong.

PRESCRIPTION FOR "FOUNDER."

WASHINGTON CITY, April 15, 1840.

* * * * * As there is room enough on the sheet I will give you a prescription for "founder," which a Yankee Pedlar presented to me some months since, and which I intended to have forwarded to you "*pro bono publico*" before, but concluded to defer it until I had faithfully tested its value. I did so the seventh time yesterday, and having found it as effectual and safe as it is simple and incredible, can now recommend it to all who will try it. Perhaps you may have the secret as well as myself; if so, my writing will be unnecessary.

When the horse is attacked (or at any stage of the disease) heat (hot) a large pot of water, in the yard. When it boils well bring the animal up to it, and with a mop apply the water, first to the left fore leg close down to the hoof, then to the right fore leg, and then the hind legs. Commence again at the left fore leg, and continue going round until the application is extended to the whole body, saving the neck; then pour on the water with a pail till the pot is empty. If the application be made when first attacked, by this time the horse will be relieved, and you need only rub down dry, in the stable, where the wind will not cool him off too suddenly. My impression when first told of it was that the hair would be more likely to disappear than the founder; but without starting a hair I have cured in less than 90 minutes each, seven horses with my own hands, and two of them were so severely attacked that I was obliged to carry the water into the stable, being unable to get the patients out of it. Nothing more is necessary but a drench of salts (first thing) and another the succeeding morning. H. C. H.

Notes of the Month.

M A Y ..

BOSTON AND WAGNER.—The match proposed between these two fine horses has fallen through, we presume, as Wagner is advertised to stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., under the charge of John Goodwyn, Jr., at \$150. He will be limited to fifty mares. Though an untried horse, his claims to patronage are as well founded as those of any stallion in the Union. Boston is in training, as usual, and promises to gain new laurels during the ensuing campaign.

NEW ORLEANS RACES.—The recent Spring meetings over the three courses at New Orleans have been of an unusually interesting character. A well known writer in this magazine proposes to give in our next number a review of the different meetings. Bee's-wing won a Jockey Club purse at four mile heats, beating Grey Medoc six feet in 7:38; she broke down after the heat, and Grey Medoc galloped round for the purse. Sarah Bladen, another Leviathan, after winning the three mile purse in 5:49—5:41½, subsequently won a purse at four mile heats, beating Grey Medoc, who was amiss, and Baywood. The racing generally was capital.

SALES OF STOCK.—The following lot, composing the stud of Messrs. WATSON, WELLS & Co., were sold at auction on the 21st March:—

<i>Bee's-wing</i> , ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, 4 yrs.—to	
BAT. SMITH, Esq., of Selma, Ala., for.....	\$5000.
<i>Mango</i> , ch. f. by Taurus, out of Imp. Pickle, 3 yrs., to the same, for.....	1200
<i>The Poney</i> , ch. h. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.—to THOS. J. WELLS, Esq., of Alexandria, La., for.....	3000
<i>Queen of Trumps</i> , gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs., to the same for.....	1650
<i>Caroline Malone</i> , b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, 2 yrs.—to Messrs. AVERRETT & REDDICK, of Kingston, Autauga Co., Ala., for.....	4000

The latter was disposed of at private sale; the purchaser of *John Malone* has not transpired.

Col. JOHN LAMAR, of Macon, Ga., has sold to Mr. AUGUSTUS LAMKIN, his ch. f. *Harriet Wells*, by Andrew, out of Virginia by Lafayette, 2 yrs., for \$1200.

The same gentlemen have bought the following blood stock from JAS. SCOTT, Esq., of Chenyville, La., at \$6000 for the lot.

- No. 1. B. m. by Sir Archy (the dam of Giantess), dam by Selden's Virginian, 18 yrs.
2. Ch. m. by Imp. Leviathan, out of No. 1 (own sister to Gov. Poindexter), 6 yrs.
3. Ch. f. *Cordelia*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of No. 1, 3 yrs.
4. Ch. f. *Augusta Williams*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of No. 1, 2 yrs.
5. — by Imp. Glencoe, out of No. 1, suckling.
6. — by Imp. Glencoe, out of No. 2, ditto.
7. Ch. m. by Elliott's Napoleon, d. by Daredevil, and her produce by Imp. Leviathan.
8. Ch. m. by Sumpter, dam unknown, and her produce by Imp. Leviathan.

Col. JOHN S. PRESTON, of Donaldsonville, La., has presented to JOHN F. MILLER, Esq., of New Orleans, his imported colt *Sorrow*, by Defence, out of Tears by Woful, 4 yrs. old.

JOSHUA BOSWELL, Esq., of Kentucky, has bought from DUNCAN F. KENNER, Esq., of New Orleans, his half interest in *Picayune*, by Medoe, for \$1000.

The half of Woodpecker, the sire of Grey Eagle, and other good ones, has been purchased of M. R. Tarlton, Esq., by Messrs. J. J. & A. Cunningham, of Clark Co., Ky., for \$5000.

The BROTHERS KENNER, of New Orleans, have purchased the superb Medoc filly, *Luda*, of JOSEPH G. BOSWELL, Esq., of Childsburg, Ky., for \$4000. Also one half of his 2 yr. old gr. f. by Eclipse, out of Grey Fanny, the dam of Grey Medoc, by Bertrand, for \$1500.

Monmouth Eclipse.—This fine horse has been purchased of JOSEPH H. VAN

MATEE, Esq., of Monmouth Co., N. J., to supply Medoc's place in Kentucky, by Messrs. W. W. BACON & Co., for \$12,000. The horse has reached his stand in safety, and a correspondent at Lexington informs us that eighty mares are already engaged to him at \$100 each.

JOHN F. MILLER, Esq., of New Orleans, has purchased of Wm. G. HAUN, Esq., his br. f. *Kate Haun*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs., for \$1700.

MATCHES.—The following match has been made to come off on the first Wednesday in December next, over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, La., for \$5000 a side, \$1000 ft., Two mile heats:—

Duncan F. Kenner names Imp. ch. f. *Houri*, by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton—now 2 yrs. old.

John F. Miller names Imp. b. c. *Sorrow*, by Defence, out of Tears by Woful—now 4 yrs.

RACE COURSES AND JOCKEY CLUBS.—JAMES S. GARRISON, Esq., has purchased an interest of one half in the "Louisiana Course," New Orleans, and we see that his partner in the "Metarie," RICHARD ADAMS, Esq., also of Virginia, has become the proprietor of the Donaldsonville Course, situated on the Mississippi river, about eighty miles above New Orleans.

The Waynesboro' (N. C.) Jockey Club has been organized by the appointment of Wm. B. MEARES, Esq., President, and Col. JOHN McLEOD and JOHN WRIGHT, Esq., Vice Presidents. Mr. JAMES GRISWOLD is the Secretary and Treasurer.

Mr. Wm. W. GIFT has purchased an interest of one half in the North Mississippi Race Course, at Holly Springs.

We learn that the proprietors have conditionally disposed of the Cincinnati Course.

OBITUARIES.—Mr. PAYNE's recently purchased draft from the stud of Mr. BATHGATE, at West Farms, had nearly reached Wheeling, when Mr. P. was so unfortunate as to lose *Maid of the Mill*. In a struggle excited by an attempt to shoe her, she broke a blood vessel and died instantly. She was heavy in foal (with a colt) to Imp. Trustee.

Mr. JOSEPH H. VAN MATEE, of Monmouth Co., N. J., writes us that his horse *Bolivar*, by Oscar, dam by St. Tammany, was found dead on the morning of the 8th inst., as is supposed from cholera.

IMPORTATION OF STOCK DIRECT TO ILLINOIS.—Within a few weeks a public spirited citizen of Illinois has imported direct from England a horse of the most fashionable blood, a filly bred by his late Majesty, and a fine lot of Durham Cattle, Berkshire Pigs, etc., the first ever imported into that State. The gentleman referred to is Col. CHARLES OAKLEY, of Tremont, Tazewell County, where the stock will remain. The horse *Onus*, was got by Camel (sire of Touchstone and a host of good ones), out of The Etching (bred by Mr. Gauntlett in 1826) by Rubens, her dam Lamas by Gohanna, out of Sister to Chester by Sir Peter. See Eng. and Am. Stud Book, p. 616. The filly was bred at the Royal Hampton Court Stud, and was got by Actæon, out of Ada (bred by Lord Exeter in 1822), sister to Augusta, by Woful, etc. See same work, p. 526. The Cattle and Hogs are described, by those who saw them landed at St. Louis, as a very superior lot.

NAMES CLAIMED.—WM. GIBBONS, Esq., of Madison, Morris Co., N. J., that of *Yamacraw* for his colt foal by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, dropped on the 26th March.

EDMUND J. HAMILTON, Esq., of Causin's Manor, Md., that of *Pryor*, for his b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Queen of Clubs by Eclipse, 2 yrs. That of *John Causin* for his 2 yr. old b. c. by Imp. Zinganee, out of Attaway by Sir James. That of *Miss Wills* for his 2 yr. old gr. f. by Imp. Zinganee, out of Laura by Rob Roy. That of *Kate Harris* for his yearling gr. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos. That of *Mary Grace* for his yearling b. f. by Imp. John Bull, out of Queen of Clubs by Eclipse. That of *G. W.* for his ch. c. by Imp. John Bull, out of Ninon de l'Enclos, foaled on the 28th March. That of *William T. Porter* for his b. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of Attaway, foaled on the 11th April. The latter name having already been claimed, we would suggest—with our grate-

ful acknowledgments for the compliment implied—that the Margrave colt out of Attaway take the name of *Corinthian*.

Mr. GEO. W. MATTHEWS, that of *Miss de Lamartine*, for his 3 yr. old b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Attaway by Sir James.

THOMAS PAYNE, Esq., of Va., that of *Margaret*, for his yearling filly by Imp. Margrave, out of Rosetta (the dam of Philip and Jack Pendleton) by Trafalgar; he paid Col. WHITE \$600 for her when a foal. That of *Daylight* for his ch. c. by Philip, out of Jane Shore by Sir Archy, marked like "Old Whitenose." That of *Glenara* for his 2 yr. old filly by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jane Shore by Sir Archy.

Messrs. J. M. PINDELL & GEO. TROTTER, of Lexington, Ky., that of *Dick Bucknor*, for a ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Shepherdess by Apollo. That of *Chemisette* for a filly by Imp. Glencoe, out of Sappho by Goode's Arab. That of *Garter* for a — by Imp. Glencoe, out of a Trumpator mare.

JOHN LAMAR, Esq., of Macon, Ga., that of *Oakmulgee*, for a b. c. without white, foaled on the 12th March last, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Susan Watkins.

Messrs. J. & P. VOORHEES, of Dayton, Ohio, that of *Charley Anderson*, for their yearling ch. c. by Medoc, out of a Mercury mare.

Col. WM. C. BOON, of Fayette, Mo., that of *Feltress*, for a 2 yr. old filly by Imp. Felt, dam by Bertrand. That of *Ann Ward* for a 3 yr. old filly by Imp. Sarpedon, out of May Dacre by Marmion.

E. B. BARTLETT, of the Forks of Elkhorn, Ky., that of *Marshal Eclipse* for his 2 yr. old b. c. by Eclipse out of Lady Gray.

DR. LEMUEL SANDERS of Franklin Co., Ky., that of *John C. Stevens* for his b. c. foaled 26th of March 1840, by Medoc, dam by William of Transport. That of *Honest Anos*, for his yearling b. c. by Birmingham, dam by Trumpator. That of *Train Boy* for his yearling br. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by William of Transport. The name of "John C. Stevens" being that of Mr. LEAVELL's Medoc colt, now on the turf, we suggest (as requested) that of *Stevenson*.

S. BURBRIDGE, Esq., of Forest Hill, Ky., that of *Shippen* for his 3 yr. old b. f. by Rodolph, dam by Bertrand. That of *Diana* for his 3 yr. old b. f. by Rodolph, dam by Imp. Contract.

JOHN LEWIS, Esq., of Llangollen, Ky., that of *Switzer*, for his 3 yr. old b. c. by Imp. Swiss, out of Vixen.

CADWALLADER LEWIS, Esq., of Gully Green, Ky., that of *Bet Travers* for his 2 yr. old b. f. by John Richards, out of Vixen.

Maj. B. LUCKETT of Franklin Co., Ky., that of *Red Sophia*, for his yearling ch. f. by Birmingham, out of Maria Ward by Holliday's Alexander. That of *Anne Maria*, for his yearling b. f. by Birmingham, out of Ann Fenwick by Sea Gull. That of *Espérance* for his yearling b. c. by Birmingham, out of Sarah Gatewood by Ganymede. That of *Bradford* for his ro. c. by Birmingham, dam by Superior. That of *Arrette Taylor* for his b. f. foaled 17th March 1840, by Imp. Richard, out of Ann Fenwick by Sea Gull. That of *Druda* for his 2 yr. old b. f. by Bolivar, out of Sarah Walker by Sea Gull.

W. G. SKILLMAN, of Fancy Farms, near Lexington, Ky., that of *Earl of Marlborough* for his 3 yr. old b. c. by Sarpedon, out of Dutchess of Marlborough.

E. WARFIELD, Jr. Esq., of Lexington, Ky., that of *Bozhuwig* for his ch. f. by Imp. Hedgford, out of Rowena. This filly is in the Gold Stake.

Maj. R. J. GAGE, of Unionville, S. C., that of *Kate* for a filly dropped 27th of April, by old Jonathan out of Amigo.

SAMUEL WILSON, Esq., of Bacon's Castle, Surrey Co., Va., that of *Avon*, for his yearling filly by Imp. Priam, out of Flying Nancy by Arab.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1840.

CONTINUED FROM THE APRIL NUMBER.

The places of standing, etc., of the following horses, were not received in season for the last number.

NAME.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Abdallah	b.	Manbrino	Amazonia	Near Lexington, Ky.	12	12	Thomas H. Hunt.
Amurath, <i>Imp</i>	---	An Arabian of high	racing form	Tugg County, Ky.	40	60	Thomas B. Redd.
Barefoot, <i>Imp</i>	ch.	Tramp	Rosamond by Buzzard	Covington, Tenn.	70	---	Mr. Morrison.
Bolivar	b.	Cook's Whip	By Janus	Russellville, Ky.	10	15	J. M. Beall.
Charles Komble	b.	Sir Archy	Pilot's dam by Gallatin.	East Hempfield, Lancaster County, Pa.	---	---	H. M. Reigart.
Collier	ch.	Sir Charles	By Topgallant	Fayette, Howard County, Mo.	25	---	A. W. Morrison.
Columbus	---	Oscar	Not stated	Fayette, Howard County, Mo.	30	---	M. Thompson.
Don Juan	b.	Argyle	By Bertrand	Near Columbia, S. C.	25	40	C. D. Ford.
Enterprise	---	John Richards	By Don Quixotte	Edwardsville, Madison County, Ill.	15	25	Edward M. West.
Jordan, <i>Imp</i>	ch.	Langar	Matilda by Comus	Near Plaquemine, La.	70	100	Michael Schlatre,
John Richards	b.	Sir Archy	By Rattler	Bardstown, Ky.	40	60	Wilson Bowman.
Jim Allan	b.	Archy of Transport	By Hancock's Hamiltonian.	Richmond, Ky.	25	---	Col. T. J. Robinson.
Linwood	ch.	Wild Bill	By Pacolet	Columbus, Ga.	30	50	Alfred Iverson.
Marion	ch.	Sir Archy	By Imp. Citizen	Near Tusculumbia, Ala.	75	100	F. O. A. Sherrod.
Monmouth	ch.	John Richards	By Duroc	Glascow, Ky.	25	35	James Murrell.
Merlin	b.	Sir Archy	By Imp. Bedford	Keysburg, Logan County, Ky.	20	---	A. M. McLean.
Muckle John	br.	Little Harwood	Fawn by Collector	Near Frankfort, Ky.	50	---	David Thompson.
Ormond	ch.	Sir Charles	By Sir Alfred	Georgetown, Mo.	25	40	S. H. Saunders.
Pelajo	---	Eclipse Lightfoot	Brown's Godolphin	New Orleans, La.	25	---	S. M. Read.
Quaker	ch.	Pacific	Quaker Girl by Timoleon	Mount Pleasant, Tenn.	20	30	Thos. G. Goodrum.
Saracen	b.	Eclipse	Sally Slouch by Virginian	Belvidere, Warren County, N. J.	10	---	William Gibbons.
Tempest	b.	Tormontor	By Imp. Expedition	Forks of Elkhorn, Ky.	50	---	D. & J. Harris.
Telegraph	b.	Stockholder	Coroline by Volunteer	Huntington, Tenn.	50	---	Barfield, Caldwell & Co.,
Wagner	ch.	Sir Charles	Maria West by Marion	Louisville, Ky.	150	---	John Goodwyn.
Young Wonder	---	Cock of the Rock	Nell Sanders	Fayette, Howard County, Mo.	---	---	Wade M. Jackson.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

J U N E, 1 8 4 0.

Embellishment:

WILD-FOWL SHOOTING BY MOONLIGHT;

A MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVING ON STEEL, BY GIMBER AFTER BECKWITH.

Contents:

	Page
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.....	254
WILD-FOWL SHOOTING IN GENERAL: BY "A SOCKDOLLAGER".....	255
STOCK OF IMPORTED CITIZEN: BY W. C. B.	259
THE DYING RACER.....	260
SPRING SNIPE SHOOTING: BY "FRANK FORESTER".....	261
HOW TO BUY A HORSE. No. X. BY AN AMATEUR	272
ITEMS FROM THE "SPORTING REVIEW".....	278
THE MILITARY BREEDING STUDS OF AUSTRIA: BY J. H.	279
THE APPROACHING RACING SEASON: BY "A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER"...	287
ON THE USE OF THOROUGH-BRED HORSES: BY T. B. JOHNSON, ESQ.	291
LIFE IN THE WOODS: BY "MEADOWS".....	295
THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS": BY "A.".....	302
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR	249
JANETTE	305
LADIES' STAKE	"
BATESVILLE JOCKEY CLUB	"
SALES OF STOCK	305
NAMES CLAIMED	306
ST. LOUIS RACES.....	305
TURF REGISTER	307
BLOOD STOCK OF DR. E. WARFIELD	307
" " " JOHN LAMAR, ESQ.....	"
BLOOD STOCK OF EDMUND BACON, ESQ.	308
" " " D. CORPENING, ESQ.. "	"
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1840. RACES AT	
NEW ORLEANS, LA., ECLIPSE COURSE... 9	PLAQUEMINE, LA. 13
" " " METARIE COURSE.. "	GEORGETOWN, KY. "
" " " LOUISIANA COURSE. 10	PETERSBURG, VA., NEWMARKET CO. . "
MACON, GA., CENTRAL COURSE..... "	NEW YORK, UNION COURSE, L. I. 14
BELFIELD, VA. 11	BROAD ROCK, VA., FAIRFIELD COURSE. "
CLAIBORNE, ALA. "	WASHINGTON, D.C., NATIONAL COURSE 15
DONALDSONVILLE, LA. "	MAYSVILLE, KY., BEACHLAND COURSE 16
CROSS KEYS, VA. 12	BALTIMORE, MD., KENDALL COURSE.. "
RALEIGH, N. C., STATE COURSE..... "	

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A list of the Stud of J. G. B., Esq., of Murfreesboro', Tenn., would have been published this month, but for the omission of the dam of his Bay mare by Pacific, 8 yrs. old, which was doubtless inadvertently omitted. He claims the names of *Murfreesboro'* and *Prince George*. Another name must be substituted for the latter, as Prince George, a half brother to Argyle, has recently left the Turf.

Scout did not start, in 1838, under that name.

A List of the Stud of L. P. C., Esq., of N., will be cheerfully published.

In vol. viii. p. 574 of the "Register," in the list of the stock of Mr. G. MALLORY—the pedigree of *Montezuma*, the reputed sire of the great grandam of Kitty Turner, is requested. Quere, is not *Monticello* her sire, and not *Montezuma*?

The Kentucky correspondent to whom we referred last month, under this head, as having complained of the typographical arrangement of the "Register," for the reason that his bookbinder could not understand it, has written us a very good humored letter on the subject. Having seen a volume that *was* bound properly, he is satisfied that it *can* be done, though he has, as yet, been unable to make his binder understand how. If our correspondent would hold the fellow's head under a pump for ten minutes, we make no doubt he would "see into it" at once. The binder has first, of course, to take the different numbers apart: 16 pages are contained in each signature, which are numbered 1, 2, 3, and so on, on each sixteenth page, as I, 17, 33, &c., to the end. The binder will see that the body of the work is paged straight on from page 1 to 694, on which last, directions are given where the engravings are to be placed. Then comes the *American Racing Calendar*, which may be bound separately, or with the magazine, as it has a title-page to itself. The Calendar is also paged straight on from page 1 to 75, and the same of the *English Racing Calendar*. If our correspondent will show this paragraph to the binder, he cannot make a mistake, unless he is grossly ignorant of his business.

G. F. K.'s request will be complied with; the names have been claimed for him in the "Spirit of the Times" of 30th ult.

"Amateur" will find a letter for him at the "Sporting Magazine" office, Warwick Square, per the "British Queen."

Mr. R. S. W.'s reply to "D." in relation to the pedigree of *Mary Powell* will appear in our next.

The Blood Stock of Geo. F. Keene, John Maxwell, H. G. Murphy & Co., Wm. C. Tilghman, and Thos. D. Watson, and the pedigree of *Scout*, are in type, and will be published in our next.

T. B. S., Esq., of B., will please accept our warmest acknowledgments, first for his invitation to spend a few days with himself and friends, at West River, and also for the very beautiful original drawing by RINDISBACHER, which he has been kind enough to send us. The latter will at once go into the hands of the engraver, and the endorsement of the invitation by J. S. S., adds to the regret with which we are obliged to decline the acceptance at present of what would afford us such unmingled gratification. By-the-bye, if T. B. S. can, for a moment, turn from the examination of the fine points and blood-like appearance of the "North Devons," to examine those of "*Le Charmante Fanny*," we shall be delighted to help him to "that same."

In our last number, at page 242, our correspondent "D." alluded to Maria Black as having beaten Wagner, at New Orleans. It was an error, the Leviathan mare *Zelina*, in the same stable with Maria Black, being the mare intended.



Wild Fowl Shooting in General, WITH A TOUCH AT LONG ISLAND IN PARTICULAR.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY A SOCKDOLLAGER.

READER—gentle we will not term you, as the epithet is so completely identified in our mind with the idea of a spruce young gentleman, his locks redolent of Oil Macassar, and his digits invested in primrose colored kid, that we will not insult you by applying it—reader, then, have you in your various wanderings over this habitable globe, ever enjoyed one of the most exciting of all amusements—a good day's Wild-Fowl Shooting? If such has been your fortune, does not the sight of the Engraving at the commencement of the present number recal at once to your recollection many an excellent day's sport? Can you not fancy yourself once more at Jim Smith's on Fire Island, lying in your boat, your finger on the trigger, and waiting with a beating heart for the approaching flock to decrease the distance by a few yards more, before you open into their close column a raking fire from your heavy double-barrel. We know that you can, and therefore shall leave you to fight your battles o'er again, and plan future campaigns against the unsuspecting ducks, while we charitably proceed to enlighten the understanding of your less gifted fellow student with a few remarks on the science of Wild-fowl Shooting.

The principal place for the enjoyment of this sport in the neighborhood of New York, is Long Island, and from Montauk to Jamaica; the Southern coast being deeply indented by bays and inlets, forms an excellent feeding ground throughout its whole extent, for almost every species of the Duck tribe which is in the habit of visiting our shores. To the mode of shooting, then, on the Island, we shall first direct our attention, as it is practised with such slight variations as the nature of the waters and the habits of the fowl may require, in almost every part of the United States. That most murderous mode of destroying geese, brant, &c., from a *battery*, has, as it certainly ought to be, been abolished by an Act of the Legislature of the State; for though a greater number of birds may be killed by this method than any other, yet as the batteries were anchored on almost every flat where there was a possibility of their feeding, it had the effect of driving them from their usual haunts, and compelling them to seek for refuge in some place less securely fortified. The battery is formed of a deal box, about seven feet long, three wide, and two deep; from the rim of this a platform of board runs off at right angles, about six feet on every side, and the interior is caulked to render it water tight. This is moored on some shoal where the birds are observed to be in the habit of resorting, and ballasted with stones until the plat-

form merely floats on the surface of the water; this flat surface is then tightly covered with sedge, so that at a very short distance nothing but a small quantity of apparently floating weed is discernable. Before the first faint streaks of light mark the approach of day, the shooter, in a light skiff, which can be easily paddled by one man, makes his appearance on the ground, and at once prepares for action. The stool-birds are first placed about twenty yards from the battery; these are ducks, brant, or geese, as he may expect the particular species to fly, though the three different kinds are all frequently represented. However, we do not think that ducks will "come up" to the stool with the same confidence when this is the case. The stools are made of wood, and painted so as really to pass as very respectable personifications of the various feathered bipeds they are intended to represent, and are retained in their positions by a string with a stone tied to the other end. When two or three dozen of these decoys are kept in motion by the gentle ripple, which almost invariably curls the surface of the bay, with their heads all turned to windward, they might very readily be mistaken, at a short distance, for a flock of wild-fowl, so complete is the deception. When the business of laying out the birds is accomplished, the next thing is to get into the machine itself, an object of no little difficulty, from its ticklish nature, being balanced almost even with the water's edge, and the distance to which the boards project, from the sides. When this is at last achieved, he places his gun and ammunition by his side, and extends himself at full length in his floating box, while his companion paddles off some distance, to await the event, and remain in readiness to pick up the game.

In the meantime morning is slowly breaking. The whole sky assumes a kind of saffron tint, under the influence of which the distant gull appears magnified to twice its size, as it wheels over the waters in search of prey; at last a small dark line appears in the distance, moving swiftly across the sky. Each moment it grows more distinct, until at last the eye can plainly trace the form of the birds of which it is composed, and the certainty that a large flock of brant are rapidly advancing, sends a thrill of delight through the frame of the expectant fowler. They approach within a hundred yards—then, as if suspicious, wheel with a hoarse gabble and retreat; but an excellent imitation of their note again attracts their attention. Once more their course is directed towards their hidden foe; on they come, sailing with outstretched wings—they are almost over the stool, when, starting to his knees, the occupant of the battery raising his gun to his shoulder, takes them on the turn as they are huddled together, and by a rapid discharge of both barrels, strews the water with the dead and dying.

Such is shooting from a battery, and we would only remark in conclusion, that if incited by our remarks, or the evil demon of curiosity, any young gentleman should ever find himself ensconced in one of these machines some cold November morning, we would merely recommend him to provide himself with thrice the patience of an angler, and as these worthy brethren are said to possess an

equal stock with that of the justly celebrated Job, perhaps if he is good at figures, and has served in a broker's office in Wall Street, he may be enabled to discover the exact quantity required.

We will now proceed to give a short description of Duck Shooting as practised in the Bay, below Jim Smith's, where capital sport may frequently be obtained. But before we describe the method of shooting them, let us disclose to your attentive ears a new mode of capturing ducks, and geese we suppose also, recently discovered in the South. We quote from the "Southern Cabinet":—

"Various expedients are used in the Chesapeake to bring ducks within reach of the Sportsman's gun—among which, tolling, as it is called, is the most singular, and at the same time very successful. Several carved pieces of wood, painted to represent ducks floating in the water, are attached to long strings, and suffered to float at a considerable distance. The ducks alight among these wooden imitations—the sportsman gently pulls the string, and the ducks follow the decoy till they are brought within shooting distance. We once saw this amusement pursued on a smaller and humbler scale. We were going from Savannah to Purysburgh in a small steamer. A negro had anchored his canoe in the stream. He had a wooden decoy duck, but no gun. To our great surprise, he tolled several wild ducks so near his canoe, that he knocked them down with a stick which he had lying by him in the canoe. We observed two killed in this manner, as the steamboat was passing."

Now, if after this public declaration, the American Institute does not immediately despatch a deputation for the purpose of presenting a medal to the black gentleman aforesaid, as a reward for his astonishing sagacity, then have justice and impartiality vanished from the earth, and the claim of modest merit dies away unheeded. Such a man might well be expected to set fire to the North River, square the circle, or discover the longitude, and can only be ranked with the gigantic genius who first discovered the mode of catching sparrows by putting salt on their tails.

But to return to our friend Uncle Jim, "*revenons a nos moutons*,"—let us take another look at our mutton, as the French say; the battery is here never used, but the skiff is concealed among the sedge (which is amply tall enough to hide any boat before it is broken down by the ice), and the stools are anchored off as we before mentioned. There are generally two in each boat, and after your guns are discharged at the ducks or geese which may be unfortunate enough to approach you, pull up the oars by which you retain your place, and start in pursuit of the wounded. The best gun you can use is a double-barrel of 3 ft. 6 in. in the barrels, and 9 guage, which if substantially made, will carry a quarter of a pound of shot in each barrel, and still be sufficiently light if properly balanced, to enable you to knock over a single bird going with the wind at sixty or seventy yards, with as much ease as you ever floored a woodcock in July.

With regard to *Moonlight Shooting*, which forms the subject of the engraving before mentioned, it is a sport which, unless for the sake of variety, we should not recommend you to indulge in. The sport is very uncertain, and even if you do make a successful shot,

many birds are lost from their fluttering off in various directions beyond your sight. There are none of the immense tracts of ooze either, in this part of the country, which are mentioned by Hawker, and others who have treated of this particular kind of Wild-fowl Shooting, and which in fact are the principal causes of night-shooting being practised on Southampton Water, and other parts of England; as in those places, from their vast extent and perfect level, it would be impossible, even with the enormous guns in use among the gunners, to be able to come within reach of the fowl by daylight.

Reader, we have finished our task, and will conclude with a few remarks on *Swan Shooting* in the Chesapeake, copied from one of the most interesting works on Ornithology which has ever appeared in this or any other country. We allude to "The Birds of America," by John James Audubon, Esq.

"There are many modes practised in the United States for destroying these princely ornaments of the water. In shooting them whilst flying with the wind they are the most difficult birds to kill I know; the covering is so extremely thick on old birds, the largest drop-shot will rarely kill, unless the swan is hit in the neck, or under the wing, and I have often seen large masses of feathers torn from them without for an instant impeding their progress. When wounded in the wing alone, a large swan will readily beat off a dog, and is more than a match for a man in four-feet water—a stroke of the wing having broken an arm, and the powerful feet almost obliterated the face of a good sized sharp shooter. These birds are often brought within shooting distance by sailing down upon them whilst feeding, and as they rise against the wind, and cannot leave the water for fifteen or twenty yards, against which they strike their enormous feet and wings most furiously, great advantage is gained in distance. They must be allowed on all occasions to turn the side, for a breast shot rarely ever enters. These birds seem well aware of the range of a gun, and I have followed them in a skiff for miles, driving a body of several hundreds before me, without the possibility of getting quite within shot.

"In the autumn of 1829 the writer, with another person, was on Gipseys Island, when seven Swan were approaching the point in one line, and three others a short distance behind them. The small group appeared exceedingly anxious to pass the larger, and, as they doubled the point at about sixty yards distance, the three formed with the second bird of the larger flock, a square of probably not less than three feet. At this moment both guns were discharged, and three Swans were killed, and the fourth so much injured that he left the flock and reached the water a short distance in the bay, but it being nearly dark, his direction was lost. These, with another that had been killed within an hour, and three which were subsequently obtained, were all of them less than five years of age, and averaged a weight of 18 lbs."

There, have you not already determined on a vigorous attack upon the Swans? Pack up your largest gun, with a plentiful supply of ammunition—start at once, that you may be ready to receive them on their arrival in November, and, above all, set out with the determination either to bring back a cart load of Swans (one of which you will of course present to me), or at least to perish nobly in the attempt.

THE STOCK OF IMPORTED CITIZEN.

A VERY intelligent writer in the "Register," under the signature of "Index," vol. vii., p. 359, in a communication of deep research and very great labor, has this paragraph:—

"Monsieur Tonson combines the blood of Citizen, Bedford, and Medley, a union of the Herod, Eclipse, and Snap blood, and may be regarded as at the head of the Citizen class."

In this sentence the writer evidently intends to include Citizen in the Herod class of blood. Is he not greatly mistaken? Herod was by Tartar, (he by Partner, he by Jigg, and he by the Byerly Turk,) out of Cypron by Blaze (he by Childers, and he by the Darley Arabian), his grandam by Bethell's Arabian, &c. &c.

Citizen was by Pacolet (he by Blank, he by the Godolphin Arabian—the dam of Pacolet was by Crab, out of a Godolphin Arabian mare); the dam of Citizen was by Turk (he by Regulus, and he by the Godolphin Arabian—the dam of Turk was by Crab); Citizen's grandam was by Young Cade (he by Old Cade, and he by the Godolphin Arabian—the dam of Young Cade was by Partner); Citizen's g. g. dam was by Crab, &c.

From this examination we find that Citizen had four immediate crosses of the Godolphin Arabian, and three of Crab, with only one cross of Partner, and that somewhat remote—whilst Herod has neither a cross of the Godolphin Arabian, nor Crab, that I can discover. Herod traces to the Turkish horse; whilst Citizen goes to the Barb, which the Godolphin Arabian is supposed to have been, and to the Arabian, through the Alcock Arabian, the sire of Crab.

Citizen was bred very much in and in—a theory that I cannot approve of, and one that secures little countenance from the English breeders, as their Stud Book amply shows. The combination was, however, a good and lucky one, so far as he was concerned, and he nevertheless proved a happy cross for our Diomed and Archy stock—some disparaging remarks lately published to the contrary notwithstanding. No imported horse has, in my opinion, benefitted us more, with the exception of old Diomed. With the same exception, are not his descendants more numerous than those of any other horse? Look at the stock of Sir Charles, Mercury, Stockholder, Marion, Washington, their dams by Citizen, and last, though not least, Pacolet, whose sire was Citizen. What a mighty void would be made in the racing stock of the United States, were all those that inherit the blood of Citizen blotted from the books! It should not be forgotten, also, that both Citizen and Bedford had the same grandam in the line of their maternal ancestry. Of the Native Stallions advertised this year in the "Register," twenty-five of the number have a cross of old Citizen. Wagner, by Sir Charles, his dam by Marion, his grandam by Citizen (showing three crosses of Citizen) has given a good account of himself, and exhibits the family game and stoutness. Citizen was a game horse, winning, as is stated in his Memoir, "nineteen races, fourteen of

them four miles, and six of them were won at three heats, beating the best horses in England, and never lost a race in which the heats were broken." He was seventeen years old when imported.

"Every one to their liking;" but as for "my single self," I never object to a cross or two of old Citizen. B. C. W.

THE DYING RACER.

Thou'rt dying, thou'rt dying, my beautiful steed,
That hast served me and saved me in the hour of my need;
That won me a pathway to wealth and renown,
When fortune forsook me, and friendship could frown.
I have loved thee, thou dying one, e'en as a friend,
The first on whose truth I might surely depend!
Thou bravest, most true, must I bid thee farewell?
No: I'm bound to thy side, and I yield to the spell!

I had hoped to have seen thee pass calmly away,
In some green sheltered paddock to fall to decay;
To have nursed thee, and petted, and braided thy mane,
As I thought of old times and thy honors again;
But why should I mourn thee, my noble one, here,
Bright, glorious, though brief, was thy gallant career—
And thy fame cannot die, while men name thee and say—
"The racer that's gone was the best of his day."

How my heart has beat high when a thousand bright eyes
Have followed thy track in delight and surprise,
As thou seemest to fly, like the darted jarreed,
From the post to the goal with the flash of thy speed;
And now, to behold thee in agony there!
In mercy thy dying convulsion I spare;
By the hand that caress'd thee thy destiny meet—
Lo! a shot and a shock, and thou'rt dead at my feet.

They have laid by the course the good racer that's dead,
They have placed the green turf that he graced, o'er his head
In the field of his glory his fate they deplore,
He has fame and a grave—could a mortal have more?
Then farewell, my gallant one, costlier shrine
Hath rarely held ashes more honor'd than thine,
And seldom hath marble been ever decreed
To tell of a course true as thine was, my steed!

Spring Snipe Shooting.

THREE DAYS AT PINE BROOK, NEW JERSEY.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE FIRST.

The long cold winter had passed away and been succeeded by the usual alternations of damp sloppy thaws, and piercing eastern gales, which constitute a North American Spring; and now the croaking of the bull-frogs, heard from every pool and puddle, the bursting buds of the young willows, and, above all, the appearance of the Shad in market, announced, to the experienced sportsman, the arrival of the English Snipe upon the marshes. For some days Harry Archer had been busily employed in overhauling his shooting apparatus, exercising his setters, watching every change of wind, and threatening a speedy expedition into the meadows of New Jersey, so soon as three days of Easterly rain should be followed by mild weather from the Southward. Anxiously looked for, and long desired, at last the Eastern storm set in, cold, chilling, misty, with showers of smoky driving rain, and Harry for two entire days had rubbed his hands in ecstasy; while Timothy stood ever in the stable door—his fists plunged deep in the recesses of his breeches pockets, and a queer smile illuminating the honest ugliness of his bluff visage—patiently watching for a break in the dull clouds—his harness hanging the while in readiness for instant use, with every crest and terrett as bright as burnished gold; his wagon all prepared, with bear-skins and top-coats displayed; and his own kit packed up in prompt anticipation of the first auspicious moment. The third dark morning had dawned dingily; the rain still drifted noiselessly against the windows, while gutters overflowed, and kennels swollen into torrents announced its volume and duration—there was not then the least temptation to stir out of doors, and, sulky myself, I was employed in coaxing a sulky cigar beside a yet more sulky fire, with an empty coffee cup and a large quarto volume of Froissart upon the table at my elbow, when a quick cheery triple rap at the street door announced a visitor, and was succeeded instantly by a firm rapid footstep on the stairs, accompanied by the multitudinous pattering and whimpering of Spaniels. Without the ceremony of a knock the door flew open; and in marched, with his hat on one side, a dirty looking letter in his hand, and Messrs. Dan and Flash at his heel, the renowned Harry Archer.

“Here’s a lark, Frank,” exclaimed that worthy, pitching the billet down upon the table, and casting himself into an arm-chair—“Old Tom is to be here to-day to dinner, and wants to go with us to the Snipe Meadows. So we will dine, if it so please you, at my

house at three—I have invited Mac to join us—and start directly after for Pine Brook.”

“The Devil”—I responded, somewhat energetically—“what, in this rain?”

“Rain!—yes indeed. The wind has hauled already to the Westward of the South, and we shall have a starlight night, and a clear day to-morrow, and grand sport I’ll warrant you! Rain—yes! I’m glad it *does* rain; it will keep cockney *gunners* off the meadows.”

“But will Tom really be here?—How do you know it?—Have you seen him?”

“Read—read, man;” he responded, lighting the while a dark cheroot, and lugging out my gun-case to inspect its traps. And I in due obedience took up the billet doux, which had produced this notable combustion. It was a thin, dirty, oblong letter, written *across the lines* upon ruled paper, with a pencil, wafered, and stamped with a key, and bearing in round schoolboy characters the following direction:—

for Mr. Harrye Archere Newe Yorke Esqre
69 ——— streete.

Internally it ran—
Olde friende

havin to git some grocerees down to Yorke, I reckons to quit here a Satterday, and so be i car fix it counts to see you tewsdai for sartain. quail promises to be considerable plentye, and cocke has come on most ongodly thicke i was down to Sam Joneses one night a fortnite since and heerd a heape on them a drumminge and chatteringe everywheres rounde aboute. if snipes is come on yit i reckon i coud git awaye a day or soe down into Jarsey wayes—no more at presente from

ever youre olde friende

Thomas Drawe

i shall looke in at ——— streete bout three oclocke dinner time i guessc.

“Well! that matter seems to be settled”—answered I, when I had finished the perusal of this most notable epistle—“I suppose he will be to the fore!”

“Sartain!”—responded Archer, grinning; “and do you for once, if possible—which I suppose it is not—be in time for dinner; I will not wait five minutes, and I shall give you a good feed; pack up your traps, and Tim shall call for them at two! We dine at *three*, mind! Start from my door at half-past five, so as to get across in the six o’clock boat. Hard will be looking out for us, I know, about this time, at Pine Brook; and we shall do it easy in *three* hours, for the roads will be heavy. Come along dogs. Good bye, Frank. Three o’clock! now don’t be late, there’s a good lad. Here Flash! here Dan!”—and gathering his Macintosh about him, exit Harry.

Thereupon to work I went with a will; rummaged up gun, cleaning-rod, copper caps, powder horns, shot-pouch, and all the et ceteras of shooting, which—being always stowed away with so much care at the end of one season, that they are undiscoverable at the beginning of the next—are sources of eternal discomfiture to those most all-accomplished geniuses, high sportsmen’s servants:

got out and greased my fen boots with the fit admixture of tallow, tar, beeswax, and Venice turpentine; hunted up shooting jacket, corduroys, plaid waistcoat, and check shirts; and in fact perpetrated the detested task of packing, barely in time for Timothy, who, as he shouldered *my* portmanteau, and hitched up the waistband of *his own* most voluminous unmentionables, made out in the midst of grins and nods, and winks, to deliver himself to the following effect: "Please Sur—measter says, if you ple-ase to moind three o't clock—for he'll be dommed, he said, please Measter Forester, av he waits hoaf a minit—"

"Very well, Tim, very well—that 'll do—I'll be ready."

"And Measter Draa be coom'd tew—nay but Aye do think 'at he's fatter noo than iver—ecod Ayse laff to see him doon i' t' mos-sy meadows loike—he'll swear, Ayse warrant him." And with a burst of merriment, that no one pair of mortal lips save Timothy's alone could ever have accomplished, he withdrew, leaving me to complete my toilet; in which, believe me, gentle reader, mindful of a good feed and of short law, I made no needless tarrying.

The last stroke of the hour appointed had not yet stricken when I was on the steps of Harry's well-known snug two-storied domicile; in half a minute more I was at my ease in his study, where, to my no small wonder, I found myself alone with no other employment than to survey for the nine hundredth time the adornments of that exquisite model for that most snug of all things, a cozy bachelor's peculiar snuggery. It was a small back room with two large windows looking out upon a neatly trimmed grass-platt, bordered with lilacs and laburnums—its area of sixteen feet by fourteen was strewn with a rich Turkey carpet, and covered with every appurtenance for luxury and comfort that could be brought into its limits without encumbering its brief dimensions. A bright steel grate with a brilliant fire of Cannel coal occupied the centre of the south side, facing the entrance, while a superb book-case and secretaire of exquisite mahogany filled the recess on either hand of it, their glass doors showing an assortment, handsomely bound, of some eight hundred volumes, classics, and history, and the gems of modern poesie and old romance. Above the mantel-piece, where should have hung the mirror, was a wide case covering the whole front of the pier, with doors of plate glass, through which might be discovered, supported on a rack of ebony and set off by a back-ground of rich crimson velvet, the select armory, prized above all his earthly goods by their enthusiastic owner—consisting of a choice pair of twin London-made double-barrels, a short splendidly finished ounce-ball rifle, a heavy single pigeon gun, a pair of genuine Kuchenreüter's nine-inch duelling pistols, and a smaller pair by Joe Manton for the belt or pocket—all in the most perfect order, and ready for immediate use. Facing this case upon the opposite wall, along the whole length of which ran a divan, or wide low sofa, of crimson damask, hung two oil paintings, originals by Edwin Landseer, of dogs—hounds, terriers, and all, in fact, of canine race, mongrels of low degree alone excepted—under these were suspended upon brackets two long duck

guns, and an array of tandem and four-horse whips, besides two fly-rods, and a cherry-stick Persian pipe, ten feet at least in length. The space between the windows was occupied by two fine engravings, one of the Duke of Wellington, the other of Sir Walter in his study—Harry's political and literary idols; a library centre table, with an inkstand of costly *buhl*, covered with periodicals and papers, and no less than four sumptuous arm-chairs of divers forms and patterns, completed the appointments of the room; but the picture still would be incomplete, were I to pass over a huge tortoise-shell Tom Cat, which dozed upon the rug in amicable vicinity to our old friends the spaniels Dan and Flash. It did not occupy me quite so long to take a survey of these well-remembered articles, as it has done to describe them; nor in fact, had that been the case, should I have found the time to reconnoitre them; for scarcely was I seated by the fire, before the ponderous trampling of Old Tom might be heard on the stair-case, as in vociferous converse with our host he came down from the chamber, wherein—by some strange process of persuasion assuredly peculiar to himself—Harry had forced him to go through the ceremony of ablution, previous to his attack upon the viands, which were in truth not likely to be dealt with more mercifully in consequence of this delay. Another moment, and they entered—"Arcades ambo" duly rigged for the occasion—Harry in his neat claret-colored jockey coat, white waistcoat, corduroys and gaiters—Tom in Canary-colored vest, sky-blue dress coat with huge brass buttons, gray kerseymere unmentionables, with his hair positively brushed, and his broad jolly face clean shaved, and wonderfully redolent of soap and water. The good old soul's face beamed with unfeigned delight, and grasping me affectionately by the hand—

"How be you?"—he exclaimed—"How be you, Forester—you looks well, anyways."

"Why, I am well, Tom"—responded I—"but I shall be better after I've had that drink that Archer's getting ready—you're dry, I fancy—"

"Sartain!" was the expected answer; and in a moment the pale Amontillado sherry and the bitters were paraded—but no such d—d washy stuff, as he termed it, would the old Trojan look at, much less taste; and Harry was compelled to produce the liquor stand, well stored with potent waters, when at the nick of time McTavish entered in full fig for a regular slap-up party, not knowing at all whom he had been asked to meet. Not the least decomposed, however, that capital fellow was instantly at home, and as usual up to every sort of fun.

"What, Draw,"—he said—"who the devil thought of seeing you here—when did you come down?—Oh—the dew certainly"—he continued in reply to Archer, who was pressing a drink on him—"the mountain dew for me—catch a Highlander at any other dram, when *Whasky's* to the fore—aye, Tom."

"Catch you at any dram, exceptin that what's strongest. See to him now"—as Mac tossed off his modicum, and smacked his lips approvingly—"see to him now—I'd jist as lief drink down so

much fire, and *he* pours it in—pours it in jist like as one it was mother's milk to the d—d critter."

"Ple-ase Sur, t' dinner's re-ady"—announced Timothy, throwing open the folding doors, and displaying the front room, with a beautiful fire blazing, and a good old-fashioned round table covered with exquisite white damask-linen, and laid with four covers, each flanked by a most unusual display of glasses—a mighty bell-mouthed rummer, namely, on a tall slender stock with a white spiral line running up through the centre, an apt substitute for that most awkward of all contrivances, the ordinary champagne glass—a beautiful green hock goblet, with a wreath of grapes and vine leaves wrought in relief about the rim—a massy water tumbler elaborately diamond-cut—and a capacious sherry-glass so delicate and thin that the slender chrystal actually seemed to bend under the pressure of your lip; nor were the liquors wanting in proportion—two silver wine-coolers, all frosted over with the exudations from the ice within, displayed the long necks of a champagne flask and a bottle of Johannisbergher, and four decanters hung out their labels of Port, Madeira, brown Sherry, and Amontillado—while two or three black, copper-wired bottles, in the chimney-corner, announced a stock of heavy-wet, for such as should incline to malt. I had expected from Tom's lips some preternatural burst of wonder, at this display of preparation, the like of which, as I conceived, had never met his eyes before—but, whether he had been indoctrinated by previous feeds at Harry's hospitable board, or had learned by his own native wit the difficult lesson of *Nil admirari*, he sat down without any comment, though he stared a little wildly when he saw nothing eatable upon the table, except a large dish of raw oysters, flanked by a lemon and a cruet of cayenne. With most ineffable disdain he waved off the plate which Tim presented to him, with a "G—d d—n you, I arnt a goin to give my belly cold with no such chillin' stuff as that. I'd like to know now, Archer, if this bees all that you're a goin to give us—for if so be it is, I'll go stret down to the nigger's yonder, and git me a beef steak and onions?"

"Why not exactly, Tom," responded Archer, when he could speak for laughing—"these are merely for a whet to give us an appetite."

"A d—d queer sort of *wet*, I think—why I'd have thought that ere rum, what McTavish took, would have been wet enough, till what time as you got at the champagne—and, as for appetite, I reckon now a man whose guts is always cravin—cravin—like yours be, had better a taken somethin *dry* to keep it down like, than a *wet* to moisten it up more."

By this time the natives, which had so moved Tom's indignation, were succeeded by a tureen of superb mutton broth, to which the old man did devote himself most assiduously, while Mac was loud in approbation of the brose, saying it only wanted bannocks to be perfection.

"D—n you, you're niver satisfied—you aint"—Tom had commenced, when he was cut short by "The Sherry round—Tim"—

from our host—"you'd better take the brown, Tom, it's the strongest!" The old man thrust his rummer forth, as being infinitely the biggest, and—Timothy persisting in pouring out the strong and fruity sherry into the proper glass—burst out again indignantly—

"I'd be pleased to know, Archer, now, why you puts big glasses on the table, if you don't mean they should be dranked out of—to tantalize a chap, I reckon"—down went the wine at one gulp, and the exquisite aroma conquered—he licked his lips, sighed audibly, smiled, grinned, then laughed aloud. "I see—I see"—he said at last—"you reckons it's too prime to be dranked out of big ones—and I dunknow but what you're right too—but what on airthe is we to drink out of these—not *water*, that I know! leastways, I never see none in this house, no how."

"The green one is for brandy—Tom!" McTavish answered.

"Ey, Ey!"—Tom interrupted him—"and they makes them *green*, I guess, so as no one shall see how much a body takes—now that's what I does call *genteel*!"

"And this large plain one"—added Mac, looking as grave as a judge, and lifting one of the huge champagne glasses—"is a dram glass for drinking Scotch whiskey—what they call in the Highlands a thimblefull—"

"They take it as a medicine there, you see, Tom"—continued Archer—"a preventive to a disease well known in those parts, called the Scotch fiddle—did you ever hear of it?"

"Carnt say"—responded Tom "what like is 't?"

"Oh, Mac will tell you, he suffers from it sadly—didn't you see him tuck in the specific—it was in compliment to him I had the *thimbles* set out to-day."

"Oh! that's it, ay?"—the fat man answered—"well I don't care if I do"—in answer to Harry's inquiry whether he would take some boiled shad, which, with caper sauce, had replaced the soup—"I don't care if I do—Shads isn't got to Newburgh yet, leastways I harnt seen none—"

Well might he say that, by the way, for they had scarce appeared in New York, and were attainable now only at the moderate rate of something near their weight in silver. After the fish, a dram of Farentosh was circulated in one small glass, exquisitely carved into the semblance of a thistle, which Draw disposed of with no comment save a passing wonder that when men could get apple-jack, they should be willing to take up with such smoky trash as that.

A saddle of roast mutton, which had been hanging, Harry said, six weeks, a present from that excellent good fellow, the Captain of the Swallow, followed, and with it came the split-corks—"by heavens," I cried, almost involuntarily—"what a superb champagne"—suffering, after the interjection, something exceeding half a pint of that delicious, dry, high-flavored, and rich-bodied nectar, to glide down my gullet.

"Yes"—answered Harry—"yes—alack! that it should be the last!—This is the last but one of the first importation of the Crown—no such wine ever came before into this country, no such

has followed it. We shall discuss the brace to-day—what better opportunity? Here is McTavish, its originator, the best judge in the land!—Frank Forester, who has sipped of the like at Crockie's, and a place or two beside, which we could mention—myself, who am not slow at any decent tipple—and Thomas Draw, who knows it—I suppose—from *Jersey Cider*!”

“Yes, and I knows it from the *Jarsey champagne* tew—which you stick into poor chaps, what you fancies doosn't know no better—give me some more of that ere mutton and some jelly—you are most d——d sparin of your jelly now—and Timothy, you snoopin rascal, fill this ere thimblefull agin with that Creawn wine!”

Wild fowl succeeded, cooked to a turn, hot claret duly qualified with cayenne in a sauce-boat by their side—washed down by the last flask of Mac's champagne—of which the last round we quaffed *sorrowfully*, as in duty bound, to the importer's health, and to the memory of the crowned head departed—the *only* crown, as Harry in his funeral oration, truly and pithily observed, which gave the lie to the assertion that “*uneasy* lies the head that wears a crown.”

No womanish display of pastry marred the unity of this most solemn masculine repast—a Stilton cheese, a red herring, with Goshen butter, pilot bread, and porter, concluded the rare banquet. A plate of devilled biscuit, and a magnum of Latour, furnished forth the dessert, which we discussed right jovially; while Timothy, after removing Harry's guns from their post of honor above the mantel-piece to their appropriate cases, stole away to the stable to prepare his cattle.

“Now, Boys”—said Harry—“make the most of your time. There is the claret, the best in my opinion going—for I have always prized Mac's black-sealed Latour far above Lynch's Margaux—yes even above that of '25. For Lynch's wine, though exquisitely delicate, was perilous thin—I never tasted it without assenting to Serjeant Bothwell's objection, ‘Claret's ower cauld for my stomach,’ and desiring like him to qualify it ‘wi a tass of *eau di vie*.’ Now this wine has no such fault—it has a body—”

“I don't know, Archer”—interrupted Tom—“what that ere sarjeant meant with his d——d *o di vee*, but I know now that I'd a d——d sight rayther have a drink o' *brandy*, or the least mite of applejack, than a whole keg of this red rot-gut!”

“You've hit the nail on the head, Tom”—answered I—while Harry, knowing the old man's propensities, marched off in search of the liquor-stand—“It *was brandy* that the serjeant meant!”

“Then why in h—l didn't he say *brandy*, like a man—instead of coming out with his d——d snivelling *o di vee*!”

“Why, Tom”—said I, in explanation—“he admired your favorite drink so much, that he used the French name as most complimentary; it means *water of life*!”

“What, he *watered* it too, did he?—I thought he must be a d——d poor drinkin man, to call things out of their right names—precious little of the raal stuff had he ever dranked, I reckon, watered or

not—*o di vee!* D—n all such Latin trash, says I. But here't comes. Take a drop, dew, McTavish, it's better fifty times, and healthier tew, than that eternal d—d sour old vinegar—take a drop, *dew!*"

"Thank you, *no!*" answered McTavish, well contented with his present beverage—and after a pause went on addressing Archer—"I wish to heaven you'd let me know what you were up to—I'd have gone along."

"What hinders you from going now?" said Harry. "I can rig you out for the drive, and we can stop at the Carlton, and get your gun, and the rest of your traps. I wish to the Lord you would!"

"Oh! oh!" Tom burst out, on the instant, "oh, oh! I wont go, sartain, less so be McTavish concludes on going tew—we carnt do nothing without him."

It was in vain, however, that we all united in entreating him to go along—he had business to do to-morrow—he was afraid of getting his feet wet, and fifty other equally valid excuses, till Harry exclaimed—"It's no use, I can tell you Donald's bluid's up, and there's an end of it—"

Whereat McTavish laughed, and saying that he did not think, for a very short-sighted man, snipe shooting up to his waist in water, and up to his knees in mud, *was* the great thing it is cracked up to be, filled himself a pretty sufficient dose of hot toddy, and drank to our good luck. Just at this moment up rattled, ready packed, with the dogs in, the gun-cases stowed, and store of top-coats, capes, and bear-skins, all displayed, the wagon to the door.

"I need not tell you, Mac," cried Archer, as he wrung the gallant Celt by the hand, "to make yourself at home—we must be off, you know;"—then opening the window "hand in those coats, Timothy, out of that drizzling rain—I thought you had more sense."

"Nay then, they're no but joost coom fra under t' aprons," responded Tim, not over and above delighted at the reflection on his genius—"they're droy as boans Ayse warrant um."

"Well! hand them in then—hand them in—where's *your* coat, Tom?—that's it; now look here, buckle on this cape of mine over your shoulders, and take this India rubber hood, and tie it over your hat, and you may laugh at *four-and-twenty-hours'* rain, let alone two. You have got toggery enough, Frank, I conclude—so here goes for myself." Whereon he indued, first a pea-jacket of extra pilot-cloth, and a pair of English mud-boots, buttoning to the mid thigh; and, above these, a regular box coat of stout blue dreadnought, with half a dozen capes; an oil-skin covered hat, with a curtain to protect his neck and ears, fastening with a hook and eye under the chin, completing his attire. In we got, thereupon, without more ado. Myself and Timothy, with the two setters, in the box-seat behind, the leathern apron unrolled and buttoned up, over a brace of buffaloes, hairy side inward, to our middles—Harry and Tom in front, with one superb black bearskin drawn up by a ring and strap to the centre of the back rail between them, and the patent water-proof apron hooked up to either end of

the seat—the effeminacy of umbrellas we despised—our cigars lighted, and our bodies duly muffled up, off we went, at a single chirrup of our driver, whose holly four-horse whip stood in the socket by his side unheeded, as with his hands ungloved, and his beautiful, firm, upright seat upon the box, he wheeled off at a gentle trot, the good nags *knowing* their master's hand and voice, as well as if they had been his children, and *obeying* them far better.

So well had we timed our departure, that the last bell was ringing at the ferry, when we reached the foot of Barclay-street, and in another moment we were steaming it away jollily toward Jersey City. Ten minutes brought us thither; and after rattling moderately through the ill-paved streets of that miserably filthy mud-hole, ycleped in courtesy a city, we struck off at a spanking trot across the marshes, climbed the stiff hill beyond them without slacking our gait, glanced through Bergen Four Corners,—so called because there are *five* of them—and dashed across Swartwout's Meadows, after passing the broad Hackensack, at a pace that brought us to Tucker's snug little Tavern, on the hill top in Newark, eight minutes inside of the hour.

“How d'ye do, Mr. Tucker—will you let us have something to drink out here, it's so wet that we wont risk the seats getting damp.”

“Ay! ay! that's it—slack the bearing reins, hostler, and get out a bucket of water just *chilled* with two double handfulls of corn-meal.”

“What shall it be, Mr. Archer?”—queried the smart good-humored, gentlemanly landlord—“what shall it be to-night?”

“Oh, the old thing for me—half a pint of the old hard ale, with a gill of Hollands in it—nothing like that to drive on in the cold—”

“I reckon you're about right there, Sir!—the same for you, gentlemen?”

“For *me* if you please, Tucker,” answered I.

“No! no!”—cried Tom—“no sich belly-gripes for me—I'll take a horn of applejack, and you needn't put no water in it.”

“Ay'll tak a paynt o' t' aale, Measter Tooker, without t' gin—please Sur.”

Within five minutes we were all accommodated—the nags with *their* gruel—we with *ours*.

“I was just telling my boy, Mister Archer, I thought it quite likely you'd be here to-night, it rained so very heavy.”

“Ay? ay? you've not forgot my shooting rules then, since last fall. Well! we shall have a clear night by-and-bye, shall we not, and a fair day to-morrow?”

“I reckon so,” replied the other, “the clouds is lightening now, and you can see a star or two there to the nor'rard!”

“Well! good night!”

“Good night, and good luck! Sir.” Cigars fresh lighted, on we went; and the storm gradually ceased, as the night fell; and, by the time we reached the big swamp, it was clear all over the firmament; with a dark, dark, blue sky, and millions of stars twinkling gaily—and the wind blowing freshly but pleasantly out of the nor-norwest!

"Did I not tell you so, boys?"—exclaimed Archer, joyously, pointing with his whip to the bright skies—"we'll have a glorious day to-morrow"—just as he spoke, we reached the little toll-gate by the Morris Canal; and, as we paused to change a fifty cent piece, what should we hear, high in air, rapidly passing over our heads, but the well known "*skeap! skeap!*"—the thin shrill squeak of unnumbered snipe, busy in their nocturnal voyage.

"There, Tom,—did you hear that?—you old fat rascal"—shouted Harry, elated beyond conception—"Did you hear that?—we shall have grand sport, so the wind doesn't come to blow too hard. Are you wet, boys?"

"Not a mite"—answered Tom—"the heat of that ungodly sight of liquor that we tuck afore we started, has kept a steamin, steamin, out o' me, till it's evaporated all the rain, I reckon."

"Well, we shall be at Captain Joe's directly, and then we'll get out and have a warm—"

"Yes! and a *wet* too!—The devil a bit would you think of a warm, if so be you couldn't warm your inside, at the same time, I guess."

On we went, rattling away through half a dozen Bloomfields, south, east, and middle—shaving the bad, paved jog—just by the blacksmith's shop—by a sudden turn to the left, which the nags had so often executed, that they now did it of their own accord, precisely at the needful moment.

"Why *you* didn't turn them horses out—I reckon, Archer.—What scart them off the road so sudden?—and why didn't you have a better hold on them?—a d—d nice drivin man *you* be—I *dont* think!" muttered Tom.

"There is a very bad jog there, Tom"—Archer replied—"I have broke two spfings and an axle there at different times—and now I always turn out for it; and old Bob knows the road so well, he never waits for orders!"

"You be d——d"—answered Tom, very testily—"you don't go tellin me no sich lies as that are—leastways if you want me to believe them!"

"Well look here"—replied Harry—"there's another bad place I turn out for always, by that next tavern on the hill top. I turn out as far as ever I can to the left, till my wheel all but scrapes the butt of that tall hickory, whose top you can see dark against the bright horizon—now then *you* shall take the reins, if you will promise to hold them quite steady, giving the horses their heads perfectly free, and I'll bet you our bill at Joe Mann's that they will turn out for it; and I will put the whip into the socket, and neither speak, nor even whistle to them!"

"Done! done!"—said Tom—"I'll go that! done!—we'll drink three times round, each of us—you shant git off cheap no ways, I can tell you"—and, as he spoke, he grasped the reins; and giving them head, on we went at a slapping pace—we neared the bad spot; and I took a firm grip of the side rails, feeling pretty confident that, if they should *not* turn out, crossing the deep stony watercourse at that rate we must break something.

"Niver heed—niver heed—Measter Frank"—Tim whispered, with a scarcely audible chuckle, "t' auld horse 'll toorn out, fast enoof, Ayse oophaud him!—Measter Draa's stook for drinks this toime, and sartain!"

And sure enough, when we did reach the critical place, the true horses *did* sheer off the road as if they were going slap into the fence; and instantly swung into it again, whisking the wagon after them with a lurch that, if we had not all been looking out, must have inevitably landed some of us on terra firma.

"D——n them horses"—grunted out Tom, much chop fallen—"they are half *men*, I reckon, jist like as Archer's half *dog*, and the rest of him *gun*—there's nothin nat'ral about him, nor nothin that belongs to him, I swon!"

"Well, hand the reins over"—exclaimed Harry—"for here we are close to Uncle Joe's, and they are sure to turn off to his door again—but as it's rather a nasty corner, and as they are sure to turn a good deal too quickly, I would rather have hold of them."

Scarcely had he taken them in hand, before we passed the gable end of a large double house; rattled up on the cobble-paved yard; wheeled suddenly to the left between a pump, a huge old apple tree, protected by a box of stout square timber, and the angle of the building; passed the door; and, turning round almost on a pivot, so as to bring the nags' noses to the road again, came back to it; stopped with a short jerk—and out jumped Harry, the apron having been let down at his corner, and the reins unbuckled previously.

"Put the blankets on them, Tim!—we'll stop here—ten minutes."

We mounted the steep stairs; entered the little bar-room; and encountered Uncle Joe, a mountain of a man, with a mountain of a heart—much such an animal as Tom, to look upon; but taller and larger framed—having run, as Harry afterwards expounded it to Draw, to *bone*, while he had run to *gut*! A good deal of fun passed, while we were drinking. A ho'n of very choice Monongahela, which, be it known to all men, Uncle Joe keeps—as well as peach brandy—of better quality than any Boniface eastward of Philadelphia.

"Come! come!"—cried Harry, interrupting the confabulation of these two sons of Anak, who having now met for the first time, seemed mightily disposed to draw together—"Come! come! we cant stay here all night. We will be here to breakfast on Friday morning, about eight o'clock, Uncle Joe, so get us something nice—and I wish you'd buy me a few dozen of fresh eggs, and have them put up snugly. Hurrah! Tom—got a light, Forester?—In with you, we will be at Hard's in half an hour!" Over Mount Prospect—or the Cranetown hill, as diversely by gods and men, it is denominated—we straggled at a very modest trot; then down one long, smooth, gentle slope, of some five miles in length, we clattered cheerily enough; we reached the toll-gate on the brink of the Passaic, and thence again a short mile over the raised causeway and the *five* bridges—so called because there are *seven* of them,

spanning the seven channels into which that lovely river here divides itself—to Hard's long, low, neat, old, Dutch tavern, on the left side of the sandy road, with a long stable, water-trough, and barn over against it.

"Ya—ha—ha—ha—hip"—shouted Timothy. And out came our worthy host, Beers Hard—and John Van Dyne, of whom much more anon—and half a dozen others.

A glass all round of tip-top champagne brandy—a neat snug supper of capital veal cutlets, ham and eggs, and pork steaks and sausages—a brief consultation on the best beat for to-morrow—and then to bed we went, and dreamed—I at least—till the break of day, of dead points, double shots, and game-bags swollen to the size of meal sacks.

FIRST TREATMENT OF SOME INJURIES AND DISEASES TO WHICH THE HORSE IS SUBJECT:

BEING A SEQUEL TO

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.

BY AN AMATEUR.

IN the following paper I by no means intend to indicate the veterinary treatment of those grave diseases to which all horses are occasionally liable, as this would be arrogating to myself a knowledge which, in all probability, I but imperfectly possess; but it is simply my wish to point out to masters of horses the *rationale* of the operation of those remedies which may with safety be employed in the absence of the veterinary practitioner, and by whose agency the worst results of disease may possibly be successfully combated until sound medical advice can be procured.

This is, in many instances, a matter of far greater importance than may at first be imagined, inasmuch as—in the country especially—it very frequently happens that you do not reside within several miles of any veterinary surgeon on whose skill you can rely, and consequently, if you are yourself aware of the action of those remedies which appear to be indicated by the symptoms of disease or injury which manifest themselves, it will not only be perfectly needless to send for the nearest farrier—who will probably be unable to give you any satisfactory reason for the treatment he adopts—but you will also, in most cases, avoid the risk attendant upon ignorance, or, at least, want of judgment.

The greater number of cases requiring the immediate aid of veterinary science are undoubtedly of an inflammatory type, and therefore I hold that it behooves every man to be aware of the symptoms and general treatment of inflammation, together with its nature and consequences. Do not imagine, however, that I design to weary you with a lengthened disquisition on this most important subject—to do full justice to which would very far exceed the li-

mits of my treatise—as those who wish to acquire a perfect knowledge of it may very easily do so by consulting many medical works in which the arcana of inflammation are completely explained ; whereas my object is merely to detail the means by which inflammation may be subdued—the symptoms indicative of its presence—and the mode in which it is excited.

Inflammation, then, is an increased action of the arteries. When this is confined to any particular part the inflammation is *local* ; when general excitement takes place, *fever* is established. It is, however, extremely questionable if the latter be ever present by itself alone, but general febrile action is invariably aroused by local inflammation, the whole system sympathising with the part affected. To understand the mode in which an injured part exhibits some of the symptoms of inflammatory action, it is necessary to know that the *primum mobile* of the whole of the blood circulating throughout the body is the HEART, which, by its contractions, propels this fluid through the blood-vessels, which ramify in every direction, gradually diminishing in size until they become so minute that the smallest needle cannot be inserted in any part of the skin and sub-jacent parts without giving exit to their contents.

When any part then receives an injury, the heart by sympathy soon takes the alarm, its action is forthwith increased, and it accordingly propels the blood with greater force than before, and consequently with greater velocity ; and the blood-vessels of the diseased or wounded part have the inherent property of attracting to themselves a greater portion of the blood than they usually convey. Hence they become distended, and therefore is it that *enlargement* or *swelling* is one symptom of inflammation. *Heat*, the origin of which, though by many supposed to depend on the nervous system, still remains a mystery—is another leading symptom of inflammatory action ; and the third is *Pain*, an invariable attendant on the same state.

Thus, then, when you find swelling, heat, and pain in any particular part, you will have no doubt of its being inflamed ; if you have, lay your finger on the pulse, and your doubts will be removed. The number of contractions in the horse's heart in a minute varies in its healthy state, according to the nature of the animal, from thirty-eight to forty-two ; and as each contraction produces a correspondent beat in the arteries by the passage of the blood, forty strokes in the minute are the average number found in the pulse during a natural state of the system.

The pulse may be felt in any moderate-sized artery of the body, but you will most conveniently find it under the jaw-bone, near to that part where its upper and more circular part begins to merge into the lower and straighter portion. Here you may, without difficulty, feel a cord-like substance, half as big as the little finger, or larger, and in which you will easily distinguish a pulsation of greater or less force, and more or less rapid, according to the degree of inflammation, or irritation, which exists. Accustom yourself to judge of the natural state of a horse's pulse, and you will soon very readily be able to discriminate between its healthy and its morbid action.

Having ascertained the presence of inflammation, the next point to be considered is how to reduce it. When it is severe, this should be attempted both generally and locally, and thus is it effected.

Inflammation is attacked generally in two ways—by abstracting blood from the body; by which you not only leave a less quantity to be propelled to the inflamed part, but also diminish the action and power of the heart by taking away this its natural stimulus, and producing general weakness:—and by preventing the re-accumulation of this fluid through the medium of a spare and unstimulating diet; for all the nutritious particles of food are eventually transformed into blood, while those which are incapable of affording nourishment pass off in the form of *fæces* and urine. There are likewise medicines which tend to diminish the vigor of the heart's action, as antimony and digitalis, and which are therefore employed in cases of acute inflammation; but with these I have nothing to do, as “a little knowledge is a dangerous thing”—and I would therefore recommend you never to tamper with medicines unless you are well satisfied of your own competency to employ them—as my object is simply to indicate what steps you may safely adopt in the absence of those who are qualified to direct the medical treatment of your stable.

Purgatives, to a certain extent, may, however, be resorted to in most cases of inflammation; and by removing with the *fæces* a considerable quantity of fluid matter, they tend materially to diminish the vital power. In most cases of severe *external* inflammation, you may certainly take upon yourself to give a dose of physic, provided the necessity for it be urgent; and for this purpose you may administer from half a pint to a pint of linseed oil, according to your horse's constitution; and, if needful, add thereto a few drops of croton oil when speedy purgation is desired. Should this not be requisite, aloes is the usual medicine employed with a view to opening the bowels, and appears to be the best adapted to the nature of the horse. The dose, according to the degree of inflammation present and to the strength of the constitution, should be from three or four to five or six drachms, to which may be added half a drachm or a drachm of calomel, and about a scruple of ginger. The whole may be made into a ball of the usual size with linseed meal, or liquorice powder, and any adhesive material, as honey, treacle, soap, and the like. If any doubt exist in your mind as to the propriety of giving physic, you can at any rate seldom go wrong in having your horse back-raked, and administering to him a glyster consisting simply of a gallon of thin and tepid gruel. This will relieve the intestines of a portion of their contents until the necessity for more active treatment be determined by your veterinary surgeon.

Nitre, in doses of from half an ounce to an ounce, may likewise be given in tepid water without danger of producing mischief. This medicine operates principally as a diuretic, and, by exciting the action of the kidneys, withdraws from the system a great quantity of *fæcal* matter under the form of urine. Recollect that I am

now speaking of external injuries and their treatment; for in the case of inflammation of the bowels or kidneys, those medicines which tend to excite the action of either of these parts would of course be improper. Indeed, though I may hastily glance at the nature of some internal inflammations, I would rather do so with a view to arouse the curiosity of my reader on subjects of such interest, than to lay down any certain rules for their treatment, except in cases of great urgency.

We will now suppose that while out hunting your horse has, in leaping, severely strained one of the back sinews of his leg. You find him dead lame, and, on dismounting, perceive that he immediately puts the affected leg forward and supports it solely on the toe. This leads you to examine it, and you find that, on passing your hand down the back part of the leg, the horse flinches, and shows signs of tenderness and pain in the part. You have some distance, we will say, to go before you reach home; and being far from any town where you are likely to procure good accommodation for your horse, and possibly good veterinary advice, you make up your mind to get him back to his own stable if possible, so that he may rest in a place to which he is accustomed, and have the advantage of being constantly under your own immediate care and superintendence.

The first thing you do then is to lead your horse gently to the nearest piece of water: put his legs into it, and continue for several minutes to splash it over the affected limb; after which, take your pocket handkerchief and having well soaked it in water, roll it carefully, but by no means tightly, round the leg from above the knee down to the coronet. Now take a piece of string, if you have it, or the ribbon from your hat, pass it round the upper part of the handkerchief with sufficient tightness to keep it on without impeding the action of the muscles, and turn down the top of the handkerchief over it to prevent it from slipping. Fasten the bottom part of the handkerchief loosely round the leg, and then set forward on your journey. Wherever you meet with a pool of water, stop and wet the handkerchief well with it, and sluice it over the limb for a few minutes. With these precautions you may reach home, if you have not any great distance to go, without your horse manifesting such decided symptoms of pain and lameness as would compel you to get him to the nearest stable, and leave him there; and a horse, like a human being, is always more satisfied and contented at home than elsewhere.

On reaching his stable, you remove the handkerchief, and find the part swollen and painful. Your horse still rests his leg upon the toe the moment he stands still, and the reason for this is, that such a position relaxes the tension of the tendons at the back of the leg, and throws them out of action, thereby affording relief to a certain extent. By the time the saddle and bridle have been removed, and the dirt brushed off, you fancy, and perhaps justly, that the swelling of the injured part is greater than it was: you handle it gently, and perceive that it is now burning hot, and that the pain has increased to such a degree that your horse shews

signs of impatience even when he sees your hand approach his leg. There is evidently considerable inflammation coming on, and if you lay your finger on the pulse, you find it not only quick, but full and jerking. The blood seems to be sent through the artery, if I may so express myself, with a bound, as though the heart at each contraction seemed to shrink from some unceasing source of irritation, instead of propelling the blood in its usual calm and equitable manner. You send then for a veterinary surgeon, if there be a good one at hand, and, if not, you despatch a messenger for one on whose judgment you place reliance; but as hours must probably elapse before his attendance can be obtained, you resolve on taking the primary treatment of the case into your own hands. What then are the general, and what the local, measures you adopt? You have the four symptoms of inflammation present—viz. heat, swelling, pain, and excited action of the heart—and, moreover, you know that your horse has recently sustained such an injury as would probably give rise to these symptoms. There can, therefore, be no doubt whatever about the steps to be pursued in the first instance. If you are not expert in the use of the lancet, take a fleam (which is much the better instrument of the two in the hands of a person not in the habit of bleeding), and remove three, four, or five quarts of blood according to the emergency of the case and the severity of the signs of inflammation present. Back-rake your horse, and give him a warm glyster, as you have not been able to prepare him for physic by previously keeping him on warm mashes for a day, and then administer to him four or five drachms of aloes with one of calomel and a little ginger, made into a ball in the manner already mentioned, and mix six drachms of nitre in his water. His diet must consist simply of warm bran mashes, and a very little hay; nor must any consideration tempt you to allow him corn or beans, let him testify what eagerness he may for such food. You must now await the operation of your remedies and the arrival of the veterinary surgeon, who will give further instructions respecting the treatment of your horse. In the meantime, however, let the leg be assiduously bathed for a considerable time with hot water of as high a temperature as can comfortably be borne; and when this has been done, take a large stocking, cut off the foot, and rolling the leg up till you can pass your finger through both ends at the same time, pass it gently over the hoof of the injured leg; fasten the bottom of it round the fetlock, and, drawing up the remainder, fill it with bran soaked in hot water in which some unctuous substance is dissolved. This latter, when used in sufficient quantity, will prevent the bran from getting dry and hard, and should therefore never be omitted. The leg of the stocking should be fastened by a strong piece of tape, sewn on each side, and of sufficient length to pass over the horse's withers. The poultice should be repeatedly wetted with hot water, which can with facility be poured into the upper and open portion of the stocking. Be particular that, while you are pursuing this mode of treatment, the leg be never allowed to cool, as the inflammatory action, being then unrestrained, reappears with a degree of intensity proportioned to the temporary check it has sustained.

What! I hear you exclaim, am I to bring my horse home with a handkerchief dipped in *cold* water round his leg, and am I to lead him every now and then into some pond and throw the water over it, for the purpose of afterwards soaking the same part in *hot* water, and applying a hot poultice to it? Here is a pretty ignoramus, blowing hot and cold in a breath; quite ridiculous, by Jove!—" *Risum teneatis amici?*"

Well done, O my Disciple; I like your incredulity, and am glad you think to have caught me tripping, because I must now explain to you in what manner inflammation is arrested by the application of either cold or heat in a liquid form.

I have already told you, that in inflammation the blood-vessels of the inflamed part are greatly distended by blood, and as the action of cold is well known to produce contraction of the muscular fibre (which may be familiarly exemplified by the shrunk appearance of the features when exposed for any length of time to extreme cold), and every artery possesses a muscular coat, it follows that by the application of cold water in the first instance, you prevented the accumulation of blood in the seat of injury, which by the distention of the part alone would probably have induced such pain as would have compelled you to leave your horse on the road. Thus far then you seem to have done well, and can comprehend the *rationale* of such treatment. But, if cold water be capable of producing such good effects, why should you fly to hot, say you, which must bring about an opposite result?

Your reason then for using hot water is this. There is a set of vessels in the body called *exhalants*, which terminate by open mouths upon the skin, and give passage to the perspiration; and although by the employment of hot water you favor the entrance of blood into the blood-vessels by relaxing their muscular coat, and thereby produce distention, you at the same time not only relax the surrounding parts so as to enable them to bear this distention, but at the same time produce a similar effect upon the exhalant vessels, the discharge from which materially lessens inflammatory action. Nor is the swelling, occasionally observed after the use of hot water, by any means to be attributed to an increased quantity of blood in the blood-vessels, but rather to that relaxation of which I have spoken, which so greatly tends to diminish pain and uneasiness.

Thus you see that I have not blown hot and cold without sufficient reason for so doing; and if you ask me why, since the result of either application is the same eventually, I have advocated a change from one to the other, I reply, that in the first instance cold was the only remedy at hand, and therefore you had no choice left you; and that having done its duty in arresting inflammation for a certain period, I advise the use of hot fluids, because I think that they are more soothing to the system generally than are cold applications immediately after the receipt of any injury sufficiently grave to produce febrile excitement.

Such then would be the primary steps I should pursue in the treatment of such a case as I have just brought under your notice, and in others of a similar nature.

Your object is ever the same, to subdue undue excitement by such means as tend to calm the action of the heart in the first instance, and to keep it in that state until Nature shall have got over the shock she has sustained, and to alleviate pain by the employment of such means as tend to alleviate local distress.

Being thus made aware of the reasons for your adopting the measures I have recommended, you would doubtless stare to see your horse bled, and then immediately blistered over the seat of injury by any farrier whom you might send for; and yet I do not in the least exaggerate when I declare my firm belief that nine out of ten of these men would employ both the means I have enumerated, if requested to attend an accident of the nature of that we have just considered.

It is not long since I knew a mare irretrievably injured by a farrier who was sent for to attend her on account of a large abscess of the leg consequent upon a blow. This wiseacre, totally ignorant of any right *principle* of treatment, opened the abscess, as he should have done; but, never satisfied with doing a little, proceeded to pass a seton through the whole length of the abscess, thus stimulating a part already sufficiently inflamed; and crowned his handy-work by blistering the whole leg from above the knee down to the coronet. The consequence was a permanent callus, for which our farrier should have been treated as a Sporting Squire once treated one of the same genus whom he accidentally caught in the act of burning one of his horse's feet, so as to make it fit a shoe he had no mind to alter. By the help of his two whippers-in, the red-hot shoe was vigorously applied to Vulcan's seat of honor in such a way as thereafter to render his identity unquestionable.*

* This anecdote is told of the celebrated Colonel Thornton.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for March, 1840.]

ITEMS FROM THE "SPORTING REVIEW" FOR APRIL.

As the name of Harkaway has very generally appeared among the sires for the present season, it may be as well to state that he has not been put to stud; that he is at Flintoff's training stables at Hedgeford, and doing gentle work. Little doubt can exist that he will come out again this year for some of our principal weight-for-age races; indeed, we are assured that his candid proprietor, some few months ago, alluding to the circumstance in a dealer's yard, in Dublin, stated that it was his intention "*to give them* (meaning the family of Bull) *a prod yet.*"

A brood mare (the property of an Irish Turfman) being turned into a house for the purpose of being caught, jumped through a window, little more than three feet square, without balk or touch. The height of the window from the ground was four feet. The mare is nearly fifteen hands, and will foal in about a week. This feat took place on the 8th of March.

S. G.

THE MILITARY BREEDING STUDS OF AUSTRIA.

TRANSLATED FROM A CONTINENTAL SPORTING JOURNAL.

THE military studs of Austria are, even more than those of Prussia, the apple of the eye of some persons, who, not being perfectly acquainted with their organization, nor taking into proper consideration our administrative policy, financial and agricultural, imagine that nothing is more facile than to call into existence upon French ground, establishments equally vast and gigantic as those of Austria, which supply at once horses for the cavalry, for the service of the court, and for general purposes; while they at the same time serve to improve the breeding of horses throughout the different provinces and kingdoms of the empire.

It is only necessary to cast one's eyes over the minute divisions of our soil, in the greater number of the departments which compose the kingdom of France at the present time, to study attentively our governmental farms, our manners and habits, and further, the state of our agriculture, and the value of its products, to be presently convinced of the impossibility of forming, in France, similar establishments to those which Austria possesses, and even were they called into existence, to derive commensurate benefit from them. How astonished am I, then, to see a man whose experience must have furnished him with great knowledge, apparently convinced that France might beneficially follow the example set by Austria, in her military breeding studs. M. le Mereschal Marmont has travelled much in Austria, Hungary, &c., but he has not taken into consideration the peculiar state of the countries where those large establishments are located; he does not seem to be aware that it is not only necessary to have a country similar to those above alluded to, having a thin population in proportion to the extent of country, which latter should necessarily possess vast tracts of land uncultivated, but not sterile and incapable of cultivation; but also be under the sway of an absolute government, in order that those results which have been so much lauded in France by numerous persons could be possibly produced.

Without Hungary, Austria could never have created those immense establishments; for her other States are in a much more prosperous condition, and for them the system of dépôts for stallions has been adopted; these latter resemble in some measure those which we have in France, the only difference is that the Austrian ones are under a military organization and management. I now proceed to inform my readers of everything relating to the Austrian breeding establishments for horses: and from these statements they will be able to judge as to whether we could form and support similar establishments in France, with any view to utility under the actual state of our country.

 ORGANIZATION AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE AUSTRIAN BREEDING STUDS.

There are in Austria, six large military breeding studs, of which

M. le Comte Henri de Hardegg, General-major of Cavalry, and Inspector-General of Cavalry Remounts, is the supreme head and Director.

These establishments are—

Mezoehegyes, in Hungary, containing 1000 mares.		
Babolna, in Hungary,	"	200 "
Badautz, in Bakowine	"	400 "
Nemoschitz, in Bohemia	"	100 "
Ossiak, in Carinthia	"	100 "
Biber, in Styria	"	50 "

Total - - - - 1850

Under the same direction are also placed the seven divisions of stallions which there are in the different provinces of the Austrian empire, viz. :—

Vienna, for that part of Austria beyond and within the Lems.
 Hatschein, for Moravia and Silesia.
 Nimbourg, for Bohemia.
 Gratz, for Illyria and Minor Austria.
 Drahowitz, for Galicia.
 Medschen, for Siebenbourg.
 Crems, for Lombardy and Venice.

These seven divisions of stallions contain altogether about 2000 horses.

Each of the cities just named is the seat and the residence of a commandant of a *department of dépôts of stallions*. These dépôts have several branch establishments dispersed about each province, and are under the command of officers of different grades. The sum annually allowed by the imperial government for the support of all these establishments is half a million of florins (1,250,000 francs); independently of which the principal Austrian breeding studs possess considerable domains, which more than suffice for raising forage, &c., for their own use; the horses which these breeding establishments furnish to the departmental dépôts of stallions, are not sold to them, nor are those which are taken to remount regiments of cavalry accounted for. Their expenses are nearly covered by the produce of sales of stallions of the second class, and other horses. They do not yet, in Austria, act upon the principle of throwing into one general fund for such purposes, all the money arising from every productive source in possession of a well managed administration, and from improvements effected by the enlightened exertions of the authorities, and to which might be charged the different improvements, &c., at the respective establishments, their system of accounts not being as yet perfected. The Austrian mechanical system of finance, as it may be called, has not yet spread among our nearer German neighbors; happily for them they have not yet attained this degree of perfection in the art of figures. We felicitate them upon their happy ignorance.

The military studs of Austria are under the immediate orders of the Aulic council, but they, from such an arrangement, fall under the supervision of the governors of the provinces wherein they are located. Every year there is a commission named by the gover-

nors of provinces, and presided over by a general officer, which inspects the studs within the province, but without taking any account of the administrative part of their affairs.

The two principal branches of this vast administration, that is to say, the military breeding studs and the *departmental dépôts of stallions*, are constantly thrown into communication with each other by the frequent changes which take place by the officers of some of the establishments being moved to others, and from the transfer of stallions from studs to a *dépôt*, and sometimes by the circumstance of stallions being sent from one of the latter establishments to a stud.

The police connected with all these establishments is essentially of a military nature.

MILITARY BREEDING STUDS.

These studs have for their objects the production of

1st. Horses and mares adapted to *keep up the several establishments themselves*.

2nd. Stallions for the departmental *dépôts*.

These are divided into *five classes*.

The *first* is composed of animals adapted for the purpose of breeding from, and whose superior qualities place them in the first of the above named categories.

The *second* comprehends those stallions which are judged proper for the *dépôts*.

The *third* is composed of those stallions which the inspector considers not good enough to form part of the above *dépôts*. In the month of July every year, these animals are disposed of by auction, and are purchased to be used as stallions either in the counties or communes generally, or by proprietors of lands who are breeders of horses.

Thus, independently of the advantages derived to the country from the principal studs and the *dépôts* of stallions, the provinces, the communes, and individuals possess numerous and powerful means of producing and improving the breed of horses.

The *fourth* class is composed of

1st. Those horses which, although deemed improper to be used for breeding, are yet very well adapted for use in the Emperor's stables.

2nd. Those horses which, not being thought good enough for the Imperial service, are nevertheless adapted for remounts, and for this purpose are supplied gratis.

The *fifth class* is composed of drafted horses, which are disposed of by auction for use in the provinces, &c.

DEPÔTS OF STALLIONS.

These *dépôts* were, upon their first formation, designed for no other purpose than to supply horses for the wars; but this, the original design by the Aulic council of these vast establishments, was very soon extended. They are now rendered applicable for more general purposes than what they were originally intended for. Thus, then, instead of being simply military establishments, the

happily conceived design of extending them, has made them powerful means of improvement and prosperity to their respective provinces; and in the purchases of horses made for these depôts at the present time, particular regard is had to the peculiar wants of their several neighborhoods.

For example, some years acquisition is made of the best stallions from the Salzbourg country, in order to encourage the breeders of that sort of horse. Actuated by these views, the Austrian government lately sent M. de Lorokowitz, Lieutenant attaché to the stud of Baholna, into France, to purchase stallions and breeding mares of the Boulonnaise and Percheronne breeds, which are justly noted for being good workers, either for the post or diligences; they are of good size, great strength, and fine formation, and at the same time are very active, and show well. This officer has traversed the country where the above races are bred, calling upon numerous breeders, attended the different fairs, and inspected many stables in several departments, and then returned to Austria with thirteen stallions and five mares, apparently well pleased with the animals he had selected.

From what is above stated, it is evident that the Austrian studs are designed to breed and improve horses for every kind of service, from the pleasure horses for the Emperor's own use, to those employed in the drudgery of agriculture and commerce. It is between these two extremes in the species of the horse, that we find the horse adapted for war, in all the countries on the earth—as well in Austria as in Prussia, as in England and France.

THE STUD OF MEZOEHEGYES.

This is the most important stud in all the Austrian monarchy; it has been in existence from time immemorial. Situated between the two districts (counties) of Tscharad and Arab, in Hungary, it was formerly granted to an Amenian, on the condition of his furnishing a certain number of horses to remount the cavalry.

In 1785 this establishment received from the Emperor Joseph, the title of the Imperial Stud for Light Cavalry, it being designed to furnish horses for that arm of the military power, and mares proper for breeding from, were procured for that purpose, and kept in this stud. At the epoch of the Amenian's lease falling in, the stock of this establishment consisted chiefly of country-bred horses, but it was presently augmented by purchases of Siëbenbourg, Circassian, and other horses; the best were selected from various quarters to improve the stud.

The stud was further augmented in the years 1802 and 1804, by a considerable importation of Mecklenburg mares—in 1803 by several Spanish horses, and was afterwards further increased by a number of Neapolitan stallions; in 1811 it received another augmentation, by a number of Moravian mares and stallions, and finally new blood was infused into it in 1815, by stallions of different breeds being carried away from France at the period of the second invasion, and distributed amongst the several studs throughout the Austrian dominions.*

* Some very valuable stallions were taken from the stud at Rascères, while the depôts of Montier-ender and Auxerre, which were at that time united together, were seized and carried off by the Austrian army.

The Count de Bubna, the predecessor of the actual inspector, conceived the project of extending the breeding stud of Mezőhegyes to such a degree, as to make it commensurate with supplying the whole of the Austrian cavalry with horses.

To attain this gigantic object it would have been necessary to increase the number of breeding mares to such an extent as would have increased the number of cattle at this establishment to twenty thousand. Unfortunately a great number of the mares brought here for this purpose, were so fatigued by the wants of all kinds which they encountered on their route, as well as by the great length of their marches and want of necessary attentions while on their way from their respective regiments, that great numbers of them brought along with them to Mezőhegyes the germs of those diseases which presently broke out and raged with such violence that from change of food, &c., the glanders soon showed itself, and in the course of the years 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, and 1814, carried off twelve thousand horses.

These immense losses were attributed at the time to the obstinacy of an Inspector General, who maintained that the greater number of the horses that suffered from the glanders in the Austrian army at that time were condemned as having that disease, without sufficient proof of the greater number of them really having had it at all; and also to the principle of noncontagion so pertinaciously adhered to by Colonel Hoepel, the second inspector, who objected against any of the glandered horses being killed, and persisted against any of the usual precautions whatever being taken against the spread of such a frightful malady.

We find the following words in a report made at the time when the glanders was making fearful ravages, "Such (the above named) were without doubt the causes which aggravated the dangerous state of the stud."

These enormous losses, together with the very considerable expenses continually called for without obtaining the anticipated results, nearly broke up the breeding stud of Mezőhegyes. It had fallen into nearly irretrievable discredit when the nomination of the Count de Hardegg not only brought life again into this establishment, but also brought about, both in the general military breeding studs and the departmental depôts for stallions, a most salutary reform, the beneficial influence of which was soon sensibly felt. Thanks to the efforts and excellent dispositions made by this worthy general officer, and to those of the commandant Major de Tavera, a Frenchman, a most meritorious and active man, whose whole powers of existence seem concentrated in the exercise of his duties as well as to the perfect intelligence of the officers under their orders; the magnificent results which the stud of Mezőhegyes has presented for some years past, has served to obliterate past misfortunes and to destroy all the doubts and fears which its former disastrous situation gave birth to in the minds of many persons.

The immense plain whereon the stud of Mezőhegyes is situated contains an extent of 70,000 arpents. The establishment is di-

vided into four principal divisions, viz.—Mezoehegyes, Peregh, Ferskes, and Kamaras; these four parts are subdivided into many others for culture and pasturage. Each principal division is under the orders of a chef d'escadron, who has under him a lieutenant, who is charged with a special surveillance, and who lives in a detached house in the midst of the division of land confided to his superintendence.

The stud of Mezoehegyes usually contains about 3000 horses of all kinds; the last accounts of the establishment give the following state of its chevaline population:—

Covering stallions	75
Trying stallions	8
Entire horses, 5 yrs. old	5
Four year old colts	150
Three year old colts	195
Two year old colts	170
Yearling colts	201
Sucking colt foals	60
Breeding mares	800
Four year old mares	240
Three year old mares	185
Two year old fillies	215
Yearling fillies	26
Sucking filly foals	63
Saddle horses used in the establishment	225
Working horses for ditto	93
Horses of different ages, selected and marked to remount cavalry regiments	102
Total	3023

The first efforts of the Count de Hardegg were directed towards improving the rural economy of the establishment; he subjected the whole of it to an extensive reformation, and carried numerous improvements into effect. All the ground made use of to support the stud was alternately appropriated to culture and to pasturage; removed all the defective animals, and replaced them by better formed horses, adding to the establishment the very best stallions and breeding mares he could find both in those of the nobility and the Emperor's stables, and indeed he went so far as to hire the use of those belonging to individuals or the court who were not disposed to sell them. In buying stallions he sought more particularly to obtain those of the *Lipitzan* and *Cladrup* races. The Arab and Norman stallions which the Austrians carried away from France in 1814 and 1815 were looked upon as very materially tending to raise the character of the cattle in the establishment.

The purchases of Arabian stallions made more latterly have also been attended with beneficial results; the last lot brought home in consequence of the mission to purchase confided to M. le Major Herbert has enriched the Austrian studs with several stallions and breeding mares possessing remarkable qualifications. Since the time that the managers of the Austrian studs have adopted the Arabian blood as the first and most important to breed from, carefully selecting individuals of that race to couple with others whose

produce possess both strength and size far superior to what were possessed by the former horses in this stud.

When the cattle at Mezoehgyes generally attained a reasonable degree of perfection, considering its great extent, the purchases in a great measure ceased, and to the four ancient divisions of this establishment wherein the system of leading the stallions to cover is the one in use, there is a stud of Neapolitan horses, and another of Turkish ones, and six others, where the covering will take place the animals being at liberty, the following divisions have been made:—

1st. The stud of carriage mares of the Cladrup and Norman breeds.

2nd. The stud of mares standing different heights, but of the very best breeds.

3rd. The stud of mares possessing qualities inferior to those of No. 2.

4th. The stud of mares of Oriental blood.

5th. The stud of bright bay colored mares, very large in size, and exceedingly beautiful.

6th. The stud of brown bay and black mares of large size.

7th. The stud of mixed colored mares, bay and chesnut.

8th. The stud of old mares.

9th. The stud of grey horses.

10th. The stud of carriage horses.

11th. The division of convalescent horses.

All the different parts of this vast stud of Mezoehgyes, and the different breeds of horses bred therein, have produced such brilliant results that it has become necessary to make new divisions of the improved stock every succeeding year. Thus for example, the class No. 6 ought to be composed of brown bays only of large size, and the class No. 8 would then consist of black mares without any mixture with those of any other color.

In 1826, there were still two divisions wherein the system of covering, both animals being quite at liberty, was adhered to; but at present they are always led by the hand. In the morning the mare is tried in an open space, and then is brought to be covered within the manege in the presence of the officers of the establishment.

The breeding mares, colts, and stallions, as well as the other horses, are classed in the following divisions.

FIRST DIVISION—MEZOEHEGYES.

The trying and the covering stallions.

The Hungarian horses and those for working.

The carriage horses, No. 10.

And the four studs of mares comprised in Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5.

SECOND DIVISION—PEREGH.

The three studs of mares comprised under the Nos. 6, 7, and 9.

The stud of 4 year old mares.

The stud or division of convalescents.

THIRD DIVISION—FERSKES.

The stud of mares, No. 1.

The three studs of horses of 1, 2, and 3 years old.

FOURTH DIVISION—KAMARAS.

The stud of mares, No. 8.

The three studs of fillies of 1, 2, and 3 years old.

The four studs of mares comprised in the first division are brought in the winter season to Mezoehegyés, which is the residence of the lieutenant of superintendence. These divisions do not contain separately more than from sixty to eighty head of horses.

The stud No. 7, alone, possesses 150 mares, but it is divided into two troops, as well in the stables as in the pastures, the one consisting of 80 bay horses, and the other of 70 chesnut ones.

The divisions of foals, to which is also given the designation of studs, contain from 170 to 210 heads.

The Arabian horses are separated in a manner peculiar to themselves, and as the plan is to form as many distinctions as possible in the stud, it is the custom in spring to send into the sheds and paddocks separate to themselves, the mares in foal and those which have just dropped their young. This prudent method is also adopted as regards the colts and fillies of the same ages.

The horses at Mezoehegyés are fed in the following manner :—

The stallions of great size and strength receive a half boisseau of oats a day. And during the covering season they are allowed a quarter of a boisseau extra.

Those stallions which are of moderate size and powers have a proportionate and consequently smaller quantity of food at all times.

These two classes receive each day without distinction, 10 lbs. of hay and 7 lbs. of straw; but a part of the hay is nearly always replaced by either oats, barley or wheat straw, which is given in a larger portion than the hay for which it is substituted.

The young horses which are destined for stallions, as well as the geldings which run loose, receive, when they are not at grass, 25 lbs. of hay each day.

J. H.

IN our last number we called the attention of the Jockey Club to some vexatious proceedings against Sir Gilbert Heathcote and others for having violated the provisions of the Act 13 Geo. II., "to restrain and prevent the excessive increase of horse-races," by which persons are interdicted from running more horses than one in any given race, under heavy penalties. The Duke of Richmond promptly responded to the call, having, within a few days after our publication, introduced a Bill into the House of Lords to repeal so much of the Act as related to the penalties incurred, on payment of taxed costs; and also, in case of any action being commenced subsequently to the passing of the Act, empowering a Judge to order such action to be discontinued *without payment of costs*.—The Bill received the Royal assent on the 23d of March, and the *coup de grace* has thus been given to informers, who can now gain nothing by "their motion," as well as to a certain horde of depredators, whose "cause of action," nine cases in ten, is merely to unr up long bills of costs.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for April 1840.]

THE APPROACHING RACING SEASON.

As we are about to commence the Racing Season of 1840, a few observations on its prospects, &c., may not be deemed out of place. The large quantity of lucrative Handicaps—which species of racing has been very much in vogue during the last four or five years—advertised for in the Calendar, and the number of subscribers' names annexed to each race of that description, shew a considerable increase of Patrons to the Turf. I am by no means prepared to argue the question whether these disproportionate weight-races are or are not conducive to the best interests of Racing in general; it is sufficient to know that, from the great temptations held out, we keep in training many a stumped-up *tit* solely for the purpose of getting “well in” some of these good things ere the year runs out. Many Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Old School are decidedly averse to this “levelling system;” and the frequent complaints, and roundly-asserted statements “of such and such a horse starting only to be more *favorably weighted* for some rich future Handicap,” only serves to confirm in their minds the impolicy of allowing such like races to be got up entirely (as they say) for the benefit of the speculating *Legs*, or throwing temptation in the path of the needy Turfite “to do the thing that’s wrong.” It must be admitted, however, that to the visitor of the race-course these races afford a great treat, inasmuch as they almost always bring out large Fields.

A considerable degree of interest of late years has been manifested amongst the middle classes as regards Racing; and now there is scarcely a tavern on the west side of Temple Bar but what has its lottery on any of the great events of the year: the Stakes vary from £50 to £500 on either the Derby or St. Leger. In Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, and most other large towns in the North of England, sweepstakes of the same kind are to be met with in almost every hotel, and very considerable sums change hands upon the result of any important race. It is only within the last fourteen years that the odds from Tattersall’s have been regularly reported to the Morning and Evening Papers; now they are furnished with as much regularity as the “City Intelligence” or the “Trade Report.”

To commence, however, with the nature of my subject, I will call my readers’ attention to the Croxton Park Meeting of 1840. Under the powerful patronage of the Duke of Rutland, and having the advantage of being in the very heart of the finest Fox-hunting country in the world, it is not at all surprising that these races have for years maintained a high, if not the highest, head of all the Spring Hunt Meetings. The Granby Handicap has *thirty-five acceptances*, with the celebrated Cardinal Puff, now the property of the Marquis of Waterford, at 13st. 8lb., at the head of the list; the Gold Cup has *seventeen acceptances*; and the Billesdon Coplow and other Stakes have been most liberally subscribed to. Bellissima is the favorite for the Billesdon Coplow, which is a race

solely for horses half-bred. None but Gentlemen riders are allowed to perform at Croxton.

The Newmarket Spring Meetings are always of the greatest importance to the betting man, because they afford some insight to the coming events at Epsom. The Riddlesworth of the present year seems likely to lie between Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Thornhill, Lord Jersey's chance resting with Glenorchy, whose legs *they say* will not stand sufficient preparation, although very tender means are used to keep him *up* for the race.

Theon is expected to show for the P.P. Fifty Sovereigns Sweepstakes against Janus, Merle, and Diploma; the latter filly has many *fanciers*. The *pet* of *Pettit's* string is the grey colt by Clearwell, out of Angelica by Rubens; he will make his *debut* for the Column Stakes against Assassin, the colt out of Velvet, King of the Peak, and something of the Duke of Portland's: the grey is the favorite at odds against the Field. The High Ash Stakes brings out Perseus, a favorite in R. Prince's stable, against the filly out of Rowton's dam, Dreadnought, and Hellespont; and the result will in all probability elevate Mr. Greville's chance for the Derby. The Berkeley Square Stakes is expected to tempt the flying North-country-mare Black Bess to have a *shy* with Grey Milton and one of Lord Exeter's, probably the Lucetta colt; and the event will of course cause a rise or fall, as regards her, in the Derby and Oaks betting. Ottoman has a Match against Olive-branch, giving 7lbs., D. M., and is also engaged in a 100 Sovs. Sweepstakes, also D. M., against Lord Exeter's Amurath and the Ramona colt; he is a very fine horse, but some judges are of opinion that his legs are not of that *wear and tear* sort required to fulfil his Newmarket engagements and *stand* for the Derby. Joe Rogers' lot will be kept quiet until the day arrives; it consists of St. Andrew, Partridge, Reindeer, and two nice looking colts of Mr. H. Combe's. It is very uncertain what will come from Scott's stable for the Craven Meeting. The First Spring Meeting will send some of the *crack* Derby favorites to the right-about. Assassin most likely will walk over for his race on the Monday, and Chameau is as likely to receive in his Match. The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes has been most extensively betted upon; the following are in preparation: Torres Vedras, Ottoman, colt out of Duke of Portland's, colt out of Lucetta, colt out of Velvet, Amurath, Wardan, Grey Milton, Bagdad, Crucifix, Capote, colt out of Angelica, Confederate, Dreadnought, and Black Beck; and of these the Angelica colt, Ottoman, Wardan, Confederate, Grey Milton, and Lord Exeter's lot have been backed very freely. Some surprise has been manifested at the long odds bid against Crucifix for this race, and if I may venture an opinion, I should say, if the filly stands well on the day, she is as likely to start, and *quite as likely to win*, as anything engaged in the Stake. It is well known that Lord George Bentinck is too good a judge of racing to keep his horses "wrapped up in lavender" when such a prize as the Two Thousand Guineas stands open to him—*nous verrons*. The One Thousand Guineas Stakes will bring out only a short Field; Crucifix, Black Bess,

Sister to Cara, Currency, and perhaps one or two others. This race will prove a "tell-tale" to the bettors on the Oaks. The entry for the Newmarket Stakes is a very strong one, but as most of the horses engaged in that race will have appeared previously to its coming off, it is very uncertain what will go, so much depends upon their previous running. The Beaufort Stakes will bring out Protector; but whether the Squire's filly will shew or not "deponent sayeth not." The Second Spring Meeting will have its usual Rowley Mile Plate for the refuse of the Derby favorites.

To the bettors round the Derby of 1840 has been productive of considerable profit, as upwards of *sixty* horses have been regularly in the market, and upwards of *thirty* have found supporters at 25 to 1, some at much less; while the preposterous long odds, so much in vogue last year, particularly as regards Scott's horses, have not been acted upon in the market. Of the favorites, the Angelica colt, Confederate, Bockhara, Ottoman, and Monops have been the most extensively backed. As near as I can get to the number of horses in training and entered for this race, I can call to remembrance *seventy-nine*; of this number Scott alone has *sixteen*, and John Day half that number. As far as the public running of last year goes, Wardan's chance is decidedly the best; yet from the copious odds offered against him, it is more than probable that John Day has *something better* to depend upon amongst his lot. The trials of the Angelica colt with Pettit's other horses prove him to be a colt of superior merit, as well as a finely-shaped animal for the Epsom course. Confederate's friends are amazingly fond; *they say* he can beat Deception at even weights (?), and is *fourteen* pounds better than Fitzroy! Bockhara is strongly admired by the Epsom gentry; he is one of the neatest goers in the Stake, and if all is true that we hear about his beating Valentissimo at great disadvantages as regards weight, I can only say that Sir Gilbert's chance is exceedingly strong. Of Lord Exeter's lot I by no means think meanly, for the colts out of Velvet, Lucetta, and Marinella (now called Amurath), are very promising, and in very fine form. The Newmarket Spring Meetings are sure to alter the position of many of the present favorites. For the Oaks, Crucifix deservedly stands by many points first favorite: Lalla Rookh and Black Bess, however, have many *fanciers*; and in all probability this race will afford more interesting speculation this year than for many previous ones, as Currency, filly out of Rowton's dam, Pocahontas, Telata, and Diploma, are very frequently talked about. The intervening day between the Derby and Oaks is very generally approved of, as it affords a filly a chance for both races, and also the betting men a little relaxation from their Derby labors.

The Ascot Heath list reads remarkably well. The Ascot Derby has ten subscribers, and some high sounding names will be found amongst the lot; the Coronation Stakes for three-year-olds, has nine subscribers; the Windsor Castle Stakes has seven names attached to it; and the Gold Cup closed the other day with the following horses—Hetman Platoff, Bloomsbury, Don John, Deception, Euclid, Caravan, Montreal, St. Francis, Bosphorus, Valentissimo,

Melbourne, Quo Minus, Flambeau, Feather, Jovial Batchelor, and Prince Albert—a goodly lot if all keep well. The favorites are Deception, Hetman Platoff, and Bloomsbury, but Euclid and Montreal have many friends. This will in all likelihood be a sporting event. The Ascot Stakes and other races that remain open have been already most liberally subscribed to; and I hesitate not to say that the Ascot Heath Meeting of the present year will be one of great splendor, as well as productive of rare sport.

At the Chester Meeting things wear a most cheering aspect; the good people of the famed old City seem determined not to be outdone by its spirited and newly sprung-up rival, Liverpool. For the Tradesmen's Plate *forty-six horses* have been handicapped, *thirty-five of which have been accepted*, leaving only eleven forfeitures, and of these three or four paid more in consequence of other engagements than from any dislike to their weights. The favorites for this rich prize are Cowboy, Lanercost, Gilbert Gurney, King Cole, and Tubalcain. The running of the latter horse at Coventry on the 11th was of first rate quality, taking the strength of the Field into the question, and I feel pretty confident that he will run forward for the Chester Cup. I cannot bring myself to believe that Lanercost's chance, with 9st. 9lb. on his back, is anything like a good one; and notwithstanding his being at much less odds, I should decidedly prefer standing my money upon King Cole, Sir Ralph, or Cruiskeen, for this race, than having Lanercost a winner in my book. The Dee Stakes will bring out De Clifford, The Shah, and one or two others. The Shah has many friends, and is thought highly of by the Scott party, in whose stable he is trained.

The Liverpool July Meeting promises well. The Tradesmen's Cup has a very numerous entry, including all the best horses in the country, thanks to the van system! but as the weights will not be declared until after the Newton races, it is impossible to give an opinion as to the probable result. The St. Leger has a nice Field, and as the distance is a mile and three quarters, it will afford a tolerable criterion to the bettors on the great Doncaster race. The following favorites are engaged in the race:—De Clifford, The Shah, bl. c. by The Mole, out of Marianne, Queen Anne, Naworth, Middleham, and Dr. Caius. The other Stakes are filling amazingly well. The weight of public money is sure to draw good and respectable horses to any Meeting; and the Liverpool Gentry are very liberal in this respect, indeed more than at any other Racing Meeting I know.

The Goodwood Meetings, to judge from their yearly increasing influence, seem determined to give all others a decided “go by.” The bill of fare for 1840 is in every respect very superior to any other Meeting of the year. For the Four-year-old 300 Sovs. Sweepstakes, three miles and five furlongs, *sixteen* horses stand entered; amongst them, Cæsar, The Corsair, Bosphorus, and Tamburini, and to these four the race seems likely to lie, as most of the others are either out of training or sold to the Foreign Market. The Drawing Room Stakes can boast of *thirty subscribers*,

and amongst the number may be found most of the Derby and Oaks favorites. The Racing Stakes has *eighteen* subscribers; the Nassau Stakes, for fillies only, *sixteen*; the Two-year-old Produce Stakes of 100 Sovs. each has *twenty-seven* names annexed to it; and the Goodwood Stakes and Cup (both still open) have already more subscribers than of any previous year. Such being the state of affairs, a splendid week's sport is certain.

The Doncaster St. Leger has *one hundred and twelve* nominations: the favorites are Crucifix, Gibraltar, De Clifford, Dunstan, The Shah, and Milksop. The alteration in naming the horses when yearlings, instead of the original rule when two years old, has certainly increased the entry; but it cannot be denied that it often shuts out a two-year-old runner that has improved upon his yearling form, and thereby inspired his owner with additional confidence. The Foal Stakes has ten subscribers; the Park Hill Stakes has *twenty-four* subscribers at 50 sovs. each; and a Three-year-old Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each has *thirteen* subscribers;—thus showing a decided improvement in the list from the last four or five years.

The October Meetings have been very well patronized. The number of two-year-olds in training at Newmarket and elsewhere are not only many, but, from what I can learn, highly promising, particularly the Newmarket lots; to wit, Stephenson's, Pettit's, Rogers's, &c. The Grand Duke Michael Stakes has *twenty-seven* subscribers, containing most of the *crack* favorites for the Derby, Oaks, and Leger.

I have now waded through the lists of the principal Meetings, and I am quite certain that few will quarrel with the entries at each; therefore it only remains to be told that the Turf was never in a more prosperous state than at the present time, *i. e.* if any criterion can be formed by the increase of subscribers to Stakes, and the great quantity of horses of all descriptions in training.

A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for April, 1840.]

ON THE USE OF THOROUGH-BRED HORSES

FOR ORDINARY PURPOSES.

BY T. B. JOHNSON, ESQ., OF LONDON.

It will easily be perceived, even by the most superficial observers, that the lower orders of animated nature most susceptible of domestication, readily alter their form, their color, &c.; or, in other words, are induced to assume appearances very different from the original prototype, thus impressively exhibiting what may be called

the influence of art on the operations of nature. Hence we perceive that the dog, who so willingly enters into the service of man, who so eagerly watches the looks of his master, and anticipates his desires; who becomes not only well acquainted with every member of the family, but recognises every creature belonging to the establishment; is susceptible of a degree of domestication beyond most, if not all, other animals; in consequence, he assumes colors, forms, and appearances, as the wisdom or the whim of his human protector may direct, almost *ad infinitum*; for it must be admitted the ramifications of the dog are endless, or at least, impress something like such an idea upon the mind.

In these preliminary physiological observations the influence of climate should not be forgotten; because some creatures, as the dog and horse, for instance, live and propagate in almost every latitude on the surface of the globe, while other animals languish, and become sterile if removed from those regions of the earth to which they are indigenous, and constrained to breathe beneath an atmosphere of an opposite temperature. The subject of the present article being the Horse, it may be truly remarked, that though susceptible of very considerable variety, inasmuch as nature has denied him the capacity of that familiar adhesive domestication for which the dog is so remarkable, and as he is physiologically less flexible, so the influence of art must be necessarily exercised on a narrower scale than that offered by the latter, and ramifications will be less numerous, or in corresponding proportion.

The Horse is found wild, or in a state of unlimited freedom, in few parts of the world; and, if we would thus contemplate him, we must not turn our attention to the deserts of Arabia, though such an idea may perhaps be entertained by many who have not attentively considered the subject; there is not the least proof, as far as history will retrospectively carry the mind, that wild horses ever existed in these regions; like the Dog, he seems to have been intended for a sort of domestic life, for the service of man, and even in those parts where he roams at large, he has been constrained to adopt a desultory savage life, owing to the desertion of him by his master. The wild horses of the Ukraine, immortalized by the pen of that forcible, and even awful genius, Byron, originated from animals used by the Tartars, and which in the bloody and devastating wars of those people were left destitute of a master, and forced to seek subsistence in the wilds of that part of the world. Myriads of wild horses darken the almost boundless savannahs and wildernesses of South America, and in the regions West of the Mississippi, near the base of the Rocky Mountains; but how did they originate? Not from a wild prototype, as we are not aware that the Horse was originally found on any part of the vast continents of the Western World, or on the islands which appertain to them. Soon after the discovery of America by Columbus, hordes of avaricious adventurers followed in his wake, and perceiving the advantage which the use of the Horse gave over the unfortunate natives, took numbers of these animals with them, many of which became neglected by the Spaniards, were thus forced into a life of

unrestrained liberty, and have multiplied amazingly in a climate so well suited to their constitution.

The horse is the most elegant quadruped in nature, the noblest variety being found beneath the almost scorching heats of an Arabian sun; but he is capable of existing in all the milder latitudes, and even in Iceland. He attains his greatest bulk in the Flemish marshes, and also in those of Essex and Lincolnshire; but the succulency of the herbage which thus raises the animal to an unwieldy size debases his quality, by rendering his bones porous, his tendon small, his muscle flabby; he is sluggish, and if pressed beyond a slow rate of going, or kept for any considerable time at labor, sinks under his task, will perhaps die, and if he survive, will not "soon come round."

The Arabian horse, on the contrary, though a diminutive animal compared with the huge creature of Flanders, is remarkable for his powers of perseverance; he will travel eighty miles a day for several days in succession, proceeding all the time with the utmost cheerfulness and spirit; such are the accounts we have received from travellers—to which the writer can give credit from what has fallen under his own observation, and which will not seem inconsistent with truth to any person who will duly consider the quality of the animal, the ivory-like hardness of his bone, the superior development of the tendon, the firmness of the muscle, and the general wiryness of the frame.

The English thorough-bred horse claims an Arabian paternity; and here let it be stated, that under this designation (the Arabian) is meant to be included the Barb, and all those Eastern horses whose purity of *blood* (or rather of *breed*) remains undoubted. Prior to the acknowledged and well-authenticated introduction of Eastern blood, the horses of Britain could claim no higher pedigree than the old English Hunter, or the Cleveland Bay; very useful animals in their way, which, however, could neither "go the pace nor the distance;" yet these animals inherited a strain of the genuine blood, but how or where obtained it is not possible to state, with anything like precision. The thorough-bred must have been originally derived from the Arabian horse, and a mare of the Cleveland Bay breed or old English Hunter; and although great pains were taken to render the blood as pure as possible, yet, as the source was not unsullied on both sides, as the pure stream was originally polluted, can the taint ever be washed out? It is doubtful; and if an opinion is to be formed from the thorough-bred horses of England and America, it tends to prove that the muddled stream has not been completely clarified. The racers of both countries have attained a much larger size and length of stride than the legitimate Arabian, and are fleetier for a short distance; but they do not possess equal powers of perseverance, and under what may be called hard and successive labor, would succumb to the almost invincible little horse.

If we compare the Arabian with the thorough-bred horse, we shall find the head of the former well set on, his forehead wide, his nostrils high and open, his eye clear, bold, and remarkably ex-

pressive; his shoulder bone obliquely placed, his arm long, short from the knee to the ground, pastern rather long and very elastic; foot upright, round and beautiful; barrel round, ribs deep, loin sufficiently lax, quarters well set in, widely spread, gaskins broad, the muscular development descending almost to the hock; tail set on high, forming as it were a continuation of the back bone: a lateral view of the Arabian shows the depth of his chest, his posterior elevation, and from the manner in which the shoulder is placed and the quarter set in, it will be perceived that he must possess the free use of his fore and hind legs when the saddle is on his back—indeed it will be seen that the saddle cannot get out of its proper place. Further, the Arabian impresses upon the mind the idea of “a large horse in a little compass;” an animal beautiful in form, possessing extraordinary strength and activity. The English racer rarely presents the handsome head for which the Arabian is remarkable, the nostril characteristic is seldom observable; to be brief, our racer is not the Arabian of larger size, but an animal which by comparison appears raised on stilts, whose length of leg is consequently disproportionate; what is worse, the legs or feet, or both, of our racers, are generally faulty; while those of the Arabian are beautiful, and perfect—of all the Arabians which ever fell under our notice, not one had objectionable legs or feet. The action of many of our racers is forced and even lumbering, that of the Arabian light, bounding, elastic, and deer-like; and when any of our racers retain the genuine action or mode of going, they never fail to manifest superior speed.

When the speed of the hound became improved so as to outstrip the pace of the old English Hunter, recourse was had to well bred horses for the hunting field; horses three parts bred, for instance; but as the improved fleetness of the former was found to impart superior animation in the chase, every means were employed to increase it still further, till at length hunting has become a system of racing, in which nothing but full blood, or something nearly approximating it, can maintain a place with the hounds.

If our thorough-bred horse be not exactly equal to his Arabian progenitor in the quality of his bone, tendon, and muscle; if his action be not so sightly and so interesting as that of his paternal prototype—he is yet superior to every other variety, and the quality of the nags of this country will be found to correspond with their breeding, declining in proportion as they recede from the acknowledged thorough-bred. Blood always tells in the hunting field (and indeed every where else); no inferiorly bred horse can get through dirt or a heavy country like full blood, none can come up so well at the finish of a distressing run, or return home so cheerfully after the business of the day. A thorough-bred horse is rarely rode off his feed; however severe the exertions of the day may have been, he will generally feed when he reaches his stable; indeed there can scarcely be a better test of blood than the quantity of corn which the animal will swallow; a half-bred horse would soon sicken at the manger, if corn were placed before him in the bountiful and unsparing manner in which it is adminis-

tered in the training stable; and in consequence of this capacity of feeding upon hard meat, containing the greatest quantity of nutriment in the smallest space, they are enabled to perform the severest tasks, and (in the phraseology of the school) "to come round again in a short time if a pinch too much happen to be taken out of them."

It results therefore that as full blood is so desirable for the hunting field, it must be equally so for the road; such is the case beyond all question. It has been remarked that thorough-bred hacks are more apt to stumble and fall than those of baser blood, but it is a most egregious mistake; if the shoulder possess the correct obliquity, the horse will not (I may say *cannot*) come down—if at least he be properly treated.

For all the lighter kinds of draught, the thorough-bred horse is decidedly preferable: and even for the operations of agriculture, a copious infusion of what is understood by the term *blood*, would be found a great improvement; a class of animals would thus be produced, not so bulky perhaps as those at present in general use, but more vigorous and stronger, more active, and capable of enduring much greater and more long-continued fatigue.

Finally, in regard to the term *blood*, it has reference to the quality of the animal rather than to the fluid which circulates in his veins; the *genuine blood*, as it may be termed, standing alone as respects the powers of speed and the capability of supporting fatigue, in consequence of texture and conformation, which have been precedingly described.

Life in the Woods.

MOOSE HUNTING DURING THE SUMMER SEASON IN NOVA SCOTIA.

BY MEADOWS.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

"WELL, Meadows, here we are again," said Tom Howard, as he stepped on the dock at Annapolis; "there are our guides, and right glad they appear to see us.—How are you, old boy—how are you, Adella—what news about the Moose—when shall we be off."

"Just as brother pleases—but it's too far to go to camp to-night—sun not more than three hours."

"Very true," said Tom; "so we will spend the evening here, and be off bright and early in the morning."

Our swarthy friends had us up with the sun; a hearty breakfast was soon despatched, and we made tracks for the forest. Never did I more enjoy a morning walk. A foreigner cannot imagine

the splendor of the robes with which Nature here clothes her autumnal forests. The glowing pencil of the old Italian school never approached the brilliant and variegated tinting. Every shade of scarlet, purple, yellow, and green, is mixed up with the rich dark foliage; and indeed so unlike is it to any other woodland scenery, that were a clever artist to make a good representation of its beauties, he would stand a very fair chance of being ridiculed by the European Virtuoso. Our tramp was enlivened by the conversation of the two Indians, for though these people appear to us taciturn, yet they are naturally lively, and very talkative. Indeed I always thought that their seeming gravity was the effect of suspicion. An Indian encampment is a perfect Bedlam—the old men smoking and relating their hunting adventures—the young wrestling, racing, &c.—the squaws in circular groups, making baskets, snow-shoes, clothing, &c., and are anything but a quiet company. Scandal and the merits of the beaux are in this last assemblage as freely and noisily discussed as in any parlor of our fashionable belles. But let the white man enter this joyous group and everything is hushed, the squaws retire to their camps, the men put on a sullen look, and the pale-face is eyed with suspicion and fear. The red man has suffered so much persecution from his white *brother*, that it is not to be wondered at that he is unwilling to extend the hand of friendship, without being first assured his confidence is not misplaced.

We found Partridge in abundance, chiefly those called the Spruce Partridge, which resembles much the Moor Fowl of England, both in flavor and appearance.

We reached Adella's wigwam just as the sun was taking his last peep at us over the western mountains, and though we had walked some eighteen miles through a thickly wooded country, we agreed after supper to take a *shy* at the Moose.

"No time like the present," said Tom—"we have a lovely night, the harvest moon is at her full, and I am too anxious to sleep. 'My soul's in arms!'—shoulder blunderbuss!—each man to his blanket! his share of lush and grub!—are you ready, gentlemen?—march!"—and off we went.

The sharp October air came chilling upon us as we strode forth, and made the exercise agreeable. Howard had pleased to this moment to keep me in blessed ignorance, and I began to think we were on rather a wild expedition.

"In the name of our great Nimrod," said I, "do, like a good fellow, give me some little idea what we are to do, and how we are to shoot Moose at this hour of the night."

"There you rather puzzle me," replied Howard, "I am quite as much in the *dark* as yourself, never having before tried this sport. All I know is, that the Moose pair off at this season. But what is Adella about—what *are* you doing, peeling the bark off that beach."

"O, me only making *call*," said the Indian, as he twisted a long piece of bark, in a conical shape (something like a postman's tin trumpet), "only making *call*, to make noise like Cow Moose. When Bull Moose call then me answer."

"I fear," said I, "it will be like calling 'spirits from the vasty deep.'"

But the fellow has again stopped, and is cutting down small spruce.—"What's in the wind now?"

Adella, after he had finished his chopping, gathered up the spruces, and choosing a piece of dry mossy ground, he stuck the bushes in a circle large enough to hold the party; then motioning us to enter, he followed, and closing the aperture, we were enclosed in a snug little encampment.

"Now," said Tom, "what is next to be done—this seems but dull music. Are we to wait here till some unfortunate Moose strolls this way?"

"Oh, me lay out many nights and see no Moose—many cold nights, and nothing in camp to eat." Very hard for poor Indian to live now. White man kill all game. Some shoot um—some trap um—but many, many Moose, Caraboo, Deer, and many bird killed, when white man burn woods for clear land every spring—sometimes burn poor Indian, too."

"But how do the woodmen trap the Moose?"

"Why, white man he go find track of Moose down to spring—well, Moose come every night, may-be, to drink, and when he sar-tain Moose always come, he get new rope (no tar)—he then go to track, and bend down good stout ash, and make him fast with stake, close to track—then he fix down a little brush fence, right across track, he take rope and make running noose, and fasten rope to ash, and put noose on the brush. Well, Moose come (he never go out of track), he come to brush and step um leg high, sometime put um right into noose. Well, he find he caught, den he make great jump; up go ash, and Moose go on his back, his leg in de air—more harder he pull more harder rope hold."

"Well, but would it not be much easier for the men to shoot the Moose?"

"O no; white man too busy; may be he bad shot—may be he only wound Moose, then Moose run away and die. White man no able to follow, only Indian, able to find track."

We had conversed long upon hunting, &c. The night was frosty, and our blankets were brought into play—to say nothing of the mountain dew, and a stone pipe to keep us warm. Adella many times had tried his call, which produced a sound not unlike the lowing of a domestic cow. The conversation now flagged, and I was laying on my back, ruminating on the dancing orbs above me (taking into serious consideration whether they were inhabited, and if so, whether the natives really do, as has been learnedly stated, carry their heads under their arms, and I was just bringing another *if* to bear upon the inconvenience of such a proceeding in hunting, &c.,) when I was disturbed by a distant low which Adella instantly answered with his call.

"Now, brother, we sure to see Bull Moose—he think Cow call him, and when he come and no find cow, he very mad (just same as you, spose you going to see pretty squaw and she no come). Moose always most quiet of any beast, though um very big, most

big as horse, and horns ten times big as deer, and he very strong. He very quiet, but he no like to be cheated out of um cow; so when he come you be very still, and no shoot um till I tell you. May be he kill you if he get mad, and see."

We could hear from time to time the loud bellow of the Bull Moose, which was always answered by the call. Our rifles were examined, and we remained in a state of anxious suspense about half an hour. At last we could distinctly hear the tramp of the Bull as he tore through the thicket. It may appear but tame work to lay in ambush, and lure a poor animal to the muzzle of your gun—yet, for my own part, I must confess my feelings were excited to a degree I had seldom before experienced. The novelty of the scene, the deep roar of the Bull echoing from hill to hill, the death-like quiet, and then the tremendous rush of the powerful creature as he caught the sound of the Indian's call, wrought me up to a pitch of curiosity which was almost past bearing, and more than once did Howard pull me down as I attempted to peer over our palisade. I was soon happily relieved by the Bull Moose bursting forth into the open space before us. He gazed round, and throwing back his heavy antlered head, sent forth a roar that made me clutch my rifle with redoubled vigor. Echo after echo answered the cry, until it died away in a faint and distant whisper; then, to my surprise, another roar (which appeared quite near us) burst upon our ears. I looked at the bull before us—for a moment he stood, his head bent in an attitude of great attention: but as soon as the bellowing was renewed he uttered a shrill cry, and dashed the dry leaves and dust over his back, and almost instantly another Bull rushed into the *open*. Adella's call had been most lucky in luring two rivals for this shadow of a mate. I might moralize upon this (many a poor devil has been cheated with a worse imitation), but such is not my province. It was a noble sight to look upon these two majestic creatures, in the gray and silvery moonlight, surveying each other like two forest champions, measuring each other's power. They stood near seventeen hands, and their many tined antlers spread at least six feet in the span. Not long did they dally—a few preliminary shakes, as many scrapings of the dirt, and they dashed forward with a force and energy that would have surprised the oldest Spanish Bull-fighter. I now pitched my rifle to my shoulder, having recovered from the surprise, but Adella held my arm, and signing me to be quiet, seized one of the small branches of our ambush, and throwing himself on the ground, commenced worming himself up to the Moose, who appeared pretty equally matched. Howard and myself, with our rifles firmly grasped, watched with much anxiety the motions of the Indian, and more than once I was inclined to risk a shot at the struggling animals. At length Adella, having got within reach of his prey, sprung from the ground, and by a sharp blow from his axe, severed the tendon of the hind leg of one of the Bulls, and instantly disappeared in the thicket. The wounded Moose rolled over upon his side, and his adversary commenced goading him in a most dreadful manner. I felt pity for the poor helpless Bull, and was taking deliberate aim

at his remorseless adversary, when I was again prevented by the Indian. Adella now put his call to his lips, and imitated the lowing of a Cow Moose. Quick as thought the Bull turned, and advanced towards us—the lowing was repeated, and the Moose actually came within ten yards of our ambush. But he now seemed to “smell a rat,” and shaking his formidable horns, he glared searchingly into the thick brush. The Indian now gave the sign—two balls entered his brain, and he sunk upon the turf motionless. The Indian now stepped forth, and after dealing the ham-strung Moose a stunning blow on the brow, drew his keen knife across the throat of the prostrate Bull.

“Well, my boy, there lay our two combatants; ’twas a glorious sight that forest joust. But I cannot but think our game has been killed most ingloriously—Adella, why did you not let us shoot the Moose?”

“Why me thought brother maybe only wound um—then no get um—maybe Moose make fight, then maybe kill you—best make sure.”

“Ha! ha!” said Howard, “these fellows always look out for No. 1. You know our bargain to let the Indian have the carcasses, save one hind quarter—we the hide and bones. Now those Moose will weigh near 350 lbs., and the venison (which, by-the-bye, is the most delicious of *all* meat,) is worth sixpence per pound at least, so he is right to make sure. Yes, yes! I know these people pretty well—they have been cheated so often by the white men, they have at last learned to outwit them. Before I knew this family I was often deceived by Indians. I was once left in the woods many miles from any settlement, by an Indian whom I had hired to carry my traps Caraboo hunting. He went off on a bear track at such a pace I could not follow. I was paying him ten shillings a day, and he could get five pounds at a magistrate’s for the bear’s nose. My starving to death in the woods was quite immaterial to him. But what are we to do now, Adella?”

“O no use any more try call Moose, if any near he hear gun, and no come to-night. We must stay and watch these Moose, or Fox and Lynx spoil um meat. Master Tom, you know how find um way, you go to camp and sleep—you almost all one Indian, now.”

“Come along, Meadows, if you are not afraid to trust to my piloting at night.”

As we sauntered quietly along, I more than once heard a most unearthly cry. At length the sound was quite near us—

“Look to your rifle,” said Tom, “there is one of those infernal catamounts, or, as Adella would call them, ‘Indian devils,’—a sort of leopard. They are very savage, but seldom openly attack when two men are together. I think we have little chance of seeing him—he most probably smells the blood of our Moose, so let us go back and put poor Adella on his guard. Do you hear that cry? Any person would suppose it was the voice of a woman or child in distress. These devils sometimes lure people into the woods by that wail, spring on them from a tree, and overpower them in an

instant; if they fail, the cowardly brutes make off to prepare for another spring. They will never face an enemy if they can help it, but if brought to, they fight like devils, and are as tenacious of life as a worm. Fortunately there are very few of them, or it would be most dangerous to hunt these woods."

We hastened back to Adella, and found him occupied in making a fire.

"Ah! brother, what, you lost your way."

"No, no! we come back to tell you that we heard an Indian Devil a short distance off—you had better be on your guard."

"O me hear him—I make fire for keep good look out. He no dare come if he see me wide awake."

"Well, as morning is not far off, we will remain with you, and if we are sleepy, take a snooze before the fire."

"Just as brother pleases."

"Are there any other dangerous beasts in these woods?" said I, after we had seated ourselves.

"No; for the bear cannot be called dangerous, seeing he seldom makes an attack on man. If you choose to commence the fray, and bruin gets the better of you, you should not blame him if he makes a meal off your dainty carcass. In the Spring (when the she bear has her cubs with her) they are rather nasty customers. A poor farmer lost his two feet some years ago by a bear, and this is the only accident I can remember having heard of in these parts for some time. The poor fellow was going home from work late in the evening, when he met an old she bear and two cubs, face to face. He had no weapon, and knowing it was useless to run, walked quietly forward, going a little out of the road. He thought madam might permit him to pass, but as he advanced, the "old un" reared and made right at him. He did not wait for the kind embrace of the courteous lady, but ungallantly turned and mounted a small ash. The bear followed, but could not climb the tree; so quietly laying down at the foot of the saplin, commenced suckling her cubs. The poor fellow was not more than a mile from home, and he told me the way he hallooed was "a caution to thunder;" but it was of no avail. About midnight his tormentor moved off. Quietly slipping down, the man advanced, and cautiously peered into the dark woods, when to his horror he saw two balls of fire glaring at him not ten paces off. He made a rush to regain his tree, but unfortunately in the dark mistook it, and climbed a larger one—the bear followed, and succeeded in getting up far enough to reach his feet; which she mangled in a most dreadful manner. Nevertheless, the poor man kept his hold, and was found next morning lashed with his handkerchief to the top of the tree, almost lifeless from anguish and loss of blood—the bear and cubs were killed."

"I think you told me you had a Bear hunt near here once—let us hear something of it," said I.

"Well, my boy, I do not think the account will keep you awake, but let's have a drink—and now here goes. I was over here on a visit to a jolly young Yorkshire settler, shooting wild geese and

spring snipe. On the second day Sharp told me a bear had been tracked to a den, and all the neighbors had turned out to destroy the plunderer. Of course I joined the party and proceeded to the rendezvous. There were some thirty men collected, armed with guns, pitchforks, salmon spears, and axes. They had made a monstrous fire at the mouth of the cavern (which was under a steep cliff,) and had thrown in large quantities of tar and sulphur, but the bear had not yet made his appearance. The countrymen kept a most respectful distance.

“‘Dang it, Measter Tom,’ said Sharp, ‘these here chaps beant the roight stuff to kill thick am there beaste. Loy hoold, men, and haul away this ere fire—hoo d’ye expect the Bar to cum oot through all thick smother and smoke.’

“So saying, he, with the assistance of some of the more bold, cleared away the bonfire from before the cave.

“‘Noo,’ said Sharp, when the smoke had disappeared, ‘turn in some o’ yer best dogs.’

“Five pretty good dogs were sent in, or rather pitched in—for little did any of them seem to relish the work—and after a short time there was a most infernal racket in the cave for some minutes—then all was again quiet; and after a while a poor mangled cur crawled out, his bowels dragging on the ground—the others never left the den. I had made up my mind from the first not to trust to the assistance of the gaping crowd, should the bear make a rush, and therefore climbed the face of the cliff, and gained a position some fifteen yards above the entrance of the cave, where I had a good view directly down into Bruin’s retreat, and also of the bragging louts before me. It was growing late in the day, and everything had failed to force the ‘varmint’ forth. The men having procured a supply of rum, and seeing no chance of the bear making his appearance, were loud in their boasts of what they would do when he *did* come, when, peeping down, I saw our *friend* cautiously climbing up. I did not give the fellows notice of his movements, lest the noise should disturb him, so that he stepped forth amongst them quite unawares. A cry burst from the astonished bumpkins, and the next minute Bruin received their volley. Did I say he received?—’twas a gross mistake. Not a shot went near him—the face of the rock caught every bullet, and though I was fifteen yards above him, I most distinctly heard the balls strike above my head! I looked through the smoke for my comrades, but nothing was to be seen save the skirts of some of the *most brave*, or perhaps the slowest. Our friend, the bear, stood championing his teeth in a manner that made me feel most superlatively happy, when I thought of my position. I was determined not to let the shaggy monster off without a shot, so I shouldered Joe Manton and gave Bruin, first a ball in his shoulder, and then, as he turned to see from whence the injury came, I gave him a dose of buckshot over the nose and eyes, which was anything but an eye-opener. Would you believe it, the ungrateful brute, instead of taking it as a compliment, sent forth a most savage roar, and commenced climbing the cliff, with a view of forcing his ungainly car-

cass into my company. 'Well,' said I, aloud, 'here's a pretty go! I'm to fight that infernal ugly devil on four foot of bare rock, and no person near to see fair play.'—

"'Noo yer doant!' cried a voice directly over my head—'Noo yer doant, Mister; just duck yer head oot o' t' way, and I'll gi' thiek um there mutton ateing nigger sich a grist as 'll larn him manners.'

"So saying Sharp let fly, but his shot was either badly directed, or the bear's head was too tough, for the enraged beast redoubled his exertions to reach me.

"'That's roight, mun,' said Sharp, as he landed on the rock by my side, 'd'ye load away.'

"And clubbing his musket, he dealt the bear (which was now within reach) a terrific blow on the scone, but without the least effect. Bruin seized the gun in his paws, and wrenched it from the powerful Yorkshireman, as though it had been held by a child. I had now loaded one barrel, and could feel the feverish stinking breath of the beast burning in my face. Another spring and he would have gained our strong hold. I put the muzzle of Master Manton to his chest, and the next moment our enemy was rolling on the sod with daylight through his hide.

"'Dang it, why didn't you fire that shot afore he broke my Queen Ann—Lord, but I wish he was alive agin that I might ha' the satisfaction of killing he.'

"'I beg you will not mention it,' said I, 'and if you ever catch me bear hunting again without knowing my men, my name's not Tom Howard. But here comes your *friends*.'

"I need not tell you, Meadows, how Sharp d—d his *friends*—so then you have my bear hunt. Adella is, I see, asleep, and I consider it the greatest piece of forbearance I ever witnessed, you remaining awake."

"To tell you the truth I do not think I should have been so gallant, but I have been keeping a prime look-out after that Indian Devil, for I have no idea that more than *one* devil should have the pleasure of tormenting *me*."

It was now the dawn of the morning. We left the Indian to strive and cut up the Moose, and started for the camp, which we reached, and slept there most of the day.

THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS."

BY "A." IN REPLY TO "PENDLETON" AND OTHERS.

DEAR P.: In looking over some recent numbers of the "Turf Register" I see "Pendleton" has noticed what he terms my "Theory on Stallions," and seems to treat the matter as decided in his favor, with the assistance of "A. B.'s" strong facts. Permit me first to explain my theory, and then to bestow some notice on your correspondent.

I never intended to say that a horse remaining a long time on the Turf never gets racers, but only that both in America and in England, for the last forty years, the most successful Stallions have been those retiring early from the Turf; and in support of this assertion I instanced Highflyer, Sir Peter, Emilius, and among the most popular horses now in England, I may add Bay Middleton, Elis, Sheet Anchor, etc. In America, Sir Archy, Virginian, Mercury and Medoc, all came young into the Stud, and I am of opinion that none will deny them the first place among the Native Stallions. I could point to some Imported and Native Stallions, too, that had been fine performers on the Turf, now standing in this country (but I might get you, as well as myself, into difficulties with their thin-skinned owners), who will soon be forgotten by all but those who have had the misfortune to breed to them.

As to the array of facts by your correspondent "A. B.," if they are strong enough to *darken the fame* of Highflyer, Sir Peter, etc., in England, of Sir Archy, Virginian, etc., in America, *I give in*; these facts, by the way, if I have ever seen them, have escaped my recollection, and I do not know where to turn to them.

"Pendleton" relies on Citizen, as one instance, and names Pacolet, with my admission. Sir, he is a solitary instance—came from a mare that bred racers from almost everything she was put to. Wonder was equal in every respect to Pacolet, and I have no hesitation in saying Pacolet was at no time a first-rate horse (on the Turf, I mean—his fame was acquired in the Stud;) he surely was not long sound on the Turf; he gave way at 4 yrs. old, and stood for mares at five.

He says that if Citizen had left nothing else to predicate his fame on, the dam of Sir Charles, Trifle, and Lady Clifden, would have accorded him that much. I never said Citizen was not well bred, and that his fillies would not breed well if properly crossed. This, Sir, *confirms my theory*, for I assert that Citizen is more indebted to his descendants in the breeding stud than *his get* on the Turf. This remark applies to Buzzard, Sir Harry, and some others, who required a cross from some powerful horse like Sir Archy or Virginian, who were early withdrawn from the Turf, before they were worn down by years and exertion.

As to Lady Clifden and Trifle, I do not recollect that on the dam's side either of them claim one drop of Citizen blood, and the little they derive from Sir Charles can scarcely avail your correspondent, as they merely go to show that the farther you get from his favorite cross the better.

The "corruptions of the British Turf" has produced such a race of horses as the world never saw before, uniting size, beauty, and speed, in a degree to be found in no other part of the globe. It is true that at this day they run few heats of four miles, but then the high weight and severe pace test the game of their horses, and that quality is as much prized in England as America.

Hence let me notice the comparison between Bay Middleton and Crusader. They were both bays, and both broke down at four years old; these are the only points in which the

comparison holds. As to the character of their races, "Pendleton" must jest when he compares them. Bay Middleton beat the best horses of his year in all England, and with 119 lbs. at 3 yrs. old, he could run two miles in 3:43. What performance of Crusader's would induce a suspicion that with such weight he could have saved his distance? In form there was still less comparison. Bay Middleton in the depth and obliquity of his shoulder, with broad muscular thighs, has perhaps no equal in the world. Crusader beat him many inches in the length of his legs, and in the same way has he been bountiful to his stock.

We are entirely too much in the habit of underrating the bottom of the English horses—when the truth is, the thorough-bred of both countries are almost the same; but they have attended more to the purity of *pedigree*, *speed*, and a *capacity to carry weight*. Now I opine this system is not calculated to lessen his lastingness; at the same time I must aver that the possession of great speed is by no means an indication of want of game, and if "Pendleton" will try the experiment of running a slow game horse after a fleet, strong, thorough-bred, he will hereafter be willing to cross with some strong speedy horse, though he may have broken down young.

A word on the subject of *game* in the English horses, and I will close this piece, and in my next will notice the balance of his communication.

At the last Doncaster races, *Opera*, Sister to *Burletta*, by *Actæon*, on Tuesday won the Cleveland Stakes, one mile, 16 subscribers—on Wednesday she won the Corporation Plate, two mile heats, winning the first and third heats—and on Friday, two days after only, she won the Town Plate, two mile heats, at four heats, winning the second heat, the third being a dead heat between her and *Humphrey*, and then won the fourth heat, the last mile of which she ran in 1:49, with 119 lbs. on her—she then four years old. Now if "Pendleton" will not admit this to be a game nag, he must indeed be hard to satisfy. *Opera* is a good nag, but by no means at the head of the English Turf. Her performance there is no marvel, and perhaps in Carolina they might place a low estimate on it, but I am certain that Crusader would have found himself in bad company with her. Each heat was well contested—the last mile in the second heat was run in 1:48, the last mile in the third heat in 1:50, and the last mile in the fourth heat in 1:49—timed by an American now in this country. The shape of the course enables a spectator to time the last mile correctly. A.

Notes of the Month.

J U N E .

JANETTE.—In the “Western Weekly Review,” published at Franklin, Tenn., we find the following interesting item:—

“Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS’ mare Janette, dropped a fine colt on the 20th inst., by Eclipse, of the largest class, a chesnut without white, except a small streak in his face.”

This colt is the first nomination in a stake to come off over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, in the Fall of 1843, four mile heats, to which there are five subscribers at \$5000 each, \$1000 ft. The produce of Black Sophia, (Bee’s-wing’s dam,) Multiflora, Ringlet, and Hortense, are the other nominations.

A letter from St. Louis, Mo., dated May 10, 1840, says—“There are a great many horses in training here; I think at least seventy.—Among them the most distinguished are Sthreshley, Billy Townes, Ethiopia, Crowder, Eudora, Ætna, Eliza Ross, Roderick Dhu, Rosa Vertner, Benton, Black Jack, Loadstone, &c.

LADIES’ STAKE.—The nomination of C. F. M. NOLAND, Esq., in the “Ladies’ Stake,” at Baltimore, is void—*Lily* has lost her colt.

A letter from Kentucky informs us that Mr. F. G. MURPHY, of Bardstown, who now owns the fine Eclipse mare, *Missouri*, formerly in Mr. McCARGO’S stable, will not train her until the Fall. She is now in fine health and perfectly acclimated. *Tranbyanna*, a 2 yr. old filly, in the same stable, by Imp. Tranby out of Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, will likewise be taken up in July for the Fall campaign. Tarlton, who formerly trained for Mr. WARD, will have charge of Messrs. Murphy and Co.’s stable this season, which comprises a fine lot of untried colts.

The Batesville (Arks.) Jockey Club (says the “News” of that place) is about being revived, and we are to have races this Fall. There are now open several sweepstakes—one for colts and fillies dropped this Spring; one for any thing, Mile heats, this Fall, and one for three year olds, Two mile heats.

SALES OF STOCK.—We learn from the Montreal Gazette, of the 27th April, that the stable of Capt. Shirley, of the 7th Hussars, was sold on the day previous. *The Queen*, the winner of many purses in Upper and Lower Canada, was set up at £250, and withdrawn, no one being willing to advance on that amount. The others were adjudged at the following prices:—

<i>Midas</i>	£175 0
<i>The Nun</i>	33 15
<i>The Maid of Honor</i>	30 0
<i>Billy Button</i>	42 0
<i>Balloon</i>	42 0

The Queen and Midas are American bred horses, the former being got by Imp. Autocrat, and the latter by Eclipse.

Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS, of this city, has sold his bl. f. *Midnight*, by Shark out of Meg Dods, 4 yrs., to C. HILL WALLACE, Esq., of Halifax, N. S.

Dr. THOS. PAYNE, of Hicksford, Va., has sold his b. c. *Telemachus*, by Eclipse, out of Josephus’ dam, 4 yrs., to Dr. A. T. B. MERRITT and Dr. GEO. GOODWYN, for \$2500. He has also sold his b. f. *Cameo*, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Holleman’s Buzzard, 4 yrs., to Messrs. TOWNES & WILLIAMSON, of Va., for \$1000.

Mr. JAS. TALLEY, of Richmond, Va., has bought the half of *Bandit*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.; of J. S. CORBIN, Esq., for \$1000.

Col. J. M. BRYAN, of Newbern, N. C., has purchased the one half interest o

Ellen Thomas, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Vashti's dam, 4 yrs., and ch. f. *Ildica* by Pacific, out of Leila by Sir Archy, 4 yrs., for \$2500.

John Rest, Esq., has bought from Mr. Koger, of Florence, Ala., his ch. c. *Long Tom*, 4 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Susan Hull by Timoleon, price \$1500.

Mr. JAMES LONG, of Washington City, has sold his brood mare *Slender*, by Industry, out of Louisa Sims, by Rattler, with an Emancipation foal by her side, to Mr. W. P. GREER, of Dover, Mason Co., Ky., for \$1000.

JAMES B. KENDALL, Esq., of Baltimore, has sold his b. h. *Sufferer*, by Eclipse, out of Meg Dods, by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. old, to Messrs. Fox & Greer, of Mason Co., Ky. He will be trained next Fall in Kentucky, and in the Spring following make a season at the residence of Mr. Fox.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Col. GILLAM, of Granville Co., N. C., claims the name of *Butterfly* for his 2 yr. old b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Independence.

Mr. THOS. G. LOGWOOD, of Richmond, Va., that of *Tippecanoe* for his colt, foaled this Spring, by Imp. Rowton, out of his mare by Sir Charles.

JOHN M. DUKE, Esq., of Maysville, Ky., that of *Hermosa* for his ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Ita, by Trumpator, g. d. by Saxe Weimar, g. g. d. the dam of Rodolph.

Mr. THOS. FLINTOFF, of Nashville, Tenn., that of *Belgrade* for his ch. f., foaled May 5, 1840, by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Imp. Titsy by Langar.

J. W. WILSON, of Bardstown, Ky., that of *Log Cabin* for his br. c. by Trumpator, dam by Sumpter, foaled April 1840.

JOHN BURCH, of Jefferson Co., Ky., that of *Fleur-de-lis* for his ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, out of the dam of Josephine.

L. SHERLEY, of Louisville, Ky., that of *Ring-Dove* for his b. f. by Imp. Merman, out of Betsey Williams, by Sir Richard, foaled April 1840. That of *Pigeon* for his b. f. by Imp. Merman, out of Malvina, by Sir Archy, foaled April 1840. That of *Gahela* for his b. f. by Imp. Merman, out of Juno, by Bertrand, foaled April 1840. That of *Reporter* for his gr. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Lady Green, by Waxy, foaled April 1840. And that of *Recorder* for his ch. c., 2 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Williams, by Sir Archy.

THOS. D. BROWN, Esq., of Elizabethtown, Ky., that of *Apollo* for his ch. c., 2 yrs. old, by Woodpecker, out of Phœbe, by Southern Eclipse.

GEORGE W. POLK, Esq., of Tenn., that of *Raleigh* for his b. c. dropped this Spring, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Tunica, by Muley, and she out of Calypso, own sister to Comus.

Gov. SPRIGG, of Bladensburg, Md., that of *Ne plus ultra* for a colt by Imp. Priam, out of Nancy Norwood, the dam of Atalanta, foaled on the 7th inst. This is said to be largest and finest formed colt the old mare has ever produced. And that of *Evergreen* for his yearling filly by Imp. Priam, out of Camilla, by Sussex.

MESSRS. A. HIKES & A. P. CHURCHILL, of Jefferson Co., Ky., that of *Mary Churchill* for their yearling b. f. by Barefoot, out of Pocahontas, by Sir Archy.

A. HIKES, of Jefferson Co., Ky., that of *Virginia Jefferson* for his yearling b. f. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Turner, by Clifton.

THOS. ALDERSON, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn., that of *Petworth* for his b. c., 1 yr. old, by Imp. Philip, out of Lady Bass, by Conqueror. (These two are recorded in the blood stock of Thos. Alderson, p. 367 "Turf Register," vol. ix.)

BREATHETT & CARROLL, of Nashville, Tenn., that of *Pauline* for their b. f. foaled the 26th April, 1840, by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Paulina, by Stockholder.

Mr. GEORGE F. KEEN, of Locust Grove, Ky., claims the following names for such of the produce of Cherokeess (by Cherokee, out of a mare by Cook's & Blackburn's Whip, foaled in 1837) as are in his possession:—

That of *Camden* for a b. c. foaled June 6, 1836, by Imp. Sarpedon, now on the Turf. That of *Amboy* for a b. c. foaled in 1838, by John Richards. That of *Irene* for a b. f. foaled in 1839, by Eclipse. That of *Commodore Preble* for a b. c. foaled in 1840, by Medoc. Cherokeess missed in 1837 to Lance, and is now stunted to Monmouth Eclipse.

The same gentleman claims the name of *Laura Southgate* for a b. f. foaled in 1838, by John Richards, out of Clarionette, by Reveillé, and she out of Cherokeess. Clarionette died two years since in foal to Eclipse.

TURF REGISTER.

Stud of Dr. E. WARFIELD, of Lexington, Ky.—Continued from vol. ix. p. 46.

No. 1. SUSAN HICKS, by Virginian, dam by Sir Arthur.

Her Produce.

1838. April 11. B. f. *Serene*, by Bertrand.

1839. Missed to Imp. Tranby.

1840. April. B. c. by Celestion.

No. 2. ROWENA, ch. m., by Sumpter, out of Lady Gray.

Her Produce.

1838. B. c. by Bertrand [dead].

1839. April 9. B. c. *Marcel*, by Sir Leslie.

1840. March 20. B. f. *Amiga*, by Imp. Hedgford [entered in the Gold Stake.]

No. 3. MARY JONES, ch. m., by Kosciusko, out of the Bedford mare, the grandam of Multiflora.

Her Produce.

1838. April 22. B. f. *Wild Duck*, by Imp. Tranby.

1839. April 12. Ch. f. *Camilla*, by Rodolph.

1840. — by Mingo [Messrs. Pindells'.]

No. 4. SUSETTE, by Aratus, out of Jenny Cockracy by Potomac.

Her Produce.

1838. Missed to Bertrand.

1839. Feb. 11. B. f. *Isola*, by Bertrand.

1840. April 18. Ch. f. by Sir Leslie [entered in the Gold Stake.]

No. 5. LORA, ch. m., by Snowstorm, out of Jenny Cockracy by Potomac.

Her Produce.

1838. May 6. Ch. c. *Sam Chase*, by Eclipse.

1839. Missed.

1840. — c. by Mingo.

No. 6. ANTOINETTE, by Snowstorm, out of Miss Dowden by Imp. Buzzard.

Her Produce.

1838. March 3. B. f. *Nancy*, by Bertrand.

1839. Feb. 28. B. f. *Expert*, by Sir Leslie.

1840. Feb. 13. B. c. *Bozzoris*, by Woodpecker.

No. 7. VIANNA, by Arab, out of Directress by Director.

Her Produce.

1838. Missed to Sir Leslie.

1839. April 12. Ch. c. *Cassan*, by Sir Leslie.

1840. May 30. B. f. by Celestion [killed by a kick].

No. 8. ALESSANDRIA, by Lawrence, out of Paragon by Imp. Buzzard.

Her Produce.

1839. Jan. 7. B. f. *Spinett*, by Celestion.

1840. Jan. 18. B. c. by Imp. Hedgford [dead].

No. 9. AURORA, b. m., by Aratus, out of Paragon by Imp. Buzzard.

Her Produce.

1839. B. f. by Bertrand [Messrs. Pindells'.]

1840. B. f. *Velocity*, by Imp. Hedgford.

No. 10. LITTLE PEGGY, by Gallatin, out of Trumpetta.

Her Produce.

1838. — c. by Tranby [dead].

1839. — c. by Zinganee [dead].

1840. Missed to Zinganee.

No. 11. MEDINA, ch. m., foaled in 1833; by Bertrand, out of Directress by Director.

Her Produce.

1839. May 9. B. c. *Wanderer*, by Sir Leslie.

1840. March 7. B. f. by Imp. Hedgford.

No. 12. LANCESS, b. m., by Lance, out of Aurora by Aratus.

Her Produce.

1839. April 14. B. c. *Hero*, by Sir Leslie.

1840. April 3. B. c. *Marco*, by Sir Leslie.

No. 13. ARIAN, b. m., by Trumpator, out of Mary Jones by Kosciusko.

Her Produce.

1839. March 28. B. f. by Sir Leslie.

1840. April 11. B. f. by Sir Leslie.

No. 14. ELECTRA, b. m., by Sidi Hamet, out of Little Peggy by Gallatin.

Her Produce.

1838. May 30. B. c. *Pincney*, by Eclipse.

1839. May 7. B. f. by Eclipse.

1840. — by Sir Leslie.

E. WARFIELD.

Lexington, Ky., April 25, 1840.

Addition to the Stud of JOHN LAMAR, Esq., of Macon, Ga.

No. 1. MARY WILLIAMSON, a mahogany bay, 15 hands 2 inches high, with black legs, mane, and tail; 12 yrs. old. She was bred by Anthony Williamson, of Caswell County, N. C.; was got by Lawrence (he by Sir Archy) dam by

Constitution (by Diomed), grandam by Alborak (by Celer), g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Aristotle, g. g. g. dam the dam of Celer—Claudius, &c. &c.

This mare is stunted to Reindeer this season.

No. 2. **NETTLE** (a present from the Hon. O. H. Kenan), ch. m., 15 hands 2 inches, about 14 years old. She is own Sister to Virago (the dam of Cusseta Chief,) the property of Col. Woolfolk. Both these mares were brought to Georgia by Col. Taylor, of Taylorsville, being in company with Pet and Miss Medley. As the pedigree of Virago was given incorrectly, I here give it in full as certified to by Col. Taylor. She was got by Wildair, out of Desdemona by Minor's Escape, grandam by Imp. Dare Devil, g. g. dam by Marske, (own brother to Col. Taylor's mare Virago, by Imp. Shark, out of Imp. Virago,) g. g. g. dam by Cub (he out of Imp. Northumberland by Yorick, and he by Imp. Traveller,) g. g. g. dam by Ariel (he out of Imp. Selima, by Imp. Traveller,) g. g. g. g. dam by Dandridge's Fearnought, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Janus, out of a thoroughbred Juniper mare.

Nettle has had no chance to make a show in her produce, having been bred generally to very ordinary horses. She will be stunted to Reindeer.

No. 3. **OCTAVIA WALTON**, a bl. f., foaled 25th Feb., 1839; got by Coronet, out of Virginia by Botts' La Fayette, grandam Flora (own Sister to Defiance and Revengé) by Ball's Florizel, g. g. dam the famous Miss Dance by Roebuck (who was also the dam of Pet, Miss Medley's dam), g. g. g. dam by Independence, g. g. g. g. dam by Centinel or Flimnap, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Janus, &c.

My fine Leviathan mare *Susan Watkins* has foaled, on the 12th inst., a bay colt, without white, large and fine, for which I claim the name of *Oakmulgee*. The mare will be stunted to Imp. Skylark this season. **JOHN LAMAR.**

Macon, Ga., March 14, 1840.

Blood Stock of EDMUND BACON, Esq., of New Design, Ky.

No. 1. **LADY JANE**, br. f., foaled in May, 1837; got by Stockholder, out of Silvertail by Hambletonian.

No. 2. **MARTHA CLAY**, b. f., foaled in March, 1837; got by Stockholder, dam by Diomed, son of Hambletonian.

No. 3. **MARIA**, b. f., foaled in May, 1837; got by Stockholder, out of Virginia by Diomed.

No. 4. **SALLY NAILER**, ch. f., foaled in August, 1837; got by Stockholder, dam by Diomed, grandam by Empire.

No. 5. **POLLY TRIGG**, br. f., foaled 25th April, 1838; got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Richard, the best son of Pacolet.

No. 6. **JULIA**, ch. f., foaled in —; got by Stockholder, out of Silvertail by Hambletonian.

No. 7. **ONTARIO**, ch. c., foaled 12th May, 1838; got by Stockholder, out of Virginia by Diomed.

No. 8. **PHIL ANDERSON**, ch. c., foaled in May, 1839; got by Imp. Philip, out of Fanny Brooks by Pacific.

The following mares were stunted, in the Spring of 1839, to Imp. MORDECAI, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck:—

Silvertail by Hambletonian.

Virginia by Diomed.

Ellen Puckett by Sir Richard.

Fanny Brooks by Pacific.

Mary Cook by Contention.

Betsey Palmer by Comet.

All heavy in foal.

EDMUND BACON.

New Design, Ky., Jan. 10, 1840.

Stock of DAVID CORPENING, Esq., of Morganton, N. C.

No. 1. **ALADDIN**, b. h., 9 yrs. old this Spring; got by Murat, his dam by Arab, g. d. by Director—Imp. Knowsley—Imp. Saltram—Xantippe by Celer—Diana by Claudius, &c. Murat, the sire of Aladdin, was by Virginian, out of Castania by Imp. Archduke, out of Castianira, the dam of Sir Archy, &c.

No. 2. **BETSEY MADISON**, ch. m., bred by Dr. Spraggins, of Charlotte City, Va.; got by Madison, dam by Sir Archy, grandam by Imp. Diomed—Randolph's Roan, alias Gimcrack—Watson's Poll by Imp. Obscurity—by Imp. Janus—Poll Maclin by Fearnought—Imp. Partner (Moore's)—Imp. Jolly Roger, out of Imp. Mary Gray.

No. 3. **JIMMY GRAHAM**, a bay colt, without white, except his right hind foot, 2 yrs. old this Spring; got by Imp. Skylark, out of No. 2.

No. 4. **MARY MARTIN**, ch. f., 2 yrs. old, by Aladdin, dam by Peacemaker, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, bred by Col. John Tayloe, of Virginia. Here her pedigree ends—with me.

DAVID CORPENING.

Morganton, N. C., May 6, 1840.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

JULY, 1840.

Embellishment:

DEER HUNTING IN SOUTH AMERICA;

ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK, FROM A DRAWING BY WILLIAM TURNER, ESQ.

Contents:

	Page
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.....	310
REVIEW OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN: BY "OBSERVER".....	311
EMBELLISHMENT OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR.....	315
FIELD SPORTS OF ILLINOIS: BY J. F. G.....	316
ON RACING, BREEDING AND TRAINING; BY "PHENIX".....	317
PEDIGREE OF MARY POWELL, ETC.: BY ROBT. S. WOODING.....	324
ECLIPSE AND FLYING CHILDERS.....	326
HUNTING MISERIES: BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISERIMUS".....	332
ON BREEDING AND REARING BLOOD STOCK: BY "SAGITTARIUS".....	336
RACING, FOX-HUNTING, FISHING AND FOWLING: BY "VINDEK".....	344
ADVENTURE IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS: BY JOHN S. SLEEPER, ESQ.....	349
THE VETERINARIAN.....	352
THE EPIDEMIC AMONG CATTLE.....	352
UN SOUNDNESSES OF THE HORSE NOT NAMED: BY PROFESSOR STEWART.....	355
ON THOROUGH-PIN, ETC.: BY MR. J. W. IONS, V. S.....	356
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR.....	357
THE CRACKS OF THE DAY.....	357
RECENT IMPORTATIONS OF CATTLE.....	359
EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE.....	360
GANO'S CHALLENGE TO THE UNION.....	360
BOSTON'S ACCEPTANCE.....	361
SALES OF STOCK.....	361
THE LAST DERBY.....	361
SALLY EUBANK.....	361
BEE'S-WING.....	361
ROANOKE COLT SHOW.....	362
MATILDA.....	"
FANNY WRIGHT.....	"
BLACK MARIA.....	"
JEMIMA HURBRIDGE.....	"
GAME LAWS OF PENNSYLVANIA.....	"
NAMES CLAIMED.....	"
TURF REGISTER.....	307
BLOOD STOCK OF WM. C. TILGHMAN, ESQ.....	363
" " " F. G. MURPHY AND CO. ".....	"
" " " JOHN MAXWELL, ESQ.. ".....	"
PEDIGREE OF IMP. SCOUT.....	364
BLOOD STOCK OF JOHN J. AMBLER, ESQ.....	363
" " " T. D. WATSON, ESQ.. ".....	"
" " " GEO. F. KEENE, ESQ. ".....	"
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1840. RACES AT	
FRANKFORT, KY., CAPITOL COURSE.....	17
TUSCUMBIA, ALA.....	"
ST. LOUIS, MO.....	18
GRAB ORCHARD, KY.....	"
COLUMBIA, TENN., ASHLAND COURSE.....	19
CYNTHIANA, KY.....	"
FAYETTE, MO.....	20
FAIRFIELD, VA.....	"
CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA.....	20
LEXINGTON, KY.....	21
CLARKSVILLE, TENN., WOODLAWN CO.....	22
FREDERICKSBURG, VA., MULBERRY CO.....	"
BARDSTOWN, KY., MEDOC COURSE.....	23
TRENTON, N. J., EAGLE COURSE.....	"
LOUISVILLE, KY., OAKLAND COURSE.....	"
NEW YORK, UNION COURSE, L. I.....	24

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Troye's portrait of *Mary Randolph* for the "Register" came safe, and has been placed in the artist's hands.

A portrait of *Portsmouth* was received some time since, but without directions as to the use we were to make of it. The gentleman who left it at our office has been addressed on the subject.

Orders for English magazines, papers, books, etc., will be supplied by addressing them to Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, booksellers, Broadway, in this city.

"Frank Forester" is now, we believe, in Canada, after moose and salmon. We are expecting daily the second number of his original contributions on "Spring Snipe Shooting."

The communications of "Blood Horse" and "Curiosus" are quoted in the Eng. Sporting Mags. for June, as "capital things."

The London (New) Sporting Magazine commences its *nineteenth* volume with the July number. Among other new features to be introduced the editor announces the following:

"We shall also present to our Readers an original paper from that vivid writer in the New York 'Spirit of the Times,' *Pete Whetstone*, sent to us in the generous spirit of a far-away Brother Sportsman."

Notices of the "Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times," with the large engraved portraits of the latter, have recently appeared in "Bell's Life in London" and the different Sporting Magazines, of the most complimentary character possible. Half a dozen of our correspondents are spoken of as among the very best Sporting writers in the language, and their contributions to our two publications are eagerly quoted.

The Stud of Capt. Nicholas Davis, and the pedigree of Falconi, will appear in our next number.

Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated ST. MARY'S, Louisiana, June 3, 1840.

MY DEAR P.: From some experiments that I have made, I think that *quinine*, in certain doses, will be found a valuable medicine for both horses and cattle, in all malignant epidemic fevers—one of which is the disease so fatal in some cases, called the *Charbone*. If you wish it, I will write an article for the "Register" "anent" the subject.

The May number of the "Register" has one of the very best songs that has been written since the days of poor MORRIS [of London], of whom it reminds one not a little.

I think our friend "A." of Nashville forgets to mention that Potomac, as well as Buzzard, produced winners in the second degree;—for instance, Betsey Malone. As for Maria Black beating Wagner at any time, that is all my "eye, Betty"—though out of condition, he would have beaten Zelina the day that she beat him, if he had had only an equal start with her.

"A." says that the appearance of the English horse indicates greater capacity for speed and weight. In speed I think him right, and perhaps in weight, from their size—but they certainly want that indefinable appearance of toughness and capacity for endurance, which many of ours have. *They are too thorough bred*—and time will prove what I say to be true—though I think that I can now demonstrate the principle as clearly as a mathematical proposition to any one who will listen without prejudice.

J. S.

Note by the Editor.—We shall esteem it a great favor if our correspondent will write that article he speaks of, or any other for us. For the kind remembrances indicated in his letter, we can only assure him they are sincerely and gratefully reciprocated.

REVIEW OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

ON reference to the racing of the past season, it will be perceived, it will compare creditably with any that has preceded it. Had another Childers been brought against the "nonpareil," Boston, we might probably have been able to record an achievement of four miles, or four mile heats, that would have eclipsed everything of the kind on record; but, in his racing, the two last seasons, as soon as "Old White Nose" began to run, the race may be said to have been over; and in the end he frightened off all adversaries. Wagner, however, was at his harem, on the Ohio, and Gano, in "retiracy," on the Savannah.

More fine nags have been brought to the post this season, especially in the South and West, than on any former occasion. Though there may have been general disappointment at the only great events of the campaign, upon which expectation was on tip-toe, yet there has been the highest gratification from several nearly unprecedented contests, and in such time as merit a record on the fairest pages of our Turf Annals. "Low down in the forties" have been not unfrequently made, at three and four mile heats; and one more four mile heat has been run in 7:38! But when Bee's-wing made that time, near New Orleans, it should be observed, she carried but 97lbs. as a four-year-old, when, in fact, she was about nine months older than Henry, when he made his extraordinary heat, 7:37, carrying 108lbs.!—an achievement almost without parallel on this side of the Atlantic, notwithstanding he was not esteemed at the South as good a four miler as Timoleon or Sir Charles (and some others) or their sons Boston and Wagner. Gano, in the opinion of his friends, as their recent challenge shows, has justified his breeding—the son of Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards. Although he has beat the famous Omega, with great ease, (on the same course, same age and weight, Bascombe's time was 7:44, in a single heat,) in two heats of 7:48—7:49—the time of Eclipse's second heat, yet Bee's-wing's concession must be made, Gano having carried weight as a four-year-old, 102lbs., when within a few months of being five years old. However, he ran the *third* mile of the *second* heat in 1:52, leading to the inference that he might have done as well, if not better, than *any* predecessor, had he been called on.

If the Spring campaign be taken in connexion with the running of the preceding autumn, it will be observed that so many fine races have *never* been made in this country within the same compass of time. *Twice in one week*, with full weight for age, Wagner and Grey Eagle made two extraordinary races of four mile heats, aggregating 15:33 the two heats, running their second heats in 7:44 and 7:43—the best time of a second four mile heat; races, too, that scarce lose in comparison with the great Eclipse match,

when the first and second remarkable heats aggregated 15:26. But Wagner's second heat was run in *six seconds less* than that made by Eclipse, and the *fourth* mile of the second heat was run in 1:48! Neither mile in Eclipse's or Gano's races was faster than 1:52. The speed and bottom exhibited by Wagner leads to a fair inference that he might have run the two heats fully as well, if not better than Eclipse, had he been called on. As it is, the comparison is more equal with Lady Clifden's extraordinary performance; the first and second heats in 7:44 each = 15:28,—only two seconds more than Eclipse's first and second heats; but her third heat, having been run in 7:55, makes her twelve miles aggregate 23:23, being *twenty-seven seconds in her favor, compared with Eclipse's great race, on the same course*. The fastest four mile race this Spring was won by Bandit, on the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, in 7:44 the *second heat again*, each mile better than the preceding one, and the last in 1:53, which might have been improved, had Reliance been able to contest the heat more closely. At New Orleans, Maria Black won four mile heats, beating Billy Townes, subsequently so successful, running the second heat in 7:47. However, the four mile heat won by Andrewetta, at Newmarket, ought to take precedence of all others run this Spring, though no faster than 7:50, that being the best time *ever* made on that distinguished course, so often graced by the achievements of Florizel, Sir Archy, Duroc, Timoleon, Vanity, Reality, Lady Lightfoot, Sir Charles, Rattler, Virginian, Henry, John and Betsey Richards, Ariel, Trifle, Andrew, &c. &c., down to the best horses of these days—Boston, The Queen, Omega, Andrewetta, &c. Boston, the preceding autumn, ran his second heat there in 7:52, being two seconds better than any prior heat—Henry's *first* heat against Betsey Richards, a fortnight before his Match with Eclipse, having been run in 7:54. Although Andrewetta won the first heat in 7:50, yet the second mile of the next heat, when Boston took the track from her, was run in 1:54, being two seconds faster than any other mile in the race; after which he had it in his own way, and the heat was not contested. For the same cause, the three mile heats won by Willis, at Newmarket, ought to take precedence of all other three mile heats this Spring, having beat the subsequently distinguished winners Bandit and Bengal, in unprecedented time for that course—5:48 and 5:49—the third mile of the first heat being *also* run in 1:54. Next after the *wonderful* performance of Argyle and Wonder, running a second heat of three miles in 5:40, must be ranked that of Red Bill, this Spring, at Lexington, Kentucky. The first and second heats, with full weight, were run in 5:40 and 5:48=11:28, (within one second of Argyle's two heats, but reversing the order of time). Red Bill's third heat makes the best time for three heats of three miles on record, as will appear from the following:—

Time of first heat, won by Black-nose, Red Bill being second.....	5:40
Time of second heat, won by Red Bill.....	5:48
Time of third heat, won by Red Bill.....	5:49
Total.....	—17:17

When Sussex beat Polly Hopkins at Broad Rock, the two heats were run in 5:46 and 5:43	11:29
Last autumn, at Trenton, Omega beat Clarion, and the two best heats (second and third) were run in 5:43 and 5:47	11:30
The first heat, won by Clarion and contested by Trenton	5:48
Total	17:18
Besides Red Bill's, the achievement of Reliance this Spring, at the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburg, Va., will compare well with any three mile race, of which we have any account. Reliance won the first heat in 5:41, and ran Hard Cider to the head in the <i>fourth</i> heat in 5:50	11:31
Third heat, won by Hard Cider	5:55
Total	17:26
The best three heats (first, second and third,) in Bertrand's famous race, were 5:47, 5:48, and 5:53, (fourth heat, 5:54)	17:28
Not having contended for the first and second heats, that were 5:51 and 5:52, Medoc, in his best race, won the third heat in 5:48	17:31
Bertrand's fourth heat was 5:54, and his four heats or twelve miles ..	23:22
Argyle's four heats, or twelve miles	23:24
Medoc's fourth heat in 5:59, the four heats, or twelve miles in	23:30
Reliance's <i>fourth</i> heat in 5:50 ! (but not contesting the two prior heats, their aggregate was slow) and the twelve miles in	23:38

It is believed a first and *fourth* heat of three miles has *never* surpassed those of Red Bill and Reliance, the past Spring. At the Union, too, Treasurer beat Andrewetta, on a "heavy course," in a single heat, in 5:42, the *best* on that course, with the exception of Charles Carter's and Boston's wholly unparalleled achievement of 5:36, while running a four mile heat. The preceding week, at Trenton, Andrewetta beat Bandit in the same time, in a *second* heat, after winning the first in 5:48. Treasurer, on the Kendall Course, had won a second heat in 5:47.

These comparisons of speed and bottom at three and four mile heats, seem to exhibit but little difference between the best horses that have run at different seasons. Others that have not made remarkable time this Spring, from obvious causes, such as Billy Townes, Camden, Fordham, Job, &c., deserve to have their achievements noticed, especially the two former, for their very successful and brilliant career. Grey Medoc's was equally, if not more brilliant, until after he took the purse from Bee's-wing, on her breaking down, at the end of her extraordinary heat. So many two mile heats have been made "in the forties," that in this notice it will be unnecessary to specify them, further than to remark that Willgo, the crack two-miler of Virginia, seemed to have no difficulty in winning at that distance. However, Passenger's *third* heat, of two miles, in 3:44, last autumn, at Trenton, must bear the palm compared with all achievements at that distance, notwithstanding two miles have been run in 3:42 and 3:43, but on both occasions in *first* heats. There have been some mile heats, too, run "in the forties," but it would be extending this article too much to refer to them more particularly, inasmuch as the record is found in its appropriate place. We do not observe that the three-year-olds of this Spring, strictly speaking, have been *very* distinguished.

Boston, the "follower in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors," with a vengeance, by the style in which he has won his brilliant victories, from such renowned competitors, by *scores*, and in about as many races, has thrown them *all* in the shade, predecessors as well as coteremporaries; and unless vanquished this autumn, will live in our Turf History as the American Childers, in speed, and another Dr. Syntax in endurance. Andrewetta has won for herself a brilliant name, as also Gano, Treasurer, Omega, Bandit, Billy Townes, Camden, Bee's-wing, Grey Medoc, Maria Black, Willis, Red Bill, Reliance, Mary Elizabeth, and some more.

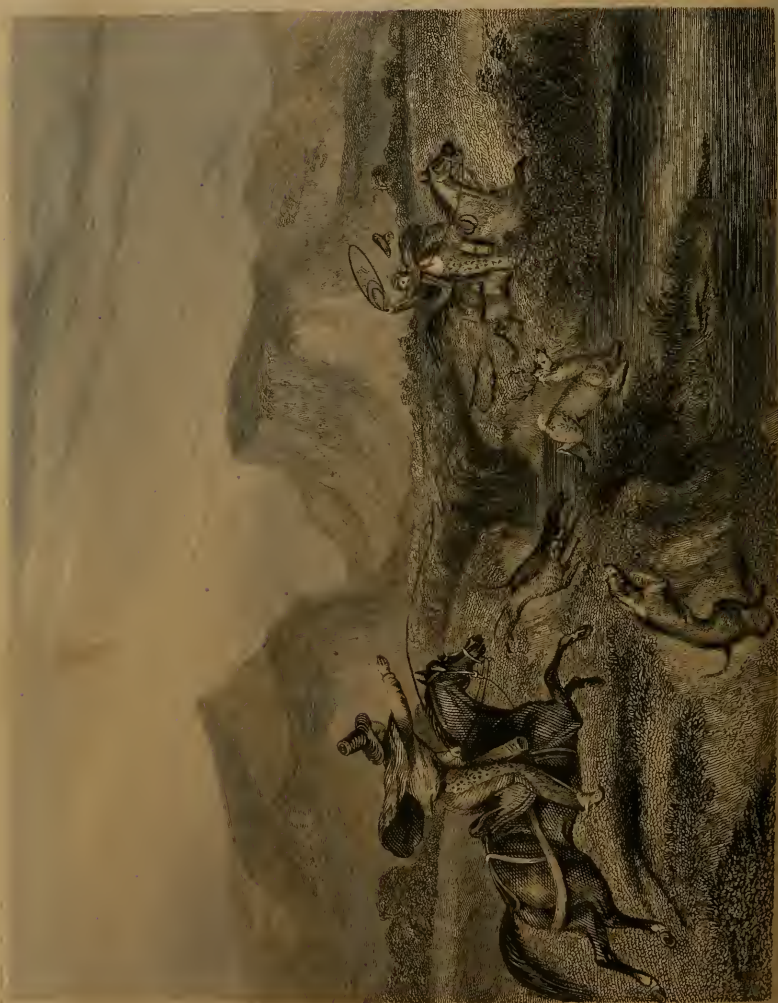
Our native stock yet take the lead as four milers, inasmuch as Boston and Omega are the get of Timoleon, Wagner and Willis of Sir Charles, Gano, Fordham, and Job of Eclipse, Grey Medoc, Red Bill, Cub, &c., of Medoc, and Camden of Shark—but the dam of the latter is an English imported mare of the purest lineage. However, the imported mares Maria Black and The Queen, Bee's-wing by Imp. Leviathan, Bandit by Imp. Luzborough, Billy Townes by Imp. Fylde, have run with nearly, and in some instances the same reputation; and as three milers, Treasurer and Zenobia by Imp. Roman, Bandit by Imp. Luzborough, and Reliance by Imp. Autocrat, have run with the first celebrity, but not more than those of the get of Medoc and Andrew, so famed in the Turf annals. The best mile, run in any colts' race this Spring, was made at New Orleans by the imported filly Hourie, in 1:47—she is understood to be matched against Col. Preston's imported colt Sorrow, that beat Czarina a two mile heat last year, in 3:43.

Messrs. Johnson, Hare and Kirby seem to have divided Fortune's favors, on the old established courses, this Spring, and Col. Thompson, of Maryland, to have been as singularly unfortunate, in running about a dozen good races, not winning one, against large fields, and almost invariably coming out second. "Better luck" to him "next time," as he deserves to have, with his three fine Autocrats, Reliance, Rienzi, and Miriam.

From the care in breeding, for several years past, from the very best English horses, Priam, Glencoe, Leviathan, and others, as well as from our most famed native horses; and from more experience in training, together with the improved condition of the courses, it is not surprising that more fine horses are each successive year brought to the starting pole, and that there should be closer competition and more excellent racing than formerly. If the best of our horses, Boston, Wagner, Gano, Bee's-wing, Grey Medoc, Passenger, Andrewetta, Omega, &c., or any two of them, could be brought together on the Union Course, when in the same capital condition, with *all* the appliances to boot, as in the Eclipse and Henry Match, the writer has but little doubt their time, even of the first heat, would be beaten. But until the race be run from the score, by *such* competitors, that great achievement must stand first on the scroll of Fame.

OBSERVER.





EMBELLISHMENT OF THE MONTH.

THE engraving contained in the present number is copied from one made from a drawing by William Turner, Esq., Her Majesty's Minister at New Grenada, the new South American Republic, of which the fine city of Bogotá is the capital. The town is situated between two lofty mountains, Montserrat and Guadaloupe, which belong to the high range that, running nearly from north to south, separate the affluents of the Rio de la Magdalena from those of the Orinoco. Bogotá is slightly elevated above an extensive plain, which lies to the west of it, and which measures above fifty miles from south to north, and more than half as much in the other direction. This plain is nearly 8646 feet above the level of the sea, and the river Bogotá or Funza, from which the town derives its name, winds through its centre at the distance of ten miles from town. The inhabitants are mild, polite, and cheerful. Their principal out-door amusements are cock and bull fights, and the chase of the deer.

In deer-hunting, the Bogotá sportsmen are by no means nice as to the class of dog used, but prefer those of English breed. Their motto is, "catch by dog—if you can," and they are said to give a decided preference to this method; but they are by no means particular; they will *lasso* it if near enough, or shoot it with a rifle, which is usually carried by one or two of the party. Our engraving—which Mr. Dick has very faithfully executed, on steel—represents two sportsmen advancing against the deer from opposite quarters—a circumstance by no means uncommon, as all advantages are considered fair in New Grenada. The whole population appear extremely attached to this sport; they are generally superb horsemen, and are remarkable for the daring with which they ride down steep declivities, and over the most dangerous and "ugly stoppers." Their horses are small, wiry, and active, and all have breechings in addition to the crupper, and frequently breastings, to prevent the saddle from changing its position when ascending or descending mountains. In front of the saddle they carry *coginetes* (similar to our holsters) to hold provisions, brandy, etc., and some have also a painted horn slung behind their backs to carry an additional quantum of *eau de vie*. They wear a striped or colored *roana*, or mantle, and in wet seasons a second, lined with caoutchouc, and waterproof: their *samarras*, or overalls, are of tiger or dogskin, also water proof, and their hats are covered with oil-skin. They use what is known in Louisiana and the South as the "Spanish" saddle; the stirrup is of copper or iron, thoroughly sheltering the feet, similar to those in use by ladies, and their spurs are large, with enormous rowels. They are very expert in the use of the *lasso*, which, when not in hand, is coiled and fastened to the side of the saddle.

A friend promised us a long article for this month on the subject of the use of the *lasso*, but it has not turned up "at this present writing." In our next we hope to present it as an appropriate accompaniment to our engraving.

FIELD SPORTS OF ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO, Illinois, May 3, 1840.

DEAR SIR: In looking over your valuable magazine, I observed your pages were not confined exclusively to reporting the sports of the Turf; and presuming you will be interested to hear from the "Wild West," I have taken the liberty of giving you an account how we are getting along, and what we are doing.

In December last four of us started from this place in "military array, fully equipped for encampment," for the Sag, (an abbreviation for the Sa-gua-nash, a low marshy ground, made by the overflowing of the Des-Plaines River,) and arrived at 5 o'clock, P. M. Next morning as "Aurora began to reflect her liquid fire," we started in pursuit: our dogs were all "in trim;" we had not been out but ten minutes, before we were told, by the note of a favorite bitch, that "game was there." After chasing a large buck about three miles "up hill and through the valley," I shot him, and coming up to where he lay, I cut a gambrel and hung him up to a tree; about twenty rods further on, we "scared up" three more, two of which we killed in less than an hour. We then returned to camp, bearing the trophies of victory, and after partaking of the needful, to warm the inward man, we started again, and returned at one o'clock, P. M. with five more. Thinking we had enough venison, we put up our hounds, and went in search of grouse or prairie hens, taking along two favorite pointers; after traversing the prairie three hours, we killed sixty grouse—on the second day we killed four deer and thirty-seven grouse, and on the third day we killed two deer, eighteen grouse, and six ducks; making in all 14 deer, 115 grouse, and 6 ducks.

There is no part of this country where game is so plentiful as on the Prairies of Illinois. During this last winter, the citizens of this place and the neighboring farmers have killed 500 deer, besides grouse, ducks, geese, &c., "too numerous to mention;" such are the sports of the West.

The improvement of the breed of horses has received more attention for a few years past. Could I prevail upon the farmers to subscribe to your "Register," I should be glad: they then could detect "counterfeit" from blood horses. Our country is inundated every season by the most worthless blood, which is passed off as genuine, hence the worthlessness of our stock.

Col. JAMES M. STRODE, formerly of Kentucky, has this season brought a horse here, from the blood of old Rob Roy, of the John Randolph stock; he is a beauty, and I hope now we may have some good horses.

You will observe that I use the phrases current among us Suckers. Unaccustomed to writing for public prints, I am also unacquainted with the language of the Turf.

I am respectfully yours,

J. F. G.

ON RACING, BREEDING AND TRAINING.

The Decline of the Road—Mr. Sadler's Stud, and Establishment at Houghton Down—Mr. John Day's Training Stables at Danebury—Lord George Bentinck's Paddocks—Stockbridge Race Course and Stand—The Act relating to Horse Racing, and the Necessity for Horses being entered in the name of their Owners—Identity of Race Horses.

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years."

It is one of the most pleasing occupations of life to reflect upon past occurrences when they can be identified with individual superiority, or the flourishing condition of any undertakings which have tended to promote our national welfare.

The fame which was at one time established in this country for the very excellent accommodation afforded to travellers by stage-coaches has never been equalled in any other kingdom; but when we are told "the stars will fade away, and the sun grow dim with age," much greater reason have we to anticipate that the exertions of man will decline after having once acquired the climax of pre-eminence.

The taste for railway speculation has completely driven all our best-appointed coaches from those roads where the noxious vapours of the steam-engine have spread their pestiferous influence. But the poison has not spent its venom in such localities alone: like the basilisk, it has spread its vengeance wherever it can raise a look. The bright era of coaching is gone apparently for ever, and it is not a little extraordinary that the largest coach proprietor in England was not only the first to join the railroad speculators, but he was also the first to co-operate with them in the most effectual means of ruining almost every coach out of the great metropolis, of sacrificing all his country connexions, and then becoming a principal shareholder and the great leader of one of their undertakings! Whether these Railroad Companies will not very shortly repent of their speculations remains to be proved; but there appears to be something in the following lines so applicable to their position, that I cannot do better than quote them:—

"Themselves were first to do the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain;
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,
Until, by tasting it, himself was slain."

Unless railroad proprietors come to the determination of accommodating the public much more satisfactorily than they now do, they will never acquire confidential patronage; and the consequence will be, that the Legislature will enforce the necessary observances, and, by restricting their monopoly, reduce their profits.

Within a very few years, not more than four, what a change has taken place at Birmingham! From that town to London all the coaches are off, with the exception of a night conveyance, which

bears more the character of a luggage-van ! Who can contemplate without regret the loss of the *Tantivy*, which was to have been seen every morning at eight o'clock, punctual to the fraction of a second, ready to start from opposite the Hen and Chickens Hotel, full inside and out ! The four bays which worked over the first five miles of Mr. Stovin's ground were good enough to have graced even a private four-in-hand, and with their neat harness and aristocratic blue loin-cloths pronounced the taste of their proprietor ! In true keeping with all, the confident and dignified air of one of the best coachmen of the day, Harry Salisbury, appeared on the box, with the good-humored portly George Cheesman for his guard, playing just before the moment of starting the appropriate tune of "Chevy Chase." The last shake, which George always executed with great spirit, was the intimation "all's right ;" and away they trotted down Worcester-street, cleared the town, sprang into a gallop, and the five miles were always performed under twenty minutes.

Wilcox drove a splendid team in the *Manchester Express*, and it was highly amusing to sit by him and hear him lecture on conservatism.

Tilley had also a capital turn-out in the *Liverpool Erin*. I have often watched him forcing his way through a phalanx of carts, wagons, and other obstructions with which Bull-street is invariably crowded in the morning : he seemed to stand upon no ceremony, and even massive coal-carts were often *struck* with his resolution !

At the more aristocratic hour of twelve, the *Cheltenham Alert* occupied the space before the door of the Hotel, and was not less conspicuous than the others for the superiority of its appointments. It was driven by the late Captain Warbrick, who, poor fellow ! I lament to say, is gathered to his fathers, by which event the public have lost a most valuable servant, and his friends a most worthy and agreeable companion.

Wending my way to the fashionable and daily increasing town of Cheltenham, I flattered myself that I might find this interesting department conducted in its wonted style of superiority. The approaches as yet being uncontaminated by the immediate effects of steam, I conceived that the horses would still evince that breeding and condition which a few years since were so conspicuous ; that the coaches, harness, and other appointments would still declare, by their tasty and appropriate appearance, that there was a Master who was proud of their magnificence : but no ; the tarnishing influence of the gloomy vapor "might be resembled to a sick man's dream," and, compared with "the doings of by-gone days," everything appeared seedy and slow. Even the justly-famed *Berkeley Hunt*, formerly characterized as being one of the best appointed coaches in England, betrays a carelessness as to appearance : there is an air of tameness visible from the proprietor throughout every gradation connected with it : the coachmen assume a pensive manner, as though they were contemplating

" A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh their spirits down, and, lost, consume
The balm of life,"

whilst the horse-keepers begin to exclaim, "Othello's occupation's gone!"

In the more inferior department, especially of those coaches which travel the cross-country roads, a still greater contrast is observable; the stock are aged and slow, and when completely worn out, are replaced by horses which evidently evince a want of breeding. Calculating that the profits must shortly expire, the proprietors are unwilling to incur any outlay which is not positively necessary; and as opposition, the life and soul of the road, is out of the question, its vivifying advantages are lost to the public. Thus, whilst the railroads only afford a means of conveyance through certain parts of the kingdom—and even in those parts the fact of their being a superior accommodation to the community at large is very questionable—they have undoubtedly created immense and irreparable disadvantages by injuring the more legitimate and rational means of transit by coaches.

After a tedious journey from Cheltenham to Andover by the Southampton coach, whose pace does not much exceed seven miles an hour, I arrived at Stockbridge at the latter end of January, and was somewhat surprised at finding the principal street nearly covered with water, in several places half-way up to the knee, so that the inhabitants were compelled to erect temporary bridges with planks and such like conveniences to enable them to pass from one house to the other.

Before I had been long at this place, I was favored with a sight of the celebrated stallion *DEFENCE*, which fully repaid me for the tedious journey from Cheltenham. Even if I had experienced no greater pleasure, that would have been a sufficient reward for my pilgrimage; but I was furthermore treated with every demonstration of attention, and introduced to the two noted establishments of Mr. Sadler and Mr. John Day.

The first and most important object of attraction at Mr. Sadler's is his very superior horse *Defence*: he is decidedly the most perfect animal I ever saw. There is scarcely any object which does not satiate the mind by constant inspection: the most beautiful landscape in course of time becomes familiar to the senses, and loses its charms; the grandeur of an exhibition or of pageantry soon ceases to afford excitement and admiration: but I could stand and contemplate the beautiful symmetry of this magnificent horse for ever: there is a harmony in his proportions, which, whilst it creates a feeling of admiration, carries with it a soothing influence, which compels the eye to rest and contemplate the whole. I have seen many, I may say most, of our first-rate stallions, but I never yet saw one so completely excellent—I may add perfect in every point. I endeavored to find some fault in him, but my attempt was defeated.

The wonderful performances of *VENISON*, when he was only three years old, exceed anything on record at a similar age; he won at all distances, thereby proving his extraordinary speed and stoutness, which, added to the immense distances which he travelled on the road, leave no doubt as to his constitution; he is now

grown into a wonderfully powerful horse, and, being very different in his symmetry to Defence, is peculiarly adapted to get race-horses from such mares as the blood of the latter would not be suited to. Mr. Sadler could not have shewn greater discretion than in the selection of this stallion, because he is exactly calculated for such mares as could not with propriety be put to Defence.

The season for sending mares not having commenced, I had not an opportunity of seeing any but those which compose Mr. Sadler's stud: he has a very valuable selection, and two of them had just dropped their foals. The accommodations for brood mares is on a very extensive and superior scale, and, judging from their appearance, they are well attended to.

Two yearling colts by Defence demand commendations of no ordinary character. It would be mere empty praise to set forth his personal attributes if his stock did not possess equivalent merit. The one is *Barrier*, brother to Bulwark, and the other *Defyer*, brother to Defender; they are both deeply engaged, and with a fair share of luck will no doubt realize great Stakes. If they do not prove race-horses, there is no inference to be drawn from the symmetry and appearance of yearlings.

Mr. Sadler's private stables at Houghton Down, about a mile from Stockbridge, in the immediate vicinity of the training-ground, are occupied by some very promising young ones, all in readiness to commence work as soon as their engagements require them to do so; and, as far as I could ascertain, they were all doing well.

Mr. John Day ranks in such high estimation in the racing world that I have been for a long time anxious to see his training-stables and exercise-ground. The accommodation for horses far exceeds anything that I have ever met with at one establishment, both as regards comfort and convenience, and also extent. There are upwards of fifty stalls and loose boxes, and there did not appear to be a great many unoccupied.

There are two distinct yards, adjoining one of which the dwelling-house is situated: over the stables are granaries, hay-lofts, and sleeping-rooms for the boys, for whom every accommodation is provided, and the greatest regularity exacted. Unless youth of all classes are properly disciplined, the assemblage of numbers creates confusion and disobedience. Amongst other good arrangements, their attendance at church every Sunday is strictly enforced, and John Day, highly to his credit, invariably attends with them. If all trainers would follow this example, and pay equal regard to the propriety of conduct of the boys whom they employ, they would find less difficulty in exacting obedience from them.—When boys become too heavy to be employed in racing-stables, they frequently experience some difficulty in procuring situations in private families in consequence of the disorderly habits which they generally acquire; but any lad that could obtain a character from Mr. Day might with safety be taken into any family.

One of the most remarkable characters of the age is the senior Mrs. Day, the worthy mother of the aforesaid John. Instigated by the best feelings of maternal affection, her only happiness appears

to be centered in the welfare of her family ; thus her daily occupations are devoted to their interests ; and, although upwards of seventy years of age, she is more active than many women of thirty-five. Having been for many years accustomed to the training and management of horses, she would be unhappy if deprived of her daily attendance upon them. Her experience and judgment on all such occasions are superior to those of most men, and in the absence of her son she will give orders what work the horses are to perform, and direct the pace with unequivocal propriety. In cases of illness she is particularly clever, and she compounds all the medicines. The mares and foals come especially under her care, and her treatment of strangles is said to be particularly successful. Such an assistant is invaluable ; for although servants may be employed, they cannot be expected to evince the same interest as so near a relative ; neither are there many to be found who possess her judgment. The respect which her meritorious conduct ensures adds vastly to her authority, and she is one of the most entertaining companions that can be met with.

The renown which John Day has arrived at in his profession as a jockey is so well established that it is scarcely necessary to make any remarks ; but his peculiar qualifications are not so thoroughly known. Very few men can be found in any station of life capable of undergoing the fatigue which he can endure, and are at the same time endowed with equal vigor of mind. When the racing season commences, independently of his important duties as a trainer, none of which are ever neglected, he has to undergo the punishment of wasting, and an immense share of travelling to accomplish. For all these avocations his habits are conspicuously adapted : he most punctiliously avoids drinking wine or spirits, a determination which not only renders his services more valuable to his employers, but it enables him to undergo the restrictions necessary to reduce his weight with much greater ease and comfort to himself. There is no greater proof of a man's habitual sobriety than the fact that a very moderate quantity of liquor overpowers him ; and I heard a curious anecdote of my friend John having during the festivities of Christmas allowed himself to be taken unawares by the insignificant power of one-third of a bottle of sherry and two glasses of brandy-and-water ; the moiety of one glass of the latter, however, he did not consume ; so great was the effect, that he actually mistook the timely assistance of his son for the interference of a stranger, whose intentions he by no means appreciated as friendly, and was more anxious to follow "the even tenor of his way" than to be under obligations to one whom he conceived was an officious intruder of the road.

John Day's principal employer is Lord George Bentinck, who has several extensive paddocks adjoining the training-stables, which, by a liberal outlay of capital, are in a way to become very complete. His Lordship spares no expense to render everything as perfect as the art of man can make it. Under his directions the exercise ground has in several places been newly laid down and improved, and fresh gallops have been made, so that there is plenty of change,

—an essential point where there are so many horses constantly at work. The nature of the land is admirably calculated for the purpose, although the deluge of rain which had fallen, and which continued to fall during the whole of the time that I was in the neighborhood, made it appear to a disadvantage, and would have been the cause of its being sadly cut up, but for the accommodation derived from so great an extent. The best ground was therefore reserved for a future period, when the horse would be in stronger work, and the land more dry.

Stockbridge race-course is situated close to Danebury, and has a small but exceedingly well-arranged Stand, the front of which is placed diagonally instead of parallel with the course, by which arrangement the spectators obtain an excellent view of the horses all the way up to the winning-post, and those who are at the back of the Stand have an equal chance of seeing the race with those who are in front. If this plan were to be adopted by the architects of all race-stands, they would afford much greater accommodation to the public.

On reference to the Racing Calendar I recognise seven or eight colts in the Derby, and three or four fillies in the Oaks; but if we are to judge from the betting, Day's chance of winning the former this year is not very flattering. As to the Oaks, if Crucifix comes well to the post, her defeat will be an unexpected event: she is certainly a splendid mare, and her running last year was so very superior that whatever beats her must be an extraordinary animal.

To offer an opinion merely upon seeing horses at their exercise, even when they are performing strong work, is at best a matter of some presumption; but when they are only at slow work, it is still more problematical to attempt to estimate their merits. At such a time as this, nothing could justify the advancement of an opinion beyond the performances of those which have been out in public, of whom valuable criticisms from the pens of other contributors have been already published in the pages of *MAGA*.

The recent discovery of the existence of an old Act of Parliament, which rendered it imperative that every horse should be entered in the name of his owner, has created some sensation in the Racing World, so much so as to induce the Duke of Richmond to introduce a Bill to repeal the penalties which it imposes. It appears somewhat extraordinary that this Act should have been forgotten, as it was annually advertised in the Racing Calendar until the year 1820. So far as the retrospective view which it took, it was obviously necessary to adopt the course which has been put into operation, otherwise informers and such like gentry might have sued most owners of race-horses for penalties which had been inadvertently incurred; but beyond this, it is an Act which it would have been bad policy to have repealed, neither ought it to have been allowed to have lain dormant, unless a similar rule of the Jockey Club had supplied its place.

It is of the greatest importance to the healthy condition of racing speculations that the *bonâ fide* owner of every horse should be recognised. Although the laws of racing require that all Stakes and

forfeits shall be paid before starting, and that the neglect disqualifies the owner from receiving any Stakes which his horse may subsequently win, even if the defalcation was on the part of a previous possessor, yet these rules are constantly infringed: a claimant cannot always ascertain where a horse will be sent to; and unless the Stakes which he is about to run for have closed some time previous to the race, so as to have appeared in the Calendar, there is no chance of stopping his progress. Amongst the lower Orders of the racing fraternity this is a very common practice, as well as that of running two horses for races wherein there are heats.

In cases of horses being entered in the names of persons who subscribed to Stakes for the purpose of supporting local meetings, providing that entry had been accompanied by the name of the owner of the horse, the Act could not have interfered; it did not provide against other persons becoming responsible for the payment of Stakes or Subscriptions: it merely stated "that no person shall enter, start, or run any horse, mare, or gelding, for one and the same plate, prize, sum of money, or other thing, unless such horse, mare, or gelding, shall be truly and *bonâ fide* the property of and belonging to such person so entering, starting, or running the same horse, mare, or gelding;" but there is not a word about that person being compelled to be the subscriber to the Stakes: and at the time the Act was passed, with very few exceptions, Free Plates without any subscription in the form of Stakes appear to have been the order of the day.

Thus, if Mr. A. had been a subscriber to the Goodwood Stakes, and he gave his nomination to Mr. B., by making the entry thus, the conditions of the Act would have been complied with—"Mr. A. names Mr. B.'s horse." This now appears to be a circumstance for the consideration of the Jockey Club, so that every person receiving a nomination should be compelled to couple his own name with that of his horse. There are many instances of defaulters still keeping race-horses, and which are well known to be their property, whilst by running them in the names of other persons the real owners escape the payment of former Stakes to a large amount so long as the payments are made good for the horse which is running.

The identity of race-horses appears likewise to demand some attention, and certainly might be effected by a simple course, providing the Legislature or the Members of the Jockey Club would interfere. It is very certain that horses are smuggled into large Stakes older than they are represented to be, and the numbers of thorough-bred ones which are denominated cocktails is incredible. The Stud Book, being compiled from the information supplied by breeders themselves, without any corroborative evidence or description beyond that of sex and color, is a mere nonentity, because they may return any description of their stud which they think proper, and which is best suited to their purpose, whilst the statement of a mare being barren during a year that she produces a foal, or any other incorrect information, can never be detected in a retired situation.

The protection which appears to be most feasible is, that no horse be allowed to be entered for any thorough-bred Stakes unless a proper description of him when a yearling be returned to Messrs. Weatherby, at whose office a copy of that description might be obtained for a small fee, by any person having a horse in the Stakes, the aforesaid description being in the form of a certificate, signed by the breeder, and countersigned by some *competent and responsible disinterested person*, and should contain a declaration of the color, marks, and peculiarities of the yearling; and that the return should be made before the subject in question has entered upon his second year, by which regulation the age would be clearly proved.

The question then arises, who would be the most proper person to corroborate the entry made by the breeder, and sign the statement? It should certainly be a person resident in the neighborhood, as the check would be more effective. Few men would have the temerity to exchange their produce, or play knavish tricks, if they knew that their actions were closely watched, and consequently subject to detection. The Clerks of Races appear to be a proper description of persons, each of whom might take a certain district, and should be paid by the owners a certain small fee as a compensation for their trouble. Collectors of taxes would also be eligible persons, but I question whether their services could be acquired unless by an Act of the Legislature. PHŒNIX.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for April, 1840.]

PEDIGREE OF MARY POWELL.

FRANKFORT, Ky., May 10, 1840.

MR. EDITOR: In the April number of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," for 1840, appeared a communication over the signature "D." correcting the pedigree of the Sir Archy mare *Mary Powell*, owned by me. I regret exceedingly that I should have given publicity to an erroneous pedigree, if such it be; but as I think like "D." that all pedigrees should be correct, and being well aware that vast numbers of people in the United States have been sadly deceived by spurious ones, I am nevertheless highly gratified at the correction, more particularly on account of the friendly tone in which it seems to have been made. I imagine that I am personally, and well acquainted with "D.," and if I mistake not, I know that from his general knowledge of blood stock, the relation which he bore to Mr. Jones, the owner of the Diomed mare Miss Selden, mentioned in the pedigree of Mary Powell, and his adjacent residence to Mr. Amis, that his opportunity of knowing the pedigrees of their stock must have been good; but notwithstanding all these circumstances, he may still, possibly, be mistaken, for he seems not to be positive that Mary Powell was the filly to whose pedigree he has alluded.

He states that "at the death of Mr. Jones, Miss Selden was one year old only," and that "his horse Wildair was then six years old," and that "he could not consequently trace to Miss Selden," which in the pedigree, as given by me, is not in any manner attempted to be done; the Wildair mare is only represented as the granddaughter of Miss Selden, which might very possibly have been the case, provided Wildair lived seven or eight years after the death of Mr. Jones; but as I really know nothing of the ancestry of Mary Powell, I shall say nothing more, but merely beg permission to state a few facts, which I hope will measurably excuse me for publishing the pedigree that I have, even if incorrect.

In the year 1836 I stood the horse Henry Tonson at the town of Jackson, Northampton County, N. C., and the mare Mary Powell was sent to him by Messrs. J. Drake & W. E. Crump, of that place, who had recently purchased her for that purpose, from Mr. Shirley Tisdale, a highly respectable gentleman, who then resided within about two miles of Jackson. Soon after the mare was sent to Henry Tonson, in a conversation which I had with Mr. Tisdale, he informed me that he purchased her at the executors' sale of the late William Amis, and assured me that her pedigree was as published by me, and that he had a certificate of the same from Mr. John D. Amis, son of the aforesaid William Amis.

With this assurance of the correctness of her pedigree, I purchased the mare from Messrs. Drake & Crump, at a small advance on the price paid by them to Mr. Tisdale, and obtained from Mr. Tisdale the following copy of a certificate *given to him after he had purchased the filly*, by Mr. John D. Amis, and his own certificate of the correctness of said copy endorsed thereon, which I now have before me, and will give verbatim.

COPY OF MR. AMIS' CERTIFICATE GIVEN TO MR. TISDALE.

MARY POWELL, a bay mare, belonging to Shirley Tisdale, was got by Sir Archy, out of a Rattler mare, she out of a Wildair, she out of a Pantaloon, and she out of Mr. Willie Jones' old Diomed mare.

(Signed)

JOHN D. AMIS.

COPY OF MR. TISDALE'S CERTIFICATE ENDORSED ON THE ABOVE.

I do hereby certify that the within is the true pedigree as given me by Mr. John D. Amis, and have every reason to believe it correct.

(Signed)

SHIRLEY TISDALE.

Mr. Tisdale assured me that the Rattler in this pedigree was the son of Imp. Shark, out of Lady Legs by Imp. Centinel—that the Wildair was Jones' Wildair, and that Mr. Jones' old Diomed mare was Miss Selden—and I, entertaining no doubt of the correctness of the pedigree, have continued to breed the mare to the best horses ever since I purchased her, viz.: Goliah, Shark, and Imp. Priam. But notwithstanding all that has been said and certified, the pedigree may be incorrect, and as "D." seems to be confident that such is the fact, although he appears not *certainly to know anything of Mary Powell*, I am induced to entertain a doubt of it myself, and should be exceedingly obliged to "D." to Mr. Tisdale, or to Mr. Amis, if any of them would ascertain the true pedigree of Mary Powell, and make it known through the medium of the

"American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," or forward it to me in time to have it recorded in Mr. Edgar's "American Race Turf Register, Sportsman's Herald, and General Stud Book," which will probably go to press at some early day. My address is Frankfort, Kentucky.

ROBERT STERLING WOODING.

ECLIPSE AND FLYING CHILDERS.

It is our intention to devote the present chapter entirely to the history of that extraordinary animal the Flying (or Devonshire) Childers, commonly supposed to have been the speediest and best racer that ever went "on four pasterns." This is a proposition that we cannot absolutely verify, but we may fairly assert it to be one which is very nearly demonstrable, for, with the single exception of Eclipse, we can show that he was faster and better than any horse that ever started in Great Britain; and as the English race-horse has always beaten in every climate with the greatest possible ease, horses of every other breed, it follows that one of the first places in the first class of horses must be assigned to him. With respect to the priority of place between Childers and Eclipse in point of speed, we think it impossible to decide between their respective claims for this the Championship of the Turf; and for this opinion we shall give our reasons hereafter.

We are informed in the old Turf Registers that Childers was a *chestnut* horse, something exceeding fifteen hands high, with "a part white on his nose, and four white legs." To one portion of this description we must beg leave to object, as he was certainly a *bay*, not a *chestnut* horse: our evidence for this assertion is, we think, indisputable, being his original portrait at Chatsworth, taken from the life, and we may add, as large as life. From this picture it appears that Childers was a bay, not much above fifteen hands, with four white feet and fetlocks, with a portion of the leg of the same, to fastidious eyes, objectionable color. He had also a large white "snip," as such marks are usually termed, on the nose; not a "blaze," nor a "ratch," which signify, the one a broad, the other a narrow streak along the front of horses; not a star, which is a single roundish spot on the centre; but, in fact, a not very dissimilar spot to the latter, only situated on the point of the nose.

We are informed that he was bred by Mr. Childers, of Carr House, very nearly adjoining the splendid race-course of Doncaster, and sold when young to the Duke of Devonshire. We may therefore assign as the scene of his early days the limestone paddocks of Chatsworth, so contiguous to the pastures of Haddon, where the successful stud of the Duke of Rutland was at the same time established. There have been various popular stories extant, which we have ourselves heard related many long years ago, to the effect that Childers was only used as a hunter, till, his amazing speed having accidentally been ascertained, he was tried on the

Turf to the discomfiture of every rival. To these no credit can be attached, as Childers was of the best racing blood of the day, and his noble owner, the Duke of Devonshire, had previously been possessed of Basto, his very near kinsman, a very superior race-horse, also of Fox, and others of the same breed. The first of his matches in public, too, was when he was only rising six years old, which was quite as early as race-horses were commonly trained at the period when Flying Childers flourished. Of his pedigree we have already given some account, while endeavoring to establish our proposition that the English full-blood horse is entirely a new variety, originated in this country by the admixture, during the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, of a great number of crosses from various Oriental breeds, Arabs, Barbs, and Turks. It is certain that in the veins of Flying Childers there was not one drop, not the most distant strain, of the aboriginal horse of England or of Europe.

His sire was the Darley Arabian, of whom more hereafter; his dam a mare purchased by Mr. Childers of Mr. Leedes, of North Milforth, and on that account distinguished by the name of Betty Leedes. The latter was by a horse named Careless, or, to distinguish him from the celebrated horse of a later day (Mr. Borlase Warren's), "Old Careless," bred also by Mr. Leedes, and sold to the Marquis, afterwards Duke of Wharton. The grandam of Childers was an own sister to the stallion Leedes, by Mr. Leedes' own Arabian. The great grandam was a mare by Spanker. The great great grandam was the Old Morocco Mare, which was, however, bred in England, being by a Barb of the great Republican leader Lord Fairfax. The great great great grandam of Childers was by an Arabian horse of the same nobleman; and the great great great great grandam was an imported Barbary mare.

The only English-bred stallions that occur in this pedigree are Careless and Spanker; Careless, we must therefore add, was a son of Spanker out of a Barb mare, and Spanker himself by the D'Arcy Yellow Turk, out of the above mentioned "Old Morocco Mare." That Childers was entirely and exclusively bred from Oriental ancestors is therefore manifest, and it appears also that he was the seventh cross which had been acclimated in this country. There are three crosses of the Arabian blood, four at least of the Barb, and one several times repeated of the celebrated D'Arcy Yellow Turk. The most singular feature in this pedigree is the exception it affords to the well-known, and commonly as well as justly-established rule, of never breeding "in and in," when you can get a good as well as a wider cross. We nevertheless hold with the law itself, and are thoroughly convinced of the correctness of the generally recognised principle of breeding, that to go on selecting a sire and dam from the same family for any long continuance, produces an unfailing degeneracy on the average, however brilliant may be one or two individuals thus produced.

The Darley Arabian, sire of Childers, may be regarded as second in celebrity, for as a matter of course the Godolphin must be admitted to stand the *first* among all those imported from the East.

He was, in England, the property of Mr. Darley, whose family are still seated at Aldby Grange, between York and Malton. The brother of Mr. Darley was Consul at Aleppo, where he purchased this fine and beautiful animal, for such in his portrait he undoubtedly appears. He did not cover any considerable number of mares, and very few that were thorough-bred; it is not therefore possible for him to compete with the Godolphin in the number, though he is certainly not inferior in the quality, of his offspring. Mr. Darley had one very good mare, bred by Sir Matthew Pierson, and by Wilkes' Old Hautboy, sire of Sir Matthew's Bay Bolton, to whom it is not improbable that she was own sister. This mare bred to the Darley Arabian Aleppo and Almanzor, two very good racers, and also a white-legged horse, sold to the Duke of Somerset, which, having met with an accident, never started, but was supposed to have been of equal promise. Bartlett's Childers, own brother to the wonderful subject of this chapter, never started, but was an excellent stallion. We may here notice that the Darley Arabian was, through the last-mentioned horse, the direct progenitor of the old Squirt Mare, and Marske, the sire of Eclipse.

If the matter be duly considered, we have no great reason to be surprised on finding that the public performances of Childers, though brilliant, are few in number. In 1721, when rising six years, he won a Match, four miles, at 8st. 7lb. each, against the Duke of Bolton's Speedwell. He also beat Chanter in a Match for 1000 gs., 10st. each, six miles. He received forfeit in several other Matches at Newmarket for large sums and against the best horses. At the period in question there were no public or open Sweepstakes; there were very few public prizes of sufficient interest to induce the owners of Childers to forego the use of so well-bred a racer in the stud; and when his unprecedented speed had once been proved, none were likely to enter into fresh Matches against so formidable a competitor. Hence it is that Childers ran so seldom in public; for it is from the private trials of his speed and bottom, which were made by the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland, that we gather the fact of his amazing superiority to other horses.

The print of Childers, which is extant in the series of our early race-horses published by Stubbs and Seymour, represents him as a very remarkable animal; he is depicted as a long thick horse on very short legs, which are strong, with large joints: the shoulder appears very large and muscular, the back broad and prodigiously strong, the thighs amazingly thick; in short, the picture at once gives the idea of the best horse in the world. His head is carried uncommonly high, the mouth inwards to the breast, and the neck arched, the horse being held with a curb-bridle by a strong arm acting upon a firm seat. The forelegs are high, but thrown out so as to convey the impression of a prodigiously long stroke or stride, the very opposite to *high and round*, and the haunches under the body as preparing for an effort, which, though wonderful, seems only natural to Childers. We must confess we never saw any horse go quite so strong and well as this print gives the impression

of Childers having done; but of all the horses we have seen gallop, Sultan running over the Two-year-old Course at Newmarket presented the nearest resemblance.

We shall now proceed to detail the few trials of the speed of Flying Childers which are recorded; and when these are compared, as we propose to do, with the most remarkable performances in regard to time to which any degree of authenticity attaches, they will indeed appear surprising, fully entitling him to the name he bore.

Childers ran over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, which was 4 miles 1 furlong 138 yards, in 7 minutes 30 seconds. This, we believe, is 45 *seconds less time* than the same course was run over by those celebrated racers Hambletonian and Diamond in 1799. The 45 seconds, we may observe, is equal to 700 yards, or rather more. Again, he ran over the Round Course at Newmarket, which was then 3 miles 6 furlongs and 93 yards, in 6 minutes 42 seconds. The course at Doncaster, which about forty years ago was called "the Four-Mile Course," is exactly sixty yards *shorter* than this, and was never run to our knowledge faster than by Alonzo beating Orville in 1802. The weights, allowing for age, were pretty nearly equal to that carried by Childers, and the distance was performed in 7 minutes and 10 seconds. We must allow 4 seconds for the sixty yards: the difference between 6 minutes 42 seconds, and 7 minutes 14 seconds, is 32 seconds, equivalent to at least 500 yards. The particulars recorded of this trial establish its truth and authenticity: three horses came to the post, Childers carrying 9st. 2lb., and Almanzor and Brown Betty carrying 8st. 2lb. each. The horses kept nearly together for half the distance, after which Childers came away and left them behind, beating both by more than a quarter of a mile. We conclude therefore that Almanzor and Brown Betty had run themselves out in the first two miles. The Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland are stated to have held separate watches during the race, the above account being derived from the very period. We therefore think that were Childers now alive he would easily beat the best racers of the present day a quarter of a mile in a four-mile race. He beat Fox in another trial, and Fox was a superior horse of that day, about that distance over the Beacon Course, giving him twelve pounds in weight.

The result of all the experiments on his speed was much the same, and, when reduced, we find that the rate at which he could run the distance of four miles was as nearly as can be of any possible importance about one thousand yards in one minute. Now the fastest running that has been timed for many years past by the best horses of their respective periods does not furnish us with a rate of going of more than nine hundred and ten or twelve yards in one minute during a four-mile race. We instance, for example, Cock-fighter and Sir Solomon, Alonzo and Orville, Haphazard and Marcia, Lisette and Cervantes, Catton and Altisidora, Laurel and Fleur-de-lis. But all these performances are so nearly at the same speed one with another as strikingly to confirm each other.

Our readers will of course perceive that in the preceding state-

ments, and the calculations we have founded upon them, we have entirely rejected the popular and often-repeated story that "Childers and Eclipse could each run a mile in a minute;" the fact being that there is no account whatever of either of these very superior animals being tried so short a distance: of Eclipse indeed no trial at all against time, at least we have never met with it, is recorded. That this notion is absurd and impossible may very readily be shewn, for we have no instance of late years where any horse has been recorded to have run a mile even in a minute and a half; and therefore if Childers could have run it in one minute, he could have beaten our best horses six hundred yards in that distance. Now we have shewn, from authentic evidence, that in his four-mile rate, he was nearly, not quite, one hundred yards in a minute faster than ordinary good racers: to believe him therefore for a single mile six hundred yards better in one minute is impossible.

While upon this subject we will notice another popular tale equally improbable, namely, that Firetail and Pumpkin ran the Rowley Mile in 1773, at Newmarket, in the wonderfully short period of one minute four seconds and *a half*. This accuracy reminds one of Robin Hood's bow-shot, "four North-country miles and *an inch*." We are perfectly certain that this feat is impossible for any horse, and we think we can demonstrate from cotemporary evidence the utter falsehood of this account. Lord Clermont's Johnny, a son of Match'em, of the same year with the above horses, was in the year 1775, being then six years old, which was an advantage of two years in age, matched in a bet between Lord Clermont and Mr. Jennings for 200 gs., P.P., to run in November the very same Rowley Mile in *one minute and thirty-five seconds*, this horse having that very year won nine and received forfeit six times, having been only beaten once, when he fell. Lord Clermont paid 50 gs. to be let off his Match. Johnny had had two Matches against Firetail, receiving about 10lb.: he had won one and lost the other; he had also beaten Pumpkin in one Match, receiving weight. This compromise and its terms prove pretty conclusively that a mile in one minute and a half was then considered the maximum of speed in the English race-horse, and such it is at the present day. We have been assured by a very old Sportsman, whose memory embraced the period itself, that the truth of the matter really was that Firetail and Pumpkin ran the distance in *a minute and a half and four seconds*, an error in recording the performance having been committed at the time, and copied by one compiler from another ever since.

The only racer in England that ever displayed a superiority over his cotemporaries at all resembling that of Childers is undoubtedly Eclipse. It is in our opinion a matter of uncertainty which of the two evinced this in the greatest degree. In 1770, at York, Eclipse, running against Tortoise and Bellario, two horses as good as any of their day, was a distance a-head at the Two-mile turn, although hard held, and won so exceedingly easy that it was impossible to form any opinion as to the space by which he might have beaten his opponents had he put out all his powers. Subsequently, when

running against Pensioner, it being impossible to get money on the race, the friends of Eclipse bet 7 to 4 very freely that *he distanced* his opponent—a distance being 240 yards—and this he did with most exceeding ease.

There is reason to believe that the speed of the English race-horse did improve during more than half a century from the commencement of regular racing, about the year 1700. We have inspected an account of certain trials of the horses belonging to Lord Godolphin about the years 1730--40: these were recorded in a MS. lent to us by a Sportsman who was in his boyhood page to King George the Second. From their great exactness we have little doubt that the distances were accurately measured. Four miles were run by Cade in eight minutes and ten seconds, and eight minutes and five seconds, but never within eight minutes. Cade, though he won but once or twice in public, on those occasions proved himself in the first form of horses. His trials were the fastest recorded in the above-mentioned manuscript. About the year 1756 three capital horses, Brilliant, Spectator and Match'em, ran one of the heats for the Jockey Club Plate over the Round Course at Newmarket at a rate of speed, which, calculated for four miles, would have performed the distance in eight minutes and *three* seconds. In another race with Trajan, Match'em, then at his best, ran the same course considerably faster, at such a rate that he would have performed four measured miles in 7 minutes and 44 seconds. In 1764, at York, Beaufremont, beating the never-before-conquered mare "Yorkshire Jenny," Engineer, and several other noted racers, ran the Four Mile Course faster than it had ever been known to be run before, the time being 7 minutes 51 seconds, which, computed for *four measured* miles, is equal to 8 minutes and 4 seconds. It is only fair to observe, that the turn at York must necessarily be a few seconds to the disadvantage of any horse in a Match against Time. Two years afterwards this speed was greatly exceeded by Bay Malton beating Jerkin, who was second, and several others, Beaufremont, and the celebrated stallion though indifferent racer King Herod, being the two last. On this occasion the distance was run in $7\frac{1}{2}$ seconds less time than on the former; which rate of speed would have performed four standard miles in about 7 minutes and 56 seconds. In 1793, and several times since, the York four miles have been run at a rate that would perform four miles in 7 minutes and 43 seconds, but never that we are aware, at a greater rate than this. May we not, then, from these facts, be justified in concluding that the English race-horse did improve in speed for nearly one hundred years after the introduction of the breed into this country? Whether this was the effect of his attaining greater size, or to superior and earlier training, we cannot determine. It appears to us that since the year 1790 there has been no improvement, and during the last twenty years rather the reverse, owing to the extensive export of our best mares and stallions.

The fastest performance which has been recorded in any foreign country is one of a celebrated racer, the "American Eclipse," who

ran four miles, we have been assured on safe authority, on Long Island, in 7 minutes and 52 seconds.*

Of Childers as a stallion we have little to say: there is reason to suppose that he covered very few mares on account of his being kept almost exclusively for the use of the studs of Chatsworth and Haddon, a not unfrequent practice formerly. The produce of Childers did not certainly inherit the amazing superiority of their sire, but he was not, as some have said, a bad stallion. He was the sire of several good racers; and as Sampson was got by one of his sons, and Snap by another, there are two most superior lines, remarkable both for size and speed, descended directly from him. Bartlett's Childers, his own and only brother, was a much more common, and on that account more popular stallion; this latter was undoubtedly one of the best that ever lived. Among his produce are Squirt (sire of Marske, Syphon, and Mr. Pratt's "old mare," decidedly the best brood mare in the Stud Book), and the little Hartly Mare. Eclipse, Blank, Dormouse, Old England, Shark, and a hundred of other good mares, might be quoted as descended immediately from him.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for May, 1840.]

* If we are to judge of the authenticity of the facts given above, with regard to time, from the statement as to the performances of our Eclipse, the writer's assertions will be regarded with very little confidence. Eclipse, then nine years old, carried 126lbs., while Henry, a four-year-old, carried 108lbs. Henry won the first heat by half a length in 7:37, and Eclipse the 2d and 3d easily in 7:49—8:24. If the writer in the "Sporting Magazine" will refer to Vol. XLII. of that work (published in 1823), pages 25—57, he will find a full description of the horses and the particulars of the race, etc., which were communicated by the celebrated sporting writer, John Lawrence.—*Ed. Am. Turf Register.*

HUNTING MISERIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISERIMUS."

MISERY I.—Getting up on a hunting morning and finding a frost; but of such doubtful intensity that you don't know whether to go or stay at home. Going at last, and getting laughed at for your pains.

II.—Frosty morning as above:—having ordered your horse to be *hay'd*, and yourself settled down to the last Quarterly, the glimmer of red coats passing by your window, and the cries of "Yoicks!"

III.—Having thoughtlessly invited an *Irresistible* to breakfast on a foxing day, and having waited in vain till the last moment, when you have been obliged to dispatch your meal in all haste, and have only just five minutes left to go to cover in, the appearance of said *Irresistible* at (literally) "the eleventh hour," showing not the slightest disposition to forego his breakfast, and reducing you to the pleasant alternative of staying to carve cold ham while the

hounds are drawing a sure find, or leaving the *Irresistible* behind—alone with your wife.

IV.—The announcement of your groom that the new hunter you have bought at Leamington, is the old horse you sold last spring, as past all further work.

V.—Looking round, at the moment of a find, to enjoy a laugh at the poor devil to whom half a dozen bumpkins on a gate are crying out, “Surry, thee’s lost a shu!”—and finding that the poor devil is no other than your noble self.

VI.—Having refused a rather awkward fence in your line, finding that by going about you have, in lieu of one *rather* bad one, to face two *dev’lish* bad ones:—One *wren*,—for two *bullfinches*.

VII.—Your *début* in Gloucestershire, when looking with sovereign contempt on a knot of slow ones following the leader over a gap in the stone wall, you gallantly charge the fence on a line of your own, and come like the laying of a first stone into a stone-quarry.

VIII.—The state of your feelings at that moment when, having brought all the hounds and their attendants to your elbow by halloaing away a fox, your mind misgives you as to whether it was *really* a fox, or only an old jack hare.

IX.—Riding, up-wind, in spectacles during the rain. N.B. Nothing to wipe them with, but a glove as wet as they—with the additional recommendation of an ample provision of pipeclay, which smears ’em over at every wipe, and leaves you in the condition of the poor kitchen-maids who have nothing but ground glass to look thro’ at their lovers!

X.—Galloping,—the *last* of a large field,—by a Ladies’ Boarding School!

XI.—Having got an awkward purl at a fence, seeing the little boy on the pony clear it in excellent style.

XII.—Riding full swing at a gate, which is in “full swing” too, and finding that with all your generalship you cannot get through before it closes, and no time to pull up; your horse, of course, as much puzzled as you, not knowing whether you mean him to jump it or not. The *flounder* cheap!

XIII.—Your *forbearance* on finding your new stable-lad making fly-lines out of your favorite’s bang tail.

XIV.—Having the lead with a fine dog-fox over a beautiful turf country, being obliged to whip off in favor of the other *ten couple* of hounds which have gone away with another fox at the other end of the wood.

XV.—Being called upon to return thanks at a Hunt Dinner, when your voice is breaking, and your eloquence has never been *broken-in*.

XVI.—Being obliged to act as steward at a Hunt Ball *the same evening*.

XVII.—Your doubts as to whether the hat upon which your horse lighted in his last jump, had a head in it or not.

XVIII.—Asking who the “old codger on the dog horse” is, and learning that he is your informant’s father.

XIX.—Waiting, ready booted and spurred, at a rural rail-way-station for your horse, which at length arrives—but in a train which only stops at first class ones. (Consoled, that he has never been *properly trained*.)

XX.—Your feelings as master of a pack, on seeing your hounds make a cast on the neighboring railway,—just as the main train is coming in.

XXI.—Or (to make shorter work of it) seeing the fox go to ground in the tunnel, with the whole pack at his brush; while you

“Know by the smoke that so gracefully curls”

at the other end of it that a train has *just entered*.

XXII.—The “mixed train” of your thoughts for the next ⁹⁹⁹₅₀₀₀th part of a minute.

XXIII.—Having inadvertently boasted of your knowledge of a country, finding yourself selected on that account (and on that account *only*) to escort the young lady who is going to “follow the hounds” to-morrow morning. No Map!

XXIV.—Having just succeeded in wrenching open a gate, during which you have displayed a most magnanimous contempt for broken hinges and dislocated locks, seeing the farmer himself coming up the hedgerow in savage “Agricultural Distress.”

XXV.—Being asked (and unable to reply in a *positive negative*) whether that is the horse that reared up the other day and fell backwards, and killed poor Spurrier, the rough-rider.

XXVI.—(Being a clergyman) having waited till half-past eleven for a couple who were to have been married at nine, going at last to the hunting meet, and finding the hounds gone away (with their fox) an hour ago.

XXVII.—Reading the county paper next Saturday, where you find the event duly chronicled—with editorial strictures on the impropriety of *refusing to bury a corpse* on a hunting morning.

XXVIII.—Being called upon for “A southerly wind and a cloudy sky,” when you have been all the morning getting up “Old Towler.”

XXIX.—Hearing your friend, a good *Christian*, offered 50 gs. for a horse of *yours*, which he is riding on liking at 25.

XXX.—Inveighing in your choicest Billingsgate against the cruelty and foolery of steeple-chasing, to a stranger who turns out to be Captain Beecher.

XXXI.—Your indecision as to whether you shall wait till all the field have gone through the park-gate (hounds running like the devil all the while), or plunge at once into the *wedge* of horses, two out of every three of which are known kickers.

XXXII.—Having cleared a stiff bullfinch to the admiration of the whole field, discovering in the midst of your triumph that you have left one of your stirrups behind you.

XXXIII.—In the middle of a large cover, listening to the jokes of some devilish merry fellow (who doesn't hunt himself,) and learning from the old woodman that the hounds have been gone away

this half hour—in what direction deponent sayeth not. The joker merely come to see the throw off.

XXXIV.—Having to run three miles in top-boots to a farmhouse for a rope, and six or eight able-bodied men, to drag your horse out of a bog in the middle of a neighboring common. No ropes!

XXXV.—Finding that the poachers have been at work in your covers by a favorite hound getting trapped in one of them—for which *you* have all the credit.

XXXVI.—In stag-hunting (for the first or second time) not knowing whether you ought to cry “tally-ho” or “tantivy.”

XXXVII.—And, in your love for classicality, fixing on the latter.

XXXVIII.—Riding a horse that *is* to go—when he gets warm.

XXXIX.—Riding a horse that has an odd leg, without having had any previous practice on camels or dromedaries.

XL.—Riding to a holloa at the *top* of the wood, which you find proceeds from a boy frightening crows; who, however, gives you a most animated description of the brilliant burst they have had from the *bottom*.

XLI.—Being rather absent, finding on your arrival at the meet that, instead of your Malacca cane, you have brought out your German flute.

XLII.—Riding a strange man's horse in a strange country, where you are expected to keep up the dignity of your own Hunt.

XLIII.—Strange man riding *your* horse.

XLIV.—Being first up at a check, finding yourself called upon to state how far the hounds brought the scent, when it is just as much as you can do to account for your being there yourself?

XLV.—Being the only surgeon out, and called upon to pull up in the middle of a good run, to bleed the little boy who has tumbled off his pony.

XLVI.—Finding on the morning of a most glorious day and a very crack fixture, that your horse has been loose all night and ate up all the oats and beans, together with the *bonne bouche* of a quarter of a pound of tobacco, that was in your groom's jacket pocket.

XLVII.—Being Number Three at a rasper where Nos. One and Two have got most awful *purls*!

XLVIII.—Riding in front of a man on a bolting, hard-mouthed horse, by which you expect to be *suggested* down at every jump.

XLIX.—In fording a river, with your legs raised over the horse's shoulders to “keep 'em out of the wet,” said horse giving a lurch, and the effects thereof.

L.—Opening your cigar case on a cold morning at a long draw, and finding you have brought your mathematical instruments instead. A case of peculiar *shagreen*!

LI.—Hunting till so late that you are not sure whether the bright line on the other side of the hedge (your next jump) is the turnpike road or a navigable canal.

LII.—Ascertaining beyond dispute that it *is* a canal—and that portion of one usually dignified by the name of a lock. Water out.

LIII.—The state of your throat for three days after holloaing the (wrong) fox *up-wind* in the middle of March.

LIV.—Ditto of your arms after having made yourself generally useful in a day's thistle-whipping with a friend's harriers.

LV.—Finding yourself, after a tremendous day with the Shropshire Hounds, in the middle of a Welch village, where not a soul speaks English, except the innkeeper, and he dead drunk (the only symptom of English)!

LVI.—Having, with infinite pain and peril, forded the river, finding yourself at last safely landed—on *the island*!

LVII.—Dropping your whip in a gateway and picking it up again—*after all the field have been through*!

LVIII.—Having kindly offered to blow the huntsman's horn, he having just had half-a-dozen teeth knocked down his throat—the music thereof!

LIX.—Being called upon to “show your ticket” at a toll gate in the middle of a sharp run.

LX.—Or (worse) the pike-man refusing to let your *hired horse* pass without seeing the ticket from the hirer—which of course you haven't got.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for May, 1840.

ON BREEDING AND REARING BLOOD STOCK.

THE SIRE AND DAM.

HAVING arranged the dwellings, it becomes necessary to devote a few pages to the inhabitants. This opens a wide field for observation and remarks. The choice of a brood mare is a matter of the highest importance, and should therefore receive mature and deliberate consideration, inasmuch as it is now a fact universally acknowledged amongst breeding men, that the perfection and consequent value of the offspring depends much more upon the choice of the dam, than it does upon the sire.

The points chiefly to be attended to are age, shape, constitution and blood. I think the best method of treating upon them, will be to take each subject seriatim.

A review of that valuable and well conducted work the “Stud Book,” will convince any person that the majority of the best horses which have ever appeared on the Turf, have been the produce either of *young and vigorous* stallions with *aged* mares, or of *young* mares and *old* horses. Seldom has it occurred that the offspring of youthful parents has ever obtained a station beyond mediocrity, whilst many are the instances in which the produce has been very superior where both sire and dam have been fast sinking into the vale of years.

I knew a gentleman who commenced breeding upon a very large scale, and whose theory was, that the race horse was only to be bred in perfection from young animals which had never been in an artificial state. He bought a stud of fillies two and three years

old, and bred from a young and untried stallion. Although the foals were kept as well as they possibly could be, and attended to with the greatest care, they never came to any size, and the owner never produced an animal worth £20, although he continued his system for years, and expended a fortune in the pursuit. Now this proves to me, either that the horse does not attain his full vigor until later in life than we generally imagine, or that it requires years to recover from the unnatural state of excitement in which the animal is kept, whilst doomed to undergo the severe treatment imposed by the unrelenting system of the modern school of training. May we not suppose, and with great degree of probability, certain constitutions to have been so battered that they never could recover from it? It would be thus easy to account why so many names noted and illustrious in the "Racing Calendar," have not shown with equal brilliancy in the "Stud Book." I should therefore prefer a mare of mature years, and one which had never been subjected to severe or long-continued training.

It has often been said, and to a certain extent truly, "that horses can go in all shapes," and surely we do frequently observe very extraordinary formed animals: but take it for granted, that whenever you do see a "clipper," odd-shaped as he or she may be, there is always some redeeming point to which you can attribute the capabilities displayed. Length of quarter, capaciousness of chest, or muscular power developed in some peculiar form, and which becoming apparent upon a close investigation, accounts most satisfactorily for that, which at first sight astonished and perplexed. How desirable would it be, were we able to discover the secret springs and concealed mechanism of the wonderful and complicated frame! Oftentimes we are grossly deceived by a seeming perfect conformation, and find most sorry jades in those (judging from external appearances) we were led to suppose "regular flyers." The brood mare should have length (above all things I hate a short blood horse), she should have width too, especially in the pelvis. These two qualifications will give you the "roomy mare." She should have good loins, wide spreading and muscular thighs, short flat bony legs, and undeniable hocks and feet. In short, she should have every point good, *if* you can meet with a mare that has so many desirable qualities—but as they are scarce and valuable articles, you must use your judgment, and pick out one possessing as many good points as you can. At all events avoid faults, and have no natural blemishes; no spavins, ring or side bones, curbs or contracted feet. Be particular as to eyes. Do not accept as a gift a broken-winded mare, a crib-biter, a wind-sucker, or one addicted to any ill habit.

Broken winded mares are most uncertain breeders, and ill habits are easily communicated by example. If you will breed from crippled and diseased parents, you must naturally expect to perpetuate the race. I have known persons to say that certain defects were not hereditary, roaring for instance; and the case has been argued thus:—"roaring is an acquired disease, probably brought on by inflammation, distemper, sore throat, or what not, is only a small pro-

jection in the windpipe, not larger than a grain of mustard-seed, and you might as well expect a man with a wooden leg to beget wooden-legged children as a roarer to beget roarers, &c."

Now this as theory sounds mighty fine, but "facts are stubborn things." I happen to know an instance, doubtless familiar to many of my readers, in which one of the very best bred and finest horses in the world, himself a roarer, gets *few* foals but what inherit the sire's infirmity. I may be answered that this is probably a solitary instance, and that there are many first-rate stud horses at the present day known to be roarers, the produce of which are not more liable to that particular complaint than other foals. I contend that such is not the case; that they are *more* liable, and consequently *more* affected.

I have no doubt but it will be allowed that *peculiar* conformation, may be not only more easily, but likewise more permanently affected by *peculiar* disease, than others; and the same conformation which rendered the progenitor liable, would, in all probability, be transmitted to the offspring; and it is not unnatural therefore to suppose, that a man who had lost his leg by a white swelling in the knee, or by any other affection, might have children who would inherit the same constitutional defect, and become eventually wooden-legged like their father. Therefore I again repeat, avoid everything approaching to natural blemish, disease, or defect, and always bear in remembrance this maxim, invaluable to a breeder, "like begets like." Constitution and temper should not be overlooked, for both are of the greatest importance to the offspring; besides, an ill-tempered mare is one of the greatest nuisances you can be cursed with.

I once possessed a mare so savage, that it was dangerous to put her into a field with another without hobbling her, and even then she would watch for an opportunity to do mischief. So incorrigible was she, that I was obliged to get rid of her, although a most valuable brood mare.

With regard to blood. Fashion is so capricious—so continually changing, it is somewhat difficult to recommend any particular strain of blood in preference to another. In point of fact they are all good enough, and what is considered low caste this year, may by a few lucky nicks, become the very pink of fashion in the next; and the favorite of this season may find but few admirers in the one to come.

So variable is public taste in this particular, that I could name, were it not invidious to do so, several stallions that, to my knowledge, after having enjoyed many years of the highest success, have suddenly been reduced to covering, say half a dozen mares in a season; and this lamentable falling off has been from no other cause than that the great prizes of the year preceding had been carried away by horses of another strain of blood. And during the time the stallions in question were thus under a cloud, the fortunate circumstance of an influential race having been won by a colt or filly of their get, has at once recalled them to the notice, and reinstated them in the estimation, of a fickle public, and they

have had, the year following their temporary eclipse, more mares sent to them than they were able to serve with advantage.

The most fashionable blood at present, I should say, is the Selim. Of this family you have Langar and Elis (Sultan, alas! is no more), and Bay Middleton. The Waxy strain is also in high estimation—from Waxy are descended Whalebone and Whisker, and although the Whalebone *mares* have hitherto somewhat disappointed their owners, *still the blood will tell*, and probably at no very distant period. Of this line there are many first-rate stallions. Defence, Sir Hercules, and Camel, still continue to uphold the fame of their sire, although Waverley and Chateau Margaux are lost to us. The Orville and Walton mares are in great esteem. Both were successful stallions. Blacklock, too, was eminent, and his sons Velocipede and Voltaire, bid fair to maintain his reputation.

Doubtless many good horses have been sold to foreigners, but we have no reason to fear they will ever supersede England as a breeding country, so long as we retain such horses as Emilius, Reveller, Velocipede, Voltaire, Defence, Langar, Sir Hercules, Rockingham, Liverpool, Bay Middleton, Elis, Glaucus, Recovery, Touchstone, Muley Moloch, Cain, Pantaloon, Physician, Slane, Ratcatcher, Heron, Camel, St. Patrick, Tomboy, Don John, and last, though not least, the famous, or rather *in-famous*, Harkaway!

Who will say that breeding is at a low ebb? when we see an untried stallion advertised at 100 sovs. a mare, and a sovereign to the groom!!!

In conclusion of this part, I would advise the young breeder to study well the pedigree of his mare. If she is of a strain more remarkable for speed than stoutness, employ a stallion of an opposite description and character. The same remark holds good as to any little falling off in form, etc. Try to counter-balance any weakness, either in her blood or appearance, by putting her to a horse that possesses *in perfection*, that of which she shows a deficiency. There are certain crosses of blood, technically called “nicks,” which should be *observed* and *acted* upon. The knowledge will be easily obtained by looking at the pedigree of some of our most celebrated race-horses. It is by a judicious cross you must look to obtain perfection in

THE PRODUCE.

Mares go with young eleven calendar months, and should therefore never be with the horse until the second week of February. The foal takes its age from the first of January. For instance, a foal dropped the 31st of December, would be called a year old the following day, and weighted in all its races accordingly.

Should such unfortunately be the case, it is politic to have it destroyed immediately, as for all racing purposes it would be entirely valueless.

I recommend mares to be suffered to roam at large in the day time up to the very hour of their foaling. The walking exercise will prove highly beneficial. Of course she should be housed at night, and a moderate allowance of corn given to her, as, if she is

kept badly, the offspring will be either weakly in frame or constitution.

During pregnancy mares should be kept as free from excitement as possible; by no means subjected to fright or ill-smells. Either of which might cause them to slip their foals.

The smell or sight of blood of any kind is highly objectionable; and the emptying of drains, cesspools, or pigsties, should be avoided carefully where brood mares are about.

It frequently occurs through sympathy, or the same exciting cause acting upon all alike, that if one mare slips her foal, all the others do the same thing.* This is observed with cows, if one miscarriage happens, it oftentimes runs through the whole dairy.

When the mare is near her time she should be carefully watched, and the falling in of the flesh on each side the croup (which is called "sinking of the bones" by the grooms), and the "waxing of the teats" give timely warning. After the latter circumstance has occurred, the mare should never be left for ten minutes together, as then it may happen any moment, and seldom is delayed more than a few hours.

The foal is generally brought forth by the mare lying down, and if it is a right presentation (that is, the fore legs come first and *together*, and you shortly afterwards observe the nose), you may conclude all is going on as rightly as possible, and little remains to be done but to assist the throes of nature as tenderly yet firmly as possible. The umbilical cord or navel string should then be tied close to the body, and cut off, leaving about two inches and a half. If you prefer tearing or breaking it to tying and cutting, be *very particular in preventing the least strain upon the body of the foal*, which invariably produces, in a greater or less degree, *umbilical rupture*, which *often* proves dangerous, *always* troublesome and unsightly. Should it be a cross presentation, lose not a second in obtaining prompt and efficient assistance, as it will, in nine cases out of ten, have to be turned in the womb, an operation which requires great skill and manual dexterity.

As soon as the foal is dropped, smooth its mane carefully upon the proper side, and from this moment should its education commence. Every opportunity should be taken to render it quiet and familiar; let it nibble your fingers and play with your hands, so as to enable you to rub its head, scratch its neck, handle its legs, and pick up its feet. All these little endearments will be of infinite value, for supposing it to be sick or lame when a month or two old, you will have no trouble in administering medicine, or applying bandages. I have witnessed frightful scenes, where the patient has been an uneducated colt of three months old, as wild and as strong as a stag.

The Œstrum of the mare frequently comes on the fifth or sixth

* I am much grieved to learn that a certain Nobleman, well known and highly appreciated in the Sporting World, has this present season been a sufferer to an extent perfectly unprecedented, excepting in the case of "The bad year at Petworth;" when and where, from some particular exciting cause, which was, I believe, never discovered, nearly the whole of the brood mares produced dead foals. So general was the calamitous visitation, that even the cart mares and she asses upon the estate, suffered to an equal extent with the thoroughbreds. The noble lord referred to must, however, bear in mind, that "better times will come."

day, but I have invariably found the ninth day after foaling to be the most proper time to introduce the mare again to the horse.

In my whole experience I never knew a mare to refuse the stallion upon that day; and in my stud I have had at different periods, *two* mares that never shewed any symptoms of being in season, until the horse was offered; yet they invariably received him upon that day, and were always stunted.

About the time the *Œstrum* commences upon the mare, the foal generally begins to scour. I suppose the cause to be the milk becoming heated by the excited state of the dam.

This scouring is not usually productive of any harm to the foal, unless it continues four or five days without diminution, when the foal becomes weakened and emaciated. As it, however, disfigures the foal, by the excoriating nature of the discharge removing the hair from the vicinity of the fundament and thighs, I usually give, upon its first appearance, two table-spoonsful of common salt dissolved in half a pint of cold water. Should this not stop it, which does not frequently occur, the next morning try two tea-spoonsful of laudanum in a quarter of a pint of mulled port wine, and repeat every six hours if necessary.

Should the diarrhœa be inconsiderable, or if there exists any disinclination to give *medicine* to the foal, a handful or two of malt, barley, or beans, may be allowed the mare in addition to her customary measure of corn; and this mild remedy will oftentimes prove efficacious.

With respect to the treatment of the mare after foaling, I would advise you to let no opportunity pass, whenever there is a little warmth or sunshine, without giving both mare and foal the advantage of it. Even if you dare not let them into the paddock, throw open the upper half of the door of the box, and let them both imbibe as much pure oxygen as possible. Thick gruel, malt and bran mash, with plenty of ribbled oats stirred in them, should be given freely. Carrots, or Swede turnips, steamed potatoes, bruised whin or gorse, lucern, vetches, or any other green food, may be administered with advantage, until the spring grass is plentiful.

A ribbling mill and chaff-cutting machine is indispensable. The best I have ever seen are made at Doncaster, by a person of the name of Farr. The best gorse bruiser that has fallen under my observation, is the one at Tickhill castle, made, I believe, somewhere in the neighborhood of Mansfield.

It is surprising how soon the foal, taught by the example of the dam, will begin to eat bruised or ribbled corn. I have known them to do so when only a few days old. Need I say *how* this must be encouraged? In my humble opinion this is the grand secret of Breeding; and so firmly am I convinced of it, that my foals should eat sovereigns, had they strong nutriment in them.

I firmly believe that it is the nature of our climate, which allows us to force foals with impunity, that has raised England to the eminence which she now enjoys, as a horse-breeding country.

Some mares are so greedy they will not allow their foals to feed

with them. Such unnatural mothers require to be tied apart to a ring in the wall *high above the manger*.

Whilst I am upon this subject, I will relate a circumstance which happened nearly under my own observation. A friend of mine had sold a foal at a very high figure, and as it had never been handled, and had not been weaned, he had lent the dam to the purchaser, in order to ensure its safe delivery. The mare was tied to the manger, whilst the groom retired into the house to take some refreshment, and receive his little *douceur*. When he returned, *the foal was dead*. Having endeavored to pass round the mare, it had been caught in the rein of the head-stall and strangled.

Supposing your mare to have foaled in the early part of January, it is not proper to introduce her to the stud before about the 8th or 10th of February, as before mentioned; although I have found that missing the first return of nature, increases the risk of your mare not being stinted. The *Œstrum* returns periodically about every nine days, until nature is satisfied. She is then said to be stinted. In order to be certain this is the case, she should be tried every nine days until the end of March, or beginning of April, after which period I should throw the mare up for the season, and let her lie fallow rather than have her bring forth the next year later than March.

Observe that in these periodical returns of nature, the mare is more likely to be stinted, when they are rather upon the decline, indeed the later, the more certain of success; also, that more than one satisfactory leap during each return is worse than useless.

By the word satisfactory, I mean fully consummated. The groom sent with the mare should be convinced she has been properly served; a point not always attended to.

The mare refusing is not always a sure criterion of her being stinted, for I have known instances of a mare having been to the stud house once only, and shewing no symptoms of breaking or turning again, still proving barren. Neither is it an infallible sign that a mare is not in foal, when she breaks, as it is technically called. Leila, by Waterloo, had her periodical returns of *œstrum* during the time she was heavy in foal with Lalla Rookh, and she was in season three weeks before she foaled.

With respect to the management of the stallion. Of late years a very beneficial change has taken place, and you now seldom or ever see a stud horse kept in the condition of a prize ox. Time was, when a stallion was not considered fit for stud purposes until he was so overloaded with fat, that his points could scarcely be observed, and every mare he served was at the hazard of his life. That nine-tenths of the horses so kept did not die from apoplexy, is surprising. However, the matter seems better understood now, and stallions are kept in very much better condition than they used to be.

I think green food essential to the horse during the season—it keeps him cool, and I have observed often, that in cold and changeable springs, barren or maiden mares very frequently turn again, and are seldom stinted until the stallion has green food given to

him, and that frequently appears to have an effect almost magical. After the brood mare has been either stunted or thrown up for the year, little remains to be done, unless to house her, and the sucking foal, during wet, and to pay strict attention to the breaking in of the foal. When housed for the night, its feet should always be carefully picked out and washed, and you should have a blacksmith to examine them every fourteen or twenty-one days. Occasional rasping or paring down the feet is absolutely necessary, and many an ill-formed and diseased foot is caused entirely by neglect in early life. After the feet have undergone supervision, the mane and tail should be smoothed with a water-brush, and the body gently rubbed over with a horse-brush or wisp of straw. At first these exercises should be confined to touching its body merely, with a wisp or brush. After a while they may be laid gently upon the quarters, until grown familiar it will enjoy the operation. When you have arrived at this point, a light head-collar should be put on, and the very best pattern of these that I ever met with, were at the shop of Durwen and Son, saddlers of Birmingham, who have had a great demand for some years, on account of the excellence both of the pattern and workmanship. They are very simple, light, strong, and convenient, and possess the recommendation of never shifting from their position, and of never chafing the skin. They are also easily put on and off, and I think any person who has tried them, will never use any other description.

About the first week in September the foals should be weaned, and if their education has not been neglected, the weaning will be a matter of but trifling importance, and will soon be got over.

The mares should be taken away entirely out of sight and hearing; they should be kept up a day or two, live entirely upon dry food, and have very little water. Their teats should be particularly attended to, and be drawn once or twice a day whilst necessary, to prevent any inflammation, induration, or gathering.

The foals should ever after weaning be led to and from the paddock: for this purpose use a rein of soft dark-colored web, about five yards long, having a buckle at one end to attach to a ring in the head collar, at the other end there should be a loop.

Be very quiet and careful with them; never even speak to them roughly, give them plenty of kibbled oats, and if the autumn and winter are wet, chilly and severe, give them a few good old beans kibbled with the oats. Let them have a mild dose of physic every five or six weeks, to carry off all humors, and prevent the accumulation of internal fat. Never mind what some timid person may say about heating the blood, and so forth. An occasional dose of medicine, and the grass they eat, will counteract all ill effects—thus you will go on, making them hardy and tractable—strengthening their constitution and stamina, increasing their size with useful *materiel*, until full of condition they are fit to go into the trainer's hands, when I pledge myself that every feed of oats will tell, and they will turn out somewhat different to those feather bed things which (fed principally upon steamed Swede turnips, and skimmed milk, until they are as fleshy as bullocks, and soft as the food upon

which they have fattened,) melt away like butter in the sun when put into training, and are never bigger than when they were sold by auction as yearlings.

Upon no account suffer extraneous matters to lie about either in box, yard, or paddock. Brooms, shovels, buckets, old stumps of trees, posts and rails, hurdles, lime or building materials, agricultural tools, and implements of husbandry, are too often the cause of ghastly accidents. Bear in mind, that if there is a dangerous place to be found, there will you see the foals. They are like children, always seeking for amusement, and sooner than not be employed they will be in mischief, and will oftentimes choose most dangerous playthings.

Wishing you all the success you may deserve in your breeding establishment, I bid you farewell, gentle reader, with this strict injunction, *do not lock up the corn-bin.*

SAGITTARIUS.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for May 1840.

RACING, FOX-HUNTING, FISHING AND FOWLING.

ORIGINAL.

"THAT whensoever eyther the melancholy heaviness of his thought, or the perturbacions of his own fancies, shrink up sadnesse in him, he may remove the same; I will now entreat of Fishe-ponds, and those lawful and praiseworthy exercises and recreations in which (with God's fear and care of not offending his neighbour) a man may soberly spend those hours which he may lawfully bestow in the cheerful reviving and stirring up of his spirit, foredone with heavy toil."

SUCH are the words, gentle reader, of old GERVASE MARKHAM, who wrote a book on "*Country Contentment*," full of "piety and gentillesse, and pleasaunt sports." Do not take fright and shy off, if thou art a good Christian. It will not harm thee to approach and examine them. There may be more in them than thou art at first aware of. Deep philosophy sometimes wears a simple garb. And if thou hast had nobler and more moral and higher means of satisfying a certain innate craving of poor human nature, that is alluded to by our author, than Field Sports, it is well for thee. Thou hast been the subject of a miracle. And it is no merit in thee if thou art constrained to higher aims and more ennobling views. But art thou ever listless, "foredone with heavy toil"? Dost thou ever suffer from that disease which is said "*to let poor folks alone*"—*ennui*? Dost thou ever need excitement, emotion, the "reviving and stirring up of thy spirits"? *I know thou dost.* For notwithstanding all thy own endeavors, and notwithstanding this is the age of improvement, man, like Pompey's feast of many dishes and seeming variety, when closely examined is found to be "all made of one hog, nothing but pork differently disguised." And I doubt whether, by as many crosses as the Leicester Sheep and Durham Cows have suffered, even if we had Frederick of Prussia, with his Grenadiers and little drummer to begin with, we

shall ever so improve the breed of men, as to free the species from certain *hereditary traits*. Some of these are simply physical—others, though intimately connected with the body, extend to the spirit, and among these *the desire to be excited*, the *besoin d'être excité*, or innate inclination, sometimes to kick up our heels, after some fashion or other, is perhaps the most remarkable as it is the most obvious. It is one, I believe, that will not be easily bred out. None but the converted man kicks up heavenward, and even he sometimes kicks in a contrary direction. Now, gentle reader, as he constitutes not the one thousandth part of the human race, let us examine the direction and tendencies taken by this desire of our nature in the rest of mankind. Most happy for us would it be, were we all *brought* to feel its force propelling us in one, in the right direction. But as we manifestly do not, it becomes us as wise men, philosophers, and patriots, to look at our nature as it is constituted, and in our efforts at improvement, to aim at attainable objects. To direct this natural flow of the feelings into channels the least dangerous, and, if it may be, into those from which some good may be derived, is all that is practicable till we find, in the march of improvement, the means of breeding it out of our nature. When that shall be accomplished, then will happen I know not what. In the mean time let us examine the directions taken by this feeling, or rather instinct, for brutes as well as men are obedient to it. And if we find that our favorite care-killers do as little mischief, or less than others, thought very innocent or necessary, or even praiseworthy and pious, call not on any gentle reader to forego them.

We claim for them, as a matter of justice, that their effects shall be considered and estimated apart from all inconsequential and collateral considerations, upon the same reasonable grounds that every good man charges not upon Christianity the perversions of its doctrines and the abuses of its perfect morality. We know that gambling, and dissipation, and licentiousness, in *Protestant Countries*, have disgraced Camp-Meetings as well as Race Courses. And “the very same piece of brass which the old Romans adored, now with a new head on its shoulders, like an old friend with a new face, is worshipped with equal devotion by the modern *Catholics* at Rome—and *Jupiter* appears again with as little change of name as of materials in the character of the *Jew-Peter*.” It is really surprising to see with what apparent fervor of devotion all ranks and ages, and sexes, kneel to, and kiss the toe of this brazen image. We charge not these upon true religion. Upon just and equal laws we lay not the sin of the bribed Judge, the packed jurymen, and the perjured witness. Liberty of speech and of the press we do not reprobate and denounce, because the malicious tongue utters slanders, which the licentious press prints and publishes to the world. Well, then, let us now consider some of the exciting causes of strong emotion, which men delight in. And first comes *War*, waged with the sword, the pen, and the tongue. 'Tis a game all living creatures love to play at; and even those who do not take a hand in it, love to look on and see it through a window. Hear

in what terms the skilful anatomist of human passions speaks of *War with the Sword*. Notwithstanding its train of horrors and of miseries, mark the epithets applied to it:—

“Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make Ambition Virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of GLORIOUS WAR.”

I do not ask the Quaker only, and the meek member of the Peace Societies, to compare the legitimate consequences of this kind of glorious war, with those of our favorite field sports, Racing, Hunting, Fishing, and Fowling. Behold Jerusalem, gentle Christian reader, in the power of the host of Titus. Look into the streets of Badajoz, when Wellington poured into them the storm of glorious war. Walk upon the blood-stained banks of our own river Raisin, or hear the shriek that comes up from the valley of Wyoming—

“Look here, upon this picture, and on this.”

Let us now slightly glance at other varieties of war. Let us sheath the sword and draw the *Pen*, or only move that instrument which the inspired writer, the wisest of men, declares whenever “soft breaketh the bone.” “Death and life are in the power of the tongue.” Three of these varieties, the *Bellum Logicum*, the *Bellum Politicum*, and the *Bellum Theologicum*, as they are called when they come out dressed on parade days, but better known in their every-day clothes as *Metaphysical Disputation*, *Political Discussion*, and *Theological Controversy*—are commonly reckoned not only very harmless and pleasant diversions, but extremely useful and instructive exercises. The first, though seemingly the least exciting, has gotten an ugly sobriquet—*Logomachy*. Is not this a slander on this exercise, in which all men, Pagan, Christian, and Mahomedan, indulge. What harm has ever, or can result from the discussion of abstract metaphysical questions? A Captain of consummate skill and dauntless bravery in their ranks, Dugald—not Dalgetty, but—Stewart says that “the zeal of *Theological controversy* could hardly exceed,” (and that is saying a great deal in two words) “that with which the *Nominalists* and *Realists*” (we shall learn who they were presently) “had for sometime maintained their respective doctrines. Sovereigns were led to interest themselves deeply in *the contest*, and even to employ the civil power in supporting their favorite opinions. The *Nominalists* procured the death of John Huss, who was a *Realist*—the *Realists*, on the other hand, obtained in the year 1479 the condemnation of John de Weralia, who was attached to the party of the *Nominalists*. These contending sects carried their fury so far as to charge each other with the sin against the Holy Ghost.”

Now tell us all about *this* war,
And what *they* kill'd each other for?

Why, in truth, gentle reader, because the *Realist* maintained the

opinion that such words as animal, man, stone, and tree, called general terms in language, mean some *real thing*, while the *Nominalists* contended that they only indicate a *conception of the mind*, to which we give a name or nomen!!!

The Bellum Politicum, or

Wordy War for loaves and fishes,
For golden spoons and silver dishes,

is nearly as bad, though not quite. For in the latter some of the combatants sometimes know what they fight, write, and talk for, and in this case they are not so "bitter bad" as when they fight for—nothing. When a battle is over, *Nothing* satisfies neither party, so they have only to go at it again. But in the other case, something satisfies somebody, and there is quiet till that is gone. Even Sylla's soldiers did not become restless till the spoils of war were consumed. The circumstances of political controversy, when it is confined to the tongue and the pen, are certainly not less striking than those which are sometimes witnessed on the Race Course. It is true, that when any unfair advantage on the latter field of fame is taken, it is reprobated, and the party is ruled off, or at least is declared distanced. Hast thou heard of no jockey tricks played on the political track. No crossing, and jostling, and poling, and getting the whip hand—no spattering with mud—no blinding the eyes—no bribing of jockeys—no making horses or men *safe*—no betting—no hedging? No disputing the decision of Judges—no holding on to the stakes? Match it on the race field if you can—five to one you cannot beat it. I beg pardon, thou art not a betting man. 'Tis well—you'd surely loose *your character*—I don't mean that. Take up the political newspapers of the day, edited, if you will, by members of Christian Churches, and behold what pranks they play.

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,"

"By damning those they have no mind to."

Let but an old political fox attempt to steal away, and how quickly you hear the view halloa! In a moment the whole pack is at his heels, and they run into him before he has hardly cleared the cover. Jack Mytton himself was not a more reckless rider than are the political Meltonians. If you cross their line, they will ride over you without remorse, and hardly look behind to see if you are killed.

But this is nothing, for the intensity of its excitement, to the Bellum Theologicum, or holy war. Rouse but the "*odium*," and all hell holds a festival. For a priest hates with his whole soul, "worse than a woman." *Sue me for a libel?* Do it. And I will plead in justification the truth of the charge, and introduce as my witnesses the stake, fire, faggots, auto-da-fa, the wheel, and the cross.

Why, even Peter the Hermit, gentle reader, was the most magnificent Cocker that ever existed on this earth. He placed in the pit Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, two as game cocks as ever fought. The whole world witnessed that fight, one half giving wing to Richard, and the other to Saladin, and it was thought a

glorious spectacle for Christian men, who would shrink with horror from the sight of two dunghill fowls arrayed in battle by sinful men. These dreadful scenes of carnage for conscience sake, happened in the dark ages. Nothing like them occurs in these enlightened times. The weapon is changed (*who are we to thank for that?*) but not the will or warfare. Do we not see, even while I am writing this feeble apology for comparatively innocent, healthful, spirit-stirring, invigorating, open-heartening, field sports, that cherish malice and ill-will against no man, two sectarian preachers pitted by their respective congregations against each other? There stand these congregations, as well as other spectators, gloating over the arena, while their *pastors*—that is often a mistake—*fed*, not *feeders*, is a more faithful translation—stab the polemical gaffs into each other. Aye, but light, and truth, and evangelical piety, gush from every wound, and flow from every flutter. I deny it utterly. Malice, hatred, and ill-will, and all uncharitableness, are the inevitable consequences. Give these pious digladiators only the power of the *Sword*, and they would play the same game with that for conscience sake, and they would imprison, torture, and kill those who differed from them. These pious contests with the tongue and the pen inflict more wounds on the cause of Christianity, are more immoral in their tendencies, and more degrading exhibitions, than the sports of the ring and the pit. They have no more legitimate connexion with preaching the Gospel, than gambling and drinking have with field sports.

In truth there is no unmixed good in our various modes of yielding to excitement, and I do not like to see a long faced fellow poking at the mote in his neighbor's eye, which he cannot plainly see for the beam in his own. If we banish *sports* and *pastimes*, manly in their character, because they may be abused, where shall we stop? It is true that the need of excitement in our nature, like the *besoin d'être aimée* in woman, produces both good and evil, a good wife and a wicked jade. But so long as good, active, endurable horses, fine, sharp-scented, sagacious, faithful dogs, and fearless, intrepid, hearty, vigorous men in the higher ranks of society, are useful and good things, the exciting emotions that only will produce them must be permitted to do their work. I am at a loss to conceive how else we are to have them.

Ask the dyspeptic student, the care-worn man of business, the victim of sedentary or *de bout-enary* confinement, to *take exercise*, for health and relaxation, without any other object or exciting aim, and he will point you to the treadmill, its prototype. That will do as well. Good men rise from the table, where they have written a sarcastic and bitter lampoon, poured out a "huge jug of aquafortis," on the head of a controversial adversary to "*walk up and down the road*" for exercise, in most lugubrious innocence, who would consider their soul's salvation in imminent danger from taking the same exercise, to the "sweet entrancing voice of the viol," in a room with ladies, or on a smooth elliptical road mounted on a fleet delighted courser's back.

"Oh! the souls that are lost by dancing!"

True, said the sensible divine, but *they are shoe-soles*. Many of the same sort are lost by racing, hunting, fishing, and fowling nevertheless.

Ostentatious displays of vanity and tendency to extravagant expenditure, have been fostered at fairs to raise funds to build churches, and raffles at the winding up have been hinted at. "*O trumpery! O Moses!*" If Arthur Taylor will come to Kentucky, he will find that he has yet something to learn in putting high-bred cattle in condition. And that even the pious can teach him a thing or two in that line. They can put a Durham Bull "*right*" for a silver cup in less time than he can "*Old White-Nose*." They curry and rub, blanket, feed, and fill, and can put on more flesh in a month than he can take off in two. They are as nice and critical judges of points as he is, and dilate with more unction on the powers of a bull than he *could* on those of a horse. Indeed he is *rather silent* on the perfections of his horses, and they on the imperfections of their bulls. In this there is a difference, but it does not amount to much. He trains for a cup, so do they. He gains it by putting the best animal in the best condition. So do they. And if he can beat them in a race, they can distance him in a swop. They speak *of* their own experience, and I *from* mine. In this they have the advantage of me.

But this is a digression—*revenons á nos moutons*. Society suffers less from running down a fox than running down—character,—*skinning the eyes* of a doe is more innocent than those of a damsel, "*ut haeriat lateri lethalis arundo*." Fly-fishing is as harmless, if not so profitable, as tickling two-legged trout. And to bring down at the first fire a *long bill* in the country, is far pleasanter than to have one even presented at you in town, te judice, gentle reader. I am not the advocate of inebriety, immorality, or vice, but the friend of real piety and virtue. All cant I utterly despise, and do believe that if the "*Country Contentments*" that head this article, were cried down or taken away, they would be succeeded by other causes of excitement and emotion infinitely more injurious to society, more liable to abuse, and productive of less good.

VINDEX.

ADVENTURE IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

BY JOHN S. SLEEPER, ESQ.

A FEW years ago, some gentlemen went on a hunting excursion to the Cumberland Mountains, which divide Virginia from Kentucky. They established their camp in a wild, secluded valley—and made preparation for a week's capital sport. But on the first day's diversion, Capt. Stanwood, a brave and athletic officer in the army, strayed away from his companions in quest of game—and after wandering about for some hours, was obliged to entertain the

very unwelcome opinion that he had lost his way. But accustomed to a backwoods life, and armed with a good rifle, a tomahawk, and hunting knife, he did not regard the event in so serious a light as many would have done—and, indeed, if he had been provided with provisions, he would not have suffered a moment's uneasiness about the matter.

As the shades of night began to fall, he struck a light with the fire-works he carried in his pocket, built a good fire with the dry wood which he found in abundance around him—placed his arms in such a manner that he could seize them in an instant if necessary, then stretched himself upon the ground, and, overcome with the fatigues of the day, slept soundly until morning. He then arose, and resumed his attempt to find his way back to the camp. He soon came to a portion of this unexplored wilderness, where the trees were not large, but where there was a dense growth of underwood—and after he had been with much labor striving to make his way through it for about an hour, he became aware that some wild animal was following in his footsteps.

He could distinctly hear the cracking of the bushes—and could now and then catch a glimpse of the creature through the bushes at a distance—yet he was unable to ascertain the species of animal which seemed so kindly determined to cultivate an acquaintance with him. He, however, looked to the priming of his rifle, loosened his knife in the sheath, and prepared himself to make a desperate struggle, if attacked.

It was not long before he emerged from the thick growth of underwood, and found himself on the side of a barren mountain, where the rocks were disposed in platforms and shelves one over the other, and extending apparently to a great distance. He stepped out on one of these platforms, and commenced walking off rapidly, with the intention of putting as much space as possible between him and the prowling enemy—occasionally looking back to learn if he was followed. He had not gone more than a hundred and forty yards before he saw creeping out of the thicket, with a stealthy pace, an enormous panther, or catamount, which took a ledge above him, and followed after him, apparently resolved that they should not part company until they had become a little better acquainted with each other's merits.

Capt. Stanwood, although brave and inured to perils by flood and field, well knew the character of his cunning and ferocious companion, and did not feel so much at ease as if it were a deer, or even a wolf or bear, that had come out of the thicket. He knew that he could not get rid of the panther until after a combat, which must result in the death of one, perhaps both. He was a good marksman—but he well knew the consequences of only wounding his antagonist—and resolved not to fire at him until he could be sure of lodging a ball in his heart—otherwise the ferocious beast would spring upon him, and in his rage and agony would tear him limb from limb.

They journeyed onwards in this way, for a distance of two or three miles; whenever Captain Stanwood stopped, his enemy on

the ledge above him would also stop, and lie down, with his huge paws projecting, cat like, from his breast, as if ready for a sudden spring. At length Capt. S. found himself approaching the termination of the rocky ledge, and was very anxious to bring the affair to a crisis before he entered the wood—where the advantage would be altogether on the side of his grim adversary. Besides the panther had been gradually lessening the space between them, and was now within a distance of not more than sixty or seventy yards.

He stopped—the panther also stopped—Capt. Stanwood looked to his flint, and primed his rifle with fresh powder. He also took his hatchet and knife from his side, and placed them on a rock, breast high, against which he was standing, that he might seize them at once if his rifle should fail him, and he be compelled to grapple hand to hand with the fiercest and most dreaded of the inhabitants of the wilderness. He then put the rifle to his eye, and directed it towards a white spot upon the panther's breast, which was visible from the spot where he stood. It was an anxious moment, and he fancied for a time that his nerves trembled. He knew that his life, perhaps, depended upon the accuracy of his aim, and he resolved to suspend operations a minute, for his nerves to acquire their wonted rigidity. He then again coolly raised the rifle, put it to his shoulder, and a sharp report reverberated from the sides of the mountain. He saw through the smoke, that the catamount sprung upwards six or eight feet, and fell motionless upon the rock. Stanwood reloaded his rifle, and then ascended the side of the mountain until he reached a spot above where his enemy lay extended—he fired another shot at his head, but the animal moved not, and he was convinced that it was dead. He then found on examination that the first shot had pierced his thorax, and perforated his heart.

Capt. Stanwood went on his way, rejoicing that he had so fortunately escaped. He entered the forest before him, and pursued a direction which he thought would take him to the camp. He was fatigued and hungry—but late in the afternoon a bear crossed his path, and uttering a half stifled growl seemed inclined to dispute his further progress. A bullet from the Captain's rifle, however, put an end to the contest before it had hardly begun, and in a few minutes the bear was flayed, and our adventurer proceeded on, carrying on his shoulders the shaggy skin of the animal, and enough of his flesh to serve for a good supper, and breakfast on the following day. About sunset he came to a rocky ledge, in which was a cave, where he had some idea of passing the night, and was about gathering some materials for a fire, when he concluded to proceed on his way as long as the twilight lasted. He soon reached the banks of a small stream that he could not ford, which he knew was but a few hours' walk from the camp, and concluded to return to the cave, cook some supper, and take up his lodging for the night, and in the morning resume his journey.

It was quite dark when he reached the cave. He entered it, placed his rifle on some dry leaves, with which the floor was covered,

when, to his astonishment and horror, he grasped a man's foot ! He sprang back and caught up his rifle—at the same time he heard the individual, whose slumbers he had thus unceremoniously interrupted, jump up and seize his arms. Stanwood yelled out in a voice that must have alarmed all the wild beasts within earshot,—“ Who's there ?—speak quick, or I fire.”

The occupant of the cave hastily answered—“ A friend !—don't fire, Stanwood !—I'm glad I've found you at last.”

Stanwood recognized the voice of Capt. Wilson, an old friend and companion in arms, who had made one of the hunting party, and who, it appeared, had started that morning alone in quest of his friend, who, he rightly imagined, had lost his way. He had hit upon his track in the afternoon, and followed it until he came to the spot where lay the carcase of the bear, and continued on until he came to the cave, where, finding Stanwood had gone on, Wilson, worn out with fatigue, resolved to abide till morning. He had thrown himself down on the leaves, and had just fallen into a sound sleep, when he was aroused by Stanwood seizing him by the leg.

The friends struck a light, made a rousing fire, roasted some huge slices of “ bear venison,” and passed a comfortable night in the cave ; next morning they returned to the camp without meeting with any further adventures.

The Veterinarian.

THE EPIDEMIC AMONG CATTLE.

“ TO THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

“ THE President and Council having referred the consideration of the subject of the present Epidemic among Cattle, &c., to the Veterinary Committee to report a concise and practical statement of its symptoms and treatment, for the information of the members, the committee, in concert with Professor Sewell, have drawn up the following recommendations of the simplest remedies at present in use for arresting the progress of the disorder ; but as the object of the council is to collect, as well as to disseminate information, and inasmuch as the disease varies in its character, according to locality and the circumstances under which the animals are placed, the council request, that, should any cases occur dissimilar from those described, or any other remedies be found efficacious, they may be fully communicated to the secretary.

“ JAMES HUDSON, Secretary.

“ 5, Cavendish-Square, London, April 8, 1840.”

“ This disease, like the epidemic or influenza among horses

during the spring of 1836, being in many instances of a slight nature, the constitution does not always suffer from fever, either of the typhus kind or of an inflammatory character, and recovery takes place without the administration or application of medicinal agents. The attack does not always commence in the same form, but ultimately terminates in a general disease of the same type and character: in some animals it commences in the feet, between the claws, and in others it appears to have begun at the mouth; in others a stiffness in the legs of the animals is first perceived, as if treading upon thorns and briars: then follows a discharge of saliva from the mouth, and a champing of the lips, accompanied with blisters on the tongue, palate and lips: the blisters peel off, and loss of appetite and general debility ensue.

"As the disease appears occasionally to partake both of inflammatory action, and also to assume the appearance (if neglected) of a low fever, Professor Sewell, of the Royal Veterinary College, recommends in the first place, strict attention to the regimen, dry and warm lodging, fresh air, giving the cattle plenty of dry bedding, and keeping them clean.

"From all the information received by the Society, the disease appears to commence with slight inflammatory action, in which case the farmer should immediately take measures to check its progress by the administration of sulphur combined with Epsom salts, or other mild aperients, as castor oil, cold-drawn linseed oil, aloes, &c.; and, should cough or difficulty of breathing denote an attack of fever, bleeding may be resorted to; but if the symptoms do not yield to this treatment, the owner should immediately apply to the most experienced veterinary surgeon in his neighborhood; and if such a one should not be at hand, Professor Sewell recommends the following treatment:—

"*Mouth, Tongue, Palate, Lips and Throat.*—For the blisters of the mouth, &c., the most simple remedy will be found to be a weak solution of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol), in the proportion of one ounce to a pint of water. This lotion will be found useful for the blisters which appear in any other parts of the body, excepting the feet, in which case poultices are preferable, as allaying the pain and inflammation. If sore throat attends the attack, apply a seton under the throat.

"*Feet.*—Pare away that horny part of the hoof which has become separated from the foot by the disease, and then apply, in the first instance, a warm poultice of bran, oatmeal, or linseed meal, followed by the use of fomentations of milk-warm water, and continue this treatment until the inflammatory symptoms are abated. Then use the lotion above-mentioned. In some cases of foul ulceration, and the appearance of proud flesh, apply a saturated solution of blue vitriol.

"*Remark.*—The feet are found to do best by being left unbandaged, and the animal should be allowed a good bed of clean dry litter.

"*Teats and Udder.*—These require the same application of fomentations and lotion as in the case of the feet.

Remark.—The milk should be drawn three or four times a day, to relieve the udder of that painful distention which appears to cause the formation of milk abscess (called garget). This abscess, when formed, should be fomented as before, opened with a lancet, and dressed with digestive or drawing ointment; abscesses in any other part of the body are to be likewise freely opened and treated with the same applications; and in every case they ought to be examined and cleaned twice a day.

Sores and Ulcers upon the Body and Limbs.—To be washed with the saturated solution of blue vitriol.

Lungs and Chest.—When the lungs appear to be affected by shortness or difficulty of breathing, by laborious heaving of the flank and quick pulse (from sixty and upwards), coldness of the horns, ears, and muzzle, bleed from the neck according to the age, size, and strength of the animal; insert a seton in the dewlap near the chest.

Medicinal Treatment.—Mild aperients, namely, either four ounces of sulphur in warm gruel, or half a pint of cold-drawn linseed oil alone, or six ounces of Epsom salts dissolved in a quart of warm water. When the bowels are opened give a cooling diuretic, such as an ounce of saltpetre dissolved in a pint of warm water.

Liver.—If a yellowness of the eyes and mouth, with a confined state of the bowels, shew the liver to be affected, proper doses of calomel should be administered in conjunction with the aperient purgatives. One drachm by weight of calomel will be sufficient for a dose.

Stomach and Bowels.—To correct acidity and tendency to putrescence in the food obstructed in the stomach and bowels, give one ounce of common pearlashes or washing soda dissolved in gruel, to which is to be added half an ounce of powdered ginger; the whole mixed with warm ale; and when much inward pain or uncomfortable feeling be evinced by the animal, one ounce by measure of laudanum may be added. Should irritation exist in the bowels, as shewn by the animal shifting about, lying down, looking at the flanks, and moaning, apply hot cloths to the under part of the belly, and, as soon as possible, a blister (either in the form of liquid or ointment).

Kidneys.—Should the urine appear tinged with blood, denoting some affection of one or both kidneys, apply hot fomentations to the back and loins, or a fresh sheep-skin with the inside placed upon the back of the animal: avoid all diuretic medicine, and give drink sparingly.

General treatment.—A general rule cannot be safely recommended by which to combat the disease in all situations, the more vigorous constitution of cows in the country having been successfully treated by the active depletion of bleeding and purgatives, which have, on the contrary, proved fatal in the plethoric but enervated cows of the London dairies; but, in every case, too great a stress cannot be laid on the absolute necessity of the strictest cleanliness; and, with regard to the diet, mucilaginous drinks

will always aid recovery, as oatmeal, linseed (whole or bruised), starch, either of these being boiled with water into a thick gruel; and the best produce of the farm ought to be given for the food of the diseased animal. When the disease has been subdued, leaving the animal in a weak state, a chalybeate tonic will be found of much use, namely, an ounce of sulphate of iron (commonly known in the country as green copperas) dissolved in a pint of warm water, twice a-day. As the disease rapidly changes in its character, it will be highly necessary to apply the remedies in the earliest possible stage of the disorder.

“N.B. SHEEP.—The foregoing treatment applies to sheep, taking into consideration the local circumstances under which they are placed, care being taken that the doses are moderate and suitable to sheep.

“In addition to these remedies of Professor Sewell, the committee would strongly recommend the disordered animals to be kept apart from the other stock, as there is much doubt whether the disease does not partake both of an epidemic and infectious character.”

UNSOUNDNESSES OF THE HORSE NOT NAMED.

BY PROFESSOR STEWART, GLASGOW.

I HAVE met, more than once, with several causes of lameness which have never, so far as I know, been described. They are not mentioned in books, and they are so little known in stables, that they have received no name. It is very important to know and to remember them in the examination of horses for unsoundness.

Sprain of the Extensor Pedis of the hind leg is not rare; I mean the tendon, not the muscle. It is seated midway between the hock and the fetlock joints on the front of the leg. To the eye it looks like the effect of a blow or injury received in leaping: but on application of the fingers, the skin will be found free and unthickened, showing that the swelling is not there, but in the tendon. When slight, the horse goes sound after a little exercise, but he is stiff or lame after rest; and much work makes him lamer during the next day. I think it may be produced by knuckling of the pastern. I have found no treatment of any use but firing and blistering, with four or six weeks' rest.

Sprain of the Peroneal Tendon, or of the ligament by which it is bound to the head of the metatarsal bone, I have seen several times. The horse is lame, most frequently on both legs. There is some swelling just below the bend of the hock joint, towards the outside, and it is tender. I do not know how it is produced. I treat it by firing and blistering. But the horse must rest at least two months. If put sooner to work, the lameness returns.

Sprain of the Tendo-Achillis.—In all the cases that I have seen of this injury, it has been produced suddenly and by hard work. The tendons have been thickened and tender from the os calcis up to the muscles of the thigh; most usually both are affected, but I

have seen the injury in one only. So far as I have seen the horse is always lame. But Mr. Binning Horne, near Jowne, tells me, in a letter, of two cases in which there seemed to be no constant lameness. Speaking of one, he says, "When I purchased the horse, the tendons above the hock seemed very large, which I foolishly imagined to betoken great strength. In ordinary road-work no weakness could be challenged. In leaping high he never cleared his hind legs, but that I attributed to awkwardness: and it was not till I hunted him that the lameness fully shewed itself. Considerable inflammation and great enlargement of the tendon ensued, causing total lameness in both hind legs. I had him blistered, and when ready, he was sent to grass till he got sound, and had no more enlargement than when I bought him. He was afterwards exchanged, and the last time I heard of him I was told that he was the prettiest gig-horse in Liverpool, and going sound."

Splents in the Hind Leg are a rather common cause of lameness. They are generally just below the head of the metatarsals, and on the inside. The horse goes wide and lame, as he does with splents in the fore leg. The treatment is the same for both, but the horse often gets sound without any treatment.

I have yet to speak of one or two unnamed lamenesses in the fore-leg, but must wait until a more convenient opportunity.

ON THOROUGH-PIN AND ENORMOUS BURSAL ENLARGEMENT OF THE HOCK.

BY MR. J. W. IONS, V.S., WATERFORD.

A LARGE bay hunter, the property of F. Penrose, Esq., and that had just arrived from Mr. White's, of the Hippodrome, in London, was sent to my stables. The moment I saw it I was astonished at the appearance of the parts, for they were as large as a man's hat, and tense and hard as if ready to burst.

I immediately gave a dose of physic, and applied cold evaporating lotions for a few days, until the parts were free from inflammation, and then punctured the part which most pointed to the depth of an inch-and-a-half; but little or no fluid escaped.

After this I commenced rubbing in daily the following ointment, for a quarter of an hour each time.

Hydriodate of Potass.....	3vj
Iodine	3iij
Weak Mercurial Ointment.....	3iv
Lard.....	3iv

In one month from the commencement of the rubbing the hock became as fine as the other, and has remained so, although the horse has been repeatedly hunted since, and was daily exercised during the inunction.

Notes of the Month.

J U L Y .

THE CRACKS OF THE DAY.—The late Campaign at the North still leaves *Boston* quite at the head of the Turf, but owing to the fact of his being excluded from running on one course, and being desired not to start on others, his owner will be compelled to withdraw him altogether. It is more than probable that he will never come North again; indeed, from all we can learn, it is likely that he will go to Carolina in the Fall.

It is understood that *Wagner* will cross the Laurel Hill to Baltimore this summer, so that before *Boston* leaves Virginia these two cracks may possibly take a turn at four mile heats after all.

In another place will be found a spirited challenge to the Union by the friends of *Gano*—to run for \$10,000 a side, h. ft., over the Lafayette Course at Augusta, Ga. This, no doubt, will be accepted by Boston, and we shall not be surprised if it is also taken up by others. In such an event, we get to propose that the Match be merged in a Post Stake, play or pay—the subscription being \$5000 each. Such a Stake would be filled by four subscribers, if not more; and from the fact that four first rate horses would certainly start, gentlemen would be induced to attend from the remotest sections of the Union.

Besides the owners of Boston and Gano, we think there are several others that would certainly become subscribers to the Georgia Post Stake. One chivalrous Carolinian has Monarch, Fanny, and Santa Anna. The Turfmen of the Old Dominion would probably go in with the choice of Treasurer, Andrewetta, and Camden. The Virginia party have a long string of good ones to rely upon in case of accident, Reliance, Passenger, Tattersall, Black Boy, and Bandit, for instance. *Wagner*, Grey Medoc, and Sarah Bladen, would either of them be a good representative of the high-spirited Turfmen of the South-west, and Kentucky, out of a phalanx of good ones, could select a champion worthy of the race-horse region of the West. In fact, without taking into consideration the distinguished horses of Tennessee and Alabama, we make no doubt that a Post-Stake on the terms proposed would fill with five or six subscribers.

RECENT IMPORTATIONS OF CATTLE, SHEEP, ETC.—The packet ship "Philadelphia" has arrived at this port from London, since our last, with a very fine draft of Cattle and Sheep, for Wm. HENRY SOUTHARD, Esq., of Perch Lake Farm, Jefferson County, and ERASTUS CORNING, Esq., of Albany, in this State. The following list of the stock has been furnished, with the prices annexed:—

COWS.		HEIFERS.	
Gray, 5 yrs.,	cost 120 guineas.	Spot, 2 yrs.,	cost 80 guineas.
Lumpy, 8 yrs.,	" 100 "	Astor Beauty, 2 y.	" 80 "
Maria, 3 yrs.,	" 105 "	Nancy, 2 yrs.,	" 60 "
CALVES.		Victor, 1 yr.,	" 80 "
Sir George, 6 weeks,	40 "	Flora, 1 yr.,	" 60 "
Matilda, 9 "	20 "	Cherry, 1 yr.,	" 60 "
Major, 11 "	50 "		

Three Rams, 75 guineas; Ten Ewes, 75 guineas; Two ditto, 20 guineas.

The above is considered one of the finest selections of English Stock ever seen in this city. The editor of the "Express" states that "the cows are prodigious in size, and their form denotes great strength and power. They are all from Herefordshire, and are the very best breed that England can produce. The sheep are of extraordinary size, being the Cotswold cross with the Bakewell Lincolnshire, and the very best animals of the kind we have ever seen. The introduction of valuable stock like this is of immense importance to our agricultural and farming interest, for which Mr. S. deserves the thanks of the public.

They have been brought out in fine condition by Capt. Morgan, and without any accident."

Messrs. SHEPHERD, of Virginia, have just imported a very valuable and large addition to their herd of Cattle and other Stock, of which we annex the following information from the "American Farmer":—

We have been favored with a printed catalogue, which is annexed, of Short-horn Durham Cattle, Sheep and Hogs, selected for Mr. S. and his brother, by J. C. Etches, Esq., well known to the principal breeders of the United States as a skilful and faithful agent in the selection of stock—and in the instance before us, this duty was performed without regard to price, (the cattle in the list having averaged \$500 each in England) the Messrs. Shepherd having determined to make their herd the very choice of the country. The principal part of the importation was made last Fall, and are now at the residence of one of the gentlemen named above, near Shepherdstown, but the first named, Miss MAGNUM, has just arrived, and passed on to join her companions. We think we may with safety reiterate the declaration, that a superior herd is probably not to be found in the United States than that of Mr. Shepherd. Mr. Clay, the distinguished Kentucky Senator, himself a liberal importer and breeder, sometime since pronounced the highest eulogium on the stock of Mr. S., since which, far more valuable and beautiful animals have been added thereto. Mr. S. has also just imported three most splendid colts, one of which, by "Liverpool," cost \$3000, and the other two about \$2500 each—they arrived here last week, and passed on to their quarters in Virginia.

We hope the liberality displayed by these gentlemen will be duly estimated by the public, and that their endeavors to introduce superior breeds of animals into the Old Dominion, will secure to them the approbation and encouragement of the liberal minded agriculturists of that and the neighboring States.

A CATALOGUE of pure Durham Short-horned Cattle, Leicester Sheep, Berkshire and Suffolk Hogs, selected by J. C. ETCHES, of Barton Park, near Derby, for HENRY SHEPHERD, Esq., of Shepherdstown, Va., and R. D. SHEPHERD, Esq., of New Orleans, La.

Miss Magnum, roan, calved Aug. 28, 1838, bred by Col. Cradock, of Hartforth, near Richmond, Yorkshire; got by Guardian, the property of Earl Spencer, by *Magnumbonum* (2243), out of *Dairymaid* by *Young Rockingham* (2549), etc.

Charm, a white heifer, 2 yrs. old, bred by Col. Cradock; got by *Magnumbonum* (2243), out of *Dairymaid*, above, etc.

Morgiana, a red and white heifer, 2 yrs. old, bred by Col. Cradock; got by *Magnumbonum* (2243), out of *Strawberry* by a son of *Pirate*, etc.

Keepsake, a light-colored heifer, roan neck, 2 yrs. old, bred by Col. Cradock, got by *Magnumbonum* (2243), out of *Lofty* by *Forester*, etc.

Fortunate, a red and white spotted roan, calved Feb. 12, 1837, bred by Mr. J. Dawson, of Gronant; got by Dr. Johnson (1919), by *Devaux* (1619), out of *Adamina* by *Bertram* (1716), out of *Fortune* by *Alamode* (725), etc.

Figure, a red roan heifer, calved Oct. 1, 1837, bred by Mr. J. Dawson, of Gronant; got by *Henwood* (2114), by *Wharfedale* (1578), out of *Mona* (bred by Sir John Ramsden) by *Firby* (1039), out of *Fig* (390), g. d. *Fatima*, etc.

Fortitude, a red and white heifer, calved in April, 1837, bred by Mr. J. Hunter, of East Parks, Durham, got by *Rowland* (bred by Mr. Wood, of Kimblesworth,) out of *Rosebud* by *Richard* (1376), etc.

Alethia, a red heifer, one short horn, calved in May, bred by Mr. J. Hunter, of East Parks, got by *Rowland*, dam by *Emperor*, g. d. by *Snowdrop*, etc.

Minna, light roan heifer, calved Feb. 14, 1838, bred by R. Pilkington, Esq., of Windle Hall, got by *Windle* (bred by the Rev. H. Berry), by *Henwood* (2114) out of *Annetta* by *Hopewell* (2135), g. d. *Bellona*, by *Belvedere* (1706), g. g. d. by *Blucher* (1725), g. g. g. d. Mr. Stephenson's favorite *Red Cow*.

This heifer, as a calf, won the sweepstakes at Liverpool, in October, 1838; her dam won the premium at Liverpool for the best yearling heifer, in 1836, the 2 yr. old premium and sweepstakes in 1837, and in 1838 she was shewn for the best dairy cow and sweepstakes, and also for the best cow of any breed, all of which prizes she took; and in the same year was shown as a 3 yr. old at Manchester, and obtained the premium. Neither the cow nor calf has ever been beat!!!

Happiness, a light roan heifer, calved July 12, 1838, bred by R. Pilkington, Esq., of Windle Hall, got by Windle, out of Matilda by Hopewell (2135), etc.

Victoria, a dark roan heifer, calved Oct. 30, 1837, bred by Mr. J. Fair, of French Field, got by Mr. T. Crofton's Majesty (by Miracle 2d, 2322), out of Snowdrop by Barnett, g. d. by Young Rockingham, g. g. d. by Wellington, etc.

Sensitive, a red and white cow, 5 yrs. old, got by Young Remus (2523), by Remus (550), dam by Pilot, g. d. by Mr. Booth's Albion, etc.

Dorina, a roan heifer, calved 13th March, 1839, bred by Mr. S. Deighton, of Winston, got by Halley's Comet (by Velocipede), out of Sensitive, etc.

SHEEP.

Four *Shear Hog Rams*, and four *Theaves*, bred by Mr. R. Smith, of Dishley, Leicestershire, from his celebrated flock, which, for size, symmetry, propensities to fatten, quantity and quality of wool, cannot be excelled.

Four *Theaves*, bred by Mr. J. C. Etches, Liverpool, are of pure Leicester blood, having won the first premium at the Liverpool Agricultural Show, 1838, for the best pen of Leicester or long-wooled lambs; they are of great size, with great propensities to fatten.

PIGS.

Two Berkshire *Sows*, bred by Mr. Brassington, of Somershal, Staffordshire, four months old, which for size, fat, and weight, at two years old, cannot be excelled.

A Berkshire *Boar* and *Sow*, bred by Mr. J. C. Etches, three months old, got by his celebrated boar, which won the first premium at the Liverpool Agricultural Show in Oct., 1838, from a most excellent sow that was got by Lord Derby's boar, which won the first premium at the Highland Society's Show at Dumfries, in September, 1837.

These animals, if well fed, will come to an enormous weight at 2 yrs. old.

A Berkshire *Sow*, bred by W Coke, Esq., Longford Hall, Derbyshire, ten weeks old, is from a most excellent sow, and got by a thorough-bred Berkshire boar.

A Berkshire *Boar*, bred by Mr. Wall, of Bart, Fields, Derbyshire, is well descended.

A Suffolk *Boar*, bred by Sir George Crewe, Bart., of Calk Abbey, Derbyshire, seven months old.

A Suffolk *Sow*, ten months old, bred by Mr. Adams, of Swarkstone, Derbyshire.

A Suffolk *Sow*, bred by Mr. R. Smith, of Dishley.

These Suffolk Pigs are famous for feeding on grass, turnips, and other vegetables in the fields, and are very easy fed; if killed at eight months old, are very nice porkers, and command the highest price in the London Market. They have great propensities to fatten, and at two years old make great weight, and their bacon and hams are of the first quality.

The whole of the Durham Cattle, Leicestershire Sheep, Berkshire and Suffolk Pigs, contained in this Catalogue, I have selected from eminent breeders, for Messrs. Shepherd, with the greatest care and attention, as regards good shapes, early maturity, with the greatest propensities to fatten.

J. C. ETCHES.

Barton Park, near Derby, June 24, 1839.

EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE OF A NORTHERN ROADSTER.—A Match *vs.* Time, for \$500 a side, came off on Wednesday, the 27th of May, in the vicinity of Boston, Mass., which exhibits in bold relief the hardy character and speed of the New England Stock of horses. A majority of the fine carriage and road horses of the North have a strain of Messenger's blood, and no one would breed a decent looking mare to a horse that did not make pretensions to a pedigree as long as Sir Archy's. Of course in nine cases out of ten these are spurious, and the publication of some of them would afford breeders of the genuine article so much fun, that we intend picking up half a dozen on our next visit "Down East," for that purpose. Still, not less, probably, than thirty thorough-bred horses, are annually sold on Long Island and in New Jersey, for country stallions, and the colts of Mambino (a son of Messenger) command at this day the highest price, from the fact that the stock is deemed superior to any other for ordinary purposes.

In the Match referred to, Mr. R. DEMON drove his wagon horse *Filo* a distance

of One Hundred and Three Miles, over a hilly country road, between sunrise and sunset! Filo is a brown gelding, and is used daily by his owner, a respectable drover of Cambridge, who did not train him for the Match. Mr. Demon started from Murdock's Hotel, Cambridge, at 36 minutes past 4 o'clock, A.M., and drove to Waltham and back, a distance of 16 miles, in 1 hour and 35 minutes. He then drove to Amherst, N. H., and back (87 miles), having performed three miles beyond his task, which was accomplished at 14 minutes to 7 P.M., with 38 minutes to spare! The road to Amherst is not only hilly, but was not in good condition; the weight of the carriage and driver was *four hundred and seventy pounds*! Mr. D.'s stops on the road occupied over three hours, during which he had so much confidence in his horse as to turn aside to make purchases, which he did to the amount of two droves of Cattle and four of Sheep! On coming in, Mr. D. was greeted with tremendous cheers. The horse was not in the least distressed, although Mr. D. is confident the distance driven was 106 miles. Filo has since been matched to trot 100 Miles in 12 Hours over a course, with the same weight, 470 lbs. An offer of \$1200 to \$1000 was made Mr. D., to trot Filo 100 Miles over a course, carrying 145 lbs. (the appropriate Trotting Club weight), but was declined. With 145 lbs. up, there are horses here "as plenty as blackberries" that can beat him into fits.

GANO'S CHALLENGE TO THE UNION.—The following spirited challenge was published officially in the "Spirit of the Times" of the 13th June:—

AUGUSTA, Ga., June 5th, 1840.

W. T. PORTER, Esq.: *Dear Sir*,—The friends of GANO are willing to back him to the amount of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS a side, half forfeit, against any named horse, mare, or gelding, in the Union, Four mile heats, agreeable to the rules of the Club over the Lafayette Course, on the day preceding the next Fall meeting, which commences on the 2d Tuesday, 8th of December.

This challenge will remain open until the first day of August next, subject of course to be withdrawn should any accident happen to him previous to the acceptance, which is not likely to occur as he is not in training.

The forfeit shall be arranged to the satisfaction of the acceptor.

Any communication on the subject, addressed to the subscribers, will receive prompt attention.

Yours truly,

THOMAS J. WALTON.
AUGUSTUS LAMKIN.

BOSTON'S ACCEPTANCE.—The following response to the Challenge above "was not long a-coming," our readers may think. We are pleased that the nail has not only been driven home, but clinched on the other side. The following reply appeared in the "Spirit of the Times" of the 20th ult.:—

PETERSBURG, Va., June 16, 1840.

TO MESSRS. THOMAS J. WALTON AND AUGUSTUS LAMKIN:

Gentlemen,—I have seen your communication of the 5th current, to WILLIAM T. PORTER, Esq., Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," proposing to run GANO a Match of "Ten Thousand Dollars a side, half forfeit, against any named horse, mare, or gelding, in the Union, Four mile heats, agreeable to the rules of the Club over the Lafayette Course, on the day preceding the next Fall Meeting."

I accept the Match with my horse BOSTON, the forfeit to be put up whenever you may ask me or I may ask you.

Yours, with great respect,

JAMES LONG.

P. S. You will please write me, to Washington City, when your Fall races commence at the Lafayette Course.

J. L.

SALES OF STOCK.—*Imported Hibiscus.*—Mr. GEORGE FRYER, of Charleston, S. C., has disposed of an interest of one half in this fine horse to Mr. W. F. HIERONYMOUS of Kentucky, in which State he will make his next season, near Lexington. His colts dropped this Spring are considered equal to those of any horse in Carolina.

Red Bill, a crack Medoc colt, has gone into the stable of W. W. BACON, Esq., at \$5000. Mr. B.'s trainer is the well known Robt. Sterling Wooding, better known, perhaps, by the familiar appellation of "Bob Wooding." He was celebrated as a jockey, and made some capital races over the Union Course, Long Island. As a trainer he has few equals west of the Alleghanies.

THE DERBY OF 1840.—The steam packet "Great Western," which arrived on the 19th ult., brings intelligence of the result of the Derby. She sailed from Bristol on the morning of the 4th ult., the day subsequent to the race, but by the extraordinary exertions of the Foreign Agent of the "Spirit of the Times" the result of it was conveyed from Epsom by Express in time for the Steamer. The Derby was run for on Wednesday, June 3d (the Oaks is run for on the following Friday). The State of the Odds on the 25th of May, is thus quoted:—

THE DERBY.

3 to 1 agst	Mr. Etwall's Songster, by Mulatto, out of Melody (tk) trained by..	John Day.
9 to 2	— Lord Westminster's Launcelot, by Camel, out of Banter (tk).....	John Scott.
6 to 1	— Duke of Cleveland's Theon, by Emilius, out of Maria (taken)....	John Smith.
8 to 1	— Lord Albemarle's Assassin, by Taurus, out of Sneaker (taken)...	W. Edwards.
18 to 1	— Lord Kelburne's Pathfinder, by Retainer, out of Emilia (tk).....	Farrell.
25 to 1	— Mr. Houldsworth's Confederate, by Velocipede—Miss Maltby...	W. Trenn.
25 to 1	— Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Bokhara, by Samarcand, out of Zenobia...	Sherwood.
25 to 1	— Lord Exeter's Scutari, by Sultan, out of Velvet.....	Turner.
30 to 1	— Mr. Gill's Prince Albert, by Langar, out of Primrose.....	Gill.
33 to 1	— Mr. Fowler's Cormorant, by Bustard, dam by Orville (taken).....	Flintoff.
33 to 1	— Lord Jersey's Muley Ishmael, by Ishmael, out of Filagree.....	Ransom.
40 to 1	— Mr. E. Peel's Drayton, by Muley, out of Prima Donna.....	Carr.
50 to 1	— Mr. Osbaldeston's colt by The Saddler, out of Fairy Queen's dam...	Stebbins.
100 to 1	— Col. Wyndham's colt by Nonsense, out of Gift.....	Planner.

THE OAKS.

2 to 1 on	Lord G. Bentinck's Crucifix, by Priam, out of Octaviana, trained by..	John Day.
8 to 1 agst	Col. Anson's Black Bess, by Camel, dam by Scud.....	John Scott.
10 to 1	— Mr. Fowler's Lalla Rookh, by Defence, out of Leila.....	Flintoff.
30 to 1	— Mr. Osbaldeston's f. by Belshazzar	Stebbins.

Our Agent's information is to the following effect:—

The Derby, at Epsom, Wednesday, June 3.—Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, arrived at two o'clock, and was received with the loudest and most unexampled enthusiasm. In consequence of the visit of her Majesty, the company on the ground was more than usually numerous and brilliant, and both riders and horses, as if aware of the presence of an illustrious stranger, seemed to exert themselves more than on ordinary occasions. The illustrious pair appeared much gratified on this their first visit to this favorite race course.

The Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb. Last mile and a half. The second to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional police officers, &c.

Mr. Robertson's b. c. <i>Little Wonder</i> , by Muley, out of Lacerta.....	McDonald ...	1
Lord Westminster's c. <i>Launcelot</i> , own brother to Touchstone.....	Scott	2
Mr. Etwall's c. <i>Songster</i> , by Mulatto, out of Melody.....	John Day, Jr. ...	3

Won by a length—17 started—3 placed.

The winner, at the sale of the Underley Yearlings in Sept. 1838, was knocked down at 65 gs. He has very rarely been named in the betting. On reference to the last volume of the English Stud Book we find that *Little Wonder* is a bay colt by Muley out of Lacerta, (dam of Navarin, Marvel, Cestus, etc.,) by Zodiac, her dam Jerboa by Gohanna, out of Camilla by Trentham. *Little Wonder* was bred, we presume, by Mr. Nowell. His dam was ridden before put to the Stud. The smallest odds against him, for the Derby, were 50 to 1. "*Judex*," in speaking of the different nominations, says of him—" *Little Wonder* is too small to win the Derby, but he will beat a good many of the big ones!" Immense sums must have changed hands.

The fine hard bottomed race mare *Sally Eubank* (by Roanoke, dam by Constitution,) dropped a superb colt to Imp. Priam on the 15th of May—a bay with black legs, mane and tail, without a white mark. His owner, Capt. JOHN EUBANK, of Lunenburg Co., Va., thinks him the finest colt he has ever bred, which is saying a great deal. He desires we should claim a name for him. If nothing better occurs to our old friend, let him be called *Hildebrand*, after one of the most gallant knights and stoutest warriors of the middle ages.

Bee's-wing, the beautiful daughter of Black Sophia and Leviathan, whose brilliant career on the Turf was terminated by her winning a heat of four miles in 7:38, left New Orleans recently for the plantation, in Alabama, of Dr. BAR. SMITH, her present owner. Her leg has been fired by Wallis, but with what success our correspondent does not inform us.

ROANOKE COLT SHOW FOR 1840.—The most promising 3 yr. old of the season, in the Old Dominion, is believed to be Messrs. TOWNES' ch. c. *Tattersall*, by Imp. Emancipation out of Volney's dam, who received the highest premium at the Colt Show last year. The other prizes, it is believed, were quite as well bestowed. Our attention has been called to the Show for the present season, by a polite letter from the Secretary, C. P. GREEN, Esq., of Boydton. The exhibition was to take place in Boydton, Va., on Thursday, the 18th of June—the day subsequent to the Commencement at Randolph Macon College. The get of Priam, Emancipation, Shark, Rowton, Mons. Tonson, Sarpedon, Gohanna, First Fruits, John Tyler, and others, were entered.

MATILDA.—DUKE W. SUMNER, Esq., of near Nashville, Tenn., must have realized nearly a fortune from the produce of his fine brood mare Matilda. He has just sold an own sister to *Tellie Doe*, 3 yrs., to Wm. J. MINOR, Esq., of Natchez, Miss., for \$1200. Mr. J. B. PRYOR has also purchased an own sister to *Pactolus*, of the same age, at \$1000.

Col. BINGAMAN's *Fanny Wright* has dropped a fine filly foal to Mr. MINOR's Imp. Doncaster. Angora, belonging to the same spirited Mississippi turfman, has dropped a fine colt foal to Imp. Glencoe.

BLACK MARIA.—We regret to learn from New Orleans that Mr. PEYTON's celebrated *Black Maria* has lost a colt foal this Spring—a clear loss of \$2500.

JEMIMA BURBRIDGE, the Bee's-wing of Indiana, dropped a fine, large ch. c. to Medoc on the 18th April. This mare was withdrawn from the turf at 5 yrs. old, having beaten everything in the State that started with her. She is still owned by THOS. DOWLING, Esq., of Terre-Haute, who breeds her to Monmouth Eclipse this season.

GAME LAWS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The "Gettysburg Star" contains the annexed paragraph, to which the attention of our readers in Philadelphia especially, is invited :—

A friend handed us the following sections of an "act for the better preservation of certain species of game in the counties of Adams and Dauphin," with a request that we would publish them. We comply with the request, from a knowledge of the fact, that recently many instances of a violation of this law have taken place by those, we presume, who are not aware of its existence.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That from and after the first day of April next, no person shall kill in the counties of Adams and Dauphin, any woodcock, between the first day of February and the twentieth day of June; nor any wild turkey, pheasant, nor partridge, between the fifteenth day of January and the first day of September, of each and every year thereafter.

SECTION 2. No person shall at any time wilfully destroy the eggs, or nests, of any wild turkey, pheasant, partridge, or woodcock, within the said counties.

SECTION 3. No carrier, huckster, victualler, or innkeeper, shall have in his or her possession, or buy or cause to be bought, or carry out of the said counties for the purpose of supplying any market, any wild turkey, pheasant, partridge, nor woodcock, unless they shall have been taken in the proper season.

NAMES CLAIMED.—MARK YOUNG, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn., that of *Queen of May* for his ch. f. foaled 7th May, 1840, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Oscar.

Col. W. B. PILLOW, of Columbia, Tenn, that of *Belzoni* for his ch. c. foaled April, 1840, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Stockholder. Also that of *Belvina* for his b. f. foaled April, 1840, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Stockholder. Also that of *Palmerston* for his b. c. by Imp. Merman, dam by Cadmus, he by Sir Archy.

J. H. WILLIAMSON, Esq., of Hicksford, Va., that of *Sally Lundy* for a ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Shark, dam by Van Tromp. Also that of *Ascol* for his yearling ch. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Screamer. Also that of *Billy Parker* for his ch. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of Screamer, foaled on the 20th ult. The latter is nominated in the \$1000 Produce Stake at Newmarket, Va., and in the Ladies' Stake at Baltimore, to be run Spring of 1843.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of Wm. C. TILGHMAN, Esq., of Centreville, Md.

No. 1. Miss LIZZIE, bred by J. Marshall, Jr., of Va., foaled in 1818, at Mont Blanc, Fauquier County, Va.; she was got by Sir Alfred, out of The Lady by Ball's Eagle (imported into Richmond, Va., in 1811,) grandam Old Lady by Seymour's Spread Eagle, g. g. dam Rose of Sharon by Imp. Pantaloon, g. g. g. dam Queen of Diamonds by Celer, g. g. g. dam Philadelphia, which mare was purchased of Col. Finney, of Williamsburgh, by the father of Wm. H. Tyler, Esq., as a brood mare, and very highly valued by him.

Her Produce.

1825. *Moonetta*, gr. f., by Gov. Wright's Silverheels.

1831. *Drodora*, ch. f., by Blakeford, for whose pedigree see Turf Register, Vol. iii., No. 9.

1832. *John Marshall*, ch. c., by John Richards. [One half sold to Jas. S. Garrison, who changed his name to *Bumpcr*.]

1833. *Billy Morgan*, b. c., by John Richards.

1834. *Oswald*, ch. c., by Maryland Eclipse. [Sold to J. S. Garrison, who called him *Liberality*.]

1840. B. f. by Charles Kemble.

Produce of DRODORA.

1837. Br. f. by Imp. Tranby.

WM. C. TILGHMAN.

Centreville, Md., April 30, 1840.

Blood Stock of F. G. MURPHY & Co., Near Bardstown, Ky.

No. 1. LADY TOMPKINS, ch. m., by Am. Eclipse, out of Katy Ann by Ogle's Oscar, grandam (Medoc's dam) by Imp. Expedition, g. g. dam old Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. g. dam Annett by Imp. Shark, g. g. g. dam by Nelson's Rockingham—True Whig—Baylor's Gallant—Imp. Burwell's Regulus—Imp. Diamond, son of Hautboy.

Her Produce.

1838. *Tranbyanna*, b. f., by Imp. Tranby.

1839. Ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot.

1840. B. f. by Imp. Hedgford.

No. 2. LITTLE SALLY, b. m., by Sir Charles (son of Sir Archy), out of Kate by Sir Alfred (son of Imp. Sir Harry), grandam Hurry-tem by Imp. Precipitate,

g. g. dam Pill Box by Imp. Pantaloon—Melpomene by Burwell's Traveller—Virginia by Suo—Old Mark Anthony—Polly Bird by Imp. Aristotle—Young Bonny Lass by Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Bonny Lass by Blank—Bonny Lass by Snip—Lath—Eastby Snake—Grey Wilkes (Sister to Clumsy) by Hautboy.

No. 3. MISSOURI, ch. m., by Eclipse, out of Jenny Walker by Director (son of Sir Archy), grandam by Imp. Diomed, g. g. dam by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. dam Xantippe by Meade's old Celer—Dianna by Claudius—Sally Painter by Evans' Imp. Sterling—Imp. mare Silver.

No. 4. BAY CHARITY, b. m., by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Alfred (son of Imp. Sir Harry), grandam by Doctor (son of Imp. Wildair or Imp. Precipitate, out of old Pill Box by Imp. Pantaloon), g. g. dam by Catchpenny.

Her Produce.

1840. B. c. by Imp. Sarpedon.

F. G. MURPHY & Co.

Bardstown, Ky., May 3, 1840.

Addition to the Stud of JOHN MAXWELL, Esq., of Pendleton, S. C.

No. 1. MUSKOGEE, gr. f., foaled 17th April, 1840; got by Imp. Tranby, out of Jocassie. For Jocassie see Turf Register, vol. x. p. 585.

No. 2. OGEECHIE, b. or br. f., with a small star, foaled 18th April, 1840; got by Imp. Tranby, out of Miss Harriet, alias Harriet Haxall. For Miss Harriet (now owned by me) see Turf Register, vol. ix. p. 335.

No. 3. TRANQUIL, b. or br. c., with a little white on both hind feet, foaled 23d April, 1840; got by Imp. Tranby, out of Viola. For Viola, see Turf Register, vol. x. p. 585, and Edgar's Stud Book.

The above are of good size and very handsome.

JOHN MAXWELL.

Pendleton, S. C., April 25, 1840.

Blood Stock of JOHN JAQUELIN AMBLER, Esq., of Glenambler, Amherst County, Va.

No. 1. GRANDA FLORA, b. f., with a little white upon the coronet of both hind legs, foaled 24th July, 1838; was got by Imp. Priam, out of Multiflora by Sir Archy, grandam by Edmund Irby's

Shylock, g. g. dam by Imp. Dare Devil, g. g. g. dam by Symme's Wildair, g. g. g. dam by Botts & Maclin's Fear-nought, g. g. g. g. dam by Col. Baylor's Godolphin, g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Hob or Nob, g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Tryall, he by Imp. Morton's Traveller, out of Imp. Blazella by Blaze, she out of Jenny Cameron. Blaze was got by Flying Childers, and he by the Darley Arabian.

No. 2. CACIQUE, a blood bay colt, without white, foaled 16th May, 1840; got by Imp. Rowton, out of Multiflora by Sir Archy, etc., as above.

No. 3. SEAGRAVE, dark ch. c., with four white feet, and a very small snip of white upon his nose, foaled 10th of May, 1839; was got by Imp. Margrave, out of Spangle by Orphan Boy, grandam Multiflora by Sir Archy, etc., as above.

JOHN JAQUELIN AMBLER.

Jaquelin Hall, May 24, 1840.

Blood Stock of THOMAS D. WATSON, Esq., of Petersburg, Va.

No. 1. TUBEROSE, by Arab, dam by Bellair, etc.

Her Produce.

1836. Br. f. by Mons. Tonson.

1838. Ch. f. by Andrew.

1840. B. f. by Imp. Priam.

No. 2. CHESNUT MARE by Contention, out of Betsey Graves by Sir William, etc.

Her Produce.

1840. Ch. f. by Imp. Priam.

No. 3. CARADORI, ch. m., by Mons. Tonson, out of Aggy-up by Timoleon. In foal to Black Prince.

All three mares will be stinted to Andrew this season.

THOS. D. WATSON.

Petersburg, Va., April, 1840.

Blood Stock of GEO. F. KEENE, Esq., of Lexington, Ky.

No. 1. AMBOY, b. c., foaled in 1838; got by John Richards, out of Cherocas by Cherokee, grandam by Cook's (alias Blackburne's) Whip.

No. 2. LAURA SOUTHGATE, foaled in 1838; got by John Richards, dam by Reveille, grandam Cherocas by Cherokee.

No. 3. IRENE, foaled Spring of 1839; got by Eclipse, out of Cherocas by Cherokee.

Cherocas is now stinted to Medoc; if

she produces a colt I will call it EDWARD PREBLE.

GEO. F. KEENE.

Lexington, Ky., Feb. 13, 1840.

Pedigree of IMP. SCOUT, the property of Col. W. C. BEATTY, of Yorkville, S. C.

Scout, br. c., foaled in 1836, was got by St. Nicholas, his dam by Blacklock, out of Primette (the dam of Physician, who, "at five years old, with 119 lbs., ran two miles in 3:25," and, last year, had more winners in England than any other horse,) by Prime Minister—Miss Paul by Sir Paul—Miss Dunnington by Shuttle—Miss Grimstone (the grandam of Imp. Tranby, and the g. g. dam of Charles XII., who won the last St. Leger,) by Weazel—Ancaster—Damasculus Arabian—Sampson—Oroonoko—Sophia (sister to Mirza) by the Godolphin Arabian—Hobgoblin—Whitefoot—Leedes—Queen Anne's Moonah Barb Mare.

St. Nicholas was got by Emilius (sire of Imp. Priam) out of Sea-mew, (sister to Sailor and Shoveller, the former of which won the Derby, and the latter the Oaks.) by Scud—Goosander by Hambletonian—Rally (the g. g. dam of Imp Zinganee) by Trumpator—Fancy (sister to old Imp. Diomed) by Florizel.

Blacklock—it is only necessary to say of him, that he is the sire of Velocipede, Voltaire (sire of Charles XII.) Imp. Tranby, Imp. Belshazzar, &c.

Prime Minister (sire of the dam of Charles XII.) was got by Sancho (who won the St. Leger, and unfortunately died at 8 yrs. old,) out of Miss Hornpipe Teazle by Sir Peter—Hornpipe by Trumpator—Herod—Sister to Eclipse.

Sir Paul (brother to Paulina, who won the St. Leger,) was got by Sir Peter, out of Pewet (who won the St. Leger) by Tandem—Termagant (the grandam of Orville) by Tantrum—Sampson—Regulus—Marske's dam.

Shuttle was got by Young Marske, out of a Vauxhall Snap mare—Hip by Herod—Sister to Mirza by the Godolphin Arabian, as in the pedigree of Scout.

Weazel was got by Herod, his dam by Eclipse—Brilliant—Shepherd's Crab—Godolphin Arabian—Childers—True Blue—Cyprus—Bonny Black.

It will be seen on examination, that Scout has all the blood of Tranby and Charles XII., with other good and fashionable crosses.

W. C. BEATTY.

Yorkville, S. C., March 29, 1840.

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

AUGUST, 1840.

Embellishment:

PORTRAIT OF MARY RANDOLPH:

ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY GIMBREDE, FROM A PAINTING BY TROYE.

OUTLINE OF LITTLE WONDER: ON WOOD BY CHILDS.

Contents:

Page

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.	366
MEMOIR OF MARY RANDOLPH: BY THE EDITOR	367
PEDIGREE OF MARY POWELL: BY "D."	371
HOW TO BUY A HORSE. No. XI. BY AN AMATEUR	373
SPRING SNIPE SHOOTING: BY "FRANK FORESTER"	383
BREEDING STUDS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE	390
NO-ANGLER'S ANGLING—No. I.: BY "NO-ANGLER"	401
SOMETHING LIKE SHOOTING	405
A FEW WORDS TO FLY-FISHERS: BY "GAFFER"	407
IMPORTED CITIZEN AND HIS GET: BY "Z. Z."	410
PRACTICAL PARTS OF THE LIFE OF A JOCKEY: BY "RINGWOOD"	412
EPSOM RACES—THE DERBY AND THE OAKS OF 1840	417
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR	423
ROANOKE COLT SHOW	423
SALES OF STOCK	"
LITTLE POOLE	423
NAMES CLAIMED	"
THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS": BY "PENDLETON"	425
TURF REGISTER	426
BLOOD-STOCK OF CAPT. NICHOLAS DAVIS	426
" " L. P. CHEATHAM, ESQ.	427
PEDIGREE OF FALCONI	428
" " WAGNER	"
" " THE CAPTAIN	"
PEDIGREE OF DUANE	428
" " WASHINGTON	"
" " EATON'S COLUMBUS	"
" " WASHINGTON	"
" " TIPPECANOE	"

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Would that we had a thousand correspondents like our friend "D."! It needed not that he should disclaim interest or ill will, as he has done in his communication in the present number; the elements of kindness and generosity were never more beautifully mingled in the human heart, than in our correspondent's. Could he but find time to write as he converses—a ceaseless flow of anecdote, of wit, of shrewd remark, of cordial feeling—his letters would be priceless. Such stores of interesting reminiscence are rarely possessed by a single individual on any one subject: with "D." all themes are alike, and he equally amuses whether he discourses of History or Hunting, of Politics or Race Horses, of Cock-fighting, Philosophy, or "Pretty Women." By the hour have we listened to him while in amicable disputation with an accomplished disciple of Esculapius from the far South—deep in the mysteries of the circulation of the blood in neat-stock; now would they discourse on the stoutness of the English horse compared with our own, now of a theory on the shedding of "short-staple," now of the hereditary transmission of accidental injuries to the eye of the horse, now of the infusion of one-sixteenth cold-blood to insure a four-miler, and then would they be off upon Poetry, Ayrshire Cattle, Physic, or Blue Grass. What flashes of wit, what brilliant repartee, what theorizing, what exposure of theories by stubborn facts! Both our friends have forgotten somewhat the terms on which they parted from us, or our pages would have borne more ample testimony to their powers of analysis—of abstraction!! May we not hope with confidence that they will renew their friendly disputations in these pages, where they are ever so welcome?

A list of the Blood Stock of William B. Green, Esq., of Charlotte C. H., Va., will appear in the September number of the Register.

The Third Day of Spring Snipe Shooting is already in the Compositors' hands, for the next number.





MEMOIR OF MARY RANDOLPH,

THE PROPERTY OF MR. JAMES B. KENDALL, OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

With Notices of her Produce.

THE readers of the "Turf Register" are this month presented with a portrait of Mary Randolph—a fine brood mare belonging to Mr. James B. Kendall, of Baltimore. She is entitled to a place in our gallery of pictures, from her own brilliant performances on the Turf, and as a tried and approved brood mare. As a three-year-old, she had a more enviable reputation than any thing of her year, and her performances contributed more than those of any other of his get, to the great value at that time set upon her sire, Gohanna.

Mary Randolph is a grey mare, sixteen hands high, and was foaled 13th March, 1829. She was got by Gohanna (son of Sir Archy, out of Merino Ewe by Imp. Jack Andrews,) her dam by Independence, grandam Meg of Wapping by Bedford (son of Dunganon), great grandam the imported mare Alexandria, bred by Mr. Kidd in England.

Independence was got by Quicksilver, his dam by Handel, grandam by Spanking Roger, out of the imported mare Polly Peachem.

Quicksilver was got by the imported horse Old Medley, his dam by Virginia-bred Wildair (the son of Imported Fearnought), grandam by Imported Shark, out of Col. S. Overton's full-bred Jolly Roger and Valiant mare.

Before entering upon the Record of Mary Randolph's performances, we copy a brief notice of her half sister, Annette, by Sir Charles, from an early volume of the "Turf Register," to show that she comes of a racing family. A correspondent at that time thus sums up her races:—

Annette, by Sir Charles, (three times a winner at the Central Course,) won several sweepstakes in capital time at three years old, beating the best colts in Virginia—Malcolm, Mercury, and others. Next year ran several excellent races; at Newmarket took the first heat, two miles, in 3:50; but was beat the race by James Cropper taking the second and third heats in 3:50 and 3:54. At Tree Hill she beat Dashed, two mile heats; and next day, in three heats, was beat by Bayard; (but she beat the famed Trifle, winner of the first heat). She beat him the two mile heats at Norfolk, in 3:47 and 3:50; and at the Central Course she won the three mile heats, in three heats, beating O'Kelly, Restless, and Sparrowhawk, winning the two last heats in 5:54 and 5:57. At Charleston, S. C., the ensuing winter, she won the first heat, three miles, from the famed Bertrand Junior, in 5:45. At five years old, among other races, she beat Tuberosa and General Brooke, two mile heats, at Tree Hill, winning the second and third heats in 3:56 each; and won the four mile heats at the Central Course, beating O'Kelly (a second time), Miss Mattie, Pizarro and Busiris. She was a winner ten times: but never ran a good race after being beat (a few weeks after her Central Course victory, the same autumn,) by Tychicus, at Tree Hill.

Public running is the best criterion of the powers of the race-horse. Without further comment, therefore, we enter upon the ca-

reer of Mary Randolph upon the Turf, of which we have compiled the most perfect record in our power :—

Tree Hill, Va., Friday, May 11, 1832—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nine subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

W. H. Roane's gr. f. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna	1	1
J. W. Winfree's b. c. by Gohanna	2	2
Time, 1:53—1:57.		

Fairfield, Va., Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1832—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's gr. m. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna, 3 yrs	1	1
W. H. Minge's b. h. May-Day, by Sir Archy, dam by Hornet, 6 yrs	3	2
Thomas Doswell's gr. h. Traffic, by Sir Charles, out of Sally Brown, 5 yrs	2	3
Richard Adams' ch. f. Pet, by Gohanna, 3 yrs	4	4
J. J. Harrison's b. c. Tam o' Shanter, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Shylock, 3 yrs	5	dist.
Time, 3:55—3:54.		

Norfolk, Va., Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1832—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before* Thirteen subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Two mile heats.

C. Belcher's gr. f. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's gr. f. Blue Bird, by Medley	5	2
O. P. Hare's gr. f. Whortleberry, by Contention	4	3
J. J. Harrison's b. c. Tam o' Shanter, by Mons. Tonson	2	dist.
J. M. Bott's ch. f. Method, by Hotspur	3	dist.
Charles Hatcher's ch. g. Northwest, by Sir Archy Jr.	6	dist.
John White's ch. m. Eliza Drake, by Shawnee, dam by Saltram		dist.
Time, 4:08—4:00.		

Same Place, Friday, Nov. 9, 1832—Purse \$1000, with an Inside Stake of seven subs. at \$500 each, P. P., for all ages; weights same as at Fairfield. Four mile heats.

Wm. Wynn's gr. f. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna, 3 yrs	1	1
J. J. Harrison's ch. h. Goliah, by Eclipse, 5 yrs	2	2
Wm. R. Johnson's ch. m. Annette, by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	3	3
Jas. S. Garrison's b. c. Zinganee, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	4	4
Henry Maclin's b. m. Jane Shore, by Sir Archy, 5 yrs		dist.
Time, 8:44—8:43.		

Tree Hill, Va., Wednesday, Nov. 14, 1832—Stallion Stakes, weights as before: Two mile heats.

John M. Botts' gr. f. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's gr. f. Blue Bird, by Medley	3	2
O. P. Hare's gr. f. Whortleberry, by Contention	2	dr
T. Watson's b. h. Sir Walter Scott, by Mons. Tonson (lame)	4	dr
Time, 3:55—3:50.		

She had thus far won for her owners in her three-year-old form, upwards of \$6000, and was held at a higher price than anything of the same age at that time on the Turf. Towards the end of this year, a Northern Turfman, "a man of spirit-and means," offered for her the sum of \$5000, which was refused; her owners demanded \$2500 more.

She came out the next Spring at Tree Hill, Va., and won the Proprietor's Purse of \$300, as by the record below :—

Tree Hill, Va., Wednesday, April 24, 1833—Proprietor's Purse \$300, for all ages, weights as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. Wynn's gr. f. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna, 4 yrs	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. f. Kate Kennon, by Contention, 4 yrs	5	2
John C. Goode's b. c. Tusculumbia, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	4	3
James M. Selden's b. c. by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	4
Thomas Doswell's b. f. Sting, by Tariff, 4 yrs	6	3
John M. Botts' ch. c. Backslider, by Hotspur, 4 yrs	3	dr
Mr. Williamson's c. Platoff, by Tariff, 4 yrs	7	dr
Time, 4:03—4:10.		

"After this race she travelled from Richmond to the Central Course, near Baltimore, where, owing to the incessant heavy rains, and the deep and miry state of the ground upon which that course and exercise ground was laid out, being a clay soil, she had not an opportunity of taking her proper work; and the state of the Central Course, rendered very deep and dangerous, prevented her owner from running her. From thence she proceeded to the Union Course, Long Island, a further distance of two hundred miles, when the continuance of rain again interrupted her exercise. She neverthe-

less started, although not in proper condition, and was beaten, (for the first time), as appears by the record below."

New York, Union Course, L. I., Wednesday, May 29, 1833—Jockey Club Purse, with the Inside Stakes, \$2750, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

John C. Stevens' gr. h. O'Kelly, by Eclipse, out of Empress, 6 yrs.....	1	2	1
Bela Badger's b. h. Uncle Sam, by John Richards, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.....	3	1	2
Robert L. Stevens' ch. m. Celeste, by Henry, out of Cinderella, 6 yrs.....	6	5	3
William Wynn's gr. f. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Independence, 4 yrs.....	2	3	4
Capt. Stockton's b. m. Miss Mattie, by Sir Archy, out of Blackghost, 5 yrs.....	4	4	dist.
John M. Botts' b. c. Tobacconist, by Gohanna, out of Yankee Maid, 4 yrs.....	5	dr	

Time, 8:02—8:06—8:08.

Broad Rock, Va., Sept. 27, 1833—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, Virginia weights, Three mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. Trifle, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
James S. Garrison's ch. h. Mohawk, by Shawnee, 5 yrs.....	3	2	
John C. Goode's b. h. Rowgally, by Arab, 5 yrs.....	4	3	
Wm. Wynn's gr. f. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	2	4	
John M. Botts' Douglass, by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.	

Time, 5:58—5:51.

Newmarket, Va., Oct. 11, 1833—Jockey Club Purse \$600, for all ages, Virginia weights, Four mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. h. Mucklejohn, by Mucklejohn, 6 yrs.....	9	5	1	1
Wm. M. West's b. f. Lady Sumner, by Shawnee, 4 yrs.....	2	1	3	2
James J. Harrison's ch. m. Tuberoze, by Arab, 5 yrs.....	1	2	4	3
O. P. Hare's ch. h. Mohawk, by Shawnee, 5 yrs.....	6	4	2	*
Wm. Wynn's gr. f. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	3	3	5	*
Henry A. Tayloe's ch. m. Multiflora, by Mason's Rattler.....	4	dr		
Wm. R. Johnson's ro. c. Calculation, by Contention, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.		
John C. Goode's b. h. Rowgally, by Arab, 5 yrs.....	7	dr		
C. S. Morris' b. h. Merab, by Arab, 5 yrs.....	8	dist.		
Hector Davis's ch. m. Dolly Dixon, by Sir Charles, 6 yrs.....	dist.			
J. M. Botts' br. c. Douglass, by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 8:06—8:08—8:14—8:48. * Ruled out.

Broad Rock, Va., Thursday, April 17, 1834—Proprietor's Purse \$200, for all ages, Virginia weights. Two mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's gr. c. Cadet, by Medley, 4 yrs.....	3	3	1	1
Jchn. M. Botts' b. h. Rolla, by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....	5	1	2	2
James B. Kendall's gr. m. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....	1	4	4	3
James S. Garrison's ch. h. De Witt Clinton, by Thornton's Rattler, aged.....	4	6	3	*
C. J. Morris' b. h. Murat, by Arab, 5 yrs.....	6	5	5	*
O. P. Hare's b. f. Fairy, by Tariff, 4 yrs.....	2	2	dist.	

Time, 3:54—3:55—3:53—4:02. * Ruled out.

Timonium, —, Saturday, May 17, 1834—For the Subscription Plate, value \$500, Two mile heats.

There were but two entries for this Plate, viz.: Jas. B. Kendall's gr. m. *Mary Randolph*, and Mr. Garrison's ch. m. Eliza Drake. Mr. Kendall having withdrawn his mare on the morning of the race, she being out of order, by consent of Mr. Garrison the race did not come off.

Baltimore, Md., Central Course, Thursday, May 23, 1834—Proprietor's Purse \$500, for all ages. Virginia weights. Three mile heats.

J. M. Botts' b. h. Tobacconist, by Gohanna, out of Yankee Maid, 5 yrs.....	1	1		
J. B. Kendall's gr. m. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....	3	2		
Gen. Gibson's ch. h. Tyrant, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs.....	4	3		
J. C. Gittings' b. h. Duke of Orleans, by Sumter, dam by Whip, 6 yrs.....	2	dr		
Wm. R. Johnson's gr. c. Cadet, by Medley, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.		

Time, 5:59—5:56.

Hanover C. H., Va., Saturday, Sept. 20, 1834—Poststakes for all ages, Virginia weights. Sub. \$200 each. Two mile heats.

James B. Kendall's gr. m. <i>Mary Randolph</i> , by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....	1	1		
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. Orange Boy, by Sir Archy, dam by Citizen, 5 yrs.....	3	2		
Wm. Williamson's b. h. Rapid, by Thornton's Rattler—Blemish by Gracchus, 6 yrs..	2	3		

Time, 4:17—4:15. Closely contested. Track heavy.

Having thus closed her career upon the Turf, in the Spring of the following year, 1835, Mary Randolph entered the breeding stud. She was first bred to Imp. Tranby, and brought Lady Canton. Lady Canton came out three times last year, and the following is the record of her performances:—

Tree Hill, Va., Tuesday, April 30, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, the get of Imp. Tranby, Chateau Margaux, and Whale, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Forty-one subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

I. Puckett's (R. M. Royster's) b. c. by Imp. Tranby—Lady Charles by Sir Charles.....	2	1	1
Dr. Goodwyn's (Merritt's) br. c. by Imp. Chat. Margaux—Caledonia by Sir Charles.....	1	2	2
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby— <i>Mary Randolph</i> by Gohanna.....	3	3	3
Thos. Doswell's b. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Rowland.....	5	dist.	
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Fiirtilla by Sir Archy....	4	dr	

Time, 1:56—1:54—2:00.

Trenton, N. J., Eagle Course, Tuesday, May 28, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at \$300 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Mary Randolph by Gohanna	2	1	1
W. B. Stockton's Imp. ch. c. Passaic, by Reveller, out of Rachel by Moses	1	2	2
J. H. Hellings' (for Owners) ch. c. by Star, out of Melinda	3	dist.	
W. B. Stockton's Imp. bl. c. Cumberland, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville	pd.ft.		

Time, 1:52—1:57½—2:01.

Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each. \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Wm. Gibbons' bl. c. Mariner, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles	3	3	1	1
David McDaniel's b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon	1	2	4	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. John Hunter, by Shark—Coquette by Sir Archy	4	1	3	dr
Col. F. Thompson's (Col. F. C. Green's) b.f. by Imp. Autocrat—Laura by Rob Roy	2	4	2	*
J. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Mary Randolph by Gohanna	5	dr.		

Time, 3:49—3:49—3:56—4:03. Track heavy. * Ruled out.

This year, too, she has started four times, having been entered for a fifth race, but drawn. Below is the record:—

Washington, D. C., Tuesday, May 6, 1840—Purse \$100, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.: mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. c. Joe Allen, by Goliath, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's ch. m. by Sussex, out of Ann Page's dam, 5 yrs	6	2
Dr. G. L. Stockett's b. h. Gustavus, by Sussex, out of Roseville, 5 yrs	3	3
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph, 4 yrs	2	4
W. H. Sheppard's b. h. Columbus, by Columbus, dam by Catton, 5 yrs	4	5
Mr. Worthington's (Mr. Adams') ch. h. Red Rat, by Sir Charles, d. by Sir Hal, aged	5	dist.
Mr. Holmead's ch. h. Red Fox, by Mason's Rattler, out of a Selim mare, aged	dist.	
Mr. Queen's (G. H. Bell's) Hornet, 6 yrs	dist.	
Mr. McGregor's ch. f. Fanny, by Gimcrack, dam by Escape, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:50—1:52. Track heavy.

Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, Thursday, May 14, 1840—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$15, conditions as above, Two mile heats.

J. D. Kirby's b. c. Camden, by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid by Whisker, 4 yrs	5	1	1
C. S. W. Dorsey's (T. J. Worthington's) b. c. Astor, by Ivanhoe, d. by Tripit, 4 yrs	1	2	2
B. G. Harris' b. c. Sam Houston, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Amelia, 4 yrs	7	4	3
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. Telemachus, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	6	3	4
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph, 4 yrs	3	dist.	
Townes & Williamson's b. f. Cameo, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs	2	dr	
Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's b. h. Gustavus, by Sussex, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs	4	dr	
H. Sheppard's b. h. Columbus, by Columbus, dam by Catton, 5 yrs	8	dr	

Time, 3:50—3:47½—3:48.

Camden Course, Thursday, May 21, 1840—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.: mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph, 4 yrs	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. f. Cameo, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs	2	2
D. Tom's (Mr. Coleman's) ch. c. Borak, by Andrew—Trifle's dam by Cicero, 4 yrs	dist.	
W. Green's b. m. by Prizefighter, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:59—2:11.

At Trenton, N. J., Eagle Course, Thursday, May 23, 1840, *Lady Canton* was withdrawn for the Two mile Purse of \$500.

Same Course—Same day—Purse \$300, free for all ages, Camden Course weights, Mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's b. c. John Hunter, by Shark—Coquette by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	0	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph, 4 yrs	0	2	2

Time, 1:49—1:50½—1:51.

We come now to the performances of Hector Bell, one of the most promising three-year-olds of the season. He was got by Drone, who, it will be recollected, is by Monsieur Tonson, out of Isabella (the dam of Picton, Anvil, and other good ones,) by Sir Archy.

Washington, D. C., Tuesday, May 6, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, \$75 ft. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. c. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone, out of Mary Randolph	1	1
Wm. Gibbons' ch. f. Fairy, by Henry, out of Firefly by Imp. Barefoot	2	2
N. Luffborough's b. c. Tangent, by Ace of Diamonds—Miss Grafton by Roanoke	3	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:58.

Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, May 12, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eighteen subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Edm. Townes' ch. c. Tattersall, by Imp. Emancipation, out of Volney's dam	1	1
W. D. Bowie's gr. c. by Imp. Apparition, out of Blue Belle	2	2
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. c. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone, out of Mary Randolph	3	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:55.

In this brief sketch of the performances of Mary Randolph and

her produce, we have attempted no comments, the naked facts will speak best for themselves. Our limits for remarking further on the subject are cut unexpectedly short by the following late but welcome communication from "D.," from which we will not detain the reader.

PEDIGREE OF MARY POWELL.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine."

DEAR SIR: The letter of Mr. Wooding in the last number of the "Register," must convince any one that when he published the blood of his mare *Mary Powell*, he was himself deceived, and few, I trust, of your readers, but must regret the imposition. I am not able to say what the blood is, but I will, in justice to myself, show that she cannot be of the blood given in the "Register," and at the same time give him some account of Mr. W. Amis's stock, that will enable him and others to estimate more justly the stock sold at his sale.

The pedigree as published is—

Mary Powell by Sir Archy—Rattler—Wildair—Pantaloony—Jones's Diomed Mare.

Of all this but one cross is true—Sir Archy that is; it is the only one that can be true.

Mr. Jones' Diomed mare (he had but one) was a yearling filly at his sale, and called Miss Selden. This filly was bought by General Allen Jones, for his nephew and ward Willis Jones; at four years old she was trained by Austin, and not coming up to Mr. Jones' expectations, she was turned into the breeding stud, and her first colt was by Citizen—he was gelded; her next was by Potomac—he died the Spring he was three years old, with the big head. Mr. Jones then became a strict member of the church, and Miss Selden, then in foal to Sir Archy, became the property, first of Hyder A. Davie, and after foaling was transferred to Dr. Thomas Hall and Allen J. Davie. She had two fillies by Sir Archy and one by Dion; this last was called Diona, and was afterwards the property of (I think) Mr. Meares, of Wilmington. These were all the colts and fillies bred from the Diomed mare; through none of these does the Archy mare Mary Powell trace; therefore her pedigree must be a sheer fabrication, and an imposition on Mr. Wooding.

It was farther stated to Mr. Wooding that the Rattler named in the pedigree was by Shark. Now this Rattler stood but one season on Roanoke; at that time Miss Selden was not 2 years old, therefore no grand daughter could have been bred to him. Jones's Wildair here named was bought by William Gilmour at the sale; he stood one season at Halifax, was then sent West, and died. Pantaloony died before Miss Selden was foaled. So much, therefore, of the pedigree is surely erroneous, and I would if necessary

state what became of all the descendants of the Diomed mare; it is sufficient to shew that Mary Powell cannot hail from that source, and Mr. Wooding and all who know me must be well aware that no one is better acquainted with this stock than myself, and I beg him to believe that it was out of regard to him that I called your attention to the pedigree as published, as I knew that many gentlemen in both the Carolinas, who take the Register, were as well aware of this as myself, and in whose estimation, if strangers to Mr. Wooding, he must have suffered.

I knew the late Mr. W. Amis well, and most of his stock. He was a planter on Roanoke. His usual habit for many years, indeed until his purchase of Sir Archy, was to engage the keeper of some stud horse to go around to his plantations, put his mares throughout the season, he, Mr. Amis, paying a stipulated price for each colt; this price was usually from three to five dollars, *never more*. This I have had from Mr. Amis himself. In this way he had many years the services of Dongolah, then the property of J. Dancy; afterwards, for some years, he had a standing contract with Ben Williams, for the use of Planter in the same way. Subsequently he obtained the services of a large Twig horse, owned by a free mulatto, called Servant Jones in Northampton. In this way Mr. Amis bred his horses (with but few exceptions), and you may rely on it that at the time of his death he had not one thorough bred mare. Many years past Mr. Amis bred one season from a Sweeper horse, raised, as I believe, by his brother-in-law; this was a good horse, but never raced. The first season Sir Archy stood at Newhope, Mr. Amis sent a brown Planter mare to him, and raised a fine brown gelding that died a carriage horse in the possession of Mr. Pugh, and the year Mr. J. D. Amis bought Sir Archy of Mr. Davie, he put four mares under a contract late in the season to Sir Archy. These are the only instances in which, I believe, Mr. Amis ever committed the extravagance of breeding to a high priced horse. His neighbor, Mr. Sterling Peebles, had a chesnut horse called Ratler; to him he bred one mare, and her produce was sold at his sale, and purchased by his son, Mr. John D. Amis;—this chesnut Ratler mare may have been the grandam of Mary Powell. I repeat, Mr. Amis at no time owned a mare descended from Miss Selden.

I have been thus particular because I wish to convince your readers that when corrections are made by me in the Register, I am not myself in error; to sustain both your periodicals, which I look on as the most valuable in our country, and my own character, upon a subject on which I place a high value.

Here permit me to say that hereafter I mean to correct all errors of pedigree published in the "Register," and I hope no gentleman will be offended at my course—he surely cannot wish to impose and perpetuate error. If I am wrong, the investigation will establish the character, not injure his horse.

Permit me in conclusion to observe, that Mr. Wooding is right in his conjecture as to my identity, and do me the justice to believe that I would at all times sooner serve than injure him. D.

FIRST TREATMENT OF SOME INJURIES AND DISEASES TO WHICH THE HORSE IS SUBJECT :

BEING A SEQUEL TO

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.

BY AN AMATEUR.

BEFORE I conclude what I have to say respecting the treatment of a strain of a back sinew—and which case I have introduced, by-the-bye, as an illustration of the mode of treating all injuries of a similar nature, let them occur in what part they may—I must remark that the *position* of the affected part is a matter strictly to be attended to. Rest being a necessary agent in subduing inflammation, the muscles—the organs of motion—of the injured part should be placed, as much as possible, in a state of repose; and for this purpose, where the accident, as in the case in point, has occurred to the back of the leg, a high-heeled shoe should be gently tacked on to the foot, which will effectually prevent the back sinews from being put on the stretch so long as it is worn.

As I do not purpose to go much at length into the treatment of those ailments to which horses are subject, I might here very well conclude what I have to remark with respect to the remedies requisite for the cure of the accident which I have considered above; but, for the purpose of giving you an insight into the operation of applications which may be advisable in a further stage of strain of the back sinew, I will say a few words on the nature of those agents which are generally included under the head of *stimulants*.

Of local stimulants the principal are liniments, blisters, setons, and the actual cautery or firing; and of these the first is the mildest, and the last the most active in its operation.

So long as inflammation is present in any part not deeply seated, any stimulant application is highly improper; for as the nature of these remedies is, as their name implies, to increase the vital action of the part to which they are applied, it must be manifest that by employing them you are augmenting that inflammatory action which you should seek to allay. Whenever, therefore, you find heat, pain, and the other symptoms of active inflammation which I have already enumerated, the employment of stimulating liniments is extremely injudicious, not only on account of their own immediate action, but likewise because in their application it is necessary to use considerable friction, which of itself would have an injurious tendency. It is only, therefore, after all signs of inflammation have disappeared, and the injured part remains puffed (especially after work) and weak, that remedies of a stimulating character are to be resorted to.

But the case is materially altered when the injury is deep-seated; because you then, by the application of stimulants, excite the action of blood-vessels in the neighborhood of the inflamed part, and thus succeed in relieving it by the attraction of a portion of the blood to the skin. For this purpose blisters are preferable to lini-

ments, both on account of their greater activity in general (although blisters may be made in a liquid form, and thus assume the shape of liniments), and because their application does not require so much friction.

I have known several instances of horses being kept lame by the too early employment of blisters, or by their being improperly placed. Since the object of their use during active inflammation is to withdraw blood from the part inflamed, it is manifest that they should never be placed directly over the seat of injury when inflammation exists near the skin. Where blisters are used on the extremities, with a view to lessen inflammation, they should also be applied *above* the inflamed part, as the medicaments of which they are composed, if taken up by the absorbent vessels, as occasionally may happen, will otherwise rather excite than diminish the action of the inflamed part.

Thus you will readily perceive that a good deal of discrimination is requisite to determine the propriety of employing stimulants, and also to judge of the time when they may be used with advantage, and the spot on which they should be placed. In active inflammation, when it is deemed requisite to blister at once, bleeding should always be resorted to in the first instance, otherwise the local irritation caused by the blister will produce general excitement.

Nineteen out of every twenty farriers have no other mode of treating every disease but by bleeding, physicking, and blistering—three very potent remedies, it must be admitted, when judiciously employed, but whose very activity, when misdirected, is a frequent source of irreparable mischief.

Setons, or rowels, are employed for the relief of some internal inflammations, and act by determining the blood from the affected part, thus giving its blood-vessels time to recover their activity.

Of firing—since it is an operation which should always be performed by a skilful veterinary surgeon, and moreover by his advice—I shall say no more than that it should never be resorted to until less strenuous measures have failed, or in such cases as those in which experience has shewn those measures to be without efficacy.

Having now, I hope, given you some insight into the operation of depleting and exciting remedies, I shall proceed to detail the symptoms of some complaints which you will occasionally meet with, and which may require energetic and immediate treatment. In doing this it is not my intention to lay down any general rules for the treatment of active disease through all its stages; as such knowledge as I may possess of the different modes of subduing disease in the horse only leads me, as it should every person who has never practised veterinary surgery, to doubt my own capabilities of conducting the treatment of any grave malady until a cure is effected. Nevertheless, as medical assistance is not always at hand, and some complaints attack a horse suddenly, it is fit that every proprietor of horses should render himself master of the necessary steps to be pursued on the occurrence of any disease of which he may understand the symptoms.

INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS frequently comes on suddenly, and, unless active treatment be immediately adopted, in many instances will prove fatal if allowed to remain uncombated even for a single day and night. If the advice I have given respecting thorough ventilation and perfect cleanliness in the stable be scrupulously followed, this is a disease which should occur but rarely to your stud; but, be your precautions what they may, it will occasionally supervene in horses either constitutionally predisposed to it, or who have been ridden or driven beyond their strength.

The principal symptoms of this disease are a full but not a jerking pulse, a bright red appearance of the lining membrane of the nostril, a rigid and extended position of the fore-legs, and panting respiration. The poor animal likewise will frequently direct your attention to the seat of disease by looking round at his flanks with a piteous expression of countenance that betrays the intensity of his sufferings.

Now let us pause for a moment to consider why this disease should produce such a train of symptoms as I have enumerated.

The pulse is full, but not jerking, because the lungs, being distended with blood, present an impediment to the power of the heart, and consequently prevent the free circulation of this fluid.

The lining membrane of the nostrils is of a bright red hue, from its partaking, probably, of the irritation of the air passages generally, and consequently containing a larger quantity of blood than usual.

The fore-legs are extended and rigid, as by this position the play of the muscles of the chest and shoulders is impeded, and the horse thereby better enabled to keep the thorax at rest, and to breathe by the descent of the diaphragm or midriff (whose action increases the capacity of the chest) and by the abdominal muscles.

The panting respiration is induced by the pain which a deep inspiration would cause by distending the lungs.

When inflammation of the lungs has once set in, it is usually so intense that the blood deserts the extremities, from feebleness of the heart's action, and from the quantity of this fluid which is determined to the seat of disease; and hence the legs, ears, and nose are usually stone cold. The breath is likewise usually cold, which is accounted for by heat possibly being generated by the contact of atmospheric air with the blood in its passage through the lungs, and which contact is now materially diminished by the small quantity of air inhaled.

When a horse attacked by inflammation of the lungs has once assumed the posture I have mentioned, he usually maintains it most perseveringly, seldom lying down until exhausted nature can no longer support him in the upright position.

These symptoms having indicated to you the nature of the complaint, it is clear to you that the gorged state of the lungs must be relieved by the abstraction of blood. Nor is this all; for acute inflammatory action being once established, it is far from sufficient to reduce the pulse to its normal state. Were you to stop there,

the tendency to inflammation still existing, and the vital power being strong, you would find every bad symptom re-appearing. If you place your finger on the artery of the jaw, so soon as a sufficient quantity of blood has been abstracted to remove the congested state of the lungs, you will find the pulse more free and active, and having reduced the number of its pulsations to forty in the minute—the healthy standard—you may think you have done enough ; but, on the contrary, you must enfeeble your patient to prevent re-action, and you must produce a debility proportionate to the excitement lurking in the system. Keep your finger then on the pulse, and when it begins to flutter and fail, and your horse staggers and reels, then, and not till then, close the orifice in the vein—which orifice, by-the-bye, should always be large, that a greater impression may be made on the system by the sudden abstraction of blood.

The pulse being reduced, you must prevent the re-action of the heart by giving nauseating and depressing medicines. For this purpose, give a ball composed of the following ingredients :—

Calomel	Half a drachm.
Tartar Emetic	Two scruples.
Powdered Digitalis.....	One scruple.
Liquorice powder.....	Three drachms.
Honey enough to make a ball.	

If your veterinary surgeon do not make his appearance within six hours, you may repeat this medicine. In the meantime gently rub your horse's ears and legs until the circulation be restored in them ; swathe the latter in warm flannel bandages, loosely applied, quite up to the shoulders and stifles ; put a sufficient quantity of clothes on him to keep his body perfectly warm, and let as much fresh air as possible be freely admitted into your stable. No food of any description is to be given in the first instance ; but, on the contrary, if the symptoms do not abate before the administration of the second ball, the bleeding must be repeated until faintness is induced. A pailful of cold water, in which an ounce of nitre is dissolved, should be left within reach of the horse.

Unlike the treatment of external inflammation, you cannot, in such a case as I have described, give purgative medicines without incurring the almost certain risk of inducing a fatal inflammation of the bowels, owing to the sympathy existing between them and the lungs.

The metastasis, or change of seat, of inflammatory disease in the horse, is very remarkable, and it occasionally happens that internal inflammation of some part of the body will be transferred to the feet or legs, causing the latter to swell prodigiously in a very short space of time.

ACUTE INFLAMMATION OF THE FEET is a very serious disease, and, if it do not terminate by rendering a horse totally unserviceable, at any rate seldom fails to curtail his powers of speed and the freedom of his action.

The symptoms are, great restlessness and constant shifting from one foot to the other, a full and bounding pulse, extreme heat and

tenderness of the feet, and an early desire to lie down, which, having once done, the horse is almost incapable of rising, and frequently puts his nose to the affected part, thus indicating its seat.

In this case you must send for a smith, and make him pare away the horn from the toe until he opens the vein which is there situated, and take from three to four quarts of blood, according to the size and strength of your horse, from each foot. Should no smith be at hand, and you are incapable of performing the operation yourself, it will be better to bleed from the vein running up the inside of the leg, than to delay to take blood somewhere. In this case you must make pressure on the vein above the opening, whereas in bleeding from the neck the pressure is made below it, usually with the edge of the pail or can into which the blood flows.

Have your horse back-raked, and give him the same medicines as for inflammation of the lungs, until your veterinary surgeon arrives.

In addition to this treatment let the shoes be removed, and the sole and crust of the hoof be gently pared and rasped, to diminish as much as possible its pressure on the internal parts of the foot, and then envelope the leg and foot in cloths soaked in the coldest water, in which nitre, to the extent of one ounce to every quart, has been just dissolved.

I believe most veterinary surgeons employ warm applications in this complaint; but, although they may be right, I doubt much if the hoof is thereby much softened and rendered capable of extension as asserted; and without this effect, as warmth will certainly cause a greater flow of blood to the hoof than usual, it must be detrimental.

The last disorder which I shall mention is SPASM of the muscular coat of the bowels, or, as it has been termed, FLATULENT COLIC. This complaint is sudden in its attack, and is frequently produced by large draughts of cold water taken when the body is heated, and by the administration of too great a quantity of aloetic medicines, especially if badly pulverized, and given when a horse is not previously prepared by bran mash, or is allowed corn and beans before the operation of this purgative has ceased. This complaint should perhaps more properly be called SPASMODIC COLIC, that of FLATULENT COLIC, which is really unnecessary, being reserved to designate those cases which are induced by the fermentation of new oats, hay, or green meat in the stomach, by which process a large quantity of gas is generated, which ultimately gives rise to spasm.

A horse suffering from *gripes* or spasmodic colic paws the ground violently; smells his flanks; kicks them with the hind legs; extends himself as far as he can; suddenly gathers himself together; shifts about; lies down, and rolls upon his back; then immediately rises, shakes himself, and goes through the same manœuvres again, accompanying them with groaning so long as the spasm lasts.

The suddenness of the attack, the temperature of the extremities being natural, and the pulse not increased in quickness soon after the spasm has ceased, together with the animal appearing in

good health in the intervals of the complaint, will distinguish spasmodic colic from inflammation of the bowels, which may nevertheless supervene, should the spasms be of long continuance and frequently repeated. For this reason I would recommend you to begin your treatment of colic, when severe, by the abstraction of three or four quarts of blood, and follow it up by back-raking and the injection of a large quantity of warm gruel into the bowels, to which you may add four ounces of oil of turpentine. Prior, however, to administering this injection, give by the mouth a pint of old ale warmed, with half a tea spoonful of powdered ginger, and six drachms or an ounce of laudanum, and where the complaint arises from fermented food, you may add half an ounce of carbonate of soda. Ten minutes after this dose has been swallowed, give the glyster, during the operation of which your horse may be moved about gently, or his belly may be rubbed with warm flannels.

When all bad symptoms have disappeared, mashes should be substituted for corn, and a mild dose of physic given to remove any feculent matter from the bowels.

The variety of diseases to which the horse in his state of bondage is liable precludes the possibility of even noticing them in the limits of this Treatise. Suffice it therefore to say, that in cases where you have decided symptoms of external or internal inflammation, you will never go wrong in taking blood (except where manifest debility accompanies the attack, as in some cases of Influenza), although you may occasionally err in the exhibition of purgative medicines.

Ere I conclude, let me say a few words respecting the treatment of BROKEN KNEES, an accident which may occur at almost any moment, which requires immediate attention. The first thing to be done is carefully to wash away* with a soft sponge and warm water every particle of sand or gravel which may have insinuated itself into the wound, of which you will then be better enabled to ascertain the depth. It occasionally will happen in a very severe fall that the capsule of the joint is lacerated, and in this case an effusion of limpid and somewhat glutinous liquid, called *synovia* or *joint-oil*, will take place. This may not be very perceptible at first, particularly if the opening into the joint be small; but so soon as your attention is directed to it, you should lose no time in sending for the best veterinary surgeon within reach, as you will scarcely be able to manage the case by yourself. Where the laceration of the capsule is extensive, the probability is that the subsequent inflammation will ultimately produce abscess, ulceration of the cartilages of the joint, and, if the horse live long enough, destruction of the bones which compose it. But should the opening into the joint be small, the object you must keep in view is to preserve it accurately closed until Nature shall have had sufficient time to effect its union by granulations. For this purpose a heated iron, of proper dimensions, is usually employed, and the edges of the opening being cauterized, the eschar thus formed, and the subsequent swelling, contribute to close the opening for some days.

When the capsule of the joint is uninjured, and the flap of skin which covered the wounded part still remains, some veterinary surgeons have recommended that it be cut off, and the wound dressed with friar's balsam, which is a strong stimulant. This treatment can scarcely, in my opinion, be vindicated by sound judgment; and had I twenty horses in this state, I would in each case lay the flap down as neatly as possible, and retain it in its proper position by a single point of suture at its least supported part, where the cut portion was large and but loosely attached, or by strips of adhesive plaster, together with a compress and bandage. These latter I would keep constantly wetted with goulard lotion.

Where the skin is entirely removed, the best application, after fomentations with hot water, is a soft and warm linseed-meal poultice, which should be renewed every four hours until the inflammation subsides. You may also in every case give a gentle dose of physic, and no other food for the first few days than bran-mashes and hay.

When the inflammation has been subdued, and granulations appear, apply strips of adhesive plaster, neatly one over the other so as to make some pressure on the wound, and bandage the leg very carefully with a linen bandage from above the knee to the coronet. Several stimulating applications may be requisite during different stages of the cure, among which friar's balsam, and nitrate of silver lotions, varying in strength according to the state of the parts, are perhaps as good as any.

Whether the wound have penetrated to the joint or not, and whether the skin be hanging to the wound or cut off, I would recommend you in every instance of broken knees to apply a splint of wood, of the whole length of the leg, to the back of the limb, and to confine it by a bandage. This is a precaution unattended to by veterinary surgeons: but, inasmuch as it prevents the injured part from being bent or moved, should never be omitted; for the quieter the state of the wounded limb, the less will be the consequent inflammation, and the speedier the cure. Where the injury is great, I should recommend the splint to be kept on for at least six-and-thirty hours without removal.

I have spoken of cold lotions and warm poultices as applicable to different degrees of broken knees. Poultices rather tend to hasten the process of suppuration, without a slight quantity of which granulations will not be formed. They are therefore to be used where there is no flap of skin left. But if you wish to effect immediate union of the cut parts, which should always be attempted when practicable, suppuration is not to be promoted, and therefore cold lotions are preferable.

I once had a horse with a bad broken knee, which accident occurred before he came into my possession, consequently how it was treated I know not. However, he met with a second mischance while being carelessly ridden by an ostler, and broke his knee again in the same place; and by attending to the rules I have given for the treatment of this accident, what was in the first instance an

unsightly scar, with some swelling, was greatly improved in appearance, and the enlargement removed.

Since that time I have twice recommended the same plan to be followed, and each time have witnessed its complete success. However, it requires great care and nicety so to apply strips of plaster and bandages as to prevent the swelling so often consequent on a bad broken knee, and which blisters and stimulants nine times out of ten fail to reduce.

Farriers will tell you that the common adhesive plaster will not do for a horse, and would fain induce you to use strips of leather covered with pitch; but where your plaster perfectly encircles the wounded part, as the knee-joint, and is cut sufficiently long, one end overlaps the other, and consequently it adheres to itself. Where this is not the case, the hair will prevent it from sticking.

INFLAMMATION OF THE EYE sometimes makes its appearance suddenly, either from irritating substances, as hay, seeds, &c., making their way into it, or from blows with a brush while cleaning the head, or a rap with a stick from a brutal groom, who is in the habit of striking a horse over the head while riding him, and perhaps accidentally hits the eye by the sudden shifting of the horse's head when he expects a blow there. I have seen a very severe injury of the eye, where it presented the appearance of a mass of blood, from this very cause.

In this case you must bleed from the vein running just below the eye, and which is usually very easily distinguished, and give physic and bran-mashes. Cold lotions of goulard water are to be constantly applied to the eye, and the stable to be darkened while the inflammation is excessive. When this is reduced, and the membrane of the eye still remains clouded, you may inject night and morning with a syringe a weak solution of nitrate of silver, beginning with four grains to an ounce of distilled water, and gradually increasing its strength as the eye appears to improve under its application. A little speck will frequently remain on the membrane which cannot be removed. Indeed it is occasioned by the abrasion at the moment of injury of this most delicate part.

GREASY HEELS you will have few opportunities of treating if you follow the advice I have given under the head of Stable Management. They are most frequently occasioned by washing the legs with cold water while they are heated from exercise, and suffering them afterwards to dry; the consequent re-action after the application of cold being excessive, and running into inflammation. Nature then seeks to relieve the gorged vessels by a discharge of ichorous matter from the inflamed part. Bringing a horse into a hot stable also in the winter, when his legs are chilled with standing some time perhaps in the snow, will produce a similar effect. These ills are easily to be avoided with a little careful supervision, and by accustoming your groom to pay particular attention to rubbing the heels dry at all times, and keeping them perfectly clean.

When the disease has appeared, all causes inducing it must be avoided; and of these I may mention draughts of air blowing upon

a horse from behind; and if the pain and heat of the part be great, warm and soft poultices must be applied in the first instance.

As soon as stimulating remedies are applicable, you can use nothing better or cleaner than a solution of nitrate of silver in distilled water, beginning with eight or ten grains to the ounce. Sometimes, however, the diseased parts will require a change of stimulants, and you may then apply a solution of blue-stone in a strong decoction of oak bark. A stick of nitrate of silver or lunar caustic may be lightly passed over the cracked part occasionally with great advantage. But there is one circumstance which, although in every case neglected, you must not overlook. The motion of the diseased part must, as much as possible, be controlled. Every time the horse bends the fetlock joint he disturbs the process of Nature in effecting a cure; and as it is necessary to prevent the crack in the heel from being disturbed, you will find that any moderately soft substance, as bees' wax or putty, placed over and closely to the diseased part, will, by taking its form and accurately making pressure upon each portion of it, materially conduce to the cure. It must be applied directly after the lotions I have recommended, and must not only be kept on by a neatly applied bandage, but the hollow of the back part of the fetlock joint must also be previously filled up by a pad of tow, or some other soft substance, in order that the joint may thereby be rendered less capable of motion.

The heels being the farthest removed from the heart, the circulation of the blood in them is less active and vigorous than elsewhere, and consequently their restoration to a healthy state is achieved with more than usual difficulty. Some horses that have cracked heels are in too high condition, while others in a debilitated state are equally or perhaps more prone to the same disease. These different states of body of course require opposite constitutional treatment; the first demanding low diet with purgatives and diuretics; the second, generous food with tonics.

Of all the preventives of grease with which I am acquainted, there is none—setting aside the avoidance of those causes which I have already mentioned as conducing to the disease—so effective in its operation as *bandaging* the legs regularly with flannel rollers. I am an advocate for their employment at most times in the stable, as in my opinion they materially tend to fine the legs when properly applied, and also, when not put on too tightly, evidently keep up the circulation in the extremities, a point of much consequence.

Those who are not shewn the proper method of applying a bandage, generally do more harm than good with them. I am sure I do not in the least exaggerate when I say that I never yet knew a single groom who could put on a bandage as it should be. They fail about the pasterns and fetlocks, and leave the bandage there loose and bagging, so that, when pressure is requisite, the circulation between the pastern joint and the foot is impeded, and the latter will be found cold, and the part between the coronet and fetlock perhaps somewhat swollen.

Bandages, to be neatly applied, should not be so wide as grooms

generally make them. You will hardly be able to put them on properly if of more than four inches in width. Begin by applying your roller just under the knee, pass it round in rather a slanting direction, keeping your finger on the extremity until you find it has taken firm hold of the limb; then let each turn of the bandage cover one half of that above it, taking care so to direct it that its under edge do not bag, but lie loosely on the leg. When you come to the hollow behind the pastern, the bandage must be half folded on itself, so that what was its upper border shall be undermost, and this must be repeated whenever it cannot be otherwise made to lie smoothly and closely to the leg.

By bandaging from above downwards you in a great measure avoid leaving any marks of the roller on the hair.

So much then for the treatment of some of those accidents and diseases which will occasionally demand your attention. We have now several treatises of great merit on the diseases of the horse, in which every circumstance connected with their symptoms and treatment is considered; and as it has only been my intention to notice such cases as will every now and then occur in every man's stable, and which require immediate attention, I would recommend my readers to consult the best veterinary authorities, and to make themselves, as far as possible, masters of the *principles* on which the treatment of disease should be founded, in order that they may not be imposed upon by the ignorance of a country Vulcan—that torturer of the equine race—nor the officiousness of a would-be-learned groom, who deems nothing easier than the cure of all diseases of the horse, and takes the old saying of “as strong as a horse” as his authority for essaying upon his unfortunate carcase every kind of dose of every sort of medicine which it pleases his fancy to imagine he must require.

Has your horse a bad coat or a trifling cough? down goes, night and morning, an *ad libitum* dose of sulphur and antimony, together with a drench, composed of Heaven knows what, but which you are told is *Macmorabolus* (probably *Lac Mirabile*—some old nostrum), and which Mr. So-and-so, the farrier, vows to be a never-failing specific for a cough in all animals. Does he strain himself or get a blow on any part? the stable is forthwith redolent of turpentine and hartshorn, and greasy bottles containing liniments of every smell and virtue adorn the shelves of your saddle-room, or are thrust away into holes and corners as though the very light would rob them of some of their precious qualities.

It is a difficult thing to treat the simplest form of disease on really scientific principles, as experience is constantly demonstrating the errors of our previous practice; but it is by no means an arduous task to acquire that degree of knowledge which will enable us to strip ignorance of its cloak, and confound the empyric who is incapable of assigning a good reason for any portion of his plan of treatment.

Spring Snipe Shooting,

OR

THREE DAYS AT PINE BROOK, NEW JERSEY.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE SECOND.

"WHAT sort of a morning is it, Timothy?"—asked I, rubbing my eyes, as I sat bolt upright in bed on the irruption of that *fidus Achates*, some half hour before sunrise, into my little dormitory—"What sort of a morning is it?"

"A varry bonny mornin, Measter Frank"—responded he—"there was a leetle tooch o' whaite frost aboot midnight, but sin' t' moon set, there's been a soop o' warm ra-ain, and it's dooll noo, and saft loike, wi' t' wind sootherly—but it's boon to be nooght at all, Ayse warrant it. T' Soon 'll be oot enoo—see if he beant—and t' snaipe 'll laie loike steans. Ayse awa noo, and fetch t' het watter—t' ve-al cootlets is i' t' pann, and John Van Dyne he's been a wa-aiting iver sin 't got loight."

"That's not very long, then"—answered I, springing out of bed,—“at all events; for it's as dark as pitch now; bring me a candle, I can't shave by this light; there! leave the door into the parlor open, and tell John to come in and amuse me while I'm shaving.—Is Mr. Archer up?"

"Oop? Weel Ay wot he is oop; and awa wi' Measter Draa, and t' lang goons, doon to t' brigg; to watch t' doocks flay—but Van Dyne says t' doocks has dean flaying."

"Yes, yes—they'se quit sartin"—answered a merry voice without, and in stalked John, the best fowl-shot, the best snipe-marker, the best canoe-paddler, and the best fellow every way, in all New Jersey.

"How are you, John?—any birds on the Piece?"

"Nicely!"—he answered, to my first query—"nicely,"—shaking me warmly by the hand, and, after a pause, added—"I can't say as there be; the Piece is too wet altogether!"

"Too wet—aye?—that's bad, John!"

"Lord, *yes*—too wet entirely—I was half over it with the canoe last week, and didn't see—no not a half a dozen, and they was round the edges like, where there wasn't no good lying!—there was a heap o' yellow legs, though, and a smart chance o' plover."

"Oh, d—n the plover, John—but shall we find no snipe?"

"Not upon neither of the pieces, no how—but there was heaps of them a flyin' over all last night; yes! yes! I guess Archer and I can fix it so as we'll git a few—but, do tell, who's that darned fat chap as I see goin' down"—

Here he was interrupted by the distant report of a heavy gun, followed almost upon the instant by a second.

"Ding!"—he exclaimed—"but there is a flight now! arn't there?—I guess now, Mr. Forester, I'd as well jist run down with old Shot—leastwise he'll fetch um, if so be they've fallen in the water."

"Do! do!"—cried I—"by all means, John; and tell them to come back directly; for half the breakfast's on the table, and I'll be ready by the time they're here."

By the time I had got my jacket on, and while I was in the act of pulling up my long fen boots before the cheerful fire, I perceived by the clack of tongues without, that the sportsmen had returned; and the next moment Harry entered, accompanied by Fat Tom in his glory, with no less than two couple and a half of that most beautiful and delicate of wild-fowl, the green-winged teal.

"That's not so bad, Frank,"—exclaimed Harry, depositing, as he spoke, his heavy single-barrel in the chimney corner, and throwing himself into an arm-chair—"that's not so bad for ten minutes' work—is it?"

"Better a d—d sight"—Tom chimed in—"than layin snoozin till the sun is high—but that's the way with these eternal drinkin men, they does keep bright jest so long as they keeps a liquorin—but when that's done with, you don't hear nothin more of them till noon or arter. D—n all sich drunken critters."

"That's a devilish good one"—answered I—"the deuce a one of you has shaved, or for that matter, washed his face, to the best of my belief—and then, because you tumble out of bed like Hot-tentots, and rush out, gun in hand, with all the accumulated filth of a hard day's drive, and a long night's sweat, reeking upon you, you abuse a christian gentleman, who gets up soberly, and dresses himself decently—for idleness and what not!"

"Soberly!"—answered Tom—"Soberly!—Jest hear, now, Harry—Soberly!—jest like as though he hadn't a had his bitters, and d—d *bitter* bitters, too!"

"Not a drop, upon honor"—I replied—"not a drop this morning!"

"What?—oh! oh! that's the reason, then, why you're so 'tarnal cross. Here, landlord, bring us in them cider sperrits,—I harnt had only a small taste myself—take a drink, Frank, and you'll feel slick as silk torights, I tell you."

"Thank you, *no!*" said I, falling foul of the veal cutlets delicately fried in batter, with collops of ham interspersed, for which my worthy host is justly celebrated—"thank you *no!* bitters are good things in their way, but not when breakfast treads so close upon the heels of them!"

"Tak a soop, Measter Frank—tak a soop, sur"—exhorted Timothy, who was bearing around a salver laden with tumblers, the decanter gracing his better hand—"Tak a soop, thou 'lt be all t' better for 't enoo. Measter Draa 's i' t' roight o' 't. It's varry good stooff Ay'se oophaud it."

"I dont doubt that at all, Tim; natheless I'll be excused just now."

I was soon joined at the table by the fat man and Archer, who were so busily employed in stowing away what Sir Dugald Dalgetty terms provant, that few words passed between us—At length when the *furor edendi* was partially suppressed—"Now then, John," said Harry, "we are going to be here two days—to-morrow, that is, and to-day—what are we to beat, so as to get ground for both days?—Begin with the long meadow, I suppose, and beat the *vlies* toward the small piece home, and finish here before the door."

"That's it, I reckon," answered the jolly Dutchman, "but you knows pretty nigh as well as I can tell you."

"Better, John, better, if I knew exactly how the ground was—but that will be the driest—won't it?"

"Sartain," replied the other—"but we'll get work enough without beating the ground hereaways before the house—we'll keep that to begin upon to-morrow, and so follow up to the big meadow—and to Loises, and all along under the widow Mulford's—if it holds dry to-day; and somehow now I kind o' guess it will. There'll be a heap o' birds there by to-morrow—they were a-flyin' curious, now, last night, I tell you."

"Well, then, let us be moving. Where's the game-bag, Timothy?—give it to John! Is the brandy bottle in it, and the luncheon?—hey?"

"Ay—ay! Sur"—answered Tim—"T' brandy's i' t' big wicker bottle, wi' t' tin cup—and soom cauld pork and crackers i' t' gam bag—and a spare horn of powder, wi' a pund in 't. Here tak it, John Van Dyne, and mooch good may 't do ye—and—haud a bit, man! here's t' dooble shot belt—sling it across your shoulders, and awa wi' you."

Everything being now prepared, and having ordered dinner to be in readiness at seven, we lighted our cigars and started; Harry, with the two setters trotting steadily at his heels, and his gun on his shoulder, leading the way at a step that would have cleared above five miles an hour, I following at my best pace, Tom Draw puffing and blowing like a grampus in shoal water, and John Van Dyne swinging along at a queer loping trot behind me. We crossed the bridges and the causeway by which we had arrived the previous night, passed through the toll-gate, and, turning short to the right hand, followed a narrow sandy lane for some three quarters of a mile, till it turned off abruptly to the left, crossing a muddy streamlet by a small wooden bridge. Here Harry paused, flung the stump of his cheroot into the ditch, and dropping the but of his gun, began very quietly to load, I following his example without saying a word.

"Heré we are, Frank,"—said he—"this long stripe of rushy fields, on both sides of the ditch, is what they call the long meadow, and rare sport have I had on it in my day, but I'm afraid it's too wet now—we'll soon see, though"—and he strode across the fence, and waved the dogs off to the right and left. "You take the right hand, Frank; and, Tom, keep you the ditch bank, all the way; the ground is firmest there—we've got the wind in our favor—a little

farther off, Frank, they wont lie hard for an hour or two, at all events—and I dont believe we shall find a bird before we cross the next fence.”

Heads up and sterns down, off raced the fleet setters, beating the meadows fairly from the right hand fence to the ditch, crossing each other in mid course, and quartering the ground superbly—but nothing rose before them, nor did their motions indicate the slightest taint of scent upon the dewy herbage. The ground, however, contrary to Harry's expectations, was in prime order—loose, loamy, moist, black soil, with the young tender grass of spring shooting up every where, bright succulent and sweet; tall tufts of rushes here and there, and patches of brown flags, the reliques of the bye-gone year, affording a sure shelter for the timid waders. The day was cool and calm, with a soft mellow light—for the sun was curtained, though not hidden, by wavy folds of gauze-like mist—and a delicious softness in the mild western breeze, before which we were wending our way, as every one who would bag *snipe*, must do, *down wind*. We crossed the second fence—the ground was barer—wetter—splashy in places, and much poached by the footsteps of the cattle, which had been pastured there last autumn. See, the red dog has turned off at a right angle from his course—he lifts his head high, straightens his neck and snuffs the air, slackening his pace to a slow, guarded trot, and waving his stern gently—Chase sees him, pauses, almost backs!

“Look to, Frank—there's a bird before him!”

Skeap! skeap! skeap!—up they jumped eighty yards off at the least, as wild as hawks; skimming the surface of the meadow, and still by their shrill squeak calling up other birds to join them, till seven or eight were on the wing together; then up they rose clearly defined against the sky, and wheeled in short zigzags above the plain, as if uncertain whither they should fly, till at length they launched off straight to the right hand, and after a flight of a full mile, pitched suddenly and steeply down behind a clump of newly-budding birches.

“I knows where them jokers be, Mr. Archer”—exclaimed Van Dyne.

“In h—ll, I guess they be”—responded Master Draw—“least-wise they flew far enough to be there anyhow!”

“No, no! Tom, they've not gone so very far,” said Archer, “and there's good lying for them there, I shall be satisfied if they all go that way.—To ho! to ho!” he interrupted himself, for the dogs had both come to a dead point among some tall flags; and Shot's head cocked on one side, with his nose pointed directly downward, and his brow furrowed into a knotty frown, shewed that the bird was under his very feet—“come up, Tom—come up, you old sinner—dont you see Shot's got a snipe under his very nose.”

“Well! well! I sees”—answered Tom—“I sees it, d—n you!—but give a fellow time, you'd best—in this eternal miry mud-hole!”—and, sinking mid leg deep at every step, the fat man floundered on, keeping, however, his gun ever in position, and his keen quick eye steadily fixed on the staunch setter.

"Are you ready, now?—I'll flush him"—exclaimed Harry, taking a step in advance: and instantly up sprang the bird, with his sharp, thrice-repeated cry, and a quick flutter of his wings, almost straight into the air over the head of Tom, striving to get the wind.

Bang!—Draw's first barrel was discharged, the snipe being at that moment scarce ten feet from the muzzle, the whole load going like a bullet, of course harmlessly!—his second followed, but, like the first, in vain; for the bird, having fairly weathered him, was flying very fast, and twisting all the time, directly up wind. Then Harry's gun was pitched up, and the trigger drawn almost before the but was at his shoulder. Down went the bird—slanting away six yards, though killed stone dead, in the direction of his former flight, so rapidly had he been going when the shot struck him.

"Mark! mark!"—I shouted—"Harry. Mark! mark! behind you!"—As three more birds took wing, before the red dog, and were bearing off, too far from me, to the right hand, like those which had preceded them. I had, when I cried "mark," not an idea that he could possibly have killed one; for he had turned already quite round in his tracks, to shoot the first bird, and the others had risen wild, in the first place, and were now forty yards off at the least—but quick as thought he wheeled again, cocking his second barrel in the very act of turning, and sooner almost than I could imagine the possibility of his even catching sight of them, a second snipe was fluttering down wing-tipped.

"Beautiful—beautiful—indeed"—I cried involuntarily,—"the quickest and the cleanest double shot I have seen in many a day."

"It warnt so d—d slow, no how"—replied Tom, somewhat crest-fallen, as he re-loaded his huge demi-cannon.

"Slow!—you old heathen!—if you could shoot better than a boy five years old, we should have had three birds—I could have got two of those last just as well as not, if you had knocked the first down like a christian sportsman—but look! look at those devils"—Harry went on, pointing toward the birds, which had gone off, and at which he had been gazing all the time—"confound them, they're going to drum!"

And so indeed they were; and for the first time in my life I beheld a spectacle, which I had heard of indeed, but never had believed fully, till my own eyes now witnessed it. The two birds, which had been flushed, mounted up! up! scaling the sky in short small circles, till they were quite as far from this dull earth, as the lark, when "at heaven's gate he sings"—and then dropt plumb down, as it would seem, fifty feet in an instant, with a strange drumming sound, which might be heard for a mile or more. Then up they soared again, and again repeated their manœuvre; while at each repetition of the sound another and another bird flew up from every part of the wide meadow, and joined those in mid æther; till there must have been, at the least reckoning, forty snipe soaring and drumming within the compass of a mile, rendering the whole air

vocal with that strange quivering hum, which has been stated by some authors—and among these by the ingenious and observant Gilbert White—to be ventriloquous; although it is now pretty generally—and probably with justice—conceded to be the effect of a vibratory motion of the quill feathers set obliquely, so as to make the air whistle through them. For above an hour did this wild work continue; not a bird descending from its “bad eminence,” but, on the contrary, each one that we flushed out of distance, for they would not lie to the dogs at all, rising at once to join them. “We have no chance”—said Harry—“no chance at all of doing anything, unless the day changes, and the sun gets out hot, which I fear it wont. Look out, Tom, watch that beggar to your right there; he has done drumming, and is going to ‘light’”—and, with the words, sheer down he darted some ninety yards from the spot where we stood, till he was scarce three feet above the marsh; when he wheeled off, and skimmed the flat, uttering a sharp harsh clatter, entirely different from any sound I ever heard proceed from a snipe’s bill before, though in wild weather in the early spring time I have heard it since, full many a day. The cry resembled more the cackling of a hen, which has just laid an egg, than any other sound I can compare it to; and consisted of a repetition some ten times in succession of the syllable *kek*, so hard and jarring that it was difficult to believe it the utterance of so small a bird—But if I was surprised at what I heard, what was I, when I saw the bird alight on the top rail of a high snake fence, and continue there five or ten minutes, when it dropped down into the long marsh grass. Pointing toward the spot where I had marked it, I was advancing stealthily, when Archer said—“You may try if you like, but I can tell you that you wont get near him!”—I persevered, however, and fancied I should get within long shot, but Harry was quite right; for he rose again skeap! skeap! and went off as wild as ever, towering as before, and drumming; but for a short time only, when, tired apparently of the long flight he had already taken, he stooped from his elevation with the same jarring clatter, and alighted—this time to my unmitigated wonder—upon the topmost spray of a large willow tree, which grew by the ditch side!

“It’s not the least use—not the least—pottering after these birds now,” said Harry—“We’ll get on to the farther end of the meadows, where the grass is long, and where they may lie something better; and we’ll beat back for these birds in the afternoon, if Dan Phœbus will but deign to shine out.

On we went, therefore, Tom Draw swearing strange oaths at the birds, that acted so darnation cur’ous, and at myself and Harry for being such eternal fools as to have brought him sweatin into them d—d stinkin mud-holes; and I, to say the truth, almost despairing of success. In half an hour’s walking we did, however, reach some ground, which—yielding far more shelter to the birds, as being meadow-land not pastured, but covered with coarse rushy tussocks—seemed to promise something better in the way of sport; and before we had gone many yards beyond the first fence, a bird rose at long distance to Tom’s right, and was cut down immediately

by a quick snap shot of that worthy, on whose temper and ability to shoot the firmer ground and easier walking had already begun to work a miracle.

"Who says I cant shoot now, no more than a five-year-old—d—n you?"—he shouted, dropping the butt of his gun deliberately, when skeap! skeap! startled by the near report, two more snipe rose within five yards of him!—fluttered he was assuredly, and fully did I expect to see a clear miss—but he refrained, took time, cocked his gun coolly, and letting the birds get twenty yards away, dropped that to his right hand, killed clean with his second barrel, while Harry doubled up the other in his accustomed style, I not having as yet got a chance of any bird.

"Down, charge!"—said Harry—"down, charge! Shot, you villain!"—for the last bird had fallen wing-tipped only, and was now making ineffectual attempts to rise, bouncing three or four feet from the ground, with his usual cry, and falling back again only to repeat his effort within five minutes—this proved too much, as it seemed, for the poor dog's endurance, so that, after rising once or twice uneasily, and sitting down again at his master's word, he drew on steadily, and began roading the running bird, regardless of the score which he might have been well aware he was running up against himself. During this business Chase had sat pretty quiet, though I had observed a nervous twitching of ears, and a latent spark of the devil in his keen black eye, which led me to expect some mischief, so that I kept my gun all ready for immediate action; and well it was that I did so; for the next moment he dashed in, passing Shot, who was pointing steadily enough, and picked up the bird after a trifling scuffle, the result of which was that a couple more snipe were flushed wild by the noise. Without a moment's hesitation I let drive at them with both barrels, knocking the right hand snipe down very neatly—the left hand bird, however, pitched up a few feet just as I drew the trigger; and the consequence was that, as I fancied, I had missed him clean.

"There! there! you stoopid, blundering, no-sich-thing—there! now who talks of missing?—That was the nicest, prettiest, easiest shot I ever did see—and you—you shiftless nigger you—you talks to me of missing!"

"Shut up!—Shut up, you most incorrigible old brute"—responded Harry, who had been steadily employed in marking the missed bird, as I deemed him—"Shut up your stupid jaw—that snipe's as dead as the old cow you gave us for supper the last time we dined at Warwick—though from a very different cause—for the cow, Jem Flyn says, died of the murrain or some other foul rotten disorder, and that small winged fellow has got a very sufficient dose of blue pill to account for his decease! So shut up—and keep still while I take the change out of these confounded dogs; or we shall have every bird we get near to-day flushed like those two. Ha! Shot—Ha! Chase—down cha-a-arge—down ch-a-arge—will you? will you? Down charge!" and for about five minutes, nothing was heard upon the meadows but the resounding clang of the short heavy dog-whip—the stifled grunts of Shot, and the vo-

ciferous yells of Chase under the merited and necessary chastisement. "Down charge, now, will you?"—he continued, as pocketing his whip, he wiped his heated brow, picked up his gun, and proceeded to bag the scattered game.—"There! that job's done"—he said—"and a job that I hate most confoundedly it is—but it *must be done* now and then; and the more severely, when necessary, the more mercifully!"

"Now that's what I doos call a right down lie"—the fat man interposed—"you loves it, and you knows you do—you loves to lick them poor dumb brutes, cause they cant lick back no how. You, Chase, d—n you, quit mouthing that there snipe—quit mouthing it, I say—else I'll cut out the snoopin soul of you!"

"So much for Tom Draw's lecture upon cruelty to animals—that's what I call rich"—answered Harry—"but come, let us get on—I marked that bird to a yard, down among those dwarf rose-bushes—and there we shall find, I'll be bound on it, good shooting. How very stupid of me not to think of that spot! You know, John, we always find birds there, when they can't be found any where else."

On we went, after a re-invigorating cup of mountain dew, with spirits raised at the prospect of some sport at last, and as we bagged the snipe which—Harry was right—had fallen killed quite dead, the sun came out hot, broad, and full; the birds were lying thick among the stunted bushes and warm bubbling springs which covered, in this portion of the ground, some twenty acres of marsh meadow; and as the afternoon waxed warm, they lay right well before the dogs, which having learned the consequences of misdemeanor, behaved with all discretion. *We* shot well! and the sport waxed so fast and furious, that till the shades of evening fell we had forgotten—all the three—that our luncheon, saving the article of drams, was still untasted; and that, when we assembled at seven of the clock in Hard's cozy parlor, and shook out of bag and pocket our complement of sixty-three well-grown and well-fed snipe, we were in reasonable case to do good justice to a right good supper.

BREEDING STUDS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

TRANSLATED FROM A CONTINENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR: I do not possess documents sufficiently certain on the Veterinary Institutions of Russia, to give an account so detailed as those which preceded; but I can, however, speak in such a way, as to give an idea of the different species of horses spread over the immense extent of this vast empire, of which the head reaches to China, the arms to Persia on one side, and to America on the other, and of which the feet rest one on Turkey,

the other on Prussia; as to the means employed to keep and ameliorate the species of horses in some of the parts of a space so colossal.

The different kinds of horses, and the breeding studs, existing in Russia, merit as much attention as those of the countries of which we have already spoken. I believe then that many will see with pleasure the following details, from a book published by a General in the Russian service, as the result of long and scrupulous observations, which his position could not fail to render interesting.

Similar in that to England, Spain, France, Denmark, Arabia, Persia, as well as other countries, which have their peculiar species, and which we may call indigenous, the immense empire of Russia likewise possesses her particular kinds of which the mark may be noticed, notwithstanding the deviations which are produced by the mixture of the different breeds.

The primitive stock of these horses originally came from Great Russia, and their conformation is not, moreover, perfect: they are of middling height, the head rather too large, the forehead flat, the eye dull, the chest short and wide, the breast likewise broad, the buttocks very thick, the legs bony, without being too thick, but well covered with hair, the hoof rather flat than high; the tail and mane are of such a size that the latter often descends below the knee. If what I have stated does not establish the beauty of the Russian horse, at least it must be allowed, that he is distinguished by many excellent qualities: he is of a character the most gentle, very steady, sober, and cautious, full of intelligence, and, if I may so express it, indefatigable. Every one who has travelled in Russia can vouch for this. A conducteur or Russian postillion puts in the carriage generally three or four horses abreast, which he directs from his seat; in this manner he descends the steepest declivities, not whipping his horses, but speaking to them; and to get up a steep place, he encourages them by his voice, that, without any other excitation, they carry along the equipage at a rapid pace, and will perish rather than give up. The bottom of these horses is so remarkable, that often a postillion, in coming to the place to change horses, asks the traveller permission to continue, although he has already run over 30 wérstes (about twenty miles), and has still a like distance to go. To make 10 or 12 werstes, or 7 miles an hour, is to go very slowly, for the couriers generally travel from St. Petersburg to Moscow in 42 to 45 hours. The distance is 729 werstes; which is about 17 werstes or 11 miles an hour, without deducting the time which they lose in attaching and detaching the horses, and in taking refreshment.

The breed of Russian horses, properly speaking, is not suitable for the saddle, therefore they are used but rarely to fill up the vacancies in the cavalry; their broad chest, buttocks, and large bones rendering them much more proper for the shafts; so that they are not much engaged but as draught horses.

It must be understood, that it is not here a question regarding the horses reared in the breeding studs of the great proprietors or

rich boyards of Russia ; both in the one and the other, those brought forth are artificial ; the possessors of these establishments spare no expense to procure stallions of a foreign breed, principally English ; but, in general, they are too little occupied with their genealogies, and this negligence, which is difficult to correct, has made them often regret having made acquisitions which they thought good, whilst they were middling or bad. A fine animal, which chance hath given birth to from an ordinary father and mother, rarely produces descendants which resemble him ; more likely he transmits the faults of his predecessors, than his own good qualities, to his colts. It is therefore very necessary to pay particular attention to the pedigrees before every other thing.

Another fault into which they fall, in all the great breeding studs of Russia, is, that without distinction of locality, all the breeding mares are left, during that which they call the fine season, in the pastures, however wet and marshy they may be. This method is as fatal to the mares covered by the choice stallions, as by those of an ordinary kind, and whose colts are in their turn destined as breeders, that economy in this matter is badly placed ; they will of this be easily convinced in taking two mares covered by the same stallion, of which one remains constantly in the pasture, and the other fed with hay and oats cultivated on a dry soil. No doubt the foal of the latter will much surpass in quality that of the former, and the difference will be more striking, when the two have reached the age when they are fit for service.

Every one knows how much care and attention young colts require. They rarely obtain this in Russia. Thus the produce of the most beautiful stallions there degenerate quickly ; they keep them in a tainted atmosphere during winter, or in stables badly closed, out of which they do not carry the dung until it is in large heaps. These young animals suck their mothers as long as the latter, by instinct, will allow them ;—for six or eight months the milk would be more than sufficient, and would not weaken the mother, but the surplus milk does more harm to the foal than good.

The stallions of high price are the only ones which are led for coupling ; all the others are sent to the pastures with the mares, and one may conceive how much this permanent communication excites and enervates them. They allege as an excuse for this system, that it would be too difficult to keep a sufficient number of stallions in the stables for the service of a breeding stud, where the mares sometimes exceed thousands. That it would be a grievous necessity, because it is very prejudicial to the preservation and prosperity of the species.

In a great number of establishments of this nature, they often employ stallions too young ; they cover at the age of three or four, when they have not as yet acquired their full growth. This they ought not to be allowed to do until they are five or six years of age, when their development has satisfied the intention of nature.

That which I have stated applies in general to the breeding studs in Russia, but there are honorable exceptions. We can, for example, applaud the good order and judgment which prevails in

the organization and conducting of some of these studs in Little Russia, and in the Ukraine. The rich proprietors to whom these establishments belong, have obtained at any price the most beautiful stallions, and the best breeding mares from every country in the world: the produce which they thus obtain, and of which they take great care, almost always realizes their expectations. I have seen these colts sold extremely dear, so as to pay the enormous sum which they cost to breed and bring up.

Livonia and Estonia produce a species of horses of a middling height, with the forehead flat, the chest rather large, the breast ample, the shape or belly deep, the buttocks round, the legs fine, and the hoof well made. These horses are very hardy, and suitable for the saddle as well as harness. We do not meet with large breeding studs in these provinces; ten or twelve breeding mares are all that the most opulent proprietors keep. The peasants breed the same kind of horses as their "*seigneurs*," and are in general well mounted. It is very rare to find with them a vicious horse. In the islands of O'Esel, the species of these animals present the same characteristics, but do not reach the same height.

The government of Archangel furnishes a species of horses which they call "*messenski*;" they are small, well put together, legs fine, and neck "*large*," and they possess good bottom. This kind is only distinct from that called *meschki* by the smallness of its stature. The horses of the species *meschki*, having manes very long, have beautiful eyes, and are distinguished by their courage and swiftness; nevertheless, they prefer employing them in the shafts: almost all of them are excellent trotters. They are in many respects the same kind as the original horses of Great Russia.

In the vicinity of Viatka, on the Wolga, a government adjacent to those of Casan, of Perm, and of Kostrama, we meet with a species of horses which differs from those of Great Russia: they are not so large in their make, the head is better proportioned, the ears are small, the chest well formed, though more inclined to be large than thin, the buttock round, the mane fine; this species suits well for the saddle, and above all, for fresh horses for the cavalry. They furnish excellent trotters, which sell at high prices, and are much esteemed through the whole empire. These horses are frequently engaged in Traineau, at sledge races, and considerable bets are laid by their masters. They resemble a good deal those of Livonia, they pretend that that is their origin, but now they are become superior to their ancestors, either on account of the climate or by the superior care with which they are treated in their new country.

In the government of Kofura, or Kolywan, which includes a part of Siberia, they meet among the Tartars scattered upon the banks of the Tomsk, and of the Oby, a kind of small horse of a regular conformation. These horses suit better for harness than the saddle,—they are excellent trotters. Formerly these Tartars inhabited the mountains of Altai, under the dominion of the Songares, a Mongolian colony. They shook off the yoke about 1616, and

took refuge in Siberia, where the Russians accorded them protection. From a wandering race they have become farmers, and given themselves up to the raising of horses in which they have a considerable trade.

We likewise find a great number of horses amongst the Tongs, and Bratzky Tartars inhabiting the neighboring mountains of lake Baikal. These horses are well made, with beautiful heads and chests, handsome legs, and the feet firm; their defect is being of too small size, they climb with ease the highest mountains. When they have made a rather long journey, their masters leave them fifteen or twenty hours without food or water, pretending that without this precaution, many of them would perish. To prevent horses in travelling from taking hold of anything eatable on the ground, they bridle them in a manner that they cannot lower their heads; and when they arrive, the ring of their halter is thrust into a cord strongly bent, which permits them to go and come from one end of the rope to the other, but makes them hold up their heads in such a way as to prevent them reaching the grass with their mouths, which they trample upon instead of allaying their hunger; this is the real torment of Tantalus revived.

In the same government, towards the frontier of China, there is found a particular species of horse very small, but well proportioned, very active and sure footed. What is most singular in these horses is their spotted skin, as if produced by drops of different colors, except black: they have very bushy manes and tails, whilst in general the spotted horses of other countries have these parts very thin. Without doubt, the smallness of these horses must be attributed to the influence of the rigorous climate; nevertheless, this fault is redeemed by the other superior qualities which they possess, fleetness, bottom, courage, but they with difficulty support the changes of climate.

The Iakuttes, though using principally the reindeer, sometimes employ horses for riding and the pack saddle, because it is impossible to travel otherwise in a country where no roads exist.

In the peninsula of Kamtschatka, the natives only employ dogs to draw their sledges; the horses which are seen in that country belong exclusively to Turkish agents.

The extreme negligence of the Kamtschadales is one of the causes of the rarity of cattle in their country; these last, never having shelter, are devoured by the dogs, the wolves, and the bears, against the attacks of which they take no precautions.

The Kamtschadales employ the dogs for their service only in winter; they let them loose as soon as the snow melts, so that they may themselves find food in the best manner they can. These dogs being less timid and better hunters than the other carnivorous animals, unite in numerous bands, approach the habitations, and pillage every thing which excites their appetites. When winter returns, they enter by instinct the houses of their masters, where they are fed with the fish bones collected on purpose, of the fish caught during the favorable season.

The horses of the Kirghises are remarkably ugly; all have a

head like a sheep, lower jaws unwieldy, the neck of a stag, buttocks of a pig, the breast narrow, their legs and hoofs are better made. They rarely reach the middle height, and one cannot say to what particular purpose they are best suited.

The Kirghises form two hordes, the great and the little ; the former is not considered to belong to Russia ; the latter was put under the protection of that power in 1754 ; but although there are always hostages of the Kirghises at Orembourg, the Russian frontiers are not the less disturbed by these vagabonds. They are obliged always to keep up a strong *cordon militaire*.

The two hordes of Kirghises possess numerous herds of horses, of horned cattle, and sheep. The flesh of the ox or the sheep do not please them, they throw them away, and only keep the tallow to sell at the fairs of Orembourg. Their sheep get so fat, and their tails so heavy, that often they are unable to walk.

The Baschkins, who inhabit that part south of the Oural mountains which extends between the Wolga and the Kuma, possess a breed of horses of which the distinguishing characters are, pig-like head, lower jaw very thick, chest short and strong, breast large, legs strong, the mane and tail very bushy. These horses are vigorous, and not only endure great fatigue, but the intemperature of the climate. They are never under shelter, and in winter they are only fed with the grass which they find under the snow by scraping with their feet ; in spring, when their food becomes better by the activity of vegetation, they recover in a few days their *en bon point*, which they had lost during the inclement season.

The Baschkins form pulks or regiments which the Russians employ in war as light troops, and against the Kirghises, to bring them to order when they commit robberies. These last are very much afraid of the Baschkins, who formerly were only a wandering people like themselves, but who now have fixed habitations without being less warlike than formerly. They resemble the Bulgarians, from whom one would believe they are descended, notwithstanding the opinion that they are sprung from the Nogain Tartars.

Between Astrakan and Kislan, near the mouth of the Kuma, dwells a colony of Turkoman emigrants, who raise a great number of horses of a middling race, but well put together. These horses are of little use, except in their native country ; taken to another they waste away and soon die. They can only attribute this to the want of mineral salt, which these animals find in their native pastures, where this substance is every where strewed.

The Nogain Tartars dwell on the banks of the Caspian sea, they have numerous breeding studs, in which they raise very good horses, which are distinguished by a fine head and limbs, good hoofs, and of great fleetness. They prefer these horses to those of the Crimea from which they are descended. The Nogains live like the Kalmucks and all the wandering races. When their flocks have consumed the grass of the place which they have occupied for any length of time, they go farther on and transplant their huts, which are made of felt, but are not folded up like those of the

Kalmucks, These huts are placed entire in high carts with two wheels, with the women and children. The wheels of these carts never being greased, produce most infernal music when a number of them are together.

The Kalmucks on the banks of the Wolga, from Sarepta to the *steppes* of Astrakan and of the Don, that is to say, on a space of about 800 werstes, furnish to the Russian army many horses for the light cavalry. The pastures of these countries are excellent, and feed flocks of all kinds. Formerly Prussia and Austria sent there to purchase new horses for their cavalry. The Cossacks of the Don make a trade in these horses, which they sell as if proceeding from their own proper breed.

The origin of this race of horses is very uncertain. The Kalmucks, who possessed them, came, in 1725, and settled on the Wolga, bringing with them their flocks. The Russian Government having displeased these colonies, have unfortunately rendered them much less numerous than they would have been on the banks of the river, which they enriched by their industry. 16,000 Kalmuck families have taken the route to China, from which they have emigrated, and have brought with them a great number of horses and beasts of every kind. The Chinese government being much dissatisfied with their former flight, received them badly on their return, they hanged their chiefs, and scattered the rest throughout the empire.

They raise a great number of horses on the banks of the Don. The Cossacks of that country possess, according to their means, breeding studs more or less considerable. They cite a certain Iefernow, or Hetman of the Don, who left to his heirs 20,000 horses. Such a statement will appear to many persons exaggerated: it is, however, a well known fact over all Russia.

In the breeding studs of the rich Cossacks we find excellent horses, of a hardiness and strength which will stand any proof. They have generally the head a little *brusque*, the lower jaw strong, the chest projecting from the withers, the body long, terminating by a breast large and well formed. Their croup is remarkably beautiful; the fore legs are well made, the hoof rather high than flat, has, on examination, a horn hard and solid, capable of being a long time used without a shoe. These horses are of a middling size; in walking, their motion is very near the ground, but when they are put on a quicker pace, they display themselves with freedom and lightness. The model of the horses of the Don resembles that of the Circassians.*

* The Circassian horses, which are almost entirely unknown in Europe, possess elegance of form, pliancy of limbs, beauty of the head and chest, which we admire in the Arabian horses. They easily support fatigue and privations, their pace is always firm and sure in the midst of ways the most difficult, and on the borders of precipices.

The Circassian is very fond of his horse, sleeps with him under the same shelter, and treats him as his own child. He never strikes him, neither with a stick or whip; he plays with and caresses him. He immediately stops his play and caresses when the horse has committed a fault, and that privation is apparently a severe punishment for these animals.

The Circassian horses are taught to swim, and to perform with quickness the horse exercise and movements which may be useful to their masters in mountainous warfare. They teach them to swim and pass the most rapid rivers. We see these animals display wonderful skill, above all in the critical moments when their masters, pressed by a superior force of the enemy, are obliged to have recourse to flight.

We see often in these retrograde movements, before stopping or retarding the enemy's

Generally amongst the lower class of the Cossacks, we only find very middling horses, and almost entirely unfitted for the regular cavalry. The reason of their bad state is, notwithstanding the hard work which they oblige them to perform, they are equally ill fed and taken care of.* The mares with foal are left during the winter in the fields, where they never go to take them, except to put them to work, or for riding. If the quantity of snow obliges the proprietors to place them under shelter, they get no corn, and do not find themselves better off than when at liberty.

The Ukraine possesses many breeding studs, and the horses which they produce are beautiful, light, and large. These are, amongst all the species which are found in Russia, best suited for light cavalry; there are likewise a few proper for heavy cavalry. Their head is beautiful, their chest well made, in general their proportions are noble, and their movements graceful. Notwithstanding the possibility of using them for remounting the heavy cavalry, they generally procure the horses for that purpose in Little Russia, and in the districts of Tambow and Woronetz, where the species commonly acquire the height and strong conformation necessary.

There are in Little Russia *seigneurs* who possess considerable studs, from which the regiments could take the horses necessary for supplying the vacancies, which sometimes amount to 100 head for one of these establishments. The stallions which are kept there are of a foreign breed, mostly English. As to the mares, they choose them from amongst the best of their stud.

This country has not a primitive race which can be considered as such; this is the reason why we do not meet with a kind having a marked type. The gentlemen of small property usually buy their stallions from the great breeding studs, where I have often seen many of those brought up, differing so much amongst themselves, that it was very difficult to believe they were foaled in the same country.

Little Russia contains much rich and fenny land, on which they

pursuit, the Circassian horsemen make a sign to their horses to lay down and appear as if dead, during which, hid behind the body and saddle, they adjust their guns and fire, leaning their muskets on the head of the animal. After having fired two or three shots, they remount and disappear with the rapidity of lightning. One would hardly credit, with what facility these horses understand the various words which their masters use to cause them to execute the different movements.

Notwithstanding our civilization, we are much inferior to these simple Circassian highlanders, in the art of training horses to obtain their prompt obedience, and to be loved by them.

It is extremely rare to find a vicious horse amongst the mountains of Circassia; treated from their tenderest age with consideration and kindness, these animals are extremely gentle. You may see them playing with the children, lend themselves to their frolics, and carefully avoid doing them any injury.

As soon as they can be rode upon, and become useful, a trained man mounts them, and succeeds easily in breaking them in, without having recourse to violent means.

* Good treatment, sufficiency of food regularly given, daily grooming, and under cover where the air circulates freely, are the best methods of ameliorating the breed of horses, and to preserve their natural good qualities. They with reason highly praise the Arabian horses, and they believe that to their origin alone we can attribute their swiftness, their great activity, and all the good qualities which distinguish them. But intelligent travellers have remarked, that in all places where horses are well treated, sufficiently fed, well sheltered, and kept clean, they perceive amongst them, at least where they are not given to a natural vice, the development of the brilliant qualities which distinguish the Arabian breed of horses. It is the negligence of the breeders to which we may attribute in many countries the degeneration of the horse; it is by the assiduous care of the grooms that the English, with the aid of skilfully crossing the breed, have procured their beautiful race, coach, or draught horses.

raise the species of horse which suits best for the heavy cavalry : nevertheless, the horses brought up by the peasants are not fit for that purpose, the little care which they bestow in sheltering and feeding them, incapacitates these animals from being useful to the army as cavalry horses.

The local influence and the care bestowed on domestic animals, is strikingly displayed in the difference which we observe between the horses of the peasantry in Great and Little Russia. The former only having pastures of an indifferent kind, but being taken in autumn into the stables, where they give them dry forage and oats, are of middling size, but strong and vigorous ; whilst the others, living in a fertile country, where their development would be produced to the fullest extent, continue small and weak, because of the negligence of their masters, who never dream of the evils which are entailed upon them by the rigors of the winter, which they pass without shelter, and without food, except what they find under the snow.*

In the government of Ekaterinoslaw, and above all, in the districts situated between the Dnieper, and the Bug, exist species of horses called *Zaporoges*, which are not only the best horses in all Russia, but the best in Europe for the service of light cavalry. This race is of a type entirely eastern. They are not of a great size ; but their head is perfect, their ears fine and well set, the chest pliant and delicate, the breast beautifully proportioned, the croup equally beautiful, sound, and strong limbs, like the Arabian horse ; the hoof cannot be better formed. The climate of the country allows the horses to remain all the year in the pastures, and the cavalry cantoned in the neighborhood always fill up their vacancies from them. At the end of each campaign, one can convince one's self of the excellence of these horses, *Zaporoges* ; for when the light cavalry of the other provinces of Russia is entirely ruined, these are in the best state †

We don't know with certainty the origin of this valuable species, and I don't pretend here to give more than my personal opinion on this subject, being willing to admit any other version which can be supported by facts more positive.

The first *Cosaques Zaporoges* formed the guard of the Hetman of Little Russia ; since then they have augmented this troop, which was sent to the frontiers of the Crimea to oppose the incursions of the Tartars. But those who ought to have suppressed robbery, formed in their turn pillaging bands, which spread into Poland, and the Turkish provinces, where the most beautiful horses were the principal object of their coveteousness. Returning to the country which their descendants now inhabit, with the valuable

* There is another reason which opposes itself to the development of the size and qualities of the horse in these fertile countries, in those particularly which are in want of roads well repaired, it is the hard labor in the plough and carts. The greater part of the horses taken for this labor, are horses of the age of from two to three years, and are ruined before they have attained their full growth.

† Why don't we procure these horses, *Zaporoges* ? If they were brought up with more care, and if instead of abandoning them all the year in their immense pastures, where, it is true indeed, they find abundance of food, but not very nutritive, and where they are exposed to all the rigor of the winter ; if they sheltered and fed them better, and in fine, if they treated them as the English horses are, it is probable that then they would be equal to the best coursers in Europe.

stallions which they had thus carried off, the favorable circumstances of the locality has powerfully contributed to the successful industry of these people, and has well seconded the zeal which they have shown to re-produce and keep up a noble race of horses. Thus the oriental blood, according to my opinion, may be considered as the stock of those they now possess, and of which the good qualities cannot be denied.

The hay which they cultivate in this province, may be compared to the best that is known; it contains so much nutritive juices that the horses that are fed on it can easily do without oats. The soil is the best one could wish, for raising the finest and hardiest horses.

There are no mountains in this country, but many hills and ravines, the bottoms of which are sandy, wherein run clear and wholesome streams. Marshes are rare; nevertheless you see ponds and lakes, of which the banks and bottoms, instead of being soft and muddy, are of a solid nature. The numerous rivulets, which traverse the country in every direction, furnish in general lymptic and excellent water, which is in vain sought for in other districts.

The firm nature of the soil, the fine and aromatic grass which grows thereon, concur in producing the quality of the legs and feet of the horses who pasture on such grounds, whilst the prairie pastures have a tendency to give, as every one knows, to the animals that graze upon them, thick bones and large feet, a constitution lymphatic and tender, inconveniences which neither art nor care can remedy.

Catherine II., to put an end to the incursions of the Zaporoges, caused to be surrounded the chief place of their residence, called Felche, into which no woman was admitted, but only warriors, by a considerable body of regular troops, commanded by Tekely, general of cavalry. This general sent for Kutschewai, their chief, and notified to him, that he and his followers having wearied the patience and goodness of the Empress, enjoined them to retire to the *steppes* of Kubar, neighbors of the Don Cossacks, where they could exercise surveillance, and suppress more easily their excesses. They only allowed the married and quiet to remain in the villages which they had constructed; the others, after their emigration, changed their name of Zaporoges for that of Tchernamorzi, which signifies inhabitants of the coasts of the Black Sea.

Notwithstanding all this, they could not prevent a part of these last from passing into Turkey and Besserabia. Restless and turbulent, they would not allow the least restraint to be imposed on them, even for their own good, to make them leave the power to which they were tributaries; notwithstanding, when, in 1791, war was declared between Russia and the Porte, they came and joined with their ancient comrades, to fight against the Turks, and since that time they have not attempted to withdraw from the dominion of the Muscovites. The population in the districts which they inhabit increases rapidly every year.

The Tchernamorzi brought from their former possessions as

many horses and cattle as possible, and now possess considerable breeding studs. In a journey which I took to the *steppes* of Kuban, I visited several villages, in which I could convince myself that the inhabitants applied themselves with much intelligence and zeal to bring up good and beautiful horses. They don't determine but with much pain to sell them, so much in imitation of the Arabs, they bear attachment to the companions of their toils. I do not think that the change of abode has an unfavorable influence on the horses, *Zaporoges*, because the climate, although warmer than their ancient country, contains equally good pastures on a firm soil, where winding rivers and rivulets furnish abundant and wholesome water.

On the *steppes* of the Oural, situated in the province of Orenbourg, as well as in those of Kuban, we meet with a number of wild horses; however, their numbers diminish every year, on account of the country becoming more populous.

Several Cossack officers, stationed on the road to Caucasus, who have crossed the *steppes* of the Kuban, which presents a surface of country extending about 280 miles in length, and nearly the like breadth, informed me that they had often pursued the wild horses, without being able to get sufficiently near to take them, because these animals keep a rigorous and vigilant guard, to prevent the possibility of their being surprised. When one troop is pasturing in the valleys, centinels and videttes are placed by the leader on the surrounding heights, to warn them of danger, and give the signal of flight. Sometimes fifty Cossacks well mounted, fatigue themselves uselessly for half a day, endeavoring to make a capture without success. There is only one manner practicable for catching wild horses in this country; it is by throwing a running noose or knot round the neck, when within reach, and bear them down, causing them to lose their respiration.

The stallions of these bands always seek sexual intercourse with the mares belonging to individuals, when they allow them to pasture in their neighborhood; they seduce them by their caresses, and carry them off; but they are soon tired of the new society in which they find themselves placed, and when an opportunity presents itself return to their former masters. We also meet with, in the middle of these *steppes*, species of wild horses, which for more than a century have never been recruited but by horses and mares escaped from the domestic state. Although it is not less difficult to seize these last than the others, and they are equally afraid of the approach of man, the Cossacks don't fail sometimes to catch them, and the officers whom I have mentioned possess several, of which they speak very highly. Their conformation is excellent, their legs and feet leave nothing to be desired. The color of their skin is various, excepting black.

Although very savage when they first fall into the hands of man, good treatment soon renders them very docile, without making them lose their mettle, and the bottom for which they are distinguished. They are of a middling size, but their shape regular and strong. They do not assemble, when at liberty, in more than bands of 150 or 200.

There exists in the Crimea, a species of horses of a size beneath those of which I have just spoken: but these animals are very vigorous and hardy; they have a peculiarly fine head, and the hoofs are very well made. In examining them with attention, one perceives that they are descended from the Turkish and Circassian horses.

Russia, after the scrupulous observations which I have made, is perhaps of all countries in the world the best supplied with horses for war. All the connoisseurs who have traversed that vast empire can bear evidence to this fact. Although the cavalry of the Emperor is very numerous and well mounted, they could have three times the number, without the new horses being inferior to those which keep up the regiments as they now are. In all parts of this extensive territory, we find horses suited for light cavalry, of an excellent constitution, very docile, and very hardy; valuable resources, which none of the other nations of Europe can have recourse to.

No-Angler's Angling :

A CHRONICLE OF

FISHING FROLICS AND FROLICSOME FISHERMEN, DOWN-EAST.

NUMBER I.

"The fellow-anglers of my youthful days—
I watch them re-assembling by the stream,
And on the group with many a musing gaze."—STODDART.

THE company! The company! Here is the secret of all the sport I could ever find in "the gentle craft," which old Izaak has immortalized, and which good Master Cotton so cottoned unto. In my thinking, "Ursa Major" was perfectly in the right when he said "A worm at one end, and a fool at the other," if he intended thereby to describe the solitary angler. Now I quarrel with no man's opinion, because it does not happen to agree with my own; but this is mine, right or wrong. Give me a good companion—nay, as many more than one as know how to make themselves agreeable, and I am willing to be as pisciverous as any angler of you all, and catch fish, cook fish, talk fish, and eat fish, from May till September. So would I do by any other sport, whether it be fowling, hunting deer, or fox, or hare, or elephant. I do not know about the eating part of the obligation as regards the last; yet have I heard that the first eighteen inches of an elephant's trunk, cooked Bologna sausage fashion, are not so bad. This is a story of Ned S——'s, and I give it as I had it. I never ate elephant, I frankly avow. Ned says that he has, and I have never known him to fib—much!

I have been something of an angler, in my way, and in my day : and I confess to that glorious exhilaration, that tingling ecstasy of delight, which your true Waltonians and Cottonians are so fond of describing, as the consequence of hooking a first rater. There are few feelings like it in man's experience here below. Drawing a prize in the lottery ? First love ? The first kiss ? Going married ? Taking gas ? Hearing Malibran ? Seeing Fanny in "La Sylphide" ? I believe that comes nearest : at all events it will answer.

Yes ! There is a delicious excitement, soothing while it stirs, in the loveliest of all woodland sports. It is a contentment, born of Nature to the heart of man, which is ever fruitful, when, bird-like, it will brood timely on its nest. We lose the fruit of the growing tree, because we prefer to pluck the blossom. Nature is constant, but we are careless of her winsome wooing. We are sophisticate, —or we should all love Angling ! I was growing "deep," and "dull," (to quote Pope's pungent parody on poor Dyer,) and have *revenoned* rather abruptly to my *mutton*, as you see.

Though I love this sport, I yet affect not, in any degree, the barbarity of bait-fishing. This is too matter of fact a mode of proceeding for my taste. There is no sentiment in the thing. It is not needful that a gentleman turn himself into a fisherman, because he loves "the gentle craft." He might as well take a stall at the lower end of Catharine Market, and sell fish for his living, and have done with it, as to go out with a box full of nasty worms, and slimy muscles, and nauseous clams, under his belt. It is altogether too butcherly a mode of doing the thing, as I view it. "I may be wrong, but that is my opinion," as the Placide says so placidly. I am of James Thomson's mind in this : he gives the angler his proper fit-out, when he sends him afield with

———— "the well-dissembled fly,
The rod, fine tapering with elastic spring,"

and warns him, christianly, to

—— "let not on his hook the tortured worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds :
Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
Gives, as he tears it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining fish,
Harsh pain and horror."

I consider this advice of Mr. Thomson to be alike worthy of his head and heart. When men go abroad to take fish on a wager, fish for fish, including every thing that hath fins, and eels (which are only water-snakes) besides, it becomes a different matter entirely. I am talking of Trouting, and there is all the difference between this and all other kinds of fishing, that there is between shooting woodcock and knocking sparrows off a rail-fence with a billet of wood. I care not who knows my notions about the matter, but I contend, angler or no-angler, that the only orthodox way of taking trout is with the fly.

By-the-bye, can the editor of the "Turf Register" tell his humble servant, from any practical experience or observation of his own, what that process is, called "tickling the trout ?" All I know

about it I derive from a most amusing anecdote my father used to be fond of telling of the well known Dr. G——, who was for many years the minister of Old Trinity at B——. He was dining with a parishioner of his on a Christmas day, and was giving a most particular and graphic account of this same process of “tickling trout.” He was English born, and was educated at Harrow, where the world-renowned Parr was his instructor in “the humanities.” While telling his story, with much gesticulation—placing his fingers in the proper “tickling” position, and, bringing them gradually down to the table-cloth, was describing the stealthy approach of the tickler to where the trout was supposed to be lying perdue,—he was suddenly called upon by the hostess, at the other end of the board, to return thanks. Leaving the story at this intensely interesting and critical point, the Dr. rose with the rest of the guests, went rapidly through the “grace after meat,” and, while the reverential hush was still remaining undisturbed, he turned quickly round to the interested auditors of his story, and smartly clapping his hands together, said, (in the same breath with the “Amen” to his grace,) “*and THAT’S the way we tickle the trout, Sir!*”

But to return once more! I was talking of the fly. So, about a year ago, was the “Register;” and, so far as I, a no-angler, am a judge, (I *am* a Justice of the Peace,—though my commission for seven years is almost out,) the “Register” is orthodox on this topic. There is nothing (or mighty little, if anything,) in the doctrine that seasons and streams have their peculiar flies. I know to the contrary. “Give us a red or brown hackle for the end of our leader, with a black midge for the first dropper, and a light salmon-colored butterfly, not larger than your thumb-nail, for the second, and we can raise from his cool retreat the craftiest trout that ever gorged a grasshopper, or turned up his nose at a green-horn.” That is good doctrine; but what is “a green-horn?” Is it a kind of fly, or insect,—as may be supposed from its apposition with the grasshopper? It cannot surely mean —— well, no matter! It does not mean *me*! I am no green-horn. I am a no-angler, I admit. But no trout ever “turned up his nose” at me; at least not until he had taken my fly, and I had taken him. These *real* anglers are so vain of their amphibiousness!

Srumfredévi, (as an Italian once spelled the name of the author of “Salmonia,”) is interesting on this matter of the fly, and has a deal of valuable learning, the teaching of experience, thereupon. But the most full and reliable oracle I know of, is an annual, published some years ago in London—a beautiful book—which never saw a second number, I apprehend. Every American as well as English trout-fisher should own a copy of it, and yet I only know of one of the former who does. *Isn’t* he a Waltonian? But I must not anticipate. I have a little more of this desultory work to do, ere I settle to my main object. We will have Tom, and *the other Tom*, and Major Mac, and the Y.’s, and the rest, all in good time. *Festina lente!*

That was a brave trout of whom Cypress sang so deliciously, in the May “Register”!

"The angler's fly
Comes dancing by,
But never a moment it cheats my eye!"

That was because it was not made right, or not thrown right, or the individual angled for did not love fly. A merry Baron of my acquaintance, now ruralising up the island, would say the fish was not *fly*, that is, he would not *bite*,—or, in other words, was *not to be had*—of course you could not *sell* him! This is all *my* eye, as well as the trout's. There is a perfect incompatibility between ichthiality and ideality. Fishes are fools! *Nice* as they are to eat, you cannot make brain sauce for them out of their own *capita mortua*. "The thing's onpossible!" as the elder Veller eloquently expressed himself, in reference to something equally apocryphal.

But the first stanza of that same trout-song is worthy of a perennial bay. It is just the most natural and exact, as well as the most quaint and laughter-moving six lines I ever read. I leave it to "Christopher in his Alcove," if it is not almighty great, in its way. Remember, reader, *Piscis loquitur!*

"Down in the deep
Dark holes I keep,
And there, in the noontide, *I float and sleep!*
By the hemlock log,
And the springing bog,
And the arching alders, I lie incog!"

Hard to beat, old Crutch-bearer, I can tell you!

By the way, I am free to aver that, (albeit not remarkable for incredulity,) I do not believe that story of Cypress's friend Ned, about the mermaid, nor Dan's about the merman. I have got a friend Ned, too, who is "no slouch" at this kind of thing—but he never drew quite so big a draft as that upon my credulity yet. Excepting one—yes, I must except one! Ned says he has been where the rattlesnakes were so thick that they swarmed as bees do; and it being cold weather, they twisted themselves up with each other, till they made about ten thousand fathom of ten inch cable, and then coiled away the whole mass on the south side of a sunny hill, and laid there from Christmas till April-fool's day! Now I think this is a better story than that of Cypress's Ned's about the mermaid, or *my* Ned's about the Elephants' trunks!

Next month, I will have more to say upon these matters. I only came now to make my bow and introduce myself. Having "found out the way," I will come again, and prove to the reader the fitness of my *nom de guerre*,—"No-Angler!"—Perhaps, like Leontes, in "Winter's Tale," however,

———"I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line!"

But we will see about it!

No-ANGLER.

SOMETHING LIKE SHOOTING.

Now that a certain set in this country have found out that fox-hunting is "dead slow," and that steeple-chasing, with two to one on the coroner, is the only pastime for gentlemen, it will be a real blessing to assist them with a wrinkle as to where a bit of trigger-work may be done, upon a scale befitting a "tall man." To this end, we have selected the subjoined extract from a late number of the "Bengal Sporting Magazine;" it is a portion of an article entitled, "Our Doings at Chingmaree."

"March 5th.—Found a large male rhinoceros close to camp; he was standing with his head towards me, and so still, I at first fancied it was a huge log of wood: as he turned from me I gave him a shot, which dropt him dead; he measured, at the shoulder, seven feet two inches; had a perfect and remarkably thick horn, though only twelve inches in length.

"6th.—Beat from nine until three, without coming on a living thing; returned disgusted to camp, when information came of two cows having been killed, two miles away. Had not patience to wait until morning, but must needs beat up the tiger's quarters that evening. What was the consequence? why, that we reached the place with just sufficient daylight to see a fine tigress making off for a tope of trees; the distance proved to be nearer six miles than two; I followed the tigress—P. the cub; she had two.

"We were neither of us successful; as soon as the elephants entered the tope, the tigress came down, making a terrible noise at being disturbed; there was too much underwood and too little daylight, for me to see her, and she managed to slip back and away, God knows where. In the evening, information of a bullock having been killed at Kulparah was brought.

"7th.—Beat for the tigress again, but her ladyship was out; proceeded to where the cow had been killed the evening before, and found it had been carried during the night, into a tope of trees, too thick for the howdah elephants to enter. Put in the pads, and took up positions, P. on one side, I on the other, and line advanced. In less than half a minute out came a tigress on P.'s side, who sent two balls at her, followed her into a patch of grass, when up she jumped on a pad elephant's head, and then charged. P. got between his elephant's hind legs, and punished her most cruelly. Not a shot could I fire, for laughing at P.'s chupprassy, who was roaring out to me to go to his assistance, *as the tigress was devouring him, and no mistake*. I fired at last, and obliged her to let go her hold, and finished her at the same time. Beating a nullah, on our way homeward, put up a bear, and astonished him with a ball in his seat of honor—but gave ourselves no further trouble about him.

"8th.—A buffalo killed near the Saul Forest: beat *every* inch of *every* nullah within reach, and as much of the forest as was possible, but no tiger could we find; he must have taken himself into

the heart of the forest, where of course he was safe; a peacock was all we killed.

"9th.—I shall not forget last night in a hurry; passing from the Routee(which we had had brought up) to the hut, which we continued to use as a sleeping apartment, I put my foot into a kettle of boiling water, which a servant of the Doctor's had placed in the very middle of the path: it was a *very dark night, recollect*. I was awfully scalded, as may be imagined; the Doctor ordered it into cold water immediately, and there I kept it all night.

"In my crippled state, it was considered advisable to remain quiet to-day; but being tolerably free from pain towards the afternoon, we moved ground to the banks of the Durlah, killing, on our way, a few jungle-fowl and hares. During the evening, intelligence came of a cow having been killed at Rajadangah.

"10th.—When on our way to the tiger-ground, we were met by a man who had had a bullock killed, late yesterday evening, close to where we then were; proceeded at once to the place—a lovely spot for a tiger to take up his quarters in, on the bank of a nullah. This gentleman, however, was not satisfied with it, and had taken the bullock into another branch of the nullah, a very strong place indeed, impossible to be beat. We got one momentary glimpse of him, and that was all; leaving him in quiet possession of his stronghold, we proceeded on our way to Rajadangah, where we found the cow had been killed in the centre of a large plain, free from jungle, excepting a little grass on the isles, and a ravine, with a few rather heavy but small patches of grass in it. The tiger had evidently been watching us, for we could see him sneaking away, before we had reached within 200 yards of him. We came up with him in the ravine, when he again endeavored to sneak away behind the cover of an isle; but, seeing he was observed, he stopt for one instant, and then made the most beautiful charge I ever witnessed, coming down at least seventy yards, at my elephant, over an open piece of ground. I waited until he was within twenty yards or so from me, when I stopt him: he then caught one of the pad elephants by a hind leg, and held on until another shot brought him at me again, when I floored him. My unfortunate foot, what with the sun and shaking of the elephant, was now dreadfully painful; so we bent our steps homewards.

"11th.—No intelligence; so determined to give my foot a chance, by remaining at home; the Doctor went out, but had little sport, merely killing a few jungle-fowl and pea-fowl.

"12th.—Heard of a man having been killed by a tiger; he was tending his cows, when the tiger made a rush at one of them; but missed his mark, and picked up the man as he retreated to the jungle. The Doctor went to see what could be done, but returned unsuccessful.

"13th.—The first thing I heard on opening my eyes this morning, was the growl of a tiger, close to the tent: the day had broken, so I was sure he would remain near at hand; and, in fact, we found him in a nullah, not 100 yards from camp. On being roused, he made for rather a heavy, though not extensive, patch of grass,

down the nullah; here we put him up *five* times, without being able to get a shot at him, and *each time* did he pull down an elephant, nearly expended one mahout, and frightened my class out of his senses. The sixth time we put him up, he singled out the Doctor's elephant for punishment, and in one moment he had her down. He then let go his hold of her, and charged the howdah; laid hold of the upper side-bar, close to the Doctor's arm, and carried the whole side of the howdah away. I had now to finish the business alone, the Doctor being, of course, obliged to leave the field, and content himself with witnessing the rest of the proceedings from the opposite bank of the nullah. None of the mahouts were very willing to return to the fight: I selected, however, two elephants, which had not tasted the tiger's claws, and proceeded to business, and very soon caught a sight of my friend, as he was preparing to make his charge. Sent a shot at him forthwith, which put an end to his charging for the future, though it took two or three more to kill him. He was the largest tiger I ever was at the death of, though by no means the longest, for he barely covered eleven feet; but in height, every allowance made for his not being on his legs, he measured four feet five inches."

A FEW WORDS TO FLY-FISHERS.

THE following observations owe their existence to the differences of opinion which pervade the works of the most popular writers on the subject of Angling: they are all full of excellent matter:—Ronalds, philosophical; Younger, the latest Scottish author on the subject, most simply practical; Hofland, elaborately so. Yet, curious as it may seem, they differ, *toto cælo*, from each other, about some of the most important points of practice, such as the choice of flies, and the proper length of fly-rods; while none of them give any directions that can guide the tyro in the art of throwing the line lightly.

Equipment.—Most of these discrepancies seem to arise from the difference of circumstances and situation in which anglers are placed, and a regard to which must always guide the beginner in choosing the materials, or tools, for the exercise of the art. Thus, let us suppose him, as a matter of course, to have provided a fishing-rod, reel, reel-line, casting-lines, and artificial flies; in England, where very many of the streams have steep banks, like canals, and contain heavy trout, from one to three pounds in weight, a landing net will be added; but in ordinary stream-fishing, in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, where the banks of the rivers are sloping, and where the trout seldom exceed a pound in weight, and can be easily drawn ashore, or taken a few yards down the stream till a good landing-place is found, a landing-net is never seen (except in boat-fishing), and would be deemed absolutely ridiculous. So, in

trout-fishing, near the metropolis, and in many other parts of England, where the fish are scarce, one may go out without a basket, because the chances of catching fish are few, and the extent of water gone over is often limited, so that the fisherman is not likely to be much encumbered by the brace of trout or so that he may catch; but in those other parts of the kingdom, where the trouts, though small (perhaps four to a pound), are more numerous, and where one may often pass over some miles of water, a creel is all but indispensable; and one not capable of holding two stone of fish is held as paltry.

Casting-lines.—In England, the brothers of the craft, tutored by necessity, are much more nice in their tackle, and more neat and expert in the use of it, than those in Scotland. In the former country, it is very proper to fix the flies upon a couple of yards of very fine gut, which is called a fly-cast, and which is added to the casting-line. In Scotland, the flies are, for the most part, fixed upon the casting-line itself, without the addition of any more gut. If, from the state of the wind, there be difficulty in throwing the line, adopt the Scotch mode, and fix the flies on the casting-line, and you will throw much better. Let your casting-line be whipped at the joinings, but with *white* silk, and the objection, that the joinings are mistaken for insects, and cause the fish to rise, will be obviated. Fasten the flies to a gut-line by a tie, not a loop; let the tie which fastens the trail, or lowest fly, be a single one, thus:—put the gut end of the fly and the end of the gut-line along each other, for about two inches; bend the double part into a circle; put the fly and the end of the gut-line through the circle; *wet the circle well in your mouth*, and draw it tight; cut or bite off the ends: put on the drop-fly thus—place it along the gut-line, a yard from the trail-fly, with its gut end towards the trail-fly, and the fly towards the rod; bend the gut end of the fly round the gut-line; put it twice through its own circle, and draw it tight, wetting it first in the mouth; cut off the end. If you use more droppers, put them on in the same way, and about the same distance from each other, or rather less, say thirty inches from the others: let the highest one hang on longer gut than the others, *i. e.*, the highest may hang on gut five inches long; the next on three inches and a half; and the next on three; so as to meet the water gradually, as the line hangs from the rod.

Reel-line.—You will find a reel-line, made entirely of hair, is capable of being thrown with more precision than one composed of silk thread and hair combined; because the latter is more flaccid, and more liable to angle and kink, that is, to knot, than one of hair alone, which, being of a firmer nature, describes greater angles as it turns during the act of throwing; but either kind will do.

Reel.—Let your reel be quite simple in its construction, and beware of multipliers and stops. Not only are the multipliers always getting deranged, but they draw a fish too tight up, before you can be aware, and so tear the hook out of its mouth, while the stop is continually found to act, from accident, just at the very time it ought not, *viz.*, when the fish makes a rush, which is the precise

moment that line ought to be let out, instead of being stopped from running. Let the reel be small but deep; and especially, let the axis (on which the line is wound) be of a large diameter, which, on evident principles, will give great additional despatch, when necessary in winding up the line. No matter how the reel is fastened; adopt the most fashionable method, of a groove and rings.

Rod.—Take the maker's advice as to the wood of your rod; but let it be light for trout-fishing. Mr. Hofland says, the rod, if for one hand, should be from twelve to fourteen feet long, and if for two hands, from sixteen to eighteen. Younger says from fourteen to sixteen feet. Now, to wield a two-handed rod during a whole day would fatigue most men, and destroy the pleasure of trout-fishing; and a fourteen feet rod, for one hand, would be little better. These sizes are, besides, incompatible with the proper *striking* of the fish; that quick, but, at the same time, delicate operation, which Younger so well describes as being rather a "*retentive hold*," than a start or a "*strike*." It is inconceivable, to one who has not witnessed it (from a bridge or a bank), with what force and rapidity a fish will disgorge an artificial fly, which it has seized, when it discovers the cheat. The late Sir Humphry Davy, an excellent fisher, was not fully aware of this. On visiting Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, he happened to be accompanied on a day's salmon fishing by Mr. William Ovens, an old salmon-fisher, at Boleside, on the Tweed, opposite the poet's residence. Sir Humphry was, at the time, much interested in the remarkable fact, that food is seldom, if ever, found in the stomach of a salmon. They were fishing with minnow, and, on their killing a twelve-pounder, Sir Humphry lectured away to his experienced, but plain and practical-minded companion, on the wonderful powers of digestion of the fish, his favorite theory, by which he accounted for the fact, that no trace could be found in the stomach of the specimen before them of the minnow with which he had been just taken. Mr. Ovens, who possesses more practical knowledge of the piscatory art than, perhaps, any man existing, and is, withal, a bit of an original, did not contradict the philosopher, who, probably, maintained his theory to the last; but in repeating the circumstances afterwards, he used to add, "Poor body! I saw the minnow spin a couple of yards into the air, with the force with which it was sput out, and light upon the bank." Most persons must have been astonished, occasionally, in fishing with worm, to find the bait projected a couple of yards up the line, on a fish being taken. This rejection of a discovered bait is performed with the quickness of lightning; and, accordingly, most good fishermen place the art of catching numbers in quick *striking*, as it is called, so as to fix the hook. For this reason, the experienced fisher on the Tweed recommends a rod of twelve or twelve feet and a half long; and little heavier than a coach whip. The Irish trout rods are of this description. As to a general rod, intended fit for everything, it is just a rod fit for nothing, *i. e.*, for doing nothing *well*, and can never satisfy one who has any taste for the art he practises. Mr. Ronalds' observations are judicious on this head; "the strong man,"

says he, "may venture upon a rod about fourteen or fifteen feet long; but to the person who is shorter or less robust, one so short even as twelve or twelve feet and a half, and light in proportion, is recommended, as the command will be sooner obtained, and with much less fatigue to the arm." We have, however, given a reason, not depending upon the strength of the bearer, why a trout-rod should not exceed twelve feet and a half for all descriptions of persons; and, undoubtedly, such a size would be found the most agreeable. A sufficient length of line will be thrown, with a rod of that length, for most streams where trout lie, as they are seldom found in great numbers at the very mouth of the river; and for any occasional trial, in such cases, a larger rod may be substituted for the time. The length of the two-handed rod mentioned by Mr. Hoffland, *viz.*, sixteen or eighteen feet, is quite unnecessary for the general purpose, and is, in Scotland, the most approved length of a salmon-rod for the largest rivers.

Do not get too supple a rod, such as an Irish trout-rod, else you will not be able to throw the line against the wind; nor yet let it be very stiff, as that is unpleasant to the hand, and fatiguing; but let the extreme point of the top be very soft and pliable, as recommended by Younger: for too firm and unyielding a point is apt to tear the hook out of the fish's mouth.

GAFFER.

London Sporting Review for June, 1840.

IMPORTED CITIZEN AND HIS GET.

To illustrate a "new theory," your correspondent "A.," in vol. x. p. 215, makes the declaration that "*Citizen was a failure.*"

Of the "theory" I have now nothing to say. My object is merely to contrast authority with authority—the authority of "D." with the authority of "A.," so far as relates to the character of Old Citizen, as a Stallion. But I must here be permitted to observe, that I do not design any invidious comparison between your correspondents. I deem it fair to say I hold the style of writing of the one equal in every respect to that of the other, and am free to admit, that they are equally informed, equally intelligent, and equally disinterested. Is it not "passing strange," however, that, relying upon facts as they both no doubt do, and agreeing in so great a variety of opinions, your correspondents should differ only as to the "New Theory of Stallions," the character of the Imported Horse, and the Stallion services of old Citizen? But to the extracts of "D."

"CITIZEN, imported; himself a fine racer and *superior stallion* * * * * in such estimation is he held at this day, that all breeders set a high value on a *Citizen cross.*"—Vol. iii. p. 274.

"Those who cannot trace to some imported mare, will be estimated by the number of thorough crosses which they can establish as a part of their pedigree, and these crosses will derive value from the success of the stock in this country, thus we should gladly name Diomed, Shark, Medley, Citizen, Gabriel, and some

others, in the genealogy of a nag we recommended, at the same time we should deem it no commendation to say they were descended from Dragon, Phoenix, Buzzard, Eagle, &c., who, although as well bred, do not, and deserve not, to hold an equal reputation. These horses are selected to illustrate this idea, not because they are the only horses that have improved or injured our stock, but as recent importations, all must recollect them and the characters they have left."—Vol. iv. p. 65.

"From all that has been stated above, it would seem that Shark, Medley, Citizen and Diomed, have been the favorite blood in the South since the year '90; before that time, Fearnought, Flimnap, Partner, and Janus, were the favorites in Virginia and the two Carolinas; and in the selection of a brood mare, I would recommend one that united as many of the above crosses as it was possible to procure."—Vol. iv. p. 72.

"Citizen came over about this time, he was a horse of real game, and that has been the character of his stock; Pacolet, his son, Tonson and Charles, his grandsons, bid fair to perpetuate his fame."—Vol. iv. p. 72.

"Some of the most distinguished Stallions ever imported into this country, and to those, perhaps, we are most indebted for the high value of the racing stock, (at least in the South), were horses of moderate height, most of them below 15 hands. Medley was surely among the most valuable—he was under 15, yet his colts were successful at all distances, with even aged weight. *Citizen, too, a horse of similar character.*"—Vol. iv. p. 119.

"Fairplay, by Citizen, *won all his races*, generally at broken heats."—Vol. iv. p. 120.

"Diomed, Medley, and *Citizen*, were all of the purest Arabian and Barb blood, and each has a cross of both the Darley and Godolphin Arabian; these have been the most successful stallions ever brought to the United States, and all our breeders are anxious to trace their stock to one or all of these celebrated horses."—Vol. iv. p. 170.

"He (Pacolet) had an *established reputation* when bought of Mr. Johnson. *
* * It is well known that Pacolet, *after standing some seasons*, and with an *injured leg*, was *at the head of the Turf* in Tennessee."—Vol. iv. pp. 517 and 518.

The above may be deemed sufficient; but if it be thought not unfair, I would throw in the opinion of "Barrymore."

"Since the days of Dare-Devil, the race horses of the South have * * * lost also that *game* and *durability* which characterized the *descendants* of Juniper and Jolly Roger, Medley and *Citizen*, and others."—Vol. v. p. 293.

Now, knowing nothing of Citizen, except what I gather from the books, and from observing the character of his stock, I call upon "D." to battle for the above opinions with his powerful opponent "A.," and I now summon him "to the rescue."

"Charge, Chester, charge! On! 'D.,' on!"

But to satisfy "A." more conclusively, that, in expressing the opinion that "Citizen was a failure," he must have labored, or is still laboring, under some momentary delusion, I would take the liberty to refer him to one of his own communications, in vol. ix. p. 62, where he says—"In all instances, when he (Sir Archy) had well-bred, short-legged, *Citizen* or Medley mares, he seldom failed to get racers that had *both speed and length* in them."

Again: In vol. ix. p. 102, "A." says, "of those (horses) brought to this country, we never had a *successful stallion*, unless he had been what your correspondent terms a plate horse, (I speak of former importations); *such was* Flimnap, Medley, Messenger, and *Citizen.*"

Z. Z.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRACTICAL PARTS OF THE
LIFE OF A JOCKEY.

RACING may now be fairly considered as one of the commercial speculations of England. When we consider the number of horses that are actually in training; colts and fillies still in their paddocks; together with mares, foals, and covering stallions; the thousands of persons entirely employed in and about the racing stables; the numerous tradesmen and innkeepers that are annually benefitted by them—it cannot fail of being an interesting subject, not exclusively of sportsmen, but to all who are amused and instructed in marking “how runs the world away.”

If any one gifted with the talent, the time, and opportunity, would publish an account of the sums of money employed and expended in the business of the turf, it would be found to amount to many millions—the shoeing and plating alone would exceed some thousands. But when we contemplate the stakes that are put down for horses to contend for, the expenses of training, travelling, and riding them, we may comfort ourselves by the assurance that there is still plenty of money in the pockets of many of the inhabitants of this (as we are every day told) broken-down bankrupt country.

Amongst the various characters connected with the racing stables, and who literally earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, first and foremost stand the Jockies; and it is my present intention to give a sketch of the rise and progress of this class of persons, and to offer a few remarks on those points that are generally deemed necessary to be possessed by those who aspire to excellence in the profession. Nothing in this world stands still, and on no class of His Majesty's lieges has the hand of improvement been more busily employed than on this. The jockey of the last century, or perhaps it would be better to say of the Old School, was generally a compound of surliness, dirt, and dissipation; and if the present generation have in some instances stepped a little beyond the line of demarkation that bounds their station in society, yet the “march” has been all in our favor; for in exchange for the disgusting qualities that belonged to the *ancien regime*, we receive neatness and civility; and a drunken jockey in these times is a *rara avis*.

“How hard it is to climb the steps of Fame?”

and countless are the difficulties that all young aspirants for the honors of the saddle have to contend with, who are not fortunate enough to have trainers for their fathers, or those ladies who have found favor in the eyes of the sporting great ones of the earth for their mammas. “Lord, Sir,” a trainer will say to any gentleman making the inquiry, “I have nearly thirty boys in my stables; and, would you believe it? not one that I can put up with any satisfaction to ride a race, and some have been with me these five years,

and no one knows the trouble and pains I have taken with them." This is the case when these unfortunates happen to be apprenticed to him by parish authorities, or by those very poor parents who are glad to get rid of their children on any terms. But should Mr. Trainer chance to have an ill-made thick-headed urchin of his own, the case is wonderfully altered. It will stand more in this way—"Nice lad that, Sir!" and though I says it myself, he'll one day make a rare horseman. I only hopes he won't get too big, and 'twill be his own fault if he is not made a man of: he has as much confidence as if he had ridden for twenty years, and *sich* a head!" And this would be the tale had he as many sons as old Ahab had in Samaria; they would all be able to unravel the grand mystery of riding a race.

It will sometimes happen that from good looks, neatness of form, and a few of those gifts that old dame Nature now and then bestows on her favorite children, a boy from the class I first mentioned will catch the eye of a master of race horses, and he is ordered up for a trial—the lad succeeds to the satisfaction of his patron, and he is next trusted to ride a race. If the first horse or two that he rides happen to be good ones, and win, his career as a jockey is commenced, his brethren of the comb and brush call him "Sir," and the trainer is proud indeed to declare, "I brought him out!" Now then he has got his foot upon the ladder, but every step for some years is full of danger. It may be his lot to be in a stable of valuable horses, some of which are favorites for grand events. He is in possession of secrets worth knowing; and when we are told the price that is paid for information, and the alluring promises that are held out, it is almost a miracle if a lad, who has hitherto received little instruction except in cunning and artifice, should resist the temptation.

But wot to him should he give up his trust, and should his seducer become his betrayer! Once convicted of disclosing the secrets of his stable, he loses his CASTE, returns to the rank of a lad from which he was taken, and in that capacity alone will he remain, should he live to be a hundred. If, on the contrary, he holds fast his integrity, the voyage to fortune is open to him, but is still surrounded with shoals and quicksands. To do as others do is a favorite maxim with young ones. Jockies in general are an extravagant, improvident set of mortals, and "*carpe diem*" might be taken as the motto of the corps.

Although many have very great chances presented to them, few retire with a competency, their fates forming a close parallel with that of the "high mettled racer." J—n, once the Star of the North, who rode some winners of the Great St. Leger, is now, I am told, the inmate of a workhouse:—

"Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;"

and surely the patrons of the turf in that sporting part of the world cannot be aware of his done-up condition! Real sportsmen, if properly appealed to, would never refuse to assist a good old one broken down; and a little annual contribution, "the crumbs that

fall from the rich ones' tables," would quickly remove him from the stall in which he is now tied up and muzzled, to the comforts of a loose box; where, ruminating on the sharp turns and up-hill distances he has run over this life's course, and the smiles and frowns of Fortune, he might square his book for the great settling day, and rest "till the sands of his hour-glass stand still."

Few but those immediately connected with turf affairs have any idea of the sums of money earned by jockies in full practice. Not only are they paid for riding races, but for trials and travelling expenses; to say nothing of the annual salaries they receive from different masters, and the *tips* for being lucky enough to be put upon the best horse in a great race. Instances might be quoted of some, who but a very few years since were rubbing horses' heels and performing the earliest drudgery of the stable, whose annual incomes now exceed a thousand pounds—a remuneration fairly earned by the every-day venturing of life and limb—and conducting themselves in such a way as to give satisfaction and confidence to their employers and the public.

In entering upon the practical part of the life of a jockey, and in attempting to illustrate some of the necessary qualifications for the formation of one, it may be necessary to state, that riding a race is as distinct from any other class of horsemanship as dancing a hornpipe is from dancing a minuet. In all human actions where men are brought into competition, some will rise superior to their fellows. Nature, to decide her claim to the origin of all excellence, made Shakspeare; and that claim being universally allowed, she takes Art for her foreman, who polishes off the rough sketches and models she throws down; and from their combining efforts we look for perfection. When Nature moulds a jockey she gives him a clear head, and that conformation of body and limb that constitutes a good seat; for vain would be the efforts of art if these gifts were denied. That these qualities are in the possession of those who are esteemed the best riders of the day, and for the confirmation of the argument, look at Buckle, Chifney, and Robinson! Buckle, when in the prime of life, ought to have been handed down to posterity by the sculptor's hand, a study for the lovers of anatomy and painting; and when his last race shall be run, it is to be hoped some able biographer may give the history of his honorable career and achievements, as a pattern to future scions of the trade, not only of excellence in his performances, but affording proof that a jockey may preserve a reputation of the most spotless and unsullied character through the trials and temptations of more than half a century. In some few particular points, as a jockey, there have been and still are men his equals; but, "take him for all in all, we shall not look upon him like again."

Strength and temper are the next weapons that a jockey ought to be armed with—the first quality, for reasons too obvious to enumerate; and the latter, because no man possessing much nervous irritability can see so clearly what is passing in the midst of difficulty and danger, as one whose temperament flows through more regular channels. The man who cannot bear defeat has no

business in the racing saddle; for as often as he becomes savage with his horse or his antagonist, he is sure to lose a point in the game. A cool determination is the thing most wanted.

The last point to which I shall refer as necessary to form a good jockey, is derived from art alone; it is the most difficult perfection to attain, and can only be the result of great practice and nice observation—it is to become a *judge of pace*. If there is any mystery in riding a race, it is this; and it is from a thorough knowledge of this part of the art that those jockies whose names I have mentioned have earned their superiority over most of their brethren. Different horses, from their different action, may feel to the rider to be going fast or slow, when perhaps the reverse may be the case. The eyes of standers-by are often deceived; for I dare say many of my readers will allow, that in riding across a country they have now and then seen a nag steering away in an apparent canter that their best pace could never keep up to. If they have not been occasionally so situated, all I can add is, that they are more fortunate than I have been.

But supposing a man possessed of all the perfections I have enumerated (as necessary to the formation of the character before us), still he is not gifted with those wonderful powers that the crowd give him credit for. Humbug sways half the world, and in no instance is it in fuller force than with regard to the performances of favorite jockies. To listen to the gabble on a race-course, one would be almost led to suppose that the men were the racers, and that the horses had nothing to do with it. "How splendidly that man rode!" (meaning the winner, of course), I heard a poodle-headed dandy exclaim on Warwick race-course, "*I'll swear he never touched the saddle* for the last twenty yards!"

Now I am about to make what I know very many will call a bold assertion; but, backed by the opportunities of witnessing some hundreds of races every year, and seeing with eyes perfectly clear from the mist that *betting* now and then engenders, I shall venture to state it as my opinion, that taking the whole list of races run throughout the kingdom, there is not more than one in thirty won by what is termed fine riding. And this is enough to establish a superiority; for in a life as long as Buckle's, the man who would win, by his own skill alone, one race out of every thirty he rides, would gain for his employers and backers half enough to pay off the national debt.

But much more than this is awarded to and expected from a great name; and many a man has paid dearly for witnessing a race where one of the crack jockies has exhibited. Men do not like their horses to be beaten, nor to lose their money by backing the horse that comes in second; and I never yet knew a horse to lose a race by a head that *ought not* to have been the winner in the opinion of the multitude. Almost every one on a race-course feels entitled to give an opinion respecting the riding, though the horse be scarcely mentioned; and out of these thousands of voluntary contributions of cunning, how many are there who really know anything of the matter?—Not one in five hundred. Yet we all

know the force of public opinion, and the unfortunate jockey too often abides the force of it.

"No one" (I once heard an excellent and experienced sportsman declare) "can be a perfect judge of riding a race, who has not at some period of his life, ridden either exercise trials or races;" and I fully agree with him. The man who only knows how any piece of machinery should be made cannot be equal to him, who not only knows how, but can make it into the bargain.

We all know in what high estimation every stable-boy who breathes the air of Newmarket Heath holds all that is connected with that celebrated town, and how cheap in his estimation are his brethren in the North, and all their doings. "As to riding," say they, "our cracks can give any of them 7lb." But how is it then that these Newmarket wonders do not oftener pluck the laurels from the brows of their less cultivated competitors, when they leave their *cottage ornée* in Cambridgeshire for the Yorkshire wolds? They win in their turns, and no more ought to be expected from them. It is upon Newmarket Heath that they are formidable to all comers; and here, certainly, no stranger has an equal chance with them. In riding straight races in the middle of a wide extended plain, without posts to steer by, distance is very deceptive, and the Newmarket man, from constantly riding over it, has certain tracks and private marks to go by, which enables him to take an advantage of perhaps three or four lengths in a mile over an antagonist whose only knowledge of the course is that he must start at this point and finish at that. When they condescend to ride over country courses, they come down to the level of their rustic competitors. Such men as old Dick Spencer (now retired on the savings of his industry), Sam Darling, Tom Whitehouse and others, have always been found to be quite a match for them.

I would not have my readers suppose that I do not think there are some advantages to be claimed from employing an experienced jockey; I only wish to impress upon the minds of those who may be beginners on the turf, not to expect that a man can either lift a horse from off the ground between his legs, or make him fly when he is tired of galloping. A man may not be able on some occasions to draw a horse out to the highest pitch of his speed, or he may have it in his power to prevent his attaining it; but all the jockies in England together could never extend him one inch beyond it; and, according to my previous calculation, they will find, that when two horses run together, *honestly* ridden by professional jockies, unless Nature has tied them together almost as closely as she did the Siamese twins, twenty-nine times out of thirty the best wins. In these near touches an artful dodge may decide the business.

The greatest disadvantage in riding is when boys have to contend with men. Here, in the first place, their physical powers are not equal; and the boys, on account of the weights, have generally the most difficult animals to ride, young runaway half-broke horses, very awkward to turn; while many old racers, if let loose with others, would run their course, and keep the right side of the posts

into the bargain. Again, boys generally stand much in awe of celebrated jockies, knowing how far a good or bad word from one of them may operate on their future welfare; and, whilst running (if halloo'd to sharply), will give up places which they might maintain but from fear of offending one of the gentlemen big ones. In spite of all, they often pull through, but not, as the saying is, quite in their turns.

There are other points in the practical part of racing that it is my intention to allude to in a future letter; but thinking that I have sufficiently trespassed on the pages of one number of the Magazine, and on the patience of your readers, I for the present say farewell!

RINGWOOD.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine.]

EPSOM RACES.

The Derby and the Oaks of 1840.

It never has been my lot to record a more brilliant Meeting than the one I am about to describe. The Epsom Derby, as every one knows, is the grand race of the year; speculation on it is always very great, but this year, from various causes, more horses were backed to large amounts than I ever before remember. Before, however, I enter into the spirit of the racing, I must say a word or two about the illustrious visitors on the "Derby Day." It had been whispered about for some time previous to the eventful day, "big with the fate of thousands," that our young and lovely Queen, with her Illustrious Consort, would honor the Course with their presence, and although doubts existed in the minds of some, still the preparations in the Grand Stand went in a great measure to confirm the report, which, it will be seen, turned out to be "quite correct." As soon as it was a "certainty," the demand for post-horses greatly exceeded the supply; indeed *eight*, and in some instances *ten guineas*, were modestly asked for the loan of a pair of posters for that day. Such being the state of affairs, hundreds determined upon "railing" it, and the stations at Vauxhall and London Bridge were literally besieged; the trains at either station leaving every quarter of an hour, commencing at half-past seven in the morning, and running till one in the afternoon; and returning trains during the whole evening at every quarter of an hour.

A couple or three lines will suffice for the reports of the races run on the first day:—The Craven Stakes for all ages was won by Pestonjee Bomanjee, 5 yrs., beating Ruler, 3 yrs.; The Burning Beauty, 3 yrs.; La Bellezza, 4 yrs.; Impertinence, 5 yrs.; and colt by Clearwell, out of Nina, 3 yrs. Conelly rode the winner, and won by half a length.

The Woodcote Stakes, for two-year-olds, was won by Palæmon, beating colt by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady Fulford; colt by Re-

covery, out of Minna; and filly by Velocipede, out of Arbis. Flatman rode Palæmon, and just won by a neck—all the lot very bad.

The Shirley Stakes, sometimes a key to the Derby, was carried off by Jeffy, beating Fitzroy, Menalippe, and Bussorah. Stephenson rode Jeffy exceedingly well, and won by scarcely a neck.

The Epsom Stakes, the last race of the day, was won in two heats easily by Barabbas, 4 yrs., beating Alsdorf and five other racing impostors. Sam Mann rode the winner, which was claimed according to the articles for 200 sovs. for the Hon. G. Byng.

The Derby Day.

Wednesday, June 3.—The events of this day will for ever be recorded in the annals of racing. The first appearance of a Sovereign and a Court at the “Derby Day” will be written down to the year 1840. The assemblage in the town of Epsom in the morning was decidedly more numerous than I ever before saw, and the Betting-ring produced old faces lost sight of since last year. Amongst the most influential there was Mr. Gully *quietly* inquiring after Launcelot; Mr. Crockford *eagerly* laying it out against Forth’s lot; Mr. Bland offering to bet *agin* Theon; and the bustling Harry Hill firing away against *anything*. The scene about 12 o’clock was that of a moving panorama: carriages of all “sorts and sizes,” with equestrians of all degrees on animals of the most various *caste*, together with pedestrians without number, formed a most interesting picture. At this period the odds stood in the Ring as follows:—2 to 1 agst. Launcelot (taken), 3 to 1 agst. Assassin (taken freely), 4 to 1 agst. Melody colt, 18 to 1 agst. Pathfinder, 20 to 1 agst. Bokhara, 20 to 1 agst. Scutari, 30 to 1 agst. Solace colt, and 1000 to 15 agst. Little Wonder; no others mentioned.

To the Course.—About two o’clock the shouts of thousands of voices announced the arrival of our young and lovely Queen, accompanied by His Royal Highness Prince Albert and Prince Leiningen, and attended, in other carriages, by Lord Albemarle, Lord Erroll, Lord Headfort, and Colonel Buckley. Her Majesty looked exceedingly well, and frequently acknowledged, by gracefully bowing, the hearty enthusiasm with which she was received by the countless multitude. Prince Albert, shortly after his arrival, was seen galloping over to the starting post, and there he entered into the “spirit of the thing” in a manner that pretty plainly shows that the report of His Royal Highness being an admirer of the Grand National Sport is well founded. It was said, after the race, that the Prince had expressed a very favorable opinion of the “Little Wonder” of the day. After looking at all the horses, and making his remarks *en passant*, His Royal Highness cantered back to join his Illustrious Consort in the Grand Stand, where every preparation was made for the Royal Visitors’ comforts.

To return to the starting-post.—Launcelot was the Lion of the Derby favorites, and he is certainly as fine an animal as ever looked through a bridle; his condition was good, and his coat was a “reflector” to those who stood “*agin* him,” as Mr. Bland facetiously observed. One very good judge gave his unequivocal opinion that

he was *too fat*, and added that he could be made *seven pounds better* for the Leger: should such be the fact, he must be a *very dangerous customer to beat for the St. Leger at Doncaster*. Assassin and the Melody colt looked blooming and well; so did Pathfinder, Bokhara, and Theon—the latter horse, however, could not gallop a yard! Little Wonder and the Solace colt were “hardly looked at.” The Little Wonder was thought *too small* to win the Derby; the same was thought in different years of Frederic, Spaniel, and several others. One Sporting Gent, after Little Wonder had galloped, rode back to what remained of the Ring, and took £1000 to £20 and £500 to £10 about him—he must be either a *good* or a *lucky judge*! Muley Ishmael is a magnificent horse, but I was told he was not up to the mark, and his running proved my information to be good, for he must have been in the front if his condition had been first-rate. Of the others little need be said: Confederate, Scutari, and the grey Angelica colt were “wrong,” and Amurath’s and Sophocles’ temper made them “safe enough.” The following seventeen started for

The DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb. Last mile and a half. The second to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional police officers, &c. One Hundred and Forty-four Subs.

Mr. Robertson's b. c. <i>Little Wonder</i> , by Muley, out of Jacerta.....	McDonald ...	1
Lord Westminster's br. c. <i>Launcelot</i> , by Camel, out of Banter.....	Scott	2
Mr. Etwall's b. c. <i>Songster</i> , by Mulatto, out of Melody.....	John Day, Jr. ...	3

The following were not placed:—

Lord Albemarle's b. c. Assassin, by Taurus, out of Sneaker.....	E. Edwards	0
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Theon, by Emilius, out of Maria.....	Lye	0
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Pathfinder, by Retainer, out of Emilia by Abjer.....	Nelson	0
Mr. Houldsworth's b. or br. c. Confederate, by Velocipede—Miss Maltby.....	Rogers	0
Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Sophocles, by Laurel, out of Bertha.....	Buckle	0
Lord Exeter's c. Scutari, by Sultan, out of Velvet.....	Darling	0
Capt. Gardner's ch. c. Monops, by Actæon, out of Wings.....	Wakefield ..	0
Sir Gilbert Heathcote's b. c. Bokhara, by Samarcand, out of Zenobia.....	Chapple	0
Col. Wyndham's b. c. by Nonsense, out of Gift.....	Templeman ..	0
Lord Jersey's c. Muley Ishmael, by Ishmael, out of Filagree.....	Robinson ..	0
Lord Exeter's c. Amurath, by Sultan out of Marinella.....	Nat	0
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce.....	J. Day	0
Mr. Forth's c. by Muley, out of Solace.....	Owner.....	0
Lord Orford's c. by Clearwell, out of Angelica.....	Conolly.....	0

The betting respecting Theon fluctuated very mysteriously; at one period of the day 25 to 1 in ponies and fifties were offered; then 20 to 1 was snapt up so eagerly that the horse sprang point by point until he reached 6 to 1 (taken)! The following scale of the odds up to the start will be found to be tolerably correct:—9 to 4 agst. Launcelot, 7 to 2 agst. Assassin, 4 to 1 agst. Melody colt, 6 to 1 agst. Theon (taken), 20 to 1 agst. Pathfinder (taken), 20 to 1 agst. Scutari, 20 to 1 agst. Bokhara (taken), 30 to 1 agst. the Solace colt (taken), 30 to 1 agst. Confederate, 40 to 1 agst. the Gift colt, 40 to 1 agst. the Angelica colt, 45 to 1 agst. Little Wonder (taken), 50 to 1 agst. Muley Ishmael, 100 to 1 agst. Amurath (taken).

The start, after one false one and two or three failures, was very well managed; the grey, Launcelot, Assassin, Melody colt and Confederate, being in the best situation as regards the front rank. The pace for the first half mile was exceedingly good, the grey's orders being to “take the lead and keep it!” Before the lot *made* “the corner,” some important changes had occurred; the Melody

colt went to the fore, and forced the speed to that degree that the "hopes and fears" of the following seven were completely set at rest—Sophocles, the Gift colt, Angelica colt, Scutari, Bokhara, Solace colt, and Theon. After getting well round the turn, Melody rattled along at a tremendous pace, having Launcelot and Assassin close upon him, with Little Wonder and Confederate (the latter in distress) tolerably well up, *and all the others completely beaten off*. Just about the distance, Launcelot got the lead from the Melody colt, and almost immediately Macdonald brought out Little Wonder, and was in an instant half a length in advance of the Northern crack. At the Grand Stand the race was safe, Little Wonder leaving the favorite easily, and winning by a good length: thus making four successive Derbys carried off by clear outsiders—viz. Phosphorus at 50 to 1, Amato at 30 to 1, Bloomsbury at 50 to 1, and Little Wonder at 45 to 1!!!!

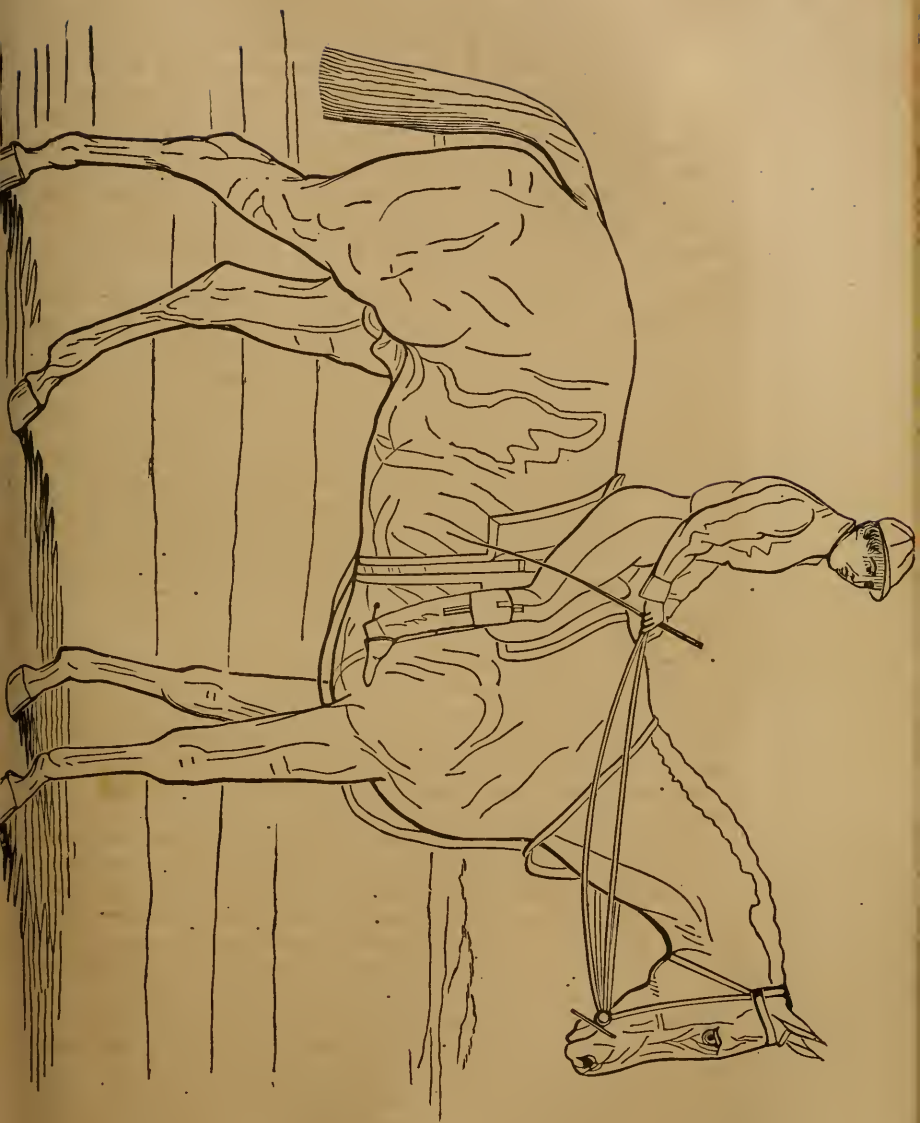
It may not be out of place to give the full pedigree of the winner. Little Wonder was foaled in 1837 at Underley Park, in Westmorland, got by Muley, out of Lacerta (Marvel's dam) by Zodiac; her dam Jerboa by Gohanna, out of Camilla by Trentham; her dam Coquette by the Compton Barb, out of Sister to Regulus. He was sold to his present owner, at Mr. Nowell's Annual Sale of Yearlings at Doncaster in 1838, for 65 guineas. Little Wonder, Mr. Forth informed me, is under fifteen hands in height, and is a remarkably sound horse. Too much praise cannot be given to Macdonald for the very quiet and able manner in which he landed his horse; and perhaps one of the highest compliments paid him was the present of a very handsome whip given by His Royal Highness Prince Albert as a mark of His Highness's approbation of his riding.

There were three other races of no importance to any but the winner:—Mr. Faulconer's March the First won the Asstead Stakes; Captain Gardnor's filly by The Colonel, out of Mary Ann, ran away with the Walton Stakes; and Captain Gardnor's Pulcherima was the winner of the Burgh Stakes.—The Fields in the last three races were numerically good, but singularly inferior in quality.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert left after the second race, and were loudly cheered as they passed by thousands of loyal subjects. The road to London on the evening of this day was, like other years, actually "choked up;" one party in a Phaeton assured me he was above an hour going a hundred yards near Tooting. The only accident of anything like a serious nature was the chaise of Mr. F. Mathews, of Covent Garden Theatre, overturning, by which he was injured, but not to the extent at first conjectured.

Thursday's racing is scarcely worth alluding to. The company was "dreadfully slack," and the Stakes, owing to so many of the horses being amiss, were left almost to be cantered over for.

The Sutton Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added, for all ages, one mile, was cleverly won by Mr. G. Byng's Barabbas, beating Caution, Zephyr, and Launchaway. Flatman rode the winner, which proves not to be a dear bargain at 200 sovs., his claimed



price on Tuesday.—The Cup Stakes, TWO SUBSCRIBERS, was walked over for by Mr. Dockeray's Lyster;—the Croydon Stakes went into Mr. Forth's pocket with the aid of Wilderness;—the Ewell Stakes Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe won, beating Camellino, who could not run a yard from some cause or another;—and the last race of this dull day was the Durdans Stakes, in heats, which was won by Mr. Faulconer's March the First, in two heats, beating two others.

Speculation throughout the afternoon was entirely confined to the Oaks, and three only were mentioned. Crucifix was heavily backed at 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 *against* the Field; Black Bess, although known to be amiss, had parties foolish enough to take *eights* and *tens* to *one* about her; and Pocahontas, the stable companion of Little Wonder, had some admirers at 12 to 1.

Friday.—Having a rest day between the two great races has proved greatly to the advantage of the holiday people; they now make a point of being present on both days. The weather, like that of Wednesday, was beautiful until after the racing, when a tolerably heavy "downfall" sent many home with wet jackets. The road down, although of course not to be compared with the "Derby Day," was pretty well filled with carriages of all sorts. The speculation on the Oaks was all on one side; few were hardy enough to back the Field, *even at the extravagant odds of three to one!* It was really laughable to see an unfortunate wight who stood heavily against Crucifix riding about with, as Mr. G. said, "a face as long as my arm," soliciting to bet the odds upon her. "My dear fellow," said he to one, "I know you have got on well; do let me hedge a little." To this appeal he received for answer, "'tis true I have 'got well on,' and *I mean to keep so.*" Betting about the other fillies was out of the question. Crucifix, and nothing but Crucifix, was safe to win, and her looks shewed that John Day had worked her up to a first-rate pitch of excellence. Her tail, like that of O'Connell's, was very long, but in the race her "tail" was much longer; she is every inch a race-horse. Teleta looked exceedingly well, as did also Welfare, Lalla Rookh, and Pocahontas; the latter is a very fine animal. Black Bess ought to have remained at Mickleham; and the good General's mare, Diploma, would have saved expense had she not left Newmarket: of the others, nothing need be said. To show that Welfare was thought something of, that shrewd betting man, Harry Hill, exclaimed, just before the breaking up of the Ring, "Gentlemen, have a care about Welfare!"

At two o'clock the following were galloping preparatory to the start for *The Oaks Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.; last mile and a half; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; 103 subs.

The OAKS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; 3 yr. old fillies 8st. 4lb.; last mile and a half: the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional police; 103 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. <i>Crucifix</i> , by Priam, out of Octaviana.....	J. Day.....	1
Mr. Payne's br. f. Welfare, by Priam, out of Vat	Nat	2
Mr. Wigram's ch. f. Teleta, by Plenipotentiary, out of Shereen's dam..	Conolly	3

The following were not placed :—

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Currency, by St. Patrick, out of Oxygen.....	Stephenson....	0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. by Glencoe, out of Victoria.....	W. Day	0
Col. Anson's Black Bess, by Camel, out of Cloudesley's dam	Scott.....	0
Mr. Batson's br. f. Plenary, own sister to Plenipotentiary	Robinson	0
Lord Albemarle's ch. f. Iris, by Cain, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow	Cotton	0
Mr. Fowler's b. f. Lalla Rookh, by Defence, out of Leila by Waterloo.....	C. Templeman	0
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. by Emilius, out of Nannette	Chapple	0
Mr. Greatrex's b. f. Pocahontas, by Glencoe, out of Marpessa	Crouch	0
Mr. Bell's b. f. La Femme Sage, by Gainsborough—Goldendrop's dam	Heseltine.....	0
Lord Chesterfield's The Ant, sister to Industry, by Priam	C. Edwards.....	0
Gen. Grosvenor's f. Diploma, by Plenipotentiary, out of Icaria.....	Macdonald.....	0
Col. Wyndham's ch. f. by Nonsense, out of Elfrid.....	Wakefield	0

The betting up to the breaking up of the Ring was as given below, but I was informed, owing to the immense number of false starts, that several alterations took place, the principal ones being 2 to 1 frequently taken on the Field; 3 to 1 on Crucifix, 10 to 1 agst. Black Bess, 11 to 1 agst. Pocahontas (taken), 14 to 1 agst. Lalla Rookh, 25 to 1 agst. Welfare, 40 to 1 agst. Currency, and 50 to 1 agst. Teleta (taken).

After at least an hour of the appointed time, the whole of which was taken up in dodgings and false starts, the lot got off in a very so-so manner, Lalla Rookh, Welfare, Teleta, and Pocahontas being well laid up in the front rank; Crucifix and Black Bess got off badly, the former losing at least forty yards from Lalla Rookh. Before they reached the Craven Starting Post, the favorite had worked up to the front rank, and increased the pace two-fold: the tailing commenced from this point, and both of Scott's fillies were here "done brown." At the top of the hill, Welfare made an effort to take the lead, and at once shewed her superiority over Lalla Rookh; Teleta and Mr. Greatrex's filly were next, and these were all that stood even the shadow of a chance of winning. A little beyond the distance, Welfare and Teleta made a desperate rush to reach the *crack*, and at one moment, whatever may be said to the contrary, *it was a race*. Crucifix's length of stride here told with great effect, and she ran by the Judge half a length before Welfare, who defeated Teleta by a head: Lalla Rookh was a length behind Teleta, and Mr. Greatrex's well up. The others came in in the order placed above, but at long intervals—thus proving the pace to have been good.

The other racing was wretched in the extreme, and as it had nothing to do with "coming events," and consequently could not "cast its shadow before," I shall not trouble my readers with a long account. It will suffice to say, that a paltry 2 Sovs. Handicap, with 50 sovs. added, was won by Pestonjee Bomanjee, 5 yrs. 9st. 4lb., beating four others; Connelly rode the winner:—the Members' Fifty Pound Plate was won by Alsdorf (Chapple) beating, in two heats, five miserable creatures; the winner was claimed for 200 sovs.:—Mr. Theobald paid in the Match to Lord George Bentinck, h. ft.:—and the "closing scene" of this truly Grand Meeting was the Derby and Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs., heats, one mile and a quarter—won in three heats by Hahneman, 5 yrs., beating Shuffler and Munchausen easily.

The prospect for next year is excellent, there being *one hundred and fifty-six* subscribers to the Derby, and *one hundred and twenty* for the Oaks.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1840.]

Notes of the Month.

AUGUST.

ROANOKE COLT SHOW.—The second annual exhibition of thorough-bred colts and fillies was held at Boydton, Va., on the 18th June. The show was attended by gentlemen from different sections of the State, and also from North Carolina, all of whom were delighted with the fine appearance of the colts. After the exhibition was over, at 2 o'clock, the company partook of an excellent dinner given by the Association, drank a few dozen of champagne, and retired very much pleased.

The following gentlemen were elected judges to award the premiums:—Col. R. R. MEADE, of Dinwiddie; Capt. JOHN MARSHALL, of Charlotte; and H. SKIPWITH, Esq., of Mecklenburg, whose decision gave universal satisfaction.

1. The Premium for the best 2 yr. old (Silver Plate) was awarded to WM. TOWNES' b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon out of Tattersall's dam.

2. The Premium for the second best 2 yr. old (Silver Candlesticks) was awarded to Gen. M. T. HAWKINS' b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir Archy.

3. The Premium for the best yearling colt (Gold Cup) was awarded to Gen. M. T. HAWKINS' b. f. by Imp. Rowton out of the dam of Black Heath.

4. The Premium for the second best yearling colt (Silver Ladle and Spoon) was awarded to JAMES WILLIAMSON'S ch. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles.

5. The Premium for the best sucking colt (Silver Plate) was awarded to Wm. TOWNES' b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Virginian.

6. The Premium for the second best sucking colt (Silver Plate) was awarded to C. HUDSON'S b. f. by John Tyler, dam by Contest.

The following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers for the next year, viz.:—WM. TOWNES, Esq., President; E. R. CHAMBERS, Esq., Vice President; C. P. GREEN, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer; ALFRED BOYD and J. H. GHOLSON, Esqrs., Stewards.

The next meeting of the Association will take place on the third Thursday in June, 1841. The subscription list to the separate stakes is now open, and in the hands of the Secretary, entrance \$10. All papers friendly to the breeding of fine horses, will please give the above an insertion.

By order of the Association, C. P. GREEN, Sec'y.

MESSRS HEAD & SMITH, of Tennessee, have sold their 3 year old b. f. by Arab, dam by Pacolet, to ALLEN H. BUSH of Marianna, Florida, for \$500. Also their 3 year old ch. f. by imported Leviathan, dam by Florizel, to P. A. STOCKTON, of Marianna, Florida, for \$400, since sold to Dr. SAMUEL C. BELLAMY for \$500 and stinted to Col. J. J. PITTMAN'S b. h. American Citizen.

JOHN RINGGOLD'S br. m. *Little Poole*, by Imp. Luzborough, has dropped a fine colt foal, (a brown with a star,) by imported Shakspeare, for which he bespeaks the name of *Sheridan*. C. F. M. NOLAND & T. T. TUNSTALL'S b. m. *Charline* by Pacific, has dropped a filly foal by Tom Fletcher; it is a bay, and a very fine fual; it has already been christened *Freshet*.

MR. F. P. GEROW, late of Georgia, has removed to Tallahassee, Fl., where he is training a stable of six or seven good ones, the property of Gen. THOMAS BROWN, and two which he purchased here last season, one being *Fifer*, a brother to Hornblower, and the other, *Clarissa*, a sister to Clarion.

NAMES CLAIMED.—WM. H. TAYLOE, Esq., of Mount Airy, Va., that of *Tetuskey*, for a ch. f. by Capt. Thomas Hoskins, out of Aurora by Arab.

Capt. JOHN EUBANK, of Lunenburg Co., Va., that of *Hildebrand*, for his b. c.

foaled 15th May, 1840, by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Eubank by Roanoke, grandam by Constitution.

HENRY SMITH, Esq., of Mount Pleasant, Tenn., that of *John Marshall* for his b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Baes by Conqueror.

L. P. CHEATHAM, Esq., of near Nashville, Tenn., claims the following names for his stock:—

That of *Rubicon* for his b. c. by Imp. Skylark, out of Geranium by Pacolet foaled in March. That of *Mudlark* for his ch. c. by Imp. Skylark, out of Betsey Baker by Hephestion, foaled 18th March. That of *Picayunc* for his ch. c. by Belshazzar, out of Tipton by Imp. Luzborough, foaled in March. That of *Gus Tompkins* for his br. c. by Picton, dam by Imp. Leviathan, foaled in April. That of *Bellissima* for his ch. f. by Belshazzar, out of Martha Washington by Sir Charles, foaled in March. That of *Pigeon-wing* for his ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, out of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, foaled in March. That of *Fame* for his b. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Fanny Townes by Eclipse, foaled in April. That of *Raven* for his bl. f. by Picton, out of Brunette by Cock of the Rock, foaled in April. That of *Butterfly* for his ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, out of Katy Ann by Ogle's Oscar, foaled in April. That of *Wings* for his b. f. by Imp. Skylark, out of Panama by Crusader, foaled in May. That of *Queen of the West* for his ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, foaled in May. That of *Italia* for his b. f. by Imp. Skylark, out of Maria Louisa by Bagdad, foaled in May. That of *Jenny Baker* for his b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Betsey Baker by Hephestion, foaled in 1838. That of *Sarah Hicks* for his gr. f. by Andrew, out of Nancy Townes by Shylock, foaled in 1838.

HENRY DICKENSON, Esq., of Mansfield Park, near Nashville, Tenn., that of *Priscilla Marten* for his ch. f. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab. Also that of *Leslie Combs* for his b. c. foaled this Spring, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.

JESSE CAGE, Esq., of Gallatin, Tenn., claims the name of *Goldsmith* for a ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. old. Also that of *Miss Bowie* for a ch. f., own sister to Goldsmith, 3 yrs.

ALEX. ERSKINE, Esq., of Salt Sulphur Springs, Va., that of *Gryphon* for a b. c. foaled in April, by Sumerville, dam by Clinton, grandam by Talleyrand. Also that of *Wild Rose* for a b. f. foaled the same month, by the same horse, dam by Rockingham, grandam by Snowstorm.

MR. ISAAC H. OLIVER of Wheeling, Va., that of *Fanny Elssler* for his b. f. by Moss. Tonson out of Jane Marable by Washington.

MR. JOHN S. LORTON, of Pendleton, S. C., that of *Piomingo* for his br. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Lancellia by Lance, foaled on the 29th of May last. Lancellia has been sent to Redgauntlet.

MR. WM. M. SNAIL, of Harrodsburg, Ky., that of *Ostrich* for a ch. c., 2 yrs. old, by Collier, dam by Shakspeare, grandam Aratus. Also that of *Hollyhock* for a 2 yr. old b. f. by Josephus, dam by Cook's Whip, grandam Melzer. Also that of *Lady Harrison* for a yearling ch. f. by Frank, dam by Trumpator, grandam by Hamiltonian, the dam of Adam, Huntsman, and Guy of Warwick.

COL. J. J. PITTMAN, of Marianna, Flo., that of *Jesse A. Bynum* for his ch. c., 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marion. Also that of *Dr. Wilcox* for his ch. c., 1 yr. old, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marion.

J. B. RICHARDSON, Esq., that of *Queen* for his gr. m. by Cooper's Messenger, (a thorough-bred son of Imp. Messenger), out of Flora by Grand Seigneur. Also *Zuela* for his ro. f. by Zilcadi, out of Queen, 4 yrs. Also *Zuma* for his ro. f. by Zilcadi, out of Queen, 2 yrs. Also *Nymph* for his gr. f. by Imp. Merman, out of Queen, sucking. Also *Mademoiselle* for his ch. f. by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs. Also *The Sleeper* for his gr. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Flora, by Grand Seigneur, 4 yrs.

MR. JAMES WILLIAMSON, of Virginia, that of *Taglioni* for a ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Nancy Dawson by Sir Charles, foaled March 22d, 1839. This filly took the second premium at the late Roanoke Colt Show, and is said to be in high form. Also that of *Mary Rawlins* for a filly by Benbow, out of the same mare.

OBE OILSTONE that of *Martin's Judy* for a br. f. by Young Mercury, out of Madame Berlin.

MR. JAS. H. JENKINS, of Sparta, Tenn., claims the following names:—

That of *Brownlow* for a br. c., 1 yr. old, by Imp. Merman, out of Polly Chai-

bourne, by Imp. Leviathan, her dam Lady Randolph, by Sir Archy (full sister to Carolinian). That of *Glenayre* for a ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Polly Clai-bourne, dropped 14th May last. That of *Sally Franklin* for a ch. f., 1 yr. old, by Ben Franklin, out of Maria Cathey by Bryan O'Lynn. That of *Sarah Greenough* for a br. f. by Ben Franklin, out of Maria Cathey, dropped 7th April last. That of *Molly Pitcher* for a dark ch. f. by Hugh L. White, out of Gaslight by Moloch, dropped 8th April last.

Capt. GEO. SUTTON, of this city, that of *Princess* for his yearling ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Hope. Also that of *Prima Donna* for a 2 yr. old b. f. by the same horse, out of Lady Rowland. The latter was purchased by Capt. S. at the recent sale of the stock of Mr. ROGERS.

RICHARD C. RICHARDSON, Esq., of South Carolina, that of *Topsy Turvy* for a yearling b. c. by Bertrand Jr., out of La Pucelle, by Sir Archy. Also that of *Charlie Stuart* for a sucking b. c. by Trident, out of the same mare. Also that of *Annetta Simons* for a sucking ch. f. by Mucklejohn, out of Little Venus, by Sir William of Transport. Mr. JAMES LANEFORD, of Alabama, that of *Valentine Sevier* for a 3 yr. old ch. c. by Pulaski. Also that of *Louisa Bullitt* for a yearling filly by Imp. Philip. Also that of *Alligator* for a colt dropped this Spring, by Imp. Leviathan;—all out of his mare Multiflora, by Conqueror, out of Grey Goose (the dam of John Bascombe).

H. G. S. KEY, Esq., of Leonardtown, Md., that of *Ellen Hooe* for a ch. f. by Margrave, out of the dam of Reliance. Also that of *Prestley* for a ch. c. by Hampton, out of Dame Prestley.

JAMES WEEDEN, of Newtown, L. I., that of *Albertina* for a ch. yearling filly by Imp. Trustee, out of Margaret Forrest by Richmond, out of Daphne. Also that of *Robert Newton* for a ch. c. foaled 1st June, 1840, own brother to the above filly.

E. WARFIELD, jr., Esq., of Lexington, that of *Miss Leslie* for his b. f. foaled in May last, by Sir Leslie, out of Suzette. This filly is in the Gold Stake.

THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS."

"PENDLETON," IN REPLY TO "A."

DEAR P.: I have just received the June number of the "Am. Turf Register," which is decidedly one of the most interesting that has been published.

I think "A.'s" reply to "Pendleton" able and ingeniously written, although I fear yourself or readers may conclude that we have more pertinacity than discretion. I have one serious objection to "A.'s" last communication, and that is his dividing my last observations, and reserving to himself the right of reply, for aught I know, until the June number of next year. I am an old man, and to be obliged to take medicine in broken doses is repulsive; but that is not the essence of the joke. Suspense to the mind is like the toothache. It disturbs our worship of Momus. If in future I am bound to take "A.'s" pieces in broken doses, I shall take the liberty, as a set off, to desire him to read a letter in the "Spirit of the Times" of 30th May last, signed "Blue Rock," addressed to Prince Albert, upon the subject of "Running Four Mile Heats in England." Also the article in the June number of the "Turf Register," over the signature of "B. C. W." There is just one word in that piece that I wanted to use from the first (*disparaging*), but you recollect since Nullification we have been at Zero.

PENDLETON.

TURF REGISTER.

*Blood Stock of CAPT. NICHOLAS DAVIS,
of Limestone Co., Ala.*

BROOD MARES.

No. 1.—KITTY CLOVER, b. m., foaled 1825, got by Sir Charles out of Black Eyed Susan (known as the "little yellow mare") by Imp. Dungannon; her dam Purity by Imp. Spread Eagle—Dictator—Royal Oak, &c. &c. Kitty Clover will long be remembered in the South West, for the splendid style in which she won numerous races from One to Four mile heats, against the best of her day. Black Eyed Susan, the dam of Kitty Clover, was owned by Mr. H. B. WHITE, Woodford County, Ky., who ran her with great success at all distances; and Purity, the g. d., was the only horse Wm. T. BANTON, of Lexington, could not break down by severe discipline. She (Purity) was never beaten, and was very distinguished both for speed and stoutness.

Her Produce.

1834. *Scipio*, b. h. by Imp. Leviathan, (he is about 15 hands 3 inches high, bay without white, and in good form—won five times and was beaten twice.)

1836. *Bissextile*, b. h. by Imp. Leviathan, (this horse is 16 hands high, very lengthy, and in high form—started only once, in the Spring of 1839, when quite green, and was beaten.)

1838. *Glenara*, ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, (very promising and heavily engaged.)

1840. ——— by Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. DESIGN, (Imp.) ch. m. foaled 1827, and imported by E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., in 1835; got by Tramp, out of Defiance by Rubens, out of Folly by Highland Fling, &c. &c. (Defiance is the dam of Defence, one of the most popular stallions in England—of Dangerous, winner of the Derby in 1831, and now the best stallion in the French Government Stud—of Imp. Delight, a good winner, now owned by Jas. Jackson, Esq., and others of note.)

Her Produce.

1837. *De Lattre*, br. c. by Imp. Consul, (15 hands high, very powerful and racing like, now in training and heavily engaged.)

1838. *Jim Bradley*, ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, (15 hands high, very

handsome, and engaged in several stakes.)

1839. *Joe Bradley*, ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, (fine size, and of great promise—is in the Alabama Stakes at Nashville, Fall of 1843, \$2000 entrance, 14 subs.)

1840. ——— by Count Badger, (engaged in the Trial Stakes at Nashville, Fall of 1843, \$1000 entrance, 25 subs.)

No. 3. TIMORA, a b. m., bred by Nicholas Davis in 1826, by Timoleon, out of Poll McLaughlin by Suwarrow, her dam by Diomed. Timora could run, and her produce, Authentic, Honeydew, (sold to Col. ROBT. SMITH for \$1,100, who changed her name to *Old Mistress*) and others, have been distinguished winners, affording satisfactory evidence by their performance and bloodlike appearance, of thorough breeding, though the papers to establish the purity of Old Poll's blood have unfortunately been lost or destroyed. Suwarrow, though not found in the Stud Book, was beyond doubt a thorough-bred of the best blood, and happily for those who have any of his stock, the papers to establish that fact are in the possession of Capt. Davis. He was bred by Thomas Ford in 1803, was got by Columbus,—his dam (bred by Daniel Hunt, of N.J.), was by Imp. Venetian, her dam by Imp. Figure,—Miss Slamerkin by Imp. Wildair—her dam the Cub mare imported by Mr. De Lancey, of N.Y. Columbus was by Imp. Pantaloon out of Lady Northumberland (imported by Col. Tayloe,) by Northumberland—her dam by Shakspeare—Regulus—Partner's Snip—Old Partner, &c. &c.

Her Produce.

1834. *Authentic*, ch. g. by Imp. Leviathan.

1835. *Honeydew*, ch. f. by Count Badger.

1836. *Pat Nagle*, b. c. by Count Badger, (he is 15 hands 3 inches in height,—in high form, and of immense power—has won twice and lost one race.)

1837. B. c. by Imp. Consul, (died at 2 years old.)

1839. *Tallmadge*, bl. c. by Count Badger.

No. 4. SUKEY PEPPER, bay, by Rockingham, dam by Truxton, g. d. by Hall's Diomed, &c. (Sukey Pepper was bred

in Tennessee, and was considered one of the speediest mile nags in the State.)

Her Produce.

1836. *Creosote*, b. f. by Imp. Leviathan.

1837. Br. f. by Imp. Consol, (a very beautiful animal, 15 hands high, of great power and racing-like form.)

1839. *Geo. Foote*, ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe.

No. 5. *PIONY*, ch. m., bred by Capt. Davis in 1834, got by Count Badger, out of Pocahontas by Sir Alfred—her dam by Imp. Tom Tough—Hamilton—Bellair—Lady Willis by Imp. Janus—Jolly Roger, &c. Piony was a winner of 8 or 10 races at all distances.

No. 6. *SAL ÆRATUS*, b. f., sister to Piony,—was injured in the whirlbone-joint, and never ran successfully.

STALLIONS

No. 1. *COUNT BADGER*, a ch. h., bred in 1826 by Bela Badger, near Bristol, Pa., was got by American Eclipse, out of Young Nettletop (also bred by Mr. Badger) by Hickory (the celebrated Virginia race horse), out of Nettletop by Imp. Diomed—her dam by Imp. Shark—Lindsey's Arabian—Old Mark Anthony—Imp. Silver-eye—Imp. Crawford—Imp. Janus, out of Gen. Spottiswood's imported mare.

But few of the get of Count Badger have been out, not having had many thorough-bred mares until lately, but out of six that have started 5 have been winners.

No. 2. *FREE JACK*, a b. h., bred in 1836, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Napoleon—15 hands 2 inches high, of great power and speed—has won 4 times.

COLTS & FILLIES.

Ch. c., 3 years old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Long-tailed-blue—a large and likely colt.

Bay filly, 1 year old, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Poll McLaughlin (dam of Timora, Sam Patch, Delancy, &c.) by Suwarrow. This is a beautiful filly, of good form and fine action.

N.B. Judge Lane (son-in-law to Capt. Davis) owns the last two, and one half of Free Jack.

NICHOLAS DAVIS.

Marengo, May, 1840.

Addition to the Stock of L. P. CHEATHAM, Esq., of near Nashville, Tenn.
Continued from vol. x. p. 584.

No. 1. *ISABELLA*, b. m., foaled 1821; was got by Sir Archy, out of Blackghost by Lightfoot's Imp. Oscar [see Turf Register, vol. iv. p. 491]. She is the

dam of Anvil, Drone, Picton, Harkaway, Old Dominion, and others. Stinted the Spring of 1840 to Imp. Merman.

No. 2. *TRUMPETTA*, ch. m., foaled in 1831; got by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, grandam old Agnes. [See Turf Register, vol. i. p. 53.] Stinted to Picton.

No. 3. *INDIANA*, ch. m., foaled 1829; got by Contention, out of Missouri (the dam of Fanny Wyatt) by Sir Hal. [See Turf Register, vol. iv. p. 491.] Stinted to Imp. Merman.

No. 4. *FANNY TOWNES*, gr. m., foaled in 1834; was got by Eclipse, out of Nancy Townes by Shylock, grandam by Imp. Wrangler, g. g. dam by Imp. Shark (Col. Alexander's Opossum filly), g. g. dam by Goode's Old Twigg—Imp. Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger—Old Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey, etc. Stinted to Imp. Merman.

No. 5. *MARY WYNN*, b. m., foaled in 1833; got by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, grandam by Imp. Robin Red Breast—Imp. Obscurity—Miss Slamerkin by Imp. Wildair—Imp. Cub Mare, etc. Stinted to Imp. Merman.

No. 6. *VICTORIA*, ch. m., foaled in 1833; got by Eclipse, out of Catherine Warren by Virginian, grandam by Imp. True Blue—Imp. Cœur de Lion—Imp. Fearnought—Federalist. Stinted to Imp. Merman.

No. 7. *TIPTON*, b. m., foaled 1834; got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Director, grandam by Imp. Archduke, g. g. dam old Agnes, etc. Stinted to Imp. Merman.

No. 8. *LUCINDA*, ch. m., foaled 1834; got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Junius, grandam by Sir Archy, g. g. dam old Agnes, etc. Stinted to Imp. Ainderby.

No. 9. *GASS LIGHT*, b. f., foaled in 1836; got by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Flirtilla. Capt. Jas. N. Fletcher, of Alabama, owns half of Gass Light.

No. 10. *MARTHA WASHINGTON*, ch. m., foaled in 1833; got by Sir Charles, out of No. 1.

No. 11. *HARKAWAY*, b. h., foaled in 1831; got by Merlin, out of No. 1.

No. 12. *PICTON*, br. h., foaled 1834; by Imp. Luzborough, out of No. 1.

No. 13. *OLD DOMINION*, foaled 1836; got by Eclipse, out of No. 1.

No. 14. *NETTA RIGGS*, got by Imp. Priam, out of No. 1.

No. 15. *MALCOLM*, b. h., foaled 1827; got by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, etc. [See Turf Register, vol. iv. p. 490.] One half of Malcolm is owned

by a company in Kentucky, near Cadiz.

No. 16. *ST. CLOUD*, br. h., foaled in 1835; got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, grandam by Imp. Bedford—Imp. Dare-Devil—Wildair—Flinnap—Fearnought—Imp. Monkey mare, out of a Natural Barb mare.

No. 17. *COMPACT*, br. h., by Merlin, out of the dam of *St. Cloud*.

No. 18. *SABINE*, b. h., foaled in 1835, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of No. 3.

No. 19. *SARAH HICKS*, gr. f., foaled in 1838; got by Andrew, out of Nancy Townes, the dam of No. 4.

No. 20. *QUEEN OF THE WEST*, by Priam, out of No. 1.

No. 21. *EXCEL*, ch. f., foaled in 1840, by Imp. Margrave, out of No. 3.

No. 22. *FAME*, b. f., foaled 1840, by Imp. Margrave, out of No. 4.

No. 23. *PRIMA*, b. f., foaled in 1840, by Picton, out of No. 6.

No. 24. *PICAYUNE*, ch. c., foaled in 1840, by Imp. Belshazzar, out of No. 7.

No. 25. *BELLISSIMA*, ch. f., foaled in 1840, by Imp. Belshazzar, out of No. 10.

No. 26. *RUBICON*, b. c., foaled 1840, by Imp. Skylark, out of Geranium (who died of colic on the 11th of June last). See Turf Register, vol. x. p. 584.

No. 27. *BUTTERFLY*, ch. f., foaled in 1840, by Imp. Skylark, out of Katy Ann by Ogle's Oscar.

No. 28. *ITALIA*, b. f. foaled in 1840; by Imp. Skylark, out of Maria Louisa. See Turf Register, vol. x. p. 584.

No. 29. *WINGS*, b. f., foaled 1840; by Imp. Skylark, out of Panama. See Turf Register, vol. x. p. 584.

No. 30. *PIGEON-WING*, ch. f., foaled in 1840, by Imp. Skylark, out of Alice Riggs.

No. 31. *RAVEN*, bl. or br. f., foaled in 1840; got by Picton, out of Brunette. See Turf Register, vol. x, p. 584.

No. 32. *GUS TOMPKINS*, b. c., got by Picton, dam by Imp. Leviathan, grandam by Gallatin, g. g. dam by Sartorius (he by Imp. Alderman)—Imp. Dare-Devil—Bellair, etc. This colt is joint property with Mr. John Tompkins.

L. P. CHEATHAM.

Nashville, Tenn., June 16, 1840.

Pedigree of FALCONI, the property of COLE DICKERSON, Esq., of Louisa County, Va.

FALCONI, ch. c., bred by Thomas P. Atkinson, of Chesterfield County, Va., foaled Spring of 1832; was got by Sir Charles, out of Effie Deans by Farmer's Florizel—Gen. Jones' Cœur de Lion—Imp. Robin Redbreast—Imp. Dare-devil

—Imp. Porto—Imp. Obscurity—Miss Slamerkin by Imp. Wildair—Imp. Cub by Cub—Second—Starling.

Farmer's Florizel was got by Ball's Florizel, out of a mare by Imp. Clockfast, grandam by Mark Anthony, g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger.

JOHN JAQUELIN AMBLER.

Jaquelin Hall, May 24, 1840.

Pedigree of WAGNER, the property of Mr. JOHN CAMPBELL, of Baltimore, Maryland.

WAGNER, ch. c., bred by Daniel Dugger, Esq., of Brunswick County, Va., and foaled in 1834. He was got by Sir Charles, out of Maria West (bred in North Carolina by Mr. Wm. M. West) by Marion, grandam Ella Crump (a brown mare, as certified by Mr. West, page 425, "Am. Turf Register," vol. iv.) by Imp. Citizen, g. g. dam by Huntsman, g. g. g. dam by Wildair, g. g. g. g. dam by Fearnought, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, etc. *Baltimore, Md., July, 1840.*

THE CAPTAIN, ch. h., foaled in 1831; got by Rob Roy (son of Gracchus), out of Philadelphia by Gen Ridgely's Young Oscar (son of Tuckahoe, out of an Oscar mare, her dam by Imp. Medley—Cub—Tamerlane—Gov. Sharpe's Juniper mare, &c.), grandam by Bond's First Consul, g. g. dam by Imp. Obscurity—Moll by Grey Fancey—Miss Slamerkin by Wildair—De Lancey's famous imported Cub mare.

DUANE, br. h., foaled in 1834; got by Imp. Hedgford, out of Goodlue Washington by Washington (son of Timoleon), grandam by Eaton's Columbus (son of Sir Archy), g. g. dam by Gallatin—Imp. Cœur de Lion—Rosetta by Centinel—Diana by Clodius—Imp. Starling—Imp. mare Silver.

WASHINGTON, ch. h., foaled in 1819; got by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Syme's Wildair, g. g. dam by Silver Eye—Yorick.

EATON'S COLUMBUS, by Sir Archy, out of Harpsichord by Imp. Cœur de Lion—Malbrook by Imp. Mexican—Cub—Imp. Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Kitty Fisher, &c.

TIPPECANOE (Trump) ch. c., foaled in 1836; got by the Ace of Diamonds, out of Philadelphia, (The Captain's dam).

WASHINGTON, ch. h., foaled in 1836; got by Rattler out of "the Consul mare" (The Captain's grandam).

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1840.

Embellishments:

TROUT FISHING IN THE HAMILTON COUNTY LAKES, NEW YORK.

ON STEEL, BY DICK AFTER BECKWITH.

Also, the following three Illustrations on Wood:—

CRUCIFIX, WINNER OF THE OAKS—THE ASCOT GOLD CUP—AND HER MAJESTY'S VASE.

Contents:

	<i>Page</i>
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.	430
TROUT FISHING IN HAMILTON COUNTY, N. Y.: BY THE EDITOR.....	431
CRUCIFIX—WINNER OF THE OAKS, ETC.	434
THE VETERINARIAN: BY "NIMROD".....	437
SPRING SNIPE SHOOTING: BY "FRANK FORESTER".....	445
ASCOT RACES: BY "SLASHING HARRY".....	451
NO-ANGLER'S ANGLING—No. II.: BY "NO-ANGLER".....	463
BLOOD OF IMPORTED SCOUT: BY W. C. BEATTY.....	468
THE ADVANTAGES OF HANDICAPS: BY "PHENIX".....	469
FOREST SPORTS: BY ALFRED B. STREET.....	473
ON EXPOSING SPURIOUS PEDIGREES, ETC.: BY "D.".....	475
SALMON FISHING IN CANADA: BY "PISCATOR".....	477
RIFLE SHOOTING.....	485
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR.....	487
ON DITS.....	487
NEW RACE COURSES.....	487
SALE OF STOCK IN KENTUCKY.....	488
PROSPECT OF SPORT IN VIRGINIA.....	488
TIMING RACES IN ENGLAND.....	489
SALES OF STOCK.....	489
CRICKET MATCH.....	489
EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF HOUNDS.....	490
GOODWOOD RACES.....	490
NAMES CLAIMED.....	490
TURF REGISTER.....	491
BLOOD STOCK OF WM. B. GREEN, ESQ.....	491
" " " J. G. BOSTWICK, ESQ.....	491
" " " JAS. LANKFORD, ESQ.....	491
" " " CANNON AND PEEBLES.....	491
PEDIGREE OF MAMBRINO.....	492
" " " IMP. MARE SILVER.....	492
" " " SIDNEY.....	492

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sagittarius" has sent us a very capital article "On the too Thorough Breeding of the Race-Horse," which will appear in our next. The doctrines therein contained will not, perhaps, be generally popular, but the gifted and clear-headed writer insists upon it that they are true, and that if any one quizzes them (and he feels sure some one will) he adds

"I have a rod, Sir, in pickle,
His bottom to tickle."

"Sagittarius" urges that the English themselves acknowledge that their horses have lost "bottom" for the last fifty years, but that they none of them seem to know why. His communication will be read with great interest.

Mr HOFFMAN's capital work called "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie," has not been re-published in this country. A chapter from the London edition, giving a spirited and graphic sketch of "A Deer Hunt on Sacandaga Lake," in Hamilton County, N. Y., appeared in the last vol. of the Register, page 82.

We have understood that the forfeit has already been deposited in the match between Boston and Gano—to come off over the Lafayette Course, at Augusta, Ga., on the 7th Dec. next.

The price demanded for the best Trotting Stallion we know of in this part of the country is \$1500.

The time of the race between Eclipse and Henry was 7:37—7:49—8:24. It came off on Tuesday, May 27, 1823. Henry carried 108lbs.—the weight for a 4 yr. old at that time, on the Union Course—Eclipse, then nine years old, carried 126lbs.

The first number of the "Spirit of the Times" was issued by its present Editor on the 10th of Dec., 1831.

We have it from the President himself that the "Mammoth Cod Association" of Boston is one hundred and fifty years old. He has been President all the time, and *ought* to know.

Midnight, the 4 yr. old Shark filly out of Meg Dodds, sold by Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS, of this city, to Mr. WALLACE, of Halifax, N. S., won four races at the late Halifax meeting.

Ajax, a son of Imp. Barefoot, well known on Long Island, two years since, as a fast one, was shipped last week to South America.

It is not probable that a meeting will take place on the Beacon Course, opposite this city, in New Jersey, the ensuing Fall.

The sale of Col. BUFORD's blood stock was advertised to take place at Tree Hill, Woodford County, Ky., on the 20th of last month. No report has reached us.

The postage on letters to be forwarded by the English Steam Ships is required to be paid in advance. Single letters are charged twenty-five cents.

A fine Setter or Pointer, young and well broke, cannot be purchased here for less than about \$100.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

FOR SALE.—I will sell (being fully engrossed with other business) the very popular foal-getter Imported BLACK ARABIAN, the same that was presented by the Emperor of Morocco to the United States, or more properly intended as a present to Gen. Jackson, then President, and was sold by order of Congress in 1835.

I believe he has made more money, at \$30 the season, than any horse in Virginia, having averaged seventy mares every season since I purchased him; the season just passed he served eighty-two mares. Others are intending to send mares even at this late period, hearing of my intention to sell. Should I not meet with a purchaser sooner, I intend most certainly to offer him at Public Auction, at the Newmarket Course, near Petersburg, Va., the morning previous to the Four mile race.

Any one wishing to confer with me, relative to this fine horse, must direct to Farmville, Prince Edward Co., Va.

THOMAS FLOURNOY.

Aug. 4, 1840.



TROUT FISHING IN HAMILTON COUNTY, N. Y

ACCOMPANIED WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

How many scenes as romantic and wildly beautiful as that presented by Mr. Dick's engraving, are exhibited to the delighted gaze of the enthusiastic angler among the Lakes of Hamilton County, in this State. The bold shores of these miniature seas upon which are piled like "Pelion upon Ossa," ranges of "everlasting hills," are covered with a luxuriant growth of timber, presenting every brilliant hue and variety of tint so characteristic of American Forest Scenery. And then the pigmy promontories stretching far out into the broad expanse of gently rippling waters terminating in sand-bars glowing like molten silver in the sun's rays—the groups of islands whose picturesque beauty Calypso and her nymphs might envy, that dot their placid surface like flocks of water-fowl, with here and there a sail-boat moored in some quiet cove or under a towering headland, from which the skilful angler

"Lures from his cool retreat the crafty trout"—

how many charming scenes of this peculiar character will be found in the wild and mountainous region to which reference has been made? Look again at our pretty illustration. How well is depicted a bright clear morning, at the moment when

"Jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

The cool land-breeze has excited such a capital ripple for fly-fishing, that one can almost fancy he sees the trout "breaking" in all directions. Take the figures in the foreground. How many hearts will instinctively yearn to enjoy "the royal and aristocratic branch of the angler's craft," so felicitously indicated in the engraving? The fortunate individual who is wielding his fly-rod with such palpable success is evidently no green horn, though we should recommend him to allow Johnny Trout to keep his nose under water for a while longer if he would assure himself of the pleasure of his company at dinner. How much like Alba Dunning or Tim Skidmore looks that tough young boatman resting on his oars, and watching with the keenest interest the fierce struggles of that five-pound trout, while with gaff in hand he is waiting his nearer approach to assist him safely on board? That rod fastened in the stern looks as if it might be useful; doubtless our friend has been trolling a minnow or two and half a dozen flies at the end of eighty feet of line, but astounded at the boldness of a sockdologer, in making a "rise" within twenty feet of the boat, he has evidently snatched up his single-handed fly-rod and with a magnificent cast has dropped a most killing green-drake on the precise spot. Of course a morsel so delicious and so temptingly displayed, is not to be resisted by a salmon-trout, suffering under "the keen demands of appetite," and results in a

bold "break," a whirr of the reel, a dash of fifty yards, consummate skill in making play on both sides, until the "tattle of the whole" matter is presented as in the scene illustrated by the engraving.

The reader may possibly be anxious to know where such sport is to be enjoyed? For "a full, true, and particular report," we must refer him to the "Spirit of the Times," in the which metropolitan "Chronicle of the Sporting World" is to be recorded this month, a synopsis of the principal events attending a recent sporting excursion of the editor to the region referred to, and which we can commend with the more confidence as no live white man north of the Potomac ever had better fishing or shooting, or saw more *things*, or enjoyed more fun, and more than all, as the penny papers have it, "no other paper has the news!"

"Brief let me be." We will suppose you are at Saratoga Springs, which you can reach from New York City in less than twenty-four hours. Arrived there, get a team at Cook's Livery Stable and proceed at once to Skidmore's at Lake Pleasant—a very pleasant little village situated between Round Lake and Lake Pleasant. From Saratoga to Lake P. the distance is a trifle under sixty miles. Take the route up the Sacondaga Valley through the Fishhouse, Northfield and Wells, for the road is better and infinitely pleasanter. After spending a few days at Skidmore's and fishing in the half dozen lakes and rivers in the vicinity, get a conveyance six miles farther on, to Dunning's, in Arietta, at the head of Pezeco Lake. We found the trout larger and more numerous there than any where else, and what is more, better boats, and better accommodations. Alba Dunning can show you more sport than any man in Hamilton County, save Nat. Morrill, and him you might not fall in with, "once in a dog's age." From Skidmore's you should make an excursion to West river, to the Indian Clearing, and Louis Lake. Mr. Dunning, (Alba's father) does not pretend to keep "a public house" and you will be better accommodated in consequence; he is a resident of the country and an ardent sportsman of fifty years' standing, and knows every foot of the ground within sixty miles.

Salmon or Lake trout are frequently taken all over this county that weigh over thirty pounds, while the speckled trout "run" from a half to three pounds. They are taken at all seasons of the year, but the month of June is most favorable, as the large trout will then rise more freely to the fly. The shooting is splendid; there are more Moose and Deer shot annually in Hamilton County than in any other in the State, while there are myriads of partridges, woodcock, etc., and a variety of water fowl in great abundance.

The present month is a capital season for shooting; the young partridges, ducks, etc., have attained their full growth, and pigeons may be knocked down by the dozen at a shot. Woodcock are very plenty this year, and there has been rain enough to drive them out of the swamps into the stubble fields. The Deer, too, are unusually numerous, but they ought to be spared until October, by

which time they will be in prime condition. In December you may have such Moose hunting as cannot be found this side of New Brunswick—just such sport as “Meadows” has so well described in previous numbers of this Magazine. A few weeks since there were a great number of heavy steel-traps set about Louis, Whit-taker, Oxbow, and other Lakes, for wolves, panthers and bear. These were to be taken up on the 1st instant, and have been doubtless, or their owners will be obliged to fish them out of the Lakes, as otherwise a hunter would run the risk of getting his hounds killed or cruelly maimed; some of these “infernal machines” weigh forty pounds.

From May until September you can use a fly to the utmost advantage in trout-fishing, but, as we before remarked, June is the best month; after that time the larger trout retire into deeper water, and you fish for them with a hand-line from seventy-five to one hundred feet long. A thirty pound salmon-trout is rarely taken in any other way. Hooks are to be obtained “on the premises;” an immense one is preferred, and it should be tied on a very thick and powerful hair line. Jewett, at Lake Pleasant, makes capital hooks; they are modelled exactly on those celebrated Limerick hooks which have, what is termed “the O’Shaughnessy bend.” We have never seen any thing of the kind more perfectly shaped or better tempered; the point is not above half the height of the ordinary Limerick hook, and there is a barb on each side of it. This kind of fishing, which, by the bye, is not to our taste, is very successful when the proper arrangements are made before-hand. It is necessary to place and bait your anchors well—that is, you must ascertain by sounding, the depth of the water; fifty feet will do, but seventy-five is better. Having hit upon a location, sink a rock with a strong line securely fastened to it, and tie the upper end of the line to a shingle, as a buoy, so that you can find the precise spot next day where you “anchor” lies. Your anchor being thrown overboard cut up half a bushel of small fish, shiners, suckers, etc., and strew them about it, and on the following day you may safely calculate on taking as many salmon-trout as you will care to “back” home—especially if you have to travel a few miles through the woods up to your thighs in a thick growth of witch-hopple and shin hemlock. Our legs ache at the very thought.

But the grand sport is in spinning a minnow and throwing the fly. Except that it is incomparably finer, the river fishing in Hamilton County is very much like that found in other sections of the State. The fly-fishing on the lakes, however, cannot be matched, in our opinion, and we have wet our line in every stream or pond of note between the Susquehanna and the Kennebec. In trolling, we made our leader fourteen feet long, the precise length of our rod, using one of Conroy’s patent reels containing three hundred feet of braided-silk line, strong enough to hold a 3 yr. old colt. At the end of our leader we had a set of snap-hooks, with a second set four feet above it, on each of which we played a live minnow, very much to our satisfaction, however they may

have enjoyed it. Above the snaps at equal distances we looped on five large salmon flies. The whole arrangement made something of a display, as we thought, and the trout must also have been "mightily taken with it," for we took two or three at a time! A second rod, with lighter tackle and smaller flies was kept "constantly in hand" with which to "mark down" a "rise," and we rarely failed in making the acquaintance of any dashing member of the lake aristocracy, who challenged our attention by his agility at throwing a summersault.

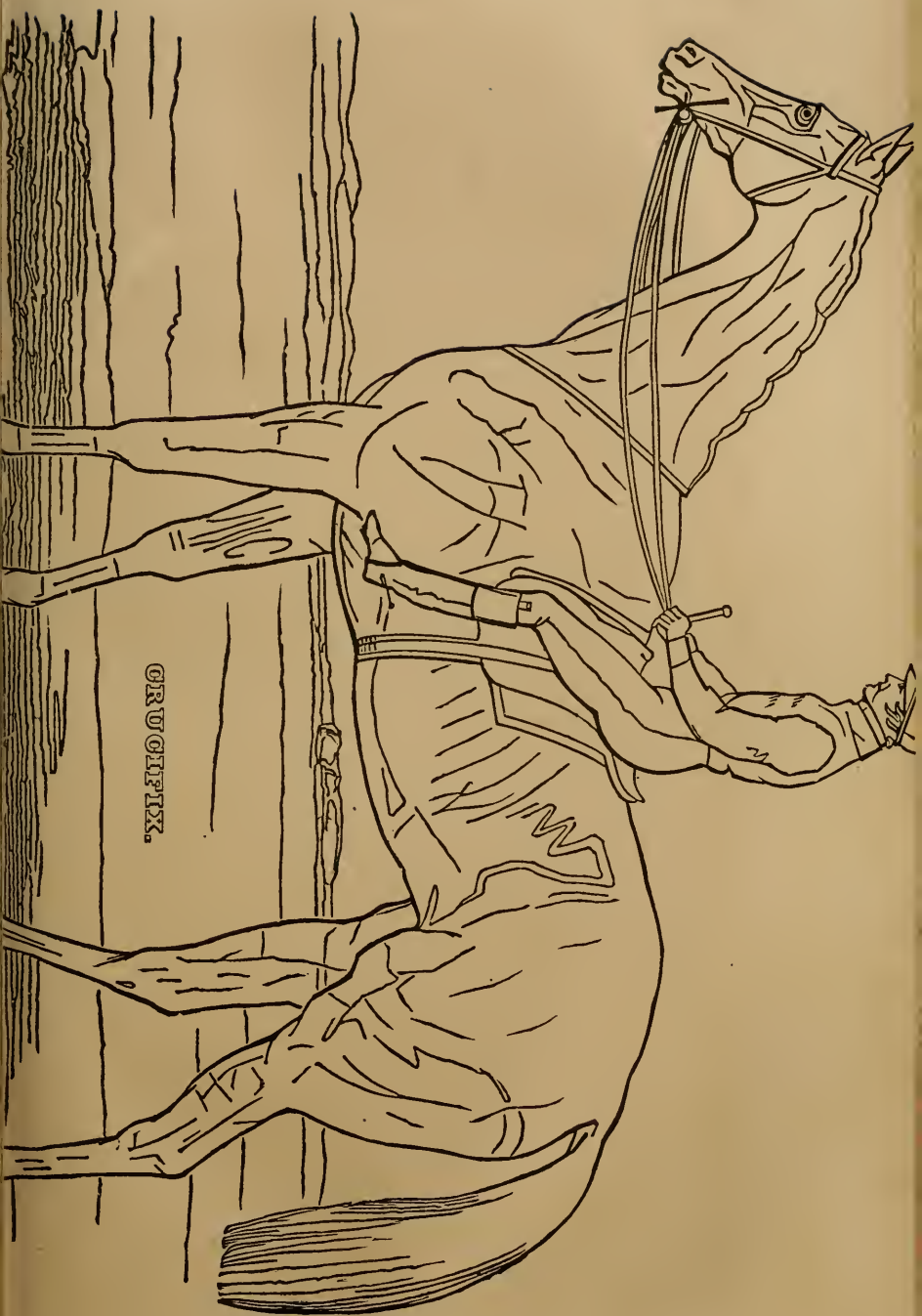
CRUCIFIX,

WINNER OF THE OAKS, ETC.

WE take leave to introduce to our friends a faithful likeness of Crucifix, the mare "par excellence" *wot* won the Oaks in such good form. Of a verity, she is a splendid animal—a second Camarine. There has been nothing like her on the Turf for many a day. We hope, in all sincerity, that her noble owner, for the sake of fame or profit, will not run her off her legs. She will win him golden honors yet—that is, if his Lordship will bear in mind the nursery fable of "Mother Goose and the Golden Egg." Crucifix's speed is truly wonderful, and her stride marvellous to behold. This extraordinary mare was bred by Lord Chesterfield in 1837. She was got by Priam, out of Octaviana, the dam of Carmelite, Crusader, Carthusian, and others. Octaviana, the dam, was bred by Mr. F. Lennis in 1815; she was got by Octavian, dam by Shuttle, out of Zara by Delpini—Flora by King Fergus—Atalanta by Match'em—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoko, &c.

According to the received standard of perfection in a racer, she presents a few striking exceptions; but we were never adepts at dissection, and therefore shall not cut her up. It is not for us to ask why or how she was thus put together, but she possesses qualities that defy criticism, and, taken as a whole, is certainly one of the most extraordinary animals on record. It will not be out of place to describe the shape and make of Crucifix on the present occasion, and it will be seen that there are a few incongruities which it will be difficult to reconcile to her performances.

To begin, then—her head is remarkably lean, and particularly straight—eyes good—ears long—and nostrils open; the neck long and light—shoulders oblique and thin—and the brisket exceedingly deep. The chest, however, is very narrow—the arms and legs small—and the toes turned out like an opera dancer's. She is flat-sided, and the back ribs are short—the hips are wide—the quarters drooping—and the thighs flat. These peculiarities give her a wiry appearance;—indeed she looks *all wire*. She is nearly sixteen hands high, but she is as nimble as a cat, and is possessed of the most remarkable faculty of reaching the top of her speed in a few strides, and this without any apparent effort. That Crucifix is a



GRUOPIK.

first-rate mare, her performances have proved, and we beg leave to record her triumphs, as they will justify the high opinion entertained of her, as well as warrant the unbounded confidence reposed in her powers by those who have large sums at stake, as to her future success.

She won the July Stakes of 1839, over the new T.Y.C., in a canter, by two lengths, beating the Currency colt, by Buzzard, out of Margaret, and f. by Sultan, out of Palais Royal. The following were not placed: Stamboul, Petit, and Cambyses. At the same meeting, with nine pounds extra, she won the Chesterfield Stakes, the last half of the Abingdon mile, by two lengths, beating Iris, Margaret colt, and the following not placed: Hellespont, Stamboul. The Orphan, Trojana, Darkness, and sister to Cara. There were several false starts, and two heats, for this race. The first heat was won by Iris by half a length; Crucifix, who lost the start, second. Merle went to the post, and was the cause of the false heat, and did not start after all. Crucifix then figured at Goodwood, carrying five pounds extra for the Lavant Stakes, which she won in a canter, beating Firefly and Exit by two lengths. At the same meeting, with *seven* pounds extra, she won the Molcolmb Stakes T.Y.C., in a canter, beating Defendant and Iris (five pounds extra) by a length. At Newmarket First October Meeting, with *nine* pounds extra, she won the Hopeful Stakes, last half of the Abingdon mile, by a length, beating Jeffy (three pounds extra), Capote, and the following not placed: Raymond, Hellespont, Firefly, Ten-pound-note (three pounds extra), Perseus filly by The Colonel, out of Mary Anne, and sister to Cara. There were *seventeen* false starts for this race. At the same meeting Crucifix walked over for a Sweepstakes T.Y.C. In the second October meeting, with seven pounds extra, she won the Clearwell Stakes, T.Y.C., by a length, easy: beating Gibraltar, Capote, Amurath, Perseus, and Spangle, all placed. At the same meeting she won the Prendergast Stakes, T.Y.C., by a length, easy; beating Capote and Nicholas, who made a dead heat for the second place. In the Houghton meeting, carrying nine pounds extra, she ran a dead heat for, and divided the Criterion Stakes with, Gibraltar, beating Pocahontas, Amurath, Grey Melton, Olive-branch, Margaret colt, a colt by Augustus out of Constantia, and Capote. In the first Spring meeting she won, as all the world knows, the 2000 guineas Stakes, R.M., in a canter, beating Confederate, Angelica colt, Black Beck, Scutari, and Capote, by a length; only three placed, Confederate beating Angelica for second place by a head. At the same meeting she won the 1000 guineas Stakes, D.M., in a canter also, beating Rosabianca, Spangle, and Silistria by a length.

Our readers do not require to be told that this fortunate mare won the Oaks, as they have doubtless read the account of this interesting race in our last number. In describing Crucifix as a fortunate mare, we ought rather to apply the term to her noble owner, for Lord George Bentinck may justly deem himself fortunate in possessing such a wonderful animal. She has won his lordship a hat-full of money, and she is destined yet to add to his exchequer,

if her extraordinary powers are not called upon too largely. Her speed is unequalled, and there is no end to her bottom; she is the gamest bit of stuff ever bestrode by man; and if, as in days of yore, she had been allowed to arrive at maturity before being trained on to her vocation, there is no telling what her achievements might not have been. She would, in all probability, have eclipsed all the great doings of the celebrated Eclipse. It is the fashion, however, to wear out colts and fillies ere they have attained their growth or strength;—and more's the pity. We bow to custom, and under its all-powerful sway we must e'en be content. It is impossible, however, to divest one's self of the feeling somewhat akin to regret, that so superior an animal should not be allowed to arrive at that point of perfection when her true powers would be developed at a more mature age. Even in her nonage, Crucifix must be allowed on all hands to be a "rara avis" of horseflesh, and greater triumphs are in store for her, or we are much mistaken.

The article above is quoted from the August number of "The Sportsman." It had been written but a few days only before the subject of it, who has been happily termed "the *belle* of the Turf season," unfortunately went amiss, and consequently was "scratched" for all her Goodwood engagements. Throughout the month of July she was first favorite for the Great St. Leger, Launcelot (own brother to Touchstone), being second favorite; since her going amiss he has been elevated to the premiership, and in the "Latest State of the Odds" received in this country (to Aug. 3d), the current offers against Crucifix are quoted at 7 to 1. There are one hundred and thirteen Subscribers to this year's St. Leger Stakes, but the field will doubtless be small; the number named in the betting ring is unusually limited.

The "New Sporting Magazine" accompanies an engraving of Crucifix with the highest encomiums upon her beauty, form, and racing qualities, and speaks of her not only as an unrivalled *filly*, but as an unrivalled *animal*. In the course of his observations the Editor remarks to the following effect:—"We cannot conceive that even *Violante*, the female Little Wonder of the Grosvenor Stud, or the great wonder of the Mostyn stables, the *Queen of Trumps*, could have had the ghost of a chance with this admirable creature IN HER FORM. A finer animal never stepped under a saddle."

Several shrewd sporting writers in London still entertain the opinion that Crucifix will start for the St. Leger. Even should she fail to carry off this splendid prize, she has already won for herself never fading laurels. Think of a filly who, at the close of the Spring campaign, in her 3 yr. old form, has won in stakes over £10,000—at the very least, Fifty Thousand Dollars! She has added a huge per centage to the worth of Priam's stock in this country, and caused fresh regret to John Bull that his future services in the stud should have been secured by Brother Jonathan.

The Veterinarian.

OBSERVATIONS

ON ROARING—THE SUMMERING OF THE HUNTER—THE SUBJECT OF
ROARING RESUMED—THE BLISTER AND THE CAUTERY—COLD
APPLICATIONS TO THE LEGS—CURBS—DISTEMPER IN DOGS—
SHOEING—THE FROG—SHOEING RESUMED—THE BOARD OF EX-
AMINERS—THE CAUSES OF GLANDERS.

BY NIMROD.

DEAR SIR: Anxious for the success of your profession, and especially so in reference to its services to the sporting world, I give you the result of my observations of the state of several hunting studs which I saw in my late tour through what may be called the crack hunting countries of England.

I will commence with Melton Mowbray, where I sojourned three weeks and better, consequently had an opportunity of seeing all the best studs, as well as the pleasure of riding several first-rate hunters. In the first place, I am happy to say there has been this year a diminution in the number of roarers compared with that of the last two years; but still the insidious disease has not been quite inactive. The best horse in the Duke of Beaufort's stud—Freemartin, for which his Grace last year refused five hundred guineas from Lord Chesterfield—has fallen a victim to it, to the great mortification of his noble and worthy owner. It may be recollected by some of your readers, my stating in the account of my *last year's* tour, that I had ridden a mare of Mr. John Shafto's, as likewise a very promising five-year-old Confederate horse of the Rev. Mr. Wing's, of Warnsworth, both in Earl Fitzwilliam's countries, and that, from a peculiar style of breathing, I gave it as my opinion, that both would become roarers. My prediction was confirmed by their owners, whom I met this year in the field. One day in the past season, with the Quorn hounds, I rode an exceedingly clever young horse, out of the stable of that first-rate sportsman and horseman, and a Meltonian of twenty-six years' standing, Mr. John White; and the question of "How do you like your horse?" was put to me by himself at the end of rather a sharp burst, in which he carried me delightfully over a strong country. "He is every thing that could be wished for," was my answer; "but I hear a little sound in his breathing which I do not like, and I fear he will be a roarer." "Exactly so," said Mr. White; "I have my fears on the subject, and as such I shall not keep him for another season."

Now a question arises: Would not the first appearance of this "*little noise*" in the breathing—I scarcely know how to describe it, but it approaches a smothered whistle—be the time for active

measures to be pursued with a chance of arresting the progress of the disease, which must surely now be in its incipient state? Would gentlemen, immediately on hearing this noise or peculiarity of breathing, apply to their veterinary surgeon for assistance, I cannot help thinking many a good hunter might be saved from what, to him, is generally tantamount to destruction. And yet, how extraordinary is it that the degrees of obstruction to breathing in roarers are so great that, in some cases, horses so affected cannot go to hounds at all; and in others, neither pace nor country will stop them, as long as other (sound) horses can go. That fine, straight-forward horseman, Mr. Peyton, rode a roarer last season that not one sound horse in a hundred can beat. This fact tends to strengthen the opinion of Mr. Turner, corroborated indeed by one satisfactory experiment, that the cause of the noise is occasionally seated in the nostril, and not in parts more materially connected with the action of the lungs, such as the trachea, &c.

I am happy in being enabled to say, that the in-door system of summering hunters is now become almost general. In fact, it may safely be asserted, that what is called the grazing system is abandoned in ninety-five studs out of a hundred throughout Great Britain; and amongst those of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire I could only hear of two instances of hunters so treated; and the evils of it were apparent in their condition, even at an advanced period of the hunting season. With some hard-riding men, indeed, the in-door system is carried to the highest extreme. The hunters of Lord Gardner, for example—if not the hardest, one of the hardest riders of the present day—never quit their stalls the summer through, unless for the purpose of exercise, which they daily enjoy; neither do they eat green meat, with the exception of a little, now and then, mixed with their hay. The splendid stud of Mr. Foljambe is treated nearly on the same plan. It is kept in condition throughout the year; and I think he might challenge all the sporting world to produce horses that have carried himself and his whippers-in so many consecutive seasons as some in his stables have done. One of them has carried himself fourteen seasons, and, barring accidents, will be ready for him next season (I now speak from ocular demonstration, having visited Mr. F. in April last), and worth three six-year-olds, with their system overlaid with grass fat, and proportionably deficient in muscle.

In the beautiful Oration of Mr. Morton, in your number for January last, the evils of the grazing system—the *scelera graminis*, if I may be allowed to call them such—are so clearly and fearfully exhibited, that the very perusal of the detail of them would deter any reflecting person from subjecting his horses to the hazard of them. But, putting aside the evils arising from the debilitating and digestion-destroying effects of grass, what reflecting person could expect any thing but mischief from atmospheric influence to horses turned out from their warm and regularly-ventilated stables into the open fields, both by day and by night, during the present spring, when the thermometer has often been above 100 of Fahrenheit, in the sun, by day, and within a few degrees of the freezing point by night?

In the number of THE VETERINARIAN to which I have just alluded, I read with great attention (as indeed I do any thing from his pen) Mr. W. Percivall's Essay on Roaring; and have a few remarks to make upon it. He pronounces it not to be a disease, but a consequence of several diseases, which he specifies—all of which are, for the most part, caused by atmospheric agency. But may I be allowed to ask, how happens it that horses do occasionally become roarers without exhibiting the *slightest appearance of disease*? The Duke of Beaufort's groom shewed me two horses that became roarers in the middle of the season, while in regular hunting condition, and in the enjoyment of the best health; and Lord Segrave's groom told me of another similar instance in his lordship's stud. The late Lord Forester's Bernardo, for which he refused eight hundred guineas, was similarly affected during a six weeks' frost, when he was in a high state of health. Neither Mr. White's horse, nor that of the Rev. Mr. Wing, was afflicted with any disease that could give a tendency to roaring, previously to the sound in breathing in each, which denoted the coming evil. It appears to me to be but too apparent, that a thickening of the membrane, sufficient to produce roaring, does occasionally take place spontaneously, as it were, and not as the consequence of any peculiarly marked disease. The observation of Mr. Percivall, that mares seldom become roarers, is a startling one; but, no doubt, it is founded on truth. With the exception of Mr. Shafto's mare, and a young one, the property of Mr. John White, that he now uses as a cover hack, the only roaring mare that I ever knew or heard of was Mr. Kellerman's Mary, by Precipitate, who, as I have more than once stated on former occasions, produced three roarers by three different stallions.

I have one more remark to offer on this interesting subject. Mr. Percivall says, that most experienced horsemen are aware that roarers made to gallop fast become whistlers, and, pushed to their utmost speed, lose even their whistling noise. My experience does not enable me to corroborate this assertion. I have ridden alongside many roarers in the field, but cannot charge my recollection with ever having heard any thing approaching to a whistle, although I have seen them in distress. I had a hack that roared aloud in deep ground or against a hill, and the faster he went the more he roared. The season before the last I rode a roarer of Mr. White's with the Belvoir hounds, but heard nothing beyond a lengthened roar in the act of inspiration, which I considered as evidence of distress. This horse was a brilliant hunter and in the prime of life, but he could not go more than ten minutes at a good pace over a country. On the other hand, and in the same season, I rode a horse called Swing, belonging to Lord Segrave, whose loud roaring did not much affect him. The country was deep and strong, and the pace good, for nearly half an hour. All I have to say of him is, that the further he went the louder he roared, but no whistling. I am, however, assured by an old sportsman, that the whistling sound is occasionally heard from roarers when greatly distressed for wind. But, after all, what matters it whether a roarer *whistles*

or not? The grand questions are,—What is the preventive? and if no preventive, Where is the cure? Mr. Percivall enumerates eight predisposing causes, but, with a modesty that always accompanies acknowledged ability, does not profess to find that remedy. “Our art,” says he, “is not sufficiently advanced to connect the sound, in many cases, with the seat and nature of the cause.” All we have to hope for, then, is, that as the art progresses important discoveries may be made, and especially as to the fact, that horses do become roarers without any apparent cause, as in the several instances now stated by me. That, as Mr. P. says, “the causes are many and various,” cannot be denied; and that, consequently, the remedies cannot but be something like proportionate in number, and oftentimes extremely dissimilar. How thankful would owners of valuable horses be if both cause and cure could be at once announced!

Speaking of the “incurables” reminds me that, a short time back, a prospectus was sent to me of an establishment on Mitcham Common for the cure of glandered horses. I wish it success; but the question is—Do they not manage these matters better in France? Almost four months back glanders broke out in some public stables in Calais. The police went to work, and had every diseased horse shot. Nine were shot one evening on a common half a mile from my house.

To return to my observations on the studs of the present year. Amongst all the crack grooms at Melton and other places, I could hear nothing of the use of the seton, except in a few hock cases, in most of which they were successful. The mercurial charge remains in high favor; but the main dependence is on the iron. Blisters are quite out of favor, and deservedly so, in my opinion; for, as I have more than once said of them, they often rouse the sleeping lion, and it is found difficult to lay him. For curbs they care but little. They have an embrocation that checks them for the present, so as to continue the horse in his work, and after the season the iron is generally had recourse to.

In the summer season the very best effects are found by continued application of cold water to the legs. Mr. Beal (the well-known “Tom Beal”), head groom to Lord Chesterfield, informed me, that the legs and feet of all his Lordship’s hunters are washed twice a-day, for a quarter of an hour at a time, in cold water in the summer months, and with the very best effect. For horses in work, whose legs are much worn, the daily application of cold water is found to be highly beneficial. In fact, a huntsman to a celebrated pack of hounds has been heard to say, his old horses could not have gone on in their work but for this boon, which is within every one’s reach. But I will give a few instances:—That rare bit of horse-flesh, *Kitcat*, after running the gauntlet at Melton, and carrying several of the hardest riders of her day—say twelve years back—came into the possession of Lord Erroll, with legs that might have frightened any man but his Lordship, being very large and round, and with skin as hard as the bark of an oak-tree. They were reduced to a very reasonable size by being placed daily in

tubs of cold water, with ice floating on the surface of it when it could be procured. This mare stood several seasons of hard work afterwards, and might have still gone on in work had she not dropped into a very hard day when too high in flesh, which cost her her life. A bay horse, called *Nimrod*, which was at Melton the same time with *Kitcat*, and exactly in similar state, was recovered by the same means, and is now going in the Queen's hunting stables. Another horse, called "The Colonel," was also recovered by these means, though he is now dead; and the same may be said of "The Wonder," in the same royal stud, and now going with the hounds. I really believe that, in the case of much-worn and callous legs, the refrigerating system to be most beneficial, although I should not be inclined to practise it with fresh horses in the hunting season. I am, however, all for washing legs and feet with cold water twice a-day in summer. The use of tanners' bark is also preferred to straw for hunters summered in sheds. It is less heating to the feet, and presents a perfectly even surface to the tread. It is, of course, necessary that the droppings from the horses should be daily picked up, and not suffered to be incorporated with the tan.

During my late sojourn in Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, &c., I came across more than one of your profession, and, of course, did not fail having a little professional talk. Amongst them was Mr. Rowland, jun., who is in high practice amongst the Melton and other studs, as his father was before him. I had, indeed, the pleasure of riding close to Mr. Rowland in a very pretty two-and-twenty minutes with Lord Hastings' hounds; and it delights me to see veterinary surgeons so employed, as it cannot fail giving them many a good wrinkle in their practice, in the stables of sportsmen especially. "'Tis the pace that kills," said the late Lord Forester, and it is "the pace" that lays the foundation of much chronic disease. Amongst other subjects, I discussed that of the seton with Mr. Rowland, and found that he had no faith in it in sinew cases, although he admitted its value as a counter-irritant, and in hock lameness. Touching curbs, he said that, notwithstanding the extreme wetness, and, consequently, the extreme depth of the country, as it is called, during the last season, he had had fewer cases of curbs than in any previous season. I ventured the suggestion that the circumstance might arise from the ground being loose, for it has more than once occurred to me to be aware of *the occasion of a curb being produced* by a horse getting into a half-dried, clayey slough, when, on his hinder legs being drawn out of it, a sort of sucking noise was heard, or rather a pop like a cork out of a bottle. Jumping from a half-dried clayey bank will also act as the cause of curb, as well as sudden turning in half-dried deep ground.

During my visit to Mr. Hodgson, at Quorn, Mr. Rowland paid me the compliment of bringing a horse of his for my inspection previous to his sending him to Lincoln fair. He was all over a London horse, and at a good price; but a little too much of the peacock order for forty minutes' best pace, over the Belvoir vale. The length of an inch taken from his legs and added to his body,

with a little more bone, would qualify him for any thing ; but, unfortunately, we have not the plastic power to mould animal matter as the potter has over the clay.

From the horse to the dog is no great jump. My dear Sir, is it beyond the reach of your profession to find a remedy for the disease called Distemper in Dogs ? Do any of your members visit kennels in the spring of the year, when the young hounds come in from their walks, and, almost as sure as they do come in, are attacked with the complaint in question ? It has raged violently in some kennels this year, in Mr. Foljambe's especially ; and it went to one's heart to see the suffering occasioned by it in the Quorn kennels. The incessant coughing and husking, the discharge from the eyes and nose, the convulsive twitchings of the body, together with the general debility of the frame, render it one of the severest afflictions to which the animal creation is subject : and it is only necessary to read Mr. Blaine's description of it to be satisfied on this point*, inasmuch as he has even added other painful symptoms, such as tumors, colic, &c., to my list of miseries. Both masters of hounds and their huntsmen appear to be in the dark as to the nature and treatment of this disease ; and it is, therefore, very unlikely that I should be able to throw any light upon it ; still I will state two facts that have come within my observation :—Sebright, huntsman to Lord Fitzwilliam, finds that repeated gentle doses of Epsom salts, to young hounds first coming into kennel, much abates the virulence of the distemper. During my late visit to Mr. Hodgson, master of the Quorn hounds, a valuable young bitch was in a dreadful state, and, having refused all kinds of kennel food, was given up as lost. A little bacon was offered to her, which she ate, and on her taking it again the next day there were evident signs of amendment, and her recovery was the result. In all probability, the crisis with this bitch was past, and she might have recovered had she not eaten the bacon ; nevertheless, the mention of the fact can do no harm.

It is the opinion of one master of hounds, that the distemper might not appear amongst young hounds so regularly and fatally as it does, if for the first half year they were fed chiefly on milk, or other lighter diet than the usual kennel food ; and that thus the lives of many valuable puppies might be saved. But, added he, what would be the result ? The disease might, and most probably would, break out in their second year, when all the pains taken in breaking in those which might be carried off by it would be thrown away, and then would the loss of one hound be more than equal to that of two not entered to their game.

As may naturally be imagined, in the society I am thrown into in my tours, subjects connected with horses, as well as the veterinary profession itself, are often brought on the tapis. That of shoeing was lately discussed in my presence, and the recollection of it leads me to the mention of one remarkable fact. There is residing at ———, within two miles of Leicester, a gentleman of the name of Smith, of whom, in reference to my present sub-

* Encyclopædia of Rural Sports, part iv. chap. 4.

ject, it is enough to say, that no man in Leicestershire, or in any other country, rides better to hounds than he does; and he scarcely misses being in the field one day throughout the season. The smith who shoes his horses *comes seventeen miles for the purpose*, being, of course, paid accordingly for his work! "But why go so far for a shoeing smith?" was the question put to him by me. "For the best of all reasons," he replied; "he never lames my horses, and, desperately deep as has been the country all this season, I have not lost a single shoe in the course of it." Now, I think I may challenge the sporting world to produce a similar instance to this—I mean in a stud like Mr. Smith's, who are ridden as near hounds as any man ought to ride, and ridden as often as they are fit to go; and I should much like to know to what is to be attributed this extraordinary security to the shoes, for it is to an extent that I never before heard. I questioned several hard-riding Meltonians as to their average loss of shoes in the season, and it seldom was below the average of five or six, and I should say that was generally my own average loss, when I hunted regularly with my own stud.

The usual precautions are taken at Melton; that is to say, the smiths attend every hunting morning the studs shod by them, for which a shilling is the regular charge; but, to my surprise, the shoeing at Melton is not considered first-rate. It is true that, what with the number of bridle roads and the larking propensities of their owners, hunters travel less upon hard roads in Leicestershire than those of most other counties do; still, where the best and most valuable hunters in the world are to be found, we should look for the most skilful shoeing-smiths.

In allusion to your profession, as a subject of conversation amongst hunting men, may I be allowed to recapitulate some observations by a large owner of horses, and a good old practical sportsman, on the theory and practice of the late Professor Coleman? It was much to this effect, first touching shoeing:—

The first great error of Mr. Coleman was, his imagining, or appearing to imagine, that all young horses had perfect feet, and he acted on that principle; whereas there are not two alike in a dozen, inasmuch as they differ in shape, consistency, &c. And this accounts for so many differently shapen shoes in what was called the "*old system of shoeing*," the shoes having been shapen to the feet as the smiths found them. And this is also one reason why we now differ so much as to what is the best shoe for general use; and the question arises, whether we can, by good management of the feet, bring them all to take one particularly shapen shoe? Mr. Coleman and others spoke much of the old system, the old shoe, and the common shoe; but, in fact, there was no old system, and no common shoe. The smith made a shoe according to the foot; and by the different opinions now given, we are doing much the same thing, although, by understanding the treatment of the foot better, we get nearer to the use of one particularly shapen shoe. We shall, however, never completely succeed in this object, from the variety of natural shape of the foot, nature of the work, and

so forth. Mr. Turner's unilateral shoe, for example, is a shoe of relief, but it cannot be brought into general use.

Mr. Coleman made no distinction between naturally narrow feet and those become so by circumstances; and by endeavoring to expand the former by frog pressure he lamed many horses. Look at the Arab horse, the mule, and the ass; a high and narrow heel is one of their principal characteristics, but how rarely is either lame in the feet! Mr. Coleman conceived that the frog was *naturally* on the ground, and insisted upon the necessity of expansion by pressure on this organ. By this reasoning he must have supposed the frog to be a solid and fixed body, whereas it exfoliates in layers. Nothing could be much more ridiculous than the different patents he took out for this purpose, all of which failed. In fact, shoeing was considered a simple process until Mr. Coleman appeared with his false notions, and put ignorant people on a wrong scent; and, after all, his system was but a compilation from old authors—La Fosse and others. But what is the result? Why, after blundering on false principles and ruinous practice for upwards of thirty years, we are come back to where Mr. Moorcroft left us, which is the plain, concave-seated shoe, fullered and steel-ed at the toe, which is the nearest of any to perfection, and which we can generally avail ourselves of, with proper treatment in the stable, so as to meet the smith half way. The different opinions at the present time, indeed, on the subject of shoeing, in a great measure have their origin in the different forms of the natural foot, and in the way it ought to be treated by the smith. The French smith nearly leaves the foot as he finds it; at all events he leaves abundance of sole. How far he is justified in so doing a difference of opinion may exist; but one thing is certain,—there are fewer lame horses in France than there are in England—to be accounted for in part, perhaps, by the gentler method of using them; and the French appear to be of opinion that there are as many sins of commission as of omission in the treatment of horses' feet.

Then my informant spoke of a book of instructions which Mr. Coleman sent forth to the cavalry regiments, to those in what are called out-quarters, accompanied by a medicine chest. But what a medicine chest was it? No aloes, but *alterative and febrifuge powders* were the grand panacea! To this I have nothing to say, neither is it material to our present object,—the diffusion of veterinary knowledge; but from what I have read and heard, I am free to observe that it was high time for Mr. Coleman to change—as he is acknowledged to have done—both his doctrine and his practice, although I would not go to the extreme length of Mr. Clark, who thinks “the theories he enforced with most weight were uniformly true when exactly reversed.” He opposed the union of the interests of the agriculturist and the veterinarian by opposing the study of comparative anatomy, and here he committed a great error. Surely he should have done all in his power to promote rather than to check the extension of veterinary instruction.

This allusion to the connexion between the agriculturist and the

veterinarian reminds me of the very interesting debate that lately took place amongst the members of your profession on the external conformation of cattle. The part reverting to the skin, and to what is called the "touch," must have been highly interesting; and nothing can be more true than the editorial remark, "let the form of the animal be as perfect as possible, except there is a peculiar feeling of the skin, he will never answer for grazing or stall-feeding." It might also be said, he will not make good beef; for, hard to the touch, and hard beef, are synonymous terms. I cannot, however, persuade my French butcher of this truth. He buys too much by the eye; and although most of his oxen and heifers may be called fine cattle to look at, two-thirds of them are hard beef.

One word more touching Mr. Coleman. In that excellent work called "The Horse," published by the Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge, he is represented as stating (p. 27) that not one horse in a thousand receives glanders from contagion; and in allusion to the great loss sustained in those of the artillery by this disease on their passage to Quiberon Bay, in the expedition under Lord Moira, he attributes it to their having been shut down in the holds of the transports, and, consequently, breathing foul air. I lately came across the gentleman who had the command of those horses, who declares that the infection was the consequence of their having been placed in stables at Southampton, previous to embarkation, in which a large number of Hanoverian horses, glandered, had been kept; that the hatchways were only shut down for a few hours: and that the horses arrived at Quiberon Bay in good health. "Mr. Coleman," said he, "was in error when he assigned foul air and bad food as the cause of glanders. Rain on the loins, producing cold upon cold, is the most fruitful source, as my experience of horses in camp and on picket has very satisfactorily proved."

NIMROD.

The Veterinarian for July, 1840.

Spring Snipe Shooting,

OR

THREE DAYS AT PINE BROOK, NEW JERSEY.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE THIRD.

"HULLOA! hulloa! what the devil is it now? Oh Thunder! Oh cuss you, Archer, you eternal villain—See now if I don't fix you for that ere!"

Such were the painful and vociferous exclamations of Fat Tom,

when he awoke on the second morning of our visit to Pine Brook, in circumstances more than commonly unpleasant to that worthy. Fairly worn out and beaten by his hard jog on the preceding day, through ground which, yielding at each step beneath his ponderous bulk, had well nigh dragged his short fat legs out of their sockets, our Falstaff had turned in immediately on washing down his supper with three or four huge tumblers of stiff toddy—and the effect of the fatigue and apple-jack united, had been a deep lethargic slumber, which had detained him on his pallet bed long after we had risen and accoutred ourselves for the morning's chase.

Breakfast was on the table, and still no Tom appeared; so silently we crept along the narrow passage, stealthily climbed the creaking stairs, and peered into his small dormitory. Heavens what a sight was there! The bright hot sun was streaming down full on the fat man's rubicund and massy face—two or three large blue bottles disporting themselves in the early sunbeam, and alighting now and then upon his nose and brow, flooded as they were by profuse and oily perspiration. Flat on his back he lay—his fair round belly surging upward, like to the summit of some huge rounded hill—snoring the while with a rich tuneful bass, that would alone have drowned the noise of our approach, had it been ten times noisier. He had kicked off the bed clothes, so that both feet were bare, and this suggested probably the plan of Harry's operations. Motioning me away, he quietly crept back into the parlor, drew off his fen boots, ordered Timothy to fetch a couple of large lively crawfish, which John Van Dyne had brought in very early, and which Master Harry, having intercepted on their way to the culinary pot, had set aside for our fat friend's annoyance. These were deposited tail downward, with much skilful care, in either of Tom's boots; and having seen this done, with no more of delay, Harry selected from his fishing book two snells of treble-twisted salmon gut, of which he manufactured two slip-nooses, and thus provided, crawled again into Tom's frowzy chamber. Never did poacher, well skilled in tickling the speckled trout, proceed with warier caution, than Harry. A running knot of the stout gut was slipped around each great toe—thick as an ordinary ancle—of the vast sleeper; its other end securely fastened to the low posts of the pallet bed. This done Harry arose, and with a general's eye surveyed the field of action—the due arrangement of his own forces, whether for attack or retreat—and the position of the unexpected foe. A calm and seemingly benevolent smile gleamed over his expressive features, supremely redolent of intense and perfect satisfaction—then he drew three or four sharp and quick puffs of his cheroot, till it displayed a tip of glowing fire; extracting it at once from his lips, shaking the while with suppressed laughter, he clapped the hot end to the broad flattened summit of the sleeper's nose. Direful was the shout,—terrific the spasmodic yell with which he started from his slumbers—his eye caught Harry's figure on the instant, and even before he saw, his waking first thoughts anticipated his tormentor. In the first impulse of the shock and start, he had sprung into a sitting posture, and made

an effort to draw up his legs with a strong jerk, which pulled the slip-knots taught, pinching his fat toes awfully, and throwing him down again on his back—"Oh! oh! now, d—n you, that's too much to cut a chap's toes off with your eternal fooling. D—n me, I say, now—and I means it, tew—d—n me, if I doosn't fix this stret with you! You've cut my toes clean off. By G—d I harnt got half a toe left!—and you've jest burnt my nose!—I won't be fit to walk a mile to-day. Oh! d—n you—but never mind, boys, never mind!—my name's Tom Draw—and I guess you'll remember!"

Away we ran laughing fit to kill ourselves, and Harry sending Timothy to rub down, as he called it, the coat of his indignation, with no small modicum of bitters, fell to work at the broiled chickens with rare unction. Not far, however, had we proceeded in our morning meal, before a wilder and a more piercing yell succeeded—up once again we rushed, and there sat Tom upon the edge of his low pallet bed, with his boots overturned upon the floor, and a large fresh-water lobster dangling by its stout claws from either of his tortured toes. The roar of laughter that burst simultaneously from all hands—for the last yell had brought the whole house up stairs—nerved the fat fellow to renewed pugnacity—with either hand he tore the reptiles from their hold, and hurled them right and left at Harry and myself—on me, slap under the ear, the fish took effect, rebounded, and lay squirming on the floor—but Harry ducked as quick as light; and the animal, projected with all Tom's bodily power, *hot* Timothy, (as he called it, describing the scene afterward) "slap i' t' roight oye" and overset him, in an effort to dodge, right over Beers Hard; who in his turn upset his wife, and all went rolling down stairs neck and crop together. This summary catastrophe put the old man again into his usual good temper; and scarce had we resumed our seats at the breakfast table, when all clean-shaved, and spruce and well rigged, old Draw entered. There was a heavy frown on his brow, and a huge blister on his nose, as he came into the room, but their import was denied by a merry twinkle in the corner of his eyes, and in the dimples of his mouth, puckered up as it was with an irresistible inclination to smile. "That's a nice way to treat a body, aint it?"—he exclaimed. "Never mind—never mind, boys. It will be Tom's turn next!—You, Timothy—consarn your hide, I'll cure your sniggerin torights, you Yorkshire know-nauthen!—hand me the coffee—and them cakes. Well! well! I don't care if I do take one of them little half-starved skimpin chickens"—thrusting his plate out to receive half a well-grown and well-fed gamecock!—"I don't care if I do—for I shall want a bite of summat if so be I'm to walk over sich d—d ongodly slushy ground as that was where we shot on yesterday."

Breakfast concluded, we pulled our fen boots on, and on the instant up rattled Timothy, who had disappeared a few minutes before, with the well-known drag to the door—guns stowed away—dogs whimpering, and sticking out their eager noses between the railings of the box—game bags well packed with lots of prog and of spare ammunition.

"But where the devil's John Van Dyne?"—asked Harry, as he stood gathering the reins just ready to spring to his seat, whither old Tom had climbed laboriously already.

"John telled me to say, ple-ease Sur," responded Timothy, touching his hat—"he reckoned 'at he 'ad best gang on ahe-ad loike—for he thoot t' wagon maybe wad be a bre-aking doon wi' Measter Draa and all in 't. He said, Sur, mayhap 'at you 'd put his auld mear and t' colt in 't for him, when you gang to New York, for he wants 'em doon to t' Tattersals—Tattersals ecod—it aint mooch loike auld Tattersals i' Grosvenor Ple-ace!"

"Oh! he has walked on, has he?—well, jump in Frank—in with you, Timothy—we'll soon overtake him. By George, I think we shall have sport to-day—there's a nice breeze—just air enough, and the sun warm, and the water down two feet at the least reckoning!"

Away we rattled at a brisk pace, swinging round corner after corner, skilfully shaving the huge blocks of stone, and dexterously quartering the deep ravine-like ruts which grace the roads of Jersey—crossing two or three bridges over as many of those tributaries of the beautiful Passaic, which water this superb snipe-country—and reaching at last a sweep of smooth level road parallel to a long tract of meadows under the widow Mulford's. And here—*mort de ma vie!* that was a shot from the snipe-ground, and right on our beat, too—Aye! there are two guns, and two—three—pointers!—liver and white a brace—and one all liver.

"I know them"—Harry said—"I know them—good shots and hard walkers both, but a little too much of the old school—a little too much of the twaddle and potter system. Jem Tickler, there, used, when I landed here, to kill as many birds as any shot out of the city—though even then the Jersey boys—poor Ward and Harry T——gave him no chance, but now heaven help him! Fat Tom here would get over more ground, and bag more snipe, too, in a day!—The other is a canny Scot,—I have forgot his name, but he shoots well and walks better. Never mind! we can outshoot them, I believe; and I am sure we can outmanœuvre them. Get away! get away, Bob," as he flanked the near-side horse under the collar on the inside—"get away you old thief—we must forereach on them." Away we went another mile, wheeled short to the left hand through a small bit of swampy woodland, and over a rough causeway, crossing a narrow flaggy bog, with three straight ditches, and a meandering muddy streamlet, traversing its black surface. "Ha! what's John at there?"—exclaimed Harry, pulling short up, and pointing to that worthy crawling along on all fours behind a tuft of high bullrushes toward the circuitous creek—"There are duck there for a thousand!"—and as he spoke, up rose with splash and quack and flutter, four or five long-winged wild-fowl—bang! went John's long duck-gun, and simultaneously with the report, one of the fowl keeled over, killed quite dead, two others faltering somewhat in their flight, and hanging on the air heavily for a little space; when over went a second into the creek, driving the water six feet into the air in a bright sparkling shower.

The other three, including the hit bird, which rallied as it flew, dived forward, flying very fast, obliquely to the road; and to my great surprise Harry put the whip on his horses with such vigor that in an instant both were on the gallop, the wagon bouncing and rattling violently on the rude log-floored causeway. An instant's thought showed me his object, which was to weather on the fowl sufficiently to get a shot ere they should cross the road; although I marvelled still how he intended to pull up from the furious pace at which he was going, in time to get a chance. Little space, however, had I for amazement; for the ducks, which had not risen high into the air, were forced to cross some thirty yards ahead of us—by a piece of tall woodland, on the verge of which were several woodcutters, with two or three large fires burning among the brush-wood. “Now Tom”—cried Harry, feeling his horses' mouths as he spoke, but not attempting to pull up—and instantly the old man's heavy double rose steadily but quickly to his face—bang!—neatly aimed a yard ahead of the first drake, which fell quite dead into the ditch on the right hand of the causeway—bang! right across Harry's face—who leaned back to make room for the fat fellow's shot, so perfectly did the two rare and crafty sportsmen comprehend one another—and before I heard the close report, the second wild-duck slanted down wing-tipped, before the wind, into the flags on the left hand, having already crossed the road when the shot struck him. The fifth and only now remaining bird, which had been touched by Van Dyne's first discharge, alighting in the marsh not far from his crippled comrade.

“Beautiful—beautiful indeed”—cried I—“that was the very prettiest thing—the quickest, smartest, and best calculated shooting I ever yet have seen!”

“We have done that same once or twice before, though, hey, Tom?”—replied Harry, pulling his horses well together, and gathering them up by slow degrees—not coming to a dead stop, till we had passed Tom's first bird some six yards or better. “Now jump out, all of you; we have no time to lose—no not a minute! for we *must* bag these fowl; and those two chaps we saw on Mulford's meadows, are racing now at their top speed behind that hill, to cut in to the big meadow just ahead of us—you may rely on that! You, Timothy, drive on under that big pin oak—take off the bridles—*halter* the horses to the tree—*not* to the fence—and put their sheets and hoods on—for early as it is the flies are troublesome already. Then mount the game-bags, and be ready!—By the time you're on foot we shall be with you. Forester, take the Red Dog to Van Dyne, that second bird of his will balk him else, and I shant be surprised if he gets up again! Pick up that mallard out of the ditch as you go by—he lies quite dead at the foot of those tall reeds. Come, Tom, load up your old cannon, and we'll take Shot—bag that wing-tipped duck, and see if we cant nab the crippled bird, too! come along!”

Off we set without further parley—within five minutes I had bagged Tom's first, a rare green-headed Drake, and joined Van Dyne, who, with the head and neck of his first bird hanging out of

his breeches' pocket, where, in default of game-bag, he had stowed it, was just in the act of pouring a double handful of BB into his Queen Ann's musket. Before he had loaded, we heard a shot across the road, and saw the fifth bird fall to Harry at long distance, while Shot was gently mouthing Draw's second Duck to his unutterable contentment. We had some trouble in gathering the other, for it was merely body-shot, and that not mortally, so that it dived like a fish, bothering poor Chase beyond expression. This done, we re-united our forces, and instantly proceeded to the big meadow, which we found, as Harry had anticipated, in the most perfect possible condition—the grass was short, and of a delicate and tender green, not above ankle deep, with a rich close black mould, moist and soft enough for boring everywhere, under foot—with at rare intervals a slank, as it is termed in Jersey, or hollow winding course, in which the waters had lain longer than elsewhere, covered with a deep, rust-colored scum, floating upon the stagnant pools. We had not walked ten yards before a bird jumped up to my left hand, which I cut down—and while I was in the act of loading, another and another rose, but scarcely cleared the grass ere the unerring shot of my two staunch companions had stopped their flight forever. Some ten yards from the spot on which my bird had fallen, lay one of these wet slanks which I have mentioned—Chase drew on the dead bird and pointed, another fluttered up under his very nose, dodged three or four yards to and fro, and before I could draw my trigger, greatly to my surprise, spread out his wings and settled. Harry and Tom had seen the move, and walked up to join me—just as they came, Chase retrieved the snipe I had shot, and when I had entombed it in my packet, we moved on all abreast. Skeap! skeap! skeap!—Up they jumped not six yards from our feet, positively in a flock, their bright white bellies glancing in the sun, twenty at least in number—six barrels were discharged, and six birds fell—we loaded and moved on—the dogs, drawing at every step, backing and pointing, so foiled was the ground with the close scent—again before we had gathered the fruit of our first volley, a dozen birds rose altogether, again six barrels belled across the plain, and again Tom and Harry slew their shots right and left, while I, alas! shooting too quick, missed one!—I know what I aver will hardly be believed, but it is true notwithstanding!—a third time the same thing happened, except that instead of twelve, thirty or forty birds rose at the last, six of which came again to earth within, at farthest, thirty paces—making an aggregate of eighteen shots, fired in less, assuredly, than so many minutes, and seventeen birds fairly brought to bag. These pocketed—by twos and threes, Van Dyne had marked the others down in every quarter of the meadow; and breaking off, singly or in pairs, we worked our will with them. So hard, however, did they lie, that many could not be got up again at all. In one instance I had marked four, as I thought, to a yard between three little stakes, placed in the angles of a plot, not above twenty paces in diameter—taking Van Dyne along with me, who is so capital a marker, that for a *dead* bird I would back him against any retriever living, I

went without a dog to walk them up. But no! I quartered the ground—requartered it—crossed it a third time, and was just quitting it despairing, when a loud shout from John a pace or two behind warned me they were on wing! Two crossed me to the right, one of which dropped to John's Queen Ann almost as soon as I caught sight of them—and one to my left. At the latter I shot first, and without waiting to note the effect of my discharge, turned quickly and fired at the other. Him I saw drop, for the smoke drifted, and as I turned my head, I scarcely can believe it now, I saw my first bird falling. I concluded he had fluttered on some small space, but John Van Dyne swears point blank that I shot so quick that the second bird was *on* the ground before the first had reached it. In this—a solitary case, however—I fear John's famed veracity will scarce obtain for him that credit, or for me that renown, to which he deemed us both entitled.

Before eleven of the clock we had bagged twenty-seven birds—we sat down in the shade of the big pin oak, and fed deliciously, were joined while in the act of feeding by our rivals Jem Tickler and the Scott, imparted to them some cold beef, and some Farintosh, which our guests admitted undeniable, learned that they had killed six snipe and a sand bird, and went our way rejoicing, toward the upper meadows, fully expecting that before returning we should have doubled our bag.

But alas! the hopes of men!—Troy meadows were too dry—Persipany too wet—Loise's had been beat already, and not one snipe did we even see or hear—nor one head of game did we bag, unless it be deemed fair to count a skunk which Tom Draw beat to death with a bludgeon, despite the odoriferous perfume, and paricidally regardless of the kindred which, as Harry carelessly expounded, existed between him and the persecuted *varmint*.

The morning's sport, however, had put us in such merry mood that we regarded not the evening's disappointment, and after a good supper, and stiff *Doch-an-dorroch*, parted until the Fall—Tom for the Warwick Woodlands, we for the crowded city.

ASCOT RACES.

Her Majesty's Gold Vase and the Ascot Gold Cup.

HUZZA for Ascot! but how to convey my precious corpus, that's the rub. The roads will be crammed with cockney charioteers, *et id genus*; omnibuses and vehicles of every denomination from low to high degree; therefore to be on horseback seemed like launching a Peter-boat in a Nor'-wester off the Cape: certain shipwreck, quoth I, must follow. Happily, whilst thus ruminating, a friend appeared, and kindly offered a seat behind his four chesnuds, which was readily accepted. Together we hied to Limmer's, where ould

John Collins was found in one of his best humors—(rather a rarity in these days, as John does not now bear the badgering which we youngers in olden times inflicted on him; but 'tis a good old chap, nevertheless, and, when he wills, *can* be agreeable)—who, without delay, stored in the drag with some of *Mouatt's* best, to wash down sundry flies which might tickle the œsophagus, and as an adjunct, lots of substantials. Away sprang the tits with as light and merry-hearted a set behind them as ever started on pleasure's wing. Every man seemed resolved to be pleased and to please, and thus pencil down the day on memory's tablet as one of those 'mid the toils and anxieties of life not to be obliterated. Tooled we along right merrily amid groups of every *caste* of man, animal, and coach. On our *entrée* into Windsor Park, bright Phœbus seemed to welcome us with even more glorious beams than he had hitherto done, whilst the scenery, the noble Castle in the distance, and the light-some gamboling deer, cast a halo around more buoyant than pen's depicting.

At length to our journey's tether. I confess me never did mortal visit Ascot's Course with such intense interest, or felt as I then did to gaze on Royalty. Every lagging minute seemed an hour, and on the heralds of our beloved Queen's approach appearing in the vista, the heart would, could it, have leaped from the centre. As the cavalcade came forth in all its wonted splendor, ushering on the Heath the Ruler of the Land (a sight alone magnificently grand to rivet the eye,) no pen can depict the rush of thousands to view her whom a grateful nation watches over with more than parental solicitude. There then sat in calm serenity She and the Royal Consort, who but a few days previous had escaped scatheless the assassin's bullet: aye, there sat England's Queen in all the simplicity and loveliness of virtue, which adorns and endears her to those she holds in rule! How more than grateful to their young hearts must this day's reception have been, for the lowly and the high commingled their gratulations in echoing plaudits, even beyond the lark's proud soaring, for the interposition of that merciful Hand which protected in the hour of danger the innocent from the dark designs of an evil doer!

In regard to racing, Ascot must always hold high attraction, inasmuch as generally a Derby or Oaks victor or victors of the year come again before the public, either sustaining the high character so recently won, or convincing that luck and chance, as in most things here below, have a prominent feature even in Turf affairs. Speculation, then, here is rife, for the *Corner* men are frequently put to their wits end in showing a gain in the profit side of the Ledger. The horses assembled were numerous, and among that number some of high degree and great pretensions to public favor.

TUESDAY, June 17, 1840—The TRIAL PLATE of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; for 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 13lb.—5, 6, and aged, 9st. 4lb.; the new mile; seven subs.

Duke of Rutland's <i>Flambeau</i> , by Taurus, out of Flame's dam, 4 yrs.....	Robinson.	1
Mr. Byng's Barabbas, by Rowton, 4 yrs.....	Natt	2
Mr. Dixon's Camelino, by Camel, 4 yrs.....	S. Day	3
Col. Wyndham's Pestonjee Bomanjee, by Chateau Margaux, 5 yrs.....	Conolly ..	4
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilus, out of Farce, 3 yrs.....	W. Day..	5
Mr. V. King's Ruby, by Reveller, 6 yrs.....	Sly.....	6

All jogged along for half the distance quietly, the *Bengalee* captain of the forces, when the latter here had his say, and the first and second horses ran to the fore, leading their company to the distance. Flambeau at once retrimmed his lamp, which shone with brilliance to the *finale*, although Master Barabbas tried his cunning to put the extinguisher on; but it was no go, never reaching within two lengths to do the trick. Not much could be said for either conqueror or conquered, the pace being miserably slow from end to end.—Betting: 7 to 4 on Flambeau, 4 to 1 agst. Pestonjee, and 8 to 1 agst. Barabbas.

The ASCOT DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts, 8st. 6lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb., the winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 5lb. extra; to start at the Swinley post and in; ten subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. <i>Bokhara</i> , by Samarcand, out of Zenobia.....	Chapple.	1
Mr. Greville's c. <i>Perseus</i> , by Emilius, out of Victoire.....	Natt.....	2
Mr. Wreford's b. c. Wardan, by Glencoe, out of Margellina.....	W. Day.	3
Lord Albemarle's b. c. Cambyzes, by Camel, out of Antiope.....	Cotton..	4

Nat put the steam on *instantly*, with Wardan close in attendance, and at it they went for half their journey in full earnest. Chapple on Bokhara (who rode, as he always does, steadily and judiciously) ran up to his companions when nearing the distance, and *touch and go* was the order of things to the Grand Stand, at which point Will Day had his hands full, his horse being troubled with the *slows*. Nat was still very dangerous, in proof of which he made a most beautiful rush home, losing first by something better than a head. This was an interesting to-do, as it brought Wardan again forward, who, from his well-known two-year-old performances, was of high note in public opinion, and your humble servant among the *melée* cashed up, forgetting that such things have happened of youngsters not progressing in speed with age. Wardan, although defeated, is a pretty round horse, with good racing action, and over flat and short courses can beat the best, I opine. His owner is unquestionably a *misfortunate* man in his two-year-old striplings, for they are always highly promising and victorious; but whether the Stockbridge air is not sufficiently bracing, or water too hard, I cannot venture an opinion: certain it is, the pets are thrown in the shade in each approaching spring. I should think, as doctors tell you, *change* of air and *scenery* might invigorate; at all events it is worthy trial. Odds: 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Wardan: nothing said of the others.

The ST. JAMES'S PALACE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for 3 yr. old colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; old mile; 3 subs.

Lord Exeter's <i>Scutari</i> , by Sultan, out of Velvet.....	Darling.	1
Lord Albemarle's <i>Exit</i> , by Vanish, out of Miss Tree.....	Cotton.	2

Little Cotton ganged off as hard as he could, doubtless thinking he could vanish like a dream, and leave all things behind: in this, however, he reckoned without his host. Notwithstanding he flung his shadows very quickly over a great portion of the race, yet a cloud intervened in *velvet* appearance, to his dismay, and rested on the Judge's eye first. In truth Sam Darling had his horse hard in hand all through, and went in with two strides to spare.—Odds: 6 to 4 on *Scutari*.

The ASCOT STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 added; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes; two miles and a half; 45 subs., 21 of whom declared.

Capt. Williamson's <i>Darkness</i> , by Glencoe, out of Fanny, 3 yrs. 5st. 4lb.....	Percy.....	1
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Mr. Robertson's Little Wonder, by Muley, 3 yrs. 7st.....	Natt.....	2
Mr. Herbert's Arctic, by Brutandorf, aged, 8st. 13lb.....	J. Day.....	3
Mr. Morgan's Quo Minus, by Zinganee, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb.....	Chifney.....	0
Mr. V. Corbet's Jenny Jones, by Sir Hercules, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.....	Wakefield.....	0
Lord Kinnaird ns. Anne Boleyn, by Taurus, 5 yrs. 7st 1lb.....	Mann.....	0
Lord Exeter's Hellespont, by Reveller, 3 yrs. 5st. 7lb.....	J. Howlett.....	0

The pace at first was so-so, Arctic leading, the others well up, with Quo Minus and Little Wonder forming rear-guard. In fact, all seemed to make a comfortable ride of it to the brick-kilns, as neither change of position nor pace to that place occurred. From this point John Day still played first fiddle, which he kept in tune to within the distance, when *Darkness* overshadowed his sight for play, and that darkness permitted Little Wonder to follow as best he could, and in the midst of his wonderment was only a fair second, Percy being declared the conqueror by more than a length.—Odds: 6 to 4 on Little Wonder, 5 to 1 agst. Quo Minus, 7 to 1 agst. *Darkness* (early in the day 10 to 1), and 10 to 1 agst. Jenny Jones.—From the Derby flyer shewing in this race, all were on the alert to ascertain if he *really* was *the horse* of his year; and having friends very nutty in sporting their rhino on his prowess, great anxiety was on tip-toe. The result of Little Wonder's defeat, I confess, did not surprise me, because I had ventured my say, after his Epsom conquest, that he was *no* Eclipse, or one likely to grace his worthy owner's sideboard with many silver goblets. The Derby, I shall ever think until otherwise convinced, was a false run race—not a dishonest one, mind me—but a race as completely thrown away as I ever beheld; and without giving offence or pain to any one, I do think Messrs. Scott and Day erred much in judgment, and neither can plume themselves that *theirs* was the top figure of jockeyship. They both appeared to me to run their steeds to a stand still, never dreaming that company was in their wake, or remembering that there have been such years when a *Spaniel*, or a *Dangerous*, corky, light, and fit to run on the day, have opened the weak eyes of many a wiseacre. Egad, I'll venture my neck to a China orange that Launcelot (at all events) could go over the sward again, and give a stone to Little Wonder, and yet be first. Mr. Robertson has a pretty light little horse, one over short courses and not overweighted that will do him honor, but strength and length are wanted to make him a lasting or successful victor. In this race he had nearly two stone more on his body than *Darkness*, and the space of ground to go over nearly a mile beyond a Derby Course: this told tales. The winner here is a very speedy lasting filly, and is a worthy daughter of the Warloch of the Glen.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb.; last three quarters of a mile; 11 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. <i>The Cornet</i> , by The Colonel, out of Lady Emmeline....	J. Day.	1
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. by Defence, out of Nannette.....	Chapple	2

This was a "short and sweet" little affair, and until within about a hundred yards from the Chair 'twas anybody's race; the filly here died away, and honest John landed his young officer as commander-in-chief by better than two lengths. The filly, as long as she did struggle, ran stout, and both being competitors for Derby and Oaks have given rise already to conjecture for future doings. —Betting: 5 to 7 on *The Cornet*.

Her Majesty's Gold Vase,

VALUE TWO HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS.

Engraved for the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," by CHILDS,

From "Bell's Life in London."



The GOLD VASE, given by her Majesty, added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, 7st. 3lb.—4, 9st.—5, 9st. 7lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 9lb.; mares and geldings allowed 5lb.; horses that have never won above the value of £50, or received £100 for running second, before the time of starting, to be allowed weight in the following proportions: 3 yr. olds 4lb.—4, 7lb.—5, 12lb.—6 and aged, 18lb., matches not to be reckoned as winnings; the winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1839 and 1840 to carry 10lb. extra; winners in 1839 and 1840 of the Oaks, Ascot, and Goodwood Cups, Riddlesworth, 2,000gs. Stakes, Newmarket Stakes, Port and Claret Stakes, and the second horses in the Derby and St. Leger, to carry 4lb. extra; two miles; 13 subs.

Mr. Pettit's <i>St. Francis</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Surprise, 5 yrs. 9st. 7lb.	Robinson.	1
Lord Exeter's <i>Amurath</i> , by Sultan, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.	Natt	0
Mr. Etwall's b. c. by Mulatto, out of Melody, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb.	W. Day	0
Lord Lynedoch's <i>Jeffy</i> , by Jerry, 7st. 3lb.	Wakefield	4

Robinson stretched away, his competitors handy in fairish stride: on nearing the last turn, the *songster* dispossessed Jem of premier-ship to within the distance, when closer acquaintainship was sought by all; and if ever there was an honest and right down run in for the Gold on any race course, it was here. Horses and jocks seemed heart and soul in firm resolve to do their best for Her Majesty's generous reward, and whip-cord and persuaders were liberally supplied as concomitants to exertion. So splendid was it, that every spectator seemed breathless for the result; and hard riding and Jem's head alone permitted the Saint to offer *his* head first to the Chairman. Now I would not trench on that worthy and equitable Functionary's veto, yet I fancied 'twas very like a *dead* thing between the *trio*; at all events 'twas so with second and third, and Miss Jeffy well up. The finish was too close to be pleasant, Jem, but thou nobly didst thy work. This *Amurath* *can* go when he wills at a devil of a bat, but he has his humors like mortal man. In truth this struggle was worth going any distance and taking any trouble to view. Melody had the call at 5 to 4 *on* him, 2 to 1 agst. St. Francis, 8 to 1 against Jeffy, and 10 to 1 agst. *Amurath*.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.—4, 9st. 2lb.—5, 10st.—6 and aged 10st. 5lb.; from the new mile post, once round and in.

Lord Albemarle's ch. c. <i>Domino</i> , by Mameluke, out of Miss Tree, 4 yrs.	Cotton.	1
Mr. Litchwald's <i>Hyllus</i> , by Sir Hercules, 4 yrs.	S. Day	2
Lord Chesterfield's <i>Gambia</i> , by The Colonel, 3 yrs.	Natt.	3

The scion of the House of Mameluke led in full force, Sam Day a few strides in the wake; not relishing, I presume, so much sail being set: close on the distance, however, he ran to his leader, and a slashing affair was it between the two, and when within an echo of the Chair, methought Master Sam had the check-strings right for conquest; but whether he was too eager for the Plate, or forgot he had a knowing (though young) 'un to compete with, I know not; suffice it to say, this *bit o'* Cotton knew an old say, "races are not lost until won;" consequently, he managed to keep his game animal in full swing, and, *à la Chifney*, was first on the post. The three-year-old was nowhere. A prettier end of a brilliant day's racing few ever witnessed, and few will e'er forget.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18.—There were three walks-over to-day, which lessened the list considerably.—For the Swinley Stakes of 25 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, four subs., Mr. Bowes' *Hetman* Platoff walked over; for a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs., h. ft., for three-year-olds, for subs., Lord Exeter's c. *Scutari* walked over; and for a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each for foals of 1838, five

subs., Lord Albemarle's Doctor Dilworth joined issue in a friendly way by dividing the spoil without a tussle with His Grace of Bedford's f. by Taurus, out of Plaything.—Hang these walks-over or compromisings, say I : they may be pleasant enough for the owners of horses to pocket the ready without doing much for the reward ; but to the spectators they are a right down nuisance, and if I could have my way the Stakes should be added at all events to increase the number of races in the forthcoming year. I like a horse as well as man to do something for his money.

The CORONATION STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for fillies then 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. each ; the new mile ; nine subs.

Lord Albemarle's b. f. <i>Spangle</i> , by Cræsus, out of Variella by Blacklock.....	Cotton....	1
Col. Anson's Black Bess, by Camel, out of Cloudsley's dam.....	Scott.....	2
Mr. Thornhill's Emetic, sister to Preserve.....	Conolly..	3
Mr. Rush's b. f. by Camel—Bangtail by Phantom—Discord (foaled in 1828)...	Robinson.	4

Conolly, thinking perchance that a good shaking would make his Emetic tell on his followers, went along slappingly ; but ere he entered the distance he must have found his powder was not of sufficient strength to act as he desired, for he there was collared by Spangle, who took the shine and lead from Emetic, and the two and Lady Bess ran desperately for the finish, *little* Cotton neatly landing the winner by something short of a length, Bangtail acting as Whip to the trio. At the end it was interesting work, and coming after the blanks, pleased the by-standers.—It was 5 to 4 on Black Bess, 2 to 1 agst. the winner, and 6 to 1 agst. Bangtail. Previous to the start the odds twisted to 2 to 1 agst. Emetic, 5 to 2 agst. Bess, 5 to 2 agst. the winner, and 3 to 1 agst. Bangtail.

A PLATE of £50 for maiden horses at the time of starting ; 3 yr. olds 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 8lb.—5 and upwards 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Swinley Course.

Mr. Galpin's b. f. <i>Blemish</i> , by Emilius, out of Clara, 3 yrs.....	Percy.....	1
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. by Huntingdon, out of Beauty, 3 yrs.....	Chapple ..	2
Mr. Phillimore's ch. f. <i>Tiny</i> , by Sir Hercules, 3 yrs.....	S. Mann ..	3
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. Auburn, by Zealot, 4 yrs.....	Macdonald.	4
Mr. Bishop's br. g. by The Pachia, dam by Reveller—Manille by Orville, 4 y.	Natt	5

All sprang away together, holding themselves ready for a scurry at the last, the winner leading them a dance, which none besides could hop to. Beauty and Tiny endeavored all they knew to catch Mistress Blemish, but that was easier essayed than done : they scratched their way for second at fair speed. Nothing could accompany Blemish, who won cleverly—Betting : 6 to 4 agst. Blemish, and 4 to 1 agst. Auburn.

Thus ended the second day's play, which, as regards sport, was a sorry affair from the walks over, and had nothing better been in store all would have left hanging their under-lips. The clerk (not Mr. Clark) of the weather graciously stayed the water-plugs from removal until business had concluded, when, supposing peradventure the country dry as well as the assembly, ordered the flood-gates to be opened, and helter-skelter was the watch-word of all, to the tune of "Home, sweet home."

THE THIRD DAY, JUNE 19.—Spite of a few silvery showers, bright glowed the morn with cool refreshing breezes for the holiday folks who had set their hearts on a visit to the *Derby Day* at Ascot, for to *that* day it is equal in interest. The roads were filled with living masses of the sons and daughters of honest John Bull,

struggling forward to see Majesty and her Royal Prince. The "Lads of the Village" came thick and fast by the steamers to Slough, whither vehicles of every description frisked them to the arena of sport. At the hour of 1 o'clock the most numerous assemblage had congregated that ever graced Ascot Heath, and the beauteous and lovely daughters of Dame Eve were splendid indeed! and I could not but exclaim with the facetious Colman,

"Bring, bring me now a painter for the work,"

whilst health and beauty sits on your brows undisturbed by care, and let not the limner linger with his pencil ere the effacing finger of Old Time shall do his bidding. Ascot always appears to me to usher forth a more aristocratic race than Epsom, who have not breathed the Houndsditchian air, nor are tinctured with its assumption. Shortly after one o'clock the Royal cavalcade arrived, and was received, if possible, more rapturously than on Tuesday.

THE WINDSOR CASTLE STAKES of 100 sovs., h. ft.; for 3 yr. old colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 4lb.; the winner of the Derby to carry 8lb., of the Oaks or 2,000 gs. Stakes, 5lb. extra; the New Mile; 7 subs.

Mr. Greville's ch. c. <i>Perseus</i> , by Emilius, out of Victoire.....	Natt.....	1
Col. Anson's c. Nicholas, by Jerry, out of Olive	Scott	2
Mr. W. S. Stanley's br. c. Crazy-boy, by Tomboy, out of Bessy Bedlam....	Robinson ..	3
Lord Albemarle's b. c. Janus, by Jerry, out of Destiny by Centaur	Cotton.....	4

The lot jogged off in moderate running for the first half mile, when they sprang into a higher class of speed with no alteration until within the distance: here the winner ran up to Nicholas, who led, battled with him for an instant to defeat, and ran to the Chair very easily by a length and a half from the second. Save the first and second, nothing had a hope for conquest.—Odds 2 to 1 agst. Janus, 3 to 1 agst. Nicholas, 3 to 1 agst. Perseus, and 7 to 2 agst. Crazy Boy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft.; for 2 yr. old colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; a winner of a sweepstakes before or after naming, 3lb. extra; T. Y. C.; 4 subs.

Capt. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Decision</i> , by Defence, out of Fanny (3lb. extra).....	Natt.....	1
Col. Anson's b. f. Lady Sneerwell, by The Colonel, out of Scandal.....	Conolly.	2

The only remark necessary or fitting for this race is, that the Defence filly took the lead, was never run near, and came in a victoress by many lengths. The winner is a fine lengthy filly, and if she improve before the Derby Day of 1841, will in all probability be among the favorites for the two great events at Epsom, being entered for both.—Odds 6 to 4 on the winner.

The bell has tolled—the hour's at hand when the *gem* of the Meet is to be contended for—a contention scarcely less speculated on than a Derby or Oaks; one that is frequently booked, by such as have outstretched their judgment at Epsom, to make matters right at the *Corner*, and a *waddle* thereby saved: to such it is a breather beyond idea, for, if a trip *here*, good by to a standing on the pedestal of a Crockford or a Gully: the would-be knowing one, who has strutted his hour on the Turf, sinks into the shade whence he emerged, only to be remembered that once he was a betting-man: and to the more sober sort who come to view racing for the love of it, this is a day of days, for here Greek meets Greek with the first *artistes* of the saddle to help on the onslaught. Yonder pass the jocks for weighing, light and natty, some serious,

The Ascot Gold Cup,

VALUE THREE HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS.

Engraved for the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," by CHILDS,
From "Bell's Life in London."



others with a wicked leer in their ogle, seeming to say, "I'm the lad for victory." Here come the phalanx, mounted for

The GOLD CUP, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 added from the fund; 3 yr. olds 6st. 10lb.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5, 9st.—6 and aged 9st. 3lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. to start at the cup post on the New Mile and go once round, about two miles and a half; 17 subs.

Mr. R. Pettit's b. h. <i>St. Francis</i> , by <i>St. Patrick</i> , out of <i>Surprise</i> , 5 yrs.....	Chifney....	1
Duke of Grafton's <i>Montreal</i> , by <i>Langar</i> , 4 yrs.....	J. Day.....	2
Mr. W. Ridsdale's <i>Bloomsbury</i> , by <i>Mulatto</i> , 4 yrs.....	Templeman.....	3
Mr. W. S. Stanley's <i>Flambeau</i> , by <i>Taurus</i> , 4 yrs.....	Robinson.....	4
Mr. Thornhill's <i>Euclid</i> , by <i>Emillus</i> , 4 yrs.....	Conolly.....	0
Mr. Isaac Day's <i>Caravan</i> , by <i>Camel</i> , 6 yrs.....	J. Day, Jr.....	0
Sir G. Heathcote's <i>Valentissimo</i> , by <i>Velocipede</i> , aged.....	Chapple.....	0

On the word "Off," Bloomsbury, being so full of spirits and of late an idle boy, rushed out of Templeman's digits, carrying him whither he listed, John Day keeping company as well as he could, the others forming a respectable tail. Early in the race Euclid had his *quietus*, and was instantly supplanted by Flambeau, whereupon Bloomsbury took still stronger flight, and as all came home, Sam Chifney, who had been previously hardly within whistle, sneaked forward, hung for a few strides with Valentissimo, made his rush on Bloomsbury and Montreal, landing his Saint by three-quarters of a length, thus finishing a very fine race. After all were quieted a bit, sundry were the remarks and lamentable the groans of those who had not hit the right nail. The fanciers of Euclid complained, and I thought with some cause, of his having too much flesh on his bones; certes he was not fine drawn, and his pipes not being clear gave him less chance. Others were full of the *ifs*. Had Bloomsbury not been too many guns for his Jock, he must have won! but this to me is a very doubtful matter. That the race was run favorably to the winner there can be no doubt, because he who has observed the riding of that Prince of Jocks, the speedier his competitors go the better it suits his views, for the sooner they must *come back* to him with bellows to mend, whilst on a moderate horse hard in hand he rushes on them at the finish like a giant refreshed. I have often heard men complain of *Sam's* lurching so far behind, remarking how much ground he must make up to catch his horses; but let such reflect that *the* pace brings them back on a comparatively fresh competitor; still more, there is man not living so good a judge of speed as the experienced *Chifney*.

The betting on this event took many vagaries in the last ten days: Don John was first, Bloomsbury too rose at a high figure, and Lanercost was talked of, Bloomsbury alone standing the test of scrutiny. Before the start, those who appeared figured thus:—5 to 2 agst. *St. Francis*, 7 to 2 agst. *Bloomsbury*, 6 to 1 agst. *Montreal*, 6 to 1 agst. *Euclid*, 8 to 1 agst. *Caravan*, 9 to 1 agst. *Flambeau*, 12 to 1 agst. *Valentissimo*.

The WINDSOR TOWN PLATE of £50; 3 yr. olds 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; T. Y. C.

Capt. Gardner's br. f. by The Colonel out of Mary Anne, 3 yrs.....	Natt.....	1
Mr. Firth's <i>Wilderness</i> , 3 yrs.....	Wakefield.....	2
Mr. Phillimore's ch. f. <i>Tiny</i> , 3 yrs.....	Mann.....	3
Mr. W. Hervey's b. m. by Lambtonian, out of <i>Effie</i> , 5 yrs.....	Sly.....	0
Mr. Willan's ch. g. Robin, aged.....	Balchin.....	0
Mr. Bishop's br. g. by The Pacha, dam by Reveller—Manile by Orville, 4 y.	Butler.....	0
Duke of Bedford's <i>Lucy</i> , 3 yrs.....	Cotton.....	0
Mr. Alpin's b. c. by Laurel, out of Dewdrop, 3 yrs.....	Chapple.....	0
Col. Wyndham's ch. f. by N. sense, out of Elfrid, 3 yrs.....	Percy.....	0

They all went off together, and kept so till within the distance, when the winner and Wilderness came away, the latter making a tussle; but it was a *flash* in the pan, Nat winning the £50 hard in hand; the others quiet spectators of the fight. So well did Miss Mary Anne perform, that she took the eye of Royalty, and although Mr. Shelley was the claimant, yet on the Prince expressing a desire for her being placed in the Royal Stables as a hack, he instantly resigned all pretensions to the claim. I was glad to see this, because it evinced that the Royal Prince took an interest in our racers, and here he unquestionably shewed judgment in his selection.—Odds: 5 to 2 agst. Lucy, 4 to 1 agst. Mary Anne, 4 to 1 agst. Wilderness, and 5 to 1 agst. Elfrid.

The GRAND STAND PLATE of 100 sovs. (handicap) ; once round and a distance.	
Lord Exeter's <i>Scutari</i> , by Sultan, out of Velvet, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.	Mann..... 1
Mr. V. King's Ruby, 6 yrs. 8st. 11lb.	Sly..... 2
Gen. Grosvenor's <i>Dædalus</i> , 5 yrs. 8st.	Wakefield..... 3
Mr. Corbet's Jenny Jones, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb.	Conolly..... 0
Mr. Byng's Barabbas, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.	Natt..... 0
Mr. Forth's b. c. by Muley, out of Solace, 3 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	Crouch..... 0
Capt. Gardner's Anne Boleyn, 5 yrs. 7st. 4lb.	Chapple..... 0
Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel, 3 yrs. 7st.	Cotton..... 0
Mr. Galpin's b. f. Blemish, by Emilius, out of Clara, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.	Percy..... 0
Mr. Alpin's b. c. by Laurel, out of Dewdrop, 3 yrs. 5st. 10lb.	J. Howlett..... 0

Dædalus, after a few lengths, took up the running, having *Scutari* in attendance to the turn for home, when the ruck got up, and to within the distance Ruby led at a very quick dance: Mann now brought forward *Scutari*, who collared Ruby, and it was stride and stride to the Chair, the winner finishing first by a head. Except the three placed, nothing in the race could live when the steam was put on in earnest. I was rather surprised that the Solace colt cut so bad a figure, because I *had* heard whispers, that, previous to the Derby, he had been spun with Little Wonder, and came off conqueror; if so, he has sadly trained off from pace.

The Windsor Forest Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, Derby, or Oaks, to carry 5lb. extra; the Old Mile; four subs.—Sir Gilbert Heathcote claimed the coin by a walk over with his *Emilius* filly out of *Nannette*.

The day's fun thus concluded, and such a day's racing is seldom witnessed:—races in plenty, and struggles for the victor's palm right earnestly called to action, pleased all who had travelled to the view.

FRIDAY, June 20—The WOKINGHAM (Handicap) STAKES of 5 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards; the last three quarters of the new mile; 26 subs.

Lord Exeter's <i>Hellespont</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.	J. Howlett..... 1
Mr. Maley's <i>Bellissima</i> (half-bred), 5 yrs. 4st. 7lb.	Conolly..... 2
Mr. Robertson's <i>Burning Beauty</i> , 3 yrs. 5st. 11lb.	Bell..... 3
Col. Peel's <i>Paganini</i> , 5 yrs. 9st.	Natt..... 0
Mr. T. V. Shelley's <i>The Drama</i> , 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	Wakefield..... 0
Mr. Farrall's br. f. <i>Lama</i> , 3 yrs. 7st.	Stag..... 0
Capt. Gardner's Bro. to <i>Enterprise</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.	C. Edwards, Jr. 0
Col. Anson's ch. c. <i>The Ruler</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb.	Francis..... 0
Duke of Bedford's f. by <i>Augustus</i> , out of <i>Courtesan</i> , 3 yrs. 4st. 4lb.	Richardson..... 0
Col. Wyndham's ch. f. by <i>Nonsense</i> , out of <i>Shrimp</i> , 3 yrs. 3st. 12lb.	Tiny..... 0

This to-do is easily recounted, by saying the winner and second had it all to themselves, running together until within a few lengths from home, when Johnny Howlett called upon *Hellespont*, who sprang to the Chair a good first by a stride: with the others there was pretty considerable tailing. Captain Becher afforded some amusement by entering from his establishment little *Tiny*, who re-

joined in going to scale 2st. 7lb. with a 6lb. saddle. He is a good-humored lad, and bore the yokels' grin very stoically. 'Twas really like perching on high one of the large dolls seen in the toy-shops in Holborn, save that here there was life; he, however, rode well, and bids fair to walk up the sleeve of some of the big 'uns. He is in fact a postscript to Bell and little Howlett; but there's a world before ye, master Tiny, and time may yet fill out your kick-seys.—Odds: 4 to 1 agst. The Drama, 9 to 2 agst. Brother to Enterprize, 9 to 2 agst. The Ruler, 5 to 1 agst. Burning Beauty, 6 to 1 agst. Bellissima, and 7 to 1 agst. the winner.

A PLATE of £50, the gift of the Members for the Borough of New Windsor, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 2 and 3 yr. olds; 2 yr. olds 7st.—3, 9st. 2lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; three quarters of a mile; three subs.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. by Recovery, out of Mina by The Colonel, out of Minetta by Woful, 2 yrs.....	Natt.....	1
Mr. Hervey's Saracena, by Saracen, out of Victim by Vampire, 2 yrs.....	Cotton ..	2

Nat took up the pilotship for about half a distance at spanking speed, just, as I suppose, to try the stride of his opponent, and then pulled his stripling to anchor, permitted master Cotton to spin his yarn away for home, which he never reached as first, cunning Natty running by him, his colt hard held, a winner by several strides. The Recovery, from his length and substance, if he improve till next summer, will prove a dangerous customer, or I mistake greatly. Three to 1 on the winner.

A PLATE of £50, for the beaten horses during the week; 3 yr. olds 7st.—4, 8st. 6lb.—5, 8st. 13lb.—6 and aged 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; winners once in 1840 to carry 3lb., twice 5 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded, &c., the old mile.

Col. Anson's <i>Nicholas</i> , by Jerry, 3 yrs.....	Francis	0	1
Mr. Beresford's <i>Bob Peel</i> , by Medora, 3 yrs.....	Cotton	0	2
Mr. Byng's <i>Barabbas</i> , by Rowton, 4 yrs.....	Natt	3	
Mr. King's <i>Ruby</i> , 6 yrs.....	Sly	4	

Sir Robert, as leader of his party, went a-head, taking the winner and Barabbas close attendants to the distance. Nicholas now mended his speed, and ran up to Sir Robert's quarters, and to it they went, finishing a splendid struggle by a gain of "nothing to neither," but a downright dead heat, and no mistake. After refreshing, Greek again came forth to meet Greek, Sir Bobby spinning his yarn all he knew. The winner was not, forsooth, to be diverted from his purpose, and the steel, with honesty of game to bear *persuading*, made him possessor of the goblet by half a neck or thereabouts. As a wind-up this was a very excellent finish.—Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Barabbas, 3 to 1 agst. Nicholas, 3 to 1 agst. Bob Peel, and 4 to 1 agst. Ruby.

With the last race closed a very excellent Meeting—few better I believe the oldest race-goer can remember over Ascot. The contests were well struggled for by horses of equal powers, and the Handicapping gave general satisfaction. To be sure, on this the last day, the attendance was a sorry affair compared with the previous ones; but then the absence of Majesty—the rain, with Old Father Boreas in its train, howling forth blasts of discontent—forbade many from showing. To the lovers of the race-horse this was a grateful Meeting, as they had pretty good evidence, from the attention paid by our Prince to the paraphernalia of the Course, that he takes a deep interest in the diversion; and I hope, ere long, he

will have a racing stud of his own, and the Castle sideboard groan under many of Messrs. Garrard's manufactured trophies, won by his flyers. I would be a loyal and dutiful petitioner in the prayer that Prince Albert will, so far as in him lies, place his *veto* against the *un-National* and more than injudicious practice of exporting for filthy lucre our best blood to foreign soils, to the triumph of the purchaser, but disgrace to the vendor. If the laws are not already sufficiently stringent, in Heaven's name let the Legislature frame such as will prevent the transporting England's pride! I was not a little amused on the Prince's viewing the weighing of the jocks: he took particular notice of Messrs. *Chifney* and *Robinson* (the lions of the saddle): on *ould Sam* being pointed out, he (Sam) gave such a winning *leer*, as much as to say, "I, Samuel Chifney, one of her Majesty's liege jockeys, should be very proud to pilot one of your Royal Highness's sons of Eclipse from Tattenham Corner to the goal of victory for a Derby, and I'd do it, if possible, better than with *wings*;" and sure I am the old boy would *rush* pretty considerably to do the Prince's bidding. SLASHING HARRY.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1840.]

No-Angler's Angling :

A CHRONICLE OF

FISHING FROLICS AND FROLICSOME FISHERMEN, DOWN-EAST.

NUMBER II.

"The fellow-anglers of my youthful days—
I watch them re-assembling by the stream,
And on the group with many a musing gaze."—STODDART.

IN Maine, there is noble trouting in the whole month of July, as well as in that of June, and in part of May. Three kinds of the genus *Salmo* are caught there: the large Salmon-trout, that have given Sebago Pond a high celebrity, the brook-trout, haunting every stream that ripples among the fine old woodlands and turfy meadows of that yet only half-reclaimed wild territory, and the fine species which is found in the large sea-pools that are formed by the flow of the tide, on the margin of old Ocean, in the neighborhood of Saco and Kennebunk. From these three sources the skillful Angler can derive a summer's sport, if he knows the way, and times his experiments rightly. But strangers, seeking their sport alone, upon a general and vague notion that there are good fishing grounds wherever one chooses to cast his line, throughout the whole State, are rather apt to find themselves at fault, and so to form an unfavorable opinion of the capabilities of that region, in the way of Trouting. It is thus that many will tell you that their expeditions in search of sport among the lakes and rivers, the mountain-streams and valley-brooks of Maine, have proved naught. Such is not the case with all, however, believe me.

I am not intending to fill up these articles with labored details of Trout-killing,—the number, weight, size, and other *minutiæ* of this or that day's "take;"—my work is with the fishers and not the fishes. These are intended to be rather personal than piscinal papers, and the chief concern they have with Angling is, to draw from the pleasant memories and associations which cluster around that delightful sport such reminiscences of "the fellow-anglers of my youthful days," as may not fail to interest the genuine devotee of the rod and line.

"Though far away,
Though ruthless time have scattered memory's dream,
Some scenes can ne'er decay,
But rest, where all is changed, like islands on a stream."*

Think of celebrating the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence, on the banks of a trout-stream, with all the means and "appliances to boot," for the occasion! Picture a party stretching themselves upon the green sward, choosing a President of the day, appointing a toast-master, and going regularly through the well-worn routine of a festival dinner, with the thirteen [extempore] toasts, beginning with "The President of the United States," and ending with "The fair sex;" these followed by volunteers, and speeches, (*such* speeches!) and songs, and the whole occasion terminating with a quiet siesta "under the shady green-wood tree," by way of aiding digestion and invigorating the was-sailers for their afternoon's sport. How sudden and unanimous was the determination of the party thus to pass an hour in the middle of that day! And when the idea was conceived, with what alacrity did each one there fall into the execution of the scheme! Had there been the slightest preparation the thing must have proved a failure: as it was, what a delicious episode in the day's sport did it prove! The day was one of the finest of the season. [It is a remarkable fact that the day of our national jubilee is never a stormy one. If a cloud arises, and lets fall a shower of rain upon that day, it is only to make it lovelier, and fitter for our enjoying.] It was "such a day," to quote John Neal, "as women talk of in their youth, when the great woods are all in flower, very much as if their hearts were in flower too." The morning's sport had been glorious; and well-stocked creels, lying around the roots of the old trees that sheltered and shaded the party, gave indisputable evidence of the success that had crowned their pleasant toil.

The table was a broad and ample one, and was covered with a rich cloth of deep green velvet, wrought curiously and by a cunning hand with flowers of many hues and forms, that lent fragrance as well as beauty to the banquet. Around this spacious area reclined the guests, after the fashion of the olden time, ere the couch had been superseded by the chair and its accompanying train of stiffening customs. Thus the court of Dido reclined, while listening to the eloquent tale of Troy's destruction, as it fell from the lips of "godlike" Æneas; and thus, in her golden barge, which,

"—like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water,"

* Brydson.

lay Cleopatra, "when she first met Mark Antony, and pursed up his heart upon the river Cydnus."

The half-hour before dinner is proverbially an half-hour of suspense and impatience. It is too near the occurrence of an important event to permit the commencement of any new undertaking, or even of any new process of thought. Liable at any moment to be interrupted by gong or bell, or liveried messenger, bearing the agreeable summons, it were folly, indeed, to subject yourself to such an inconvenience. But these are town-distinctions, and they are in no force in the country. As rare old Cowley beautifully says: "We walk here in the light, open ways of divine bounty; our senses are here feasted with all the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which, in the town, are all sophisticated, and, for the most part, quite overwhelmed with their contraries." Thus the *half hour before dinner* upon this memorable occasion proved no burden to any of that merry party. Stretched at full length upon those beautiful mounds of colored mosses, the antique couches spread for our enjoyment by the hand of Nature herself, (kind Mother!) supine, and gazing on the glimpses of sky, that came to us through the tree-tops, how fleetly flew the time, as one of us sang the song of the "Midsummer Fairies,"* and the rest listened dreamily to the lay.

"We be small foresters and gay, who tend
On trees and all their furniture of green,
Training the young boughs airily to bend,
And show blue snatches of the sky between.

"We bend each tree in proper attitude,
And graceful willows train in silvery falls,
We frame all shady roofs and arches rude,
And verdant aisles leading to Dryad's halls,
Or deep recesses, when the echo calls.

"We shape all plummy trees against the sky,
And carve tall elms' Corinthian capitals,
While, sometimes, as our tiny hatchets fly,
Men say, the tapping woodpecker is nigh!"

As the song went on, methought it was chorussed by the elves that dwelt upon the spot we occupied, for a more fitting one for fairy-haunt was never yet alighted on: our couches were their thousand thrones, all silvered and gilded, and crimsoned over as they were in their brave garniture,—and we were but usurpers! How exquisite was the fashion of their upholstery! It was woven of many hued mosses, each filament of which was tipped with coral, red as that the Naiads wear beneath the sounding wave,—and shining upon the green like a sprinkling of powdered rubies on the surface of an emerald.

And this seemed their banqueting hall, moreover, and we had disturbed them in their repast. For here we found their drinking-cups lying scattered about, in shape like our own glasses, only more deftly fashioned, and colored of the same pale green with those from which we drink the wines of the Upper Rhine; and delicate vases of many shapes, and flower-pots made of the acorn cups, which they had overturned in the haste of their escape, and left all

* Thomas Hood.

fragrant with the choice perfume they had garnered up within them.

But "dinner is on the table!" All fairy-land vanishes at the announcement, and we are roused from our dreaming to enjoy reality. And so we will!

The "chair" was taken by our friend D., a genuine Waltonian, whose boast it was, and still is, to place his *summum bonum*, from the middle of May until cold weather sets in, in field-sports. It is a *penchant*, almost amounting to a foible, of his, to possess the best gun, the best rod, the best lines, and the most plentifully stocked fly-book of all the sportsmen in his vicinage. The mysteries of joinings and whippings, and multipliers, and stops, and loops, and kinks,—the science of selecting the best gear, and of manufacturing from it neat and unexceptionable tackle, he takes a pride in, almost equal to that which he ever exhibits in the practice of the learned profession of which he is an ornament. And even in that profession he shows the true sportsman at times. No member of the bar to which he belongs is so safe in a case where a horse is concerned, and he is therefore much relied upon in that way; and it is charming to see with what zeal and pertinacity he uses his professional talents to procure the rigid enforcement of all those laws which the legislators of his State have enacted for the preservation of game, at times and seasons of the year when such protection is necessary.

The love that D. bears to his Joe Manton (a double barrel), to his rods, to his dog, (poor old Dick!) to horse-flesh in general, and to every *thing* in the sporting catalogue, he yields in an unbounded degree to all his brothers of the craft. He will not allow that any of them, however, are so well appointed in every thing that goes to make up their fit-out as he is: an amiable *tendresse*, to dispute the rationality of which could do no good, and most probably would only render it more deep and abiding. And D. is an efficient practitioner, as well as a sensible theorist, in "the gentle art." He takes fish as well as he fixes tackle, and his success with woodcock and snipe admirably proves that he does not keep his favorite gun to look at, merely.

Upon taking the head of the table, he removed his *regalia*, and curtly called his friend M. to the opposite end of the board, whereupon that gentleman immediately rolled over upon the sward until he reached the vice-presidential position. Each looked at the other, and having puffed two whiffs a-piece, they both remarked at the same instant, "Mac shall be toast-master!"

"Yes," said the Major of that name, "and the Captain shall be steward."

"And Jem, what shall he do?" said the Captain.

"He shall 'preside at the piano,' after dinner, and in the mean time make himself as agreeable as he may," replied the President and Vice in the same breath. The arrangements were considered complete.

By way of grace, D. pulled out his pocket copy of old Izaak, and read aloud, with much emphasis and discretion, the following

beautiful passage. "When I would keep content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the goodness of the God of Nature, and trust in him."

Heard you ever any grace more appropriate and touching than that? As soon as it was read, we commenced our rural repast, and a loose was given to the merry jest, the witty retort, the ready repartee, the lively song, and the jocund laugh. The first toast was short and courteous to the powers that were. The second was "The gentle craft; its associates and associations;" which being duly honored, Master Jem was knocked down for a song. He immediately honored the craft by singing the following:

"O waken, winds, waken! The waters are still,
And silence and sunlight recline on the hill;
The angler is watching beside the green springs,
For the low welcome sound of your wandering wings!

"His rod is unwielded, his tackle unfreed,
And the withe-woven pannier lies flung on the mead;
He looks to the lake, through its fane of green trees,
And sighs for the curl of the cool summer breeze!
Then waken, winds, waken!" &c.*

After the rapturous applause with which this song was received had somewhat subsided, the singer, using his privilege, called for something from the Major. But the President intimating that this was not in order between two of the "regular toasts," the toast-master proceeded to read number three, which was as follows:

"Christopher North, in his *tent*, in his *alcove*, at his *noctes*, or on his native lakes. Would that the old Scottish proverb were not so true, that places so great a distance between us to-day. Sighing to see and to know the glorious crafts-man, we feel that it is, indeed, "A far cry to Loch Awe!"

A simultaneous shout of applause followed the announcement of this toast, which the old woods echoed: and the startled birds that had been nestling among the tree-tops, in the midst of that summer noon, whirred among the pendent boughs, and winged their way to the deeper recesses of the forest. The sentiment in honor of old Kit was crowned with bumpers, and then we had an outlandish story, (very well told, but too long for these sketches,) from our friend The Captain, who had the advantage of all the rest, by reason that he had been in foreign parts, and had seen wonderful things in his day. After this, the fourth toast was given, being "The Day, and all who honor it!" which was followed by "Hail Columbia!" sung in chorus by every body but the President, who, as General Bombastes said to the learned Fusbos, "had not a singing face." Indeed, he took the occasion the song afforded to go sound asleep!

The next toast was, "Our gallant Navy and Army,—the two resistless arms of our national defence." This called up the Major, who made a most felicitous speech in behalf of the Army, and, regretting that no representative of the other branch of the service was present to respond for the Navy, he begged leave to propose,

* Stoddart.

as toast-master on the occasion, the next regular sentiment, "The Merchant Service: alike prepared, in peace or in war, to vindicate the character, and to protect the rights of our common country." The Captain responded in that *suaviter-in-modo-et-fortiter-in-re* style, which ever characterises his public addresses, and then the President and Vice President simultaneously aroused themselves and toasted each other; Jem immediately following up this fraternal gush of affectionate feeling with a song, appropriate to the occasion, and which was sung in such a style as to elicit from the President the following beautiful compliment. "Our woodland minstrel: who

—Murmurs near the rippling brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

And many more good things were "said and sung," ere the heats of noon had given place to the cool shadows of the evening hour. The rods and lines, the creels and reels, and all the other gear, were then resumed; a good afternoon's sport was added to the rare experience of the morning, and then, by moonlight, "homeward ho!" was the word.

So ended our celebration of Independence. In some future numbers it will give me pleasure to discourse to you of "other fields and pastures new." At present, adieu!

NO-ANGLER.

BLOOD OF IMPORTED SCOUT.

YORKVILLE, July 30, 1840.

SIR: In giving the pedigree of Imp. Scout, published in the July No. of the Register, p. 364, I say:—

"It will be seen on examination, that Scout has (almost) all the blood of Tranby and Charles XII., with other good and fashionable crosses."

In the publication referred to, the word "almost" is omitted; but whether that omission should be attributed to the printer, or to myself, I cannot venture to affirm. I however do say, that I intended this qualifying word should accompany the remarks, and I so used it in the bills of the colt the past spring season. It is always painful to me to see individuals claiming a similitude and identity of blood, when the connection is often very slight; and I would much regret to be justly liable to the charge. But am I not justified in the remark as above stated? The only blood in Tranby's pedigree that Scout has not in full, is the Orville cross, and even here it is "a distinction without a difference." Orville traces to Termagant through Beningbrough (g. g. grandson of Squirt), and Highflyer; whilst Sir Paul, in the pedigree of Scout, goes to the same mare through Sir Peter (best son of Highflyer), and Tandem (a grandson of Squirt).

In like manner Scout has all the blood of Charles XII., with the exception of the same Orville cross, and that Charles was got by Voltaire (a son of Blacklock), whilst Scout has Blacklock himself, as the sire of his dam.

With this explanation, deeming myself "rectus in curia," which, when translated, means, in vernacular language, "perfectly in town with a pocket full of rocks,"

I remain, Sir, respectfully yours, &c. W. C. BEATTY.

THE ADVANTAGES OF HANDICAPS:

THEIR GOOD EFFECT AS AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO OWNERS OF HORSES TO RESERVE THEIR POWERS TILL THEY HAVE ARRIVED AT A FULL STATE OF PERFECTION, WITH A FEW REMARKS IN SUPPORT OF THE HORSES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, the changeful fashion.

THE standard of value of a race-horse is very materially determined by the station which he occupies in the Handicaps, as producing those trials which sooner or later generally proclaim his real power—an event which in many cases would never happen if all races were confined to specific weights without any penalty for previous winnings, or allowance for having run unsuccessfully. Many races terminate in what appear to be very close contests between horses, although in reality the one is very superior to the other—in some instances from want of a strong run race, which is always necessary to decide the real merits of the animal. On other occasions the jockey prudently requires his horse merely to win a clear length or two, whereas, if he had been pressed, he might have run in before the others a very considerable distance. Again, when an animal is really defeated, the humane rider never attempts to punish him unnecessarily: and thus, although he may not be within a hundred yards of the leading horse at the conclusion of the race, he might, had there been any object to be gained, have been considerably nearer. Handicaps, however, generally at some period or other decide a horse's true speed and distance, and are now become such valuable prizes as to render them objects worthy of attention.

Racing rules and regulations, like other laws, must be fashioned according to the manners and customs of the times, and the condition of the people for whose accommodation and welfare they are enacted, due regard being paid to the encouragement of everything which is likely to promote improvement in the breed of horses, and consequently the prosperity of those who possess them.

I have known some persons advance an argument that the horses of the present day are inferior to those of our ancestors; and these casuists infer that this alleged inferiority has been brought about by the introduction of short races with light weights, as also by calling upon the animal to exert his energies at too early an age. Of these individuals it is to be observed, on one point they reason only by analogy, whilst on the others they are rather mistaken as

to the present state of Turf affairs. They *conclude* that a horse, not being required to run four-mile heats, is a weak degenerate animal; that is, however, a very fallacious system of drawing inferences, whilst it by no means proves the axiom. In the first place it does not decide the fact, that the horse not being called upon to exert himself beyond those bounds which are circumscribed by humanity and reason, he would not be *able* to run as great a distance, and carry as much weight, as the best of those which our forefathers possessed, if any urgent *necessity* required such a performance. There is one question, however, which I have never been able to hear decided by the votaries of ancient horse-flesh—at what time was the English thorough-bred horse at the highest degree of perfection, if he is not so at this? Certainly not a century ago, when four-mile heats were in vogue! The greatest proof of the value of any animal or other property is the price which it will command; and I can assert, without fear of contradiction, that at no period whatever have first-rate horses been sold for more money than within the last twenty years; and those high prices have in many instances been obtained from foreigners, so that our breed of horses have not deteriorated in value, whatever they may have done in the scale of perfection, from the desire which they manifest in procuring them.

There are many reasons why very light weights are objectionable; but that high weights alone are the means of promoting the success of what appear to be the most powerful animals does not seem to be the case; providing each horse has a due allowance according to his age, the results are in most cases the same, whether they run at 9st. or 12st. As to training at two years old, it may be objectionable, and no doubt it is, if carried to an excess. The deficiency of Stakes of sufficient value and importance for horses to contend for when they have arrived at the age of maturity, has been held to be a great drawback to our present system of racing. To show that our meetings are not quite destitute of such inducements is the chief object of these remarks.

The old-fashioned weights and distance of the Royal Plates of former days are fortunately quite exploded; they were evils which, like all other great ones, worked their own defeat from the oppression and unnecessary ordeal which they inflicted upon the animal. Very few owners of horses of any value thought them worth contending for, when there became other prizes attainable with less risk; consequently they were frequently walked over for, and doubtless in many instances the spoil divided between the owners of two or three of such horses as might be supposed to be nearly upon an equality. These circumstances calling forth the consideration of those who had the control of them, with much good sense they determined to reduce both the weights and the distance.

Passing over the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, with the exception of a few Stakes at Newmarket, and one or two at Ascot and Goodwood—which latter amount to a large sum, in consequence of the immense stake which each subscriber becomes responsible for, and which renders them only available to Noblemen and those who are

possessed of unlimited fortunes—the great Handicaps are become the most valuable prizes of the day, and the leading features of our present system of racing. They are equally attainable by men of moderate fortune as those who possess the greatest wealth, inasmuch as the subscription to them is moderate; not like the glittering prizes just alluded to, which are augmented by the enormous subscriptions of two or three hundred sovereigns each, and thereby rendered in many instances but dearly-bought trophies from the numerous essays which are generally requisite to acquire one of them; whilst Handicaps are seldom beyond the modest sum of twenty-five sovereigns each, being made up of the accumulated little fives which are so universally and so liberally subscribed by all the patrons of our truly National British Sport: by this means some of them exceed a thousand sovereigns in value—an amount surely large enough to satisfy the cupidity of any reasonable man on one event.

The weights which are imposed on good horses in the great Handicaps, such as the Liverpool, Goodwood, Leamington, Somersetshire, *cum multis aliis*, are generally high enough to please the most fastidious on that point: however, it is a good principle to go upon, and I am of opinion that no horse under any circumstances should carry less than 6st. 7lb.: very light and inexperienced boys cannot have that command over horses which is necessary to make the most of them; and if the highest weight begins at 10st. 10lb., or 10st. 12lb., it is quite sufficient to bring a very moderate three-year-old upon terms with the best six-year-old or aged horse: if it will not, the young one is not worth keeping on. One of the advantages which the present system presents is the exclusion of two-year-olds (except in some few Stakes at Newmarket); thus an additional inducement is offered to reserve horses to a more advanced age, whilst there are plenty of Two-year-old Stakes in various parts of the kingdom to try the powers of such infantile performers.

During the last seven years, the great Handicaps at such places as Goodwood, Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, Cheltenham, and Leamington, have at least three times out of five been won by horses which have attained their fifth year, and on most occasions carrying a full complement of weight. Out of forty-two of these races, only four have been won by three-year-olds; and when it is remarked that such horses as Inheritor, Venison, and Charles XII. were the respective three-year-olds, each of them carrying very light weights in consequence of their qualifications being unknown to the public and to the Handicappers, it cannot be acceded that aged horses have *all* lost their running by early training, or that due encouragement be not given to their owners to reserve them for such good Stakes.

Races drawn up after the principle of the Goodwood Cup, which in point of fact is a kind of Handicap, have an excellent tendency, and are very much coming into fashion at other Meetings. By allowing great weight to maiden five and six year old horses, an inducement is offered to persons to make the experiment of keeping them to that age, in the hope of earning so valuable a prize, and

thereby prove if it really be desirable to procrastinate the services of the animal to that period ; a position, however, which I for one am very sceptical upon, the more so as this great trophy has never yet been won by *any animal* who had been kept in lavender in his juvenile days. Harkaway, who has won it during the last two successive years, was as much abused at two and three years old as any unfortunate animal ever was. I by no means purpose to advocate the system of overdoing two-year-olds ; but I do not believe a colt is injured by early training if it is conducted properly. To imagine that they are invariably worked as old horses are, and that they are sweated in an immensity of clothing, is a proof that those who express such an assertion do not know the practice which trainers observe on such occasions : there are some who never sweat two-year-olds at all, and yet they bring them out fit to run and win.

We oftimes hear the character of the Arabians highly extolled, because they are said invariably to refuse to dispose of their best brood mares. Such anecdotes may be highly amusing, at the same time they carry as much weight as the celebrated Arabian Nights tales. The sale of our first-rate stallions, however, is a matter of great importance, and on some accounts a lamentable consideration. On the other hand, it must be taken into account that the intrinsic value of our horses is greatly augmented by the avidity which foreigners proclaim in procuring them. Thus the evil which we sustain by their loss is in some measure made up by the circulating medium which we receive in exchange. That our brood mares are not so much the object of their attention may be easily accounted for by the fact that a mare only produces one foal in each year, whereas the horse may become the sire of forty or fifty in the same space of time, and who, being crossed with the mares of their country, produces an animal suitable for their purposes. Priam having been taken from our studs, however, is a great loss ; he has proved himself to be a stallion of very superior merit ; but it is a matter of some notoriety that all his half-brothers were of a very indifferent character. When the racing career of Harkaway has *bona fide* terminated, we may calculate on his becoming a valuable horse in the stud, if he should be fortunate enough to fall into the hands of some liberal individual, who will permit his services to be obtained at a reasonable rate, and at the same time patriotic enough not to suffer him to go abroad under any circumstances.

Like all other speculations from which a great profit may be in prospective, Handicaps are open in some degree to the wily projects of skilful and not over-conscientious individuals, who, by running their horses for other races without having prepared them, or, in plain English, without intending them to win, get them favorably weighted for some particular event, when they calculate upon a great *coup*. These, like other deceptive tricks, do not always come off as anticipated, for there may be others who have been playing the same game ; consequently their horses are upon an equality. There are nevertheless in some degree remedies for these manœuvres, by the careful attention of the Handicapper to the running of

all the horses which are engaged, when an experienced judge can pretty shrewdly calculate upon what is going on, providing he has seen each race, or has procured information from some competent authority; and when once a man has been known so to disguise the powers of his horses, to guard him most scrupulously on every future occasion, it is the Handicapper's fault if a horse is admitted with too light a weight.

"An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only can be cozened twice."

The opinion expressed by the Stewards and Members of the Jockey Club in 1838, that it was necessary for them to declare their disapprobation of persons starting horses without the intention of winning with them, is of the utmost importance, and almost appears to require a still more positive mode of adopting a remedy. If a rule could be established, that any person who was once convicted by that Body of such fraudulent practices should be disqualified from ever starting a horse again, it would go far towards the prevention of such transactions.

PHENIX.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1840.]

FOREST SPORTS.

BY ALFRED B. STREET, AUTHOR OF "THE FOREST WALK," "SPEARING," ETC.

THE village is stirring with bustle and fright,
The shriek of the panther was heard over night;
And Tyler told Larkin, that down by the drink
The wolves howled so loudly he slept not a wink;
While Meech, the big hunter, was heard to declare
He yesterday almost fell over a bear.

Good luck! what a gossip o'er knitting and tea;
In store and in tavern, what throngings we see!
The grannies the tales bear, each farther from truth:
The codgers rehearse the bold feats of their youth;
Round scamper the urchins, and yell in their play,
"Look out for the panther, he's coming this way!"
Tom Evans drops in, all his features a-twist,
And tells of a beautiful yearling he's miss'd;
Joe Mason counts over, with "blast," and with "darn,"
The sheep that lie dead in the yard by his barn;
And Smetus describes, in a sorrowful tone,
His hives topsy-turvy, and honey all gone.

The rifles are taken from rafter and wall;
The pouches are heavy with powder and ball;
Hurrah for the forest! come Tom and come Joe,
The heifer and lambs cry aloud "To the foe!"
Load, Smetus, your weapon, come Tyler and Meech,
And bear, wolf, and panther, more manners we'll teach!

Our hounds beat the swamp ; we our weapons prepare :
 The wolves through the day hold their rendezvous there ;
 Emerging at midnight, to prowl, and to slay
 Each luckless merino that falls in their way.

A rustle of boughs ; ha ! a buck springs to sight !
 But death strikes the proud one while bounding in flight ;
 The beautiful creature sinks under his ban,
 Eluding the wolf-pack, to perish by man.

But music, hound-music, bursts shrill from the swamp ;
 Crash, flutter the thickets, with rush, and with tramp :
 Our gaunt robber-foes are arous'd, and we seek
 Each rifle his station, just vengeance to wreak ;
 We hear their fierce snarls, while vain battle they wage,
 And the click of their jaws as they snap in their rage :
 They dart from their coverts, with horrible cries,
 Hair bristling, teeth gnashing, and red gleaming eyes ;
 Pursuing, Joe plunges head-first in the bog,
 And brings death to nought but a great staring frog ;
 Tom stumbles o'er Lufra, who, yelping beneath,
 Avenges the wrong by a gripe of his teeth ;
 The rest ply our weapons, fast, steady, and true,
 And earth with their dark shaggy figures we strew :
 With hearty hurrahs then, we push on our way,
 Their scalps as our trophies to boast of the fray.

The hounds are now scenting yon hemlock, whose sides
 A yawning and deep-sunken hollow divides :
 With snort and with blow, Bruin springs to the day,
 And, scorning his company, waddles away.
 The hounds overtake him ; he stops and he rears,
 And Lufra lies flat, from a box on his ears ;
 The black wrestler hugs, in his terrible grasp,
 Poor Juno, who writhes, and drops dead at a gasp :
 But quickly a bullet is winged through his brain,
 And Bruin is marked on our list of the slain.

We climb the wild mountain ; look well, as we tread,
 The panther might bound from some branch overhead.
 Hark ! list his low whining ! gaze up, but beware !
 Or dart-like, his fierce form we'll see in the air.
 Ha ! there sits the monster, with close-crouching frame,
 And fiendish eyes glaring, like balls of red flame.
 Our rifles point upward ; he bristles his back ;
 The thick branches shield him ; we'll wait his attack :
 His muscles contract ; with a leap down he darts,
 His shriek, fierce and keen, thrilling cold through our hearts ;
 One hound is dash'd dead by a stroke of his paw,
 Another is crushed in the grasp of his jaw !
 What fury, what wild tameless fury he shows,
 As dauntless, he dashes and bounds mid his foes !
 One rifle its bullet unerring has driven,
 His tawny form quails not ; new strength it has given :
 Another cracks sharply ; blood flows from the wound ;
 Another, another ; it rains on the ground ;
 And not till a ball through his forehead has flown,
 He rolls with a shudder, and dies with a groan.

[Knickerbocker for June, 1840.]

ON EXPOSING SPURIOUS PEDIGREES,

AND SHEWING UP WORTHLESS HORSES AS BREEDERS.

NASHVILLE, July 22d, 1840.

DEAR P.: I am in the receipt of both the "Spirit" and the "Register," and as usual they are got up in the best style of any sporting papers ever published in this or any other country. They impart, all must allow, much valuable information, and will remain a record of some important facts; but there are causes, innate, perhaps, or the effect of circumstances, which detract from the value of both; and this in matters which you can scarcely control, nor can I tell exactly how you can remedy them.

I allude to the publication of false pedigrees in the "Register." You cannot say to a gentleman—Sir, this pedigree is wrong; some would take mortal offence at your friendly observation, and, in many instances, you do not possess the means of detecting the imposition; and last, not least, you have not the time to bestow in correcting errors. This matter of false pedigrees has lessened greatly the value of that portion of the "Register," yet much that is valuable is left, and if it were once *properly winnowed*, would be almost inestimable. But who shall undertake the task? Let him who does make up his mind to the fate of Ishmael.

Another abuse, scarcely less fatal, is the manner in which almost all our horsemen have felt themselves at liberty to adorn the memoirs and advertisements of their horses; this once placed on the pages of the "Spirit" or the "Register" without contradiction, is believed by many, and you become the *honest organ* of the vilest impositions.

This you cannot control or prevent, yet it is an evil that must in some way be abated; and I fear you will hardly, among your numerous correspondents, find one hardy enough to undertake the task of disabusing the public.

This can only be done by *shewing up* individual instances; but will the public sustain him in such way, as to save him from those personal collisions it is so much the fashion to create out of all newspaper discussions? In England, the freedom with which their writers discuss the merits of the horses and the conduct of their owners, would astonish many of your readers; but there, any man who would take offence, and make it a personal affair, if the blood or merits of his horse is canvassed in the Sporting papers, would be looked on as a fool, or something worse; his only chance is to shew that the writer is wrong, when public opinion forces the assailant to make the *amende honorable*.

Will our people bear this and will the public force all parties to abide an impartial decision? This alone can sustain a writer who shall undertake to expose all the errors of blood and ancestry, of faults and blemishes, which belong to those horses offered to the patronage of our people through the columns of the "Spirit" or the pages of the "Register," whether native or foreign.

Within a short period I have known four importations from

England, amounting in all to near thirty; these came South; not one of all these lots could have found a purchaser at more than one hundred dollars, and some of them at not over half that. It is true most of them had *fair pedigrees*, but they were the most inferior samples, and if worthless in England, are surely not calculated to benefit us. It is now generally admitted that you may improve stock by continually employing the best specimens as breeders, and *wisely versa*, you may ruin the finest if you raise from the most inferior.

You will see in almost every number of the "Register" some horse recorded whose blood is equal to that of old Sir Archy—but "the pedigree has been unfortunately mislaid;" and whose performances would have rivalled those of Childers—"but some unfortunate circumstances prevented his appearance on the Turf," and you are earnestly advised to breed from him by his modest and disinterested owner. This is often the case with our Native horses, and bad enough it is; but as it is easily detected, no one need be deceived. But with the Imported horses it is another affair; few can detect the false flag under which they sail, and until the worthless *stock* shews up the worthless *sire*, he figures as a foreign noble, and thus many become interested in perpetuating the imposition.

My attention was called to this subject by seeing in the "Spirit" and "Register" a notice of some sales of Imported Blood Stock, and the commendations bestowed on them. Among them three are now standing for mares in our country, and any one who pays more than five dollars for serving the *common* mares of the country, pays too much; those owning *fine* mares should breed to them on no terms.

These horses seem fair on paper, and are in truth thorough-bred, but they are worthless as racers, and often suffer under a variety of diseases, such as they will surely transmit to their progeny. In a late number of the "Register" I saw an Imported horse announced with high commendation; this horse was on sale more than a month, at Liverpool, was offered each sale-day, and if seventy-five dollars had been bid, he would have been sold. This was told to me by the Auctioneer. On pointing out this importation to an Englishman now here, who knew the horse, he declared him the most inferior horse in a lot of one thousand; he said his blood was good, but that he was utterly worthless as a racer; add to which, he was diseased *throughout*, from his feet to his head—that such importations would ruin the character of the English horses.

Shall such horses be brought among us?—Is it not the duty of all who know these things to state them through the "Spirit" or "Register"?—Will the Public sustain any writer who may expose them? I am unwilling to commence the business, but the abuse is becoming somonstrous, surely some remedy must be applied, or we shall have the refuse of the English Turf sent here to ruin our stock, now improving so rapidly.

Yours, D.

SALMON FISHING IN CANADA.

"I never wander where the bordering reeds
 O'erlook the muddy stream whose tangling weeds
 Perplex the Fisher; I nor choose to bear
 The thievish nightly net nor barbed spear!
 Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
 Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
 Around my steel no tortured worm shall twine,
 No blood of living insect stain my line.
 Cheerful along the river's bank I stray—
 Calm thoughtfulness companion of my way,
 And with the well-feigned fly delude the shining prey."

GAY

To the Editor of the *New-York Albion* :—

SIR : Moralists tell us and experience proves that there is no perfect joy or happiness in this world ; but nevertheless it cannot be denied that there is a great deal of comparative and innocent enjoyment to be found. Nor should we deem him unwise, who, whilst he neglects not graver matters, sips occasionally and discreetly of its sparkling cup ; and in the *abandon*, for instance, of a few days' seclusion from the busy world, to luxuriate in rural sports, refreshes his moral and physical constitution. Who then can thus within a given time appropriate to himself the largest portion of quiet, harmless, and not irrational recreation ? Who can best mingle with his pleasures the observation of the beauties of external nature and the contemplations of philosophy ? Who can most distinctly perceive the impress of that beneficent Hand which first fashioned the fair scenes through which he wanders ? Whose heart ought to be most expanded with kindly feelings, most impressed with the glories of creation, and most animated with gratitude to the Giver of all good ? I hesitate not to answer—the intelligent salmon-fisher.

After sound and balmy sleep he rises with the sun ; his body vigorous in health, his mind serene, his heart free from the ascendancy of evil passions. The first song of the birds—the symphonies of a waking world—delight his ear, as he wends his way along the banks of the gushing river, midst the pure fragrance of the morning ; whilst the "orient pearl" is shining in his path in prisms of delicate brilliancy from the reflection of the sun's first rays. He enjoys nature amidst her coy retreats in all her early and maiden freshness ; and when he casts his glittering fly into the eddy of the dark stream, who feels like him the delightful anticipations of well-founded hope ? Should the monarch of the stream

"From his dark haunts beneath the tangled roots
 Of pendant trees —————
 ————— whilst haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, then desperate take the death,"

and dart with his fatal prize down the current, awaking the echoes of the woody banks with the note of the far-resounding reel—who then *can* have enjoyment equal to that of the fisher ? Beyond all question he is at that moment, and during the long struggle that follows, happiest of the happy ; and when the victory is won, and whilst he bends exultingly over the silvery salmon, which now lies

gasping at his feet, on hard rock, white sand, or grassy bank—there is no living man who might not envy the sensation of the *Salmocide*.

Seeing, Mr. Editor, that thou hast desiderated at this genial season a communication for thy much loved journal on this attractive subject, and hast assured me that a former epistle on the delights of this royal sport was delectable to thy subscribers, and eke had hooked thee some new ones, fresh from the sea—I take up my pen with great pleasure to contribute my mite to thy esteemed *Albion*, ever leal to its glorious country and true to its name; without the weekly perusal of whose well-stored pages no man or woman of any standing in society can exist in these provinces. I shall now give thee a short account of a late fishing expedition to the River Jacques Cartier; a fine salmon stream, nine leagues up the St. Lawrence: premising, lest the reader's expectations should be raised too high, that I have no stirring incidents by flood or field to narrate—that the success of my companion and myself was not remarkable—in short, like the weary knife-grinder, that though I write a long letter I have little story to tell.

To begin then the little journal. At four o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 30th of June last, a gallant general officer, well known to fame, and distinguished by his brilliant conduct at Waterloo, with your correspondent, set off from this city to Déry's bridge, on the Jacques Cartier, with a light wagon astern, containing our baggage; provided also with those desirable accompaniments called "creature comforts." These it is not necessary to recapitulate; but it would be ingratitude of the deepest dye to slur over the merits of our delicious Westphalia, and one inestimable beef-steak pie, to both of which I shall always owe the greatest obligation.

The morning was dark and sultry, giving promise of rain; which, after a long drought, was much wanted by the farmers; and as our river was suspected to be too low for good fishing, we earnestly desired it might come down in torrents, maugre the wetting we should receive. And we were not disappointed, for the rain soon began to fall heavily, and continued all the way; whilst we sat in the carriage enjoying it almost as much as the grateful habitans whose parched fields it refreshed, or as the rejoicing ducks before their doors.

The Jacques Cartier is one of those numerous rapid rivers which have their sources in the wild and mountainous country to the North and North-East of Quebec. Its course for the greater part is turbulent and impetuous, running through a broken granite tract; but at length, escaping from the mountains, it forms several quiet and beautiful reaches in the neighborhood of the large and fine Lake St. Joseph, from which it receives a considerable tributary. Here, consequently, there is some rich alluvial land on its banks. Pursuing its way from thence, the river becomes again exceedingly rapid as it descends towards the valley of the St. Lawrence; ploughing its way through the Limestone and Sandstone rock, and forming a bed for itself of the most extraordinary configuration in some places. At length, after a rough course of two hundred

miles, its brown but clear waters mingle with the great river of Canada.

Salmon dearly love all these cool rapid streams. They begin to run up the Jacques Cartier in the middle of June, but not in any considerable numbers till nearly the end of the month. The first detachment, or advanced guard, consists of large fish, of bright silvery color, running at once from the St. Lawrence and the Sea, and retaining still all their plumpness and marine vigor. Consequently the fishing at this season is always better and more exciting—from the size and great strength of the fish—than at a later period of the summer, when the smaller salmon, or grisle, which, it is believed, had gone down to the sea as fry in the Spring, begin to make their appearance. To compensate, however, for the greater size of their elder brothers, or, more probably, their papas and mamas, the grisle are far more numerous, and much more manageable and lively on the hook.

On our arrival at D ry's Bridge, at nine o'clock, we found the river slowly rising, but still too low for our sport. With eager anticipations of success, when it should be sufficiently full to bring up fresh fish, we set to work preparing our tackle, feeling a certain degree of minute and not very criminal selfishness at having the stream to ourselves ; whilst

“ ———— fleeting clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
 Troubling the streams with swift descending rain ;
 And waters tumbling down the mountain's side
 Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide—
 Now expectation cheers our eager thought :
 Our bosoms glow with treasures yet uncaught.”

This day, however, our hopes were destined to be baffled ; and after unsuccessfully exploring all the good holes and casts, of which your correspondent did the honors as Cicerone to the stranger, we returned, changed our wet clothes, and, for want of anything better to do, sat down to dinner.

By this time two more fishermen from Quebec had made their appearance ; and such is the weakness of human nature that we cannot aver with truth we felt any very lively satisfaction at their arrival. The fishing ground is limited, and the good holes and casts are not numerous ; so that not more than two people can enjoy the sport at the same time with elbow room and comfort. Besides, it is not particularly agreeable to find, when you come to your favorite spot, that some pertinacious person, just arrived, has been whipping the innocent water without mercy for the last half-hour. Nor will it soothe your feelings much—though the circumstance may be delectable to your risible muscles—at discovering that your new friend's fly has been fastened to the high branch of a maple on the bank, in a state of perfect repose, for ten minutes, whilst the kind-hearted angler all this time, in mercy to the fish, has been unconsciously thrashing away without it, expecting a rise every cast of his line.

The best morning fishing is between six and eight o'clock, but there is generally such a rivalry as to early rising between fishers

here, that most of them makes their exit from Déry's Cottage, or from Madame Trepannier's, a rival house on the hill opposite, before sunrise, and some with the earliest dawn. We, accordingly, rose shortly after day-light, and proceeded to our sport, taking different sides of the river. I repaired at once to the broad stream above the "Chute," as they call a place where the river runs violently down a long inclined plane of smooth and slippery rock, at an angle of about forty degrees; a point where the fish are much accustomed to rest after surmounting the different rapids below. Wading in here as deeply as I could with safety, and casting the line to the full extent that a powerful rod of twenty-one feet would throw it, I soon hooked a very large fish on the crest of the fall. As usual I attempted at once to take him up the stream, away from his dangerous position; but my progress was slow, for the rock on which I stood was smooth as glass, and the *momentum* of the strong current as much as I could stem. But my funny friend gave me little time for manœuvre; for after two or three mad springs out of the water, he darted off, like a whale from the harpoon, and down the Chute he rushed, at a rate of sailing which, judging from the report of my log, the reel, could have been little less than thirty knots an hour.

Many major and minor miseries occur in life, though not enumerated amongst the black catalogue in Beresford's book. But he, admirable *raconteur* as he was, had not imagination enough to invent, nor grasp of mind to embrace, the maximum of calamities—the misery of miseries—the *malheur monstre*, that now befel me. For, to my unutterable horror, I perceived that in his rapid race down the Chute, the mischievous fish had firmly twisted my line—my inestimable silk line, one hundred and twenty yards long—round a projecting and unapproachable rock in the mid-cataract; and was now employed, some ninety yards down the stream, in cutting summersaults of derision at my distress.

Alas, fruitless were all my efforts to extricate my line from the hard-hearted rock. In vain I moved my position up and down, and laterally, and obliquely, and in every direction, and eased the strain on the line, and then pulled, and hauled, and hallooed for assistance, and desperately advanced into the stream within a hair-breadth of destruction! All would not do. Destiny had willed that fish should triumph over fisher this morning. At length by one fell plunge the remorseless salmon carried off my magnificent line, casting line and fly; leaving me alone in my misery, and up to my elbows in water!

The temptation was great—the river rushed by fiercely, and the cataract was at hand, but I strove against the fiend and defeated him. I did *not* drown myself. Nay more; I bore this dire calamity with something approaching to calm resignation and fortitude, and can appeal to Madame Déry, whether at breakfast on that melancholy morning I did not fall to like a philosopher. Truly no spectator could have surmised the preceding misfortune when witnessing the scene; for the new-laid eggs disappeared in dozens, as if by magic—the fried salmon evaporated in lusty and

odoriferous slices—the mighty bowl of strawberries and cream soon ebbed to the bottom—the fragrant infusion of gunpowder and pekoe followed by the half-gallon—and as for the stock of toast, its innumerable parallelograms fell prostrate before the attacks of the General and myself, somewhat after the fashion of the columns of his old adversary, Foy, beneath the deadly aim of the defenders of Hougomont.

Par parenthese—I pity the unhappy mortal who cannot enjoy a hearty breakfast. It is the ordination of nature that man, and all respectable and civilized animals, should prepare betimes for the duties and labors of the day, by an ample allowance of suitable food, to be assimilated into bland and kindly nutriment, and the milk of good humor, by the morning vigor of the stomach. We are not angels, but very homely flesh and blood. It is therefore manifestly our duty to coincide in the arrangement; and we may be assured that there is something radically wrong in his system, mental or corporeal, who cannot or will not receive this bounty of Providence gratefully and *con amore*, as he ought.

But, to proceed regularly. On my way back from the Chute, as I ascended the bank very pensively after my misfortune, I beheld my gallant friend, who was fishing on the other side, at the hole called “L’Hôpital,” busily engaged with a good fish which he had just hooked. As I was not yet acquainted with his capabilities in the art piscatorial, it afforded me gratification to observe that he played his fish skilfully and was evidently well acquainted with his *metier*. The salmon he had on was strong and active, but the place was favorable for the fisher; there being a fine deep hole at hand to retreat in, where the salmon might tumble about as much as he pleased. Seeing nobody near to assist in gaffing the fish, I ran round the bridge with this object; but found on my arrival that the General had secured his prize himself—a fine plump salmon of eleven pounds.

During this day, which was also wet, the river had risen a good deal, and the water had become somewhat muddy. We therefore had no farther sport, nor had either of the other fishermen, though each of us caught a good ducking; and when wading, it was doubtful which end of us was the wettest. In the evening the weather cleared up, and we consoled ourselves for lack of sport with a cigar or two, of transcendent merit, with which my companion was provided, seated on the lofty picturesque bridge. And here we remained, lulled by the loud brawling of the noble stream beneath us, and admiring the view down the valley, and the rich outline of the woods on the high banks, drawn in beautiful distinctness on the clear western sky, till the waning brightness of the moon warned us of repose.

Next day, Thursday, we rose with the first light, buoyant with expectation and sanguine of success. The General again took the left bank of the river and I the right; and we were not a little pleased to find that nobody but ourselves was yet stirring—the other two gentlemen being still in their beds. My companion soon hooked a large salmon a little above the Chute, which made despe-

rate play for half an hour, but was then effectually subdued. Unfortunately the hook had but a slender hold, and the small filament of skin which it embraced was nearly worn through by the violent struggles of the fish; so that in the very act of gaffing, the lucky rogue gave a convulsive splash with his tail, broke from the hook, and escaped. But, soon after, the General had better luck with two other good fish, which he killed; and I caught one also at the same spot. We then sauntered about the pretty bank for a while, returned to our cottage, changed our wet clothes, and sat down to breakfast.

After a walk in the garden, which commands a fine view of the "Grand Réts," one of the best and deepest holes in the river, I commenced dressing flies, whilst my companion enjoyed a siesta to compensate for rising with the June dawn. When I had done, I took my rod and gaff and strolled a couple of miles down the left bank, to an old favorite spot called the "Remoust St. Jean." Here I immediately took a large fish, and having at once run him up from the jaws of a strong rapid where he lay, into a fine capacious hole above, I made tolerably certain of securing the gentleman.

For the benefit of my younger angling brethren I may here observe, that, for about a minute after a salmon takes the fly he suffers himself to be led where the fisher pleases; being apparently rather gratified than annoyed by the novel sensation of being towed gently up the stream. Now is the time, whilst he is in good humor, to run away with him from his usual haunt at the tail of the hole, where the rapid begins, to a safe neighborhood. But the fish soon discovers his mistake, and finds that the insect he has gorged is likely to lead him a pretty dance. He then all at once loses his temper, very naturally, attempts to bruise the fly against the rocks at the bottom, or jerk it out of his mouth in a course of saltation, three or four feet high into the air—

"Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and writhes his shining body round."

Failing in all his attempts to get rid of his little barbed tormentor, by main force or manœuvre, the fish at length, contrary to his instinct, makes a dash down the river.

The large salmon I now had on suffered himself to be conducted quietly enough for sixty or seventy yards up the stream. But then, *comme d'ordinaire*, his choler rose, and after careering wildly and rapidly through the hole—no doubt to the great astonishment of the cool and sober fish in it—and pitching himself about a dozen times into the air, he made for the rapid, and rushed down where I could not follow him; carrying off the fly.

I had never been so unlucky as on this occasion—indeed, I had previously been spoiled by angling prosperously. But now my breast was become a target for the arrows of misfortune, and every

fish realized Dr. Johnson's definition, and made a fool of me. Yet I did not succumb; for a true fisherman, like a veritable philosopher, should be the personification of patience as well as of fortitude, and other cardinal manly virtues. Not, however, of that shabby, pseudo, miserable abortion of patience that squats in a punt, exulting at a nibble every eight hours, and turns up its eyes when a minnow escapes; but of that virile virtue, which, under the pressure of a calamity like the loss of this super-eminent fish, simply soliloquizes "off, by Jove!" elevates the left shoulder slightly, and mounts a new fly.

We are told on classical authority that fortune often changes her tactics when she tires of persecuting; and sometimes even falls in love with the individual whom she may have very lately most grievously injured. We know from the same information that an honest man, struggling with adversity, is "*Dius gratum*," pleasing to the gods. The versatility of the capricious goddess was soon after this catastrophe very agreeably displayed, for I hooked and killed two good salmon, and took two more in the evening.

On Friday morning, having killed a fine fish below the Chute, I was fishing at the "Grand Rêts"—a deep hole near the bridge, at the head of the most impetuous rapid in the whole course of the river—when the General joined me. Soon after, I hooked two large savage fellows consecutively, which took down the boiling torrent. *Malheureusement* the revolution of the reel did not keep pace with their speed, and they both broke off; one smashing the hook and the other carrying off the fly.

It is an unworthy maxim of the Duke de Rochefoucault—arising, probably, from experience of neglect when wounded in the Fronde wars—that there is something not altogether displeasing to us in the calamities of our best friends. Without stopping to enquire whether the *amitie* of the Philosopher's compatriots was characterised in his days by much of the severe and self-denying virtue of Damon and Pythias—of which there is great doubt—we may safely say that if the Duke acted on his own maxim when one of his intimates broke his leg, or had his house burned, or lost his place at court, or an estate, or a near and dear relative—illustrious moralist as he was deemed, he was in reality little better than an unfeeling and sordid brute.

But in a qualified and lower sense the aphorism may be true; and when our perception of the ludicrous in any misfortune of our friends is not extinguished by the serious nature of the calamity, there is no great harm in chuckling a little, *sub rosā*, on the occasion.

And so, my distinguished companion who stood on the rock above me, I doubt not, enjoyed quietly the scene of the evasion of these fish, and my concern at the misfortune, though he was too considerate to my feelings to laugh outright.

The General appeared to be of opinion that in playing these two fish there had been some fault on the part of the fisher, and that he had opposed their inclination to go down the rapid too roughly.

When resuming our sport in the evening, and passing the "Grand Réts" he said jokingly "come, senior, I shall take a cast here and shew you how to manage a fish."

He then covered the tail of the hole, where the enormous rapid begins, and almost immediately hooked a large salmon, for they are generally very numerous here, as the place is a kind of half-way house to refresh in when ascending this difficult part of the river. My companion conducted his fish very skilfully into the hole, *en bon pecheur*, and finding him very tractable, he smiled at me with a slight expression of triumph. But, "*il rit bien qui rit dernier*"—very short was his exultation, for in a couple of minutes Mr. Salmo, who had been hitherto quietly exploring the dark recesses of the "Grand Réts," all at once took a prodigious running leap into the main rapid, and putting his head down the river, started off at full speed, without bidding the General "good bye;" carrying off his picturesque Jay's hackle as a trophy.

I confess to my shame I was wicked enough to act on the Rochefoucault principle, and laughed at my friend's consternation; in which he heartily joined himself.

An observant salmon or trout-fisher has many opportunities of noticing recondite operations in Natural History during his frequent explorations of the river banks; and Entomology, particularly, is indebted to Paley and Davy, and other illustrious brethren of the angle, for many secrets in the instinct of insects—several families of which are born in or near the water.

One day during this visit I observed, on the vertical side of a very large granite boulder in the river, an enormous cluster of flies of the order diptera, somewhat smaller than the common house fly, but yet in the pupa state. The mass was about two feet square, and was elevated a yard above the water; though no doubt, when the ova were deposited, the river covered the nest. The insects were nearly ready for flight and must have numbered some millions; and, if the offspring of one fly, we need not wonder that our dwellings are so plagued.

I was sorry to find that no swallow or other fly-catcher had yet discovered this prodigious magazine of provisions; but there was one solitary and bloated spider enjoying himself in prying over the still torpid but living mass. There was no necessity here for any artifice, for he had only to survey the innumerable insects over which he crawled, select a dozen or two of the fattest and tenderest of these chicken flies for his breakfast or dinner, and put them to death at once. Having a mortal antipathy to the whole volant race, I did not disturb him in his operations.

On Saturday morning we were again early a-foot, but without success. As I stood on the rocky ledge above the "Grand Réts," and dipped my fly into the dark pool immediately under my feet, a very large salmon came up deliberately to the surface to reconnoitre it, turning one eye to the object to see it more distinctly. But it would not stand this close inspection; for the fish was probably enough of an entomologist to know that a queer looking, though shining thing, with an odd bent body, a nondescript tail,

more feet than was usual, and a long string attached to it, could not be an edible insect. Perhaps he had received a sting in the jaw from something similar before, and had thus gained scientific knowledge by experience. So, he would have nothing to do with it; and with what looked very like an indignant turn up of his nose, and toss of his tail, he retired into the deep water.

After spending four most agreeable days at this secluded and very beautiful spot, and killing nine good salmon and several trout, we returned to Quebec on Saturday evening.

PISCATOR.

Quebec, July 10, 1840.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

MISSISSIPPI, Jan. 11, 1840.

DEAR SIR: I have kept a diary of my shooting for the last twenty months, which I give you, in hopes that it will elicit something similar from some one who has been as curious on this subject as myself. The following table is a transcript, and if it won't be asking too much, I would be pleased to have you give it an insertion.

Respectfully yours,

A MISSISSIPPIAN.

	No. of shots off hand.	Yards.	Inches.	Eighths.
April 4. 1838	10	110	28	4
June 4. "	10	110	28	7
" 16. "	10	110	31	3
" 22. "	10	110	26	2
Aug. 10. "	10	110	27	1
Sept. 13. "	12	120	42	4
" 14. "	12	120	46	2
Oct. 6. "	20	100	61	
Jan. 9. 1839	10	110	19	6
" 16. "	10	125	23	
" 18. "	10	110	28	6
" 22. "	10	105	27	5
" 25. "	20	100	58	4
Feb. 13. "	10	120	25	4
" 19. "	10	130	33	
" 20. "	10	100	28	
April 16. "	20	100	53	2
" 26. "	10	100	21	2
May 1. "	20	105	42	1
" 7. "	10	105	18	6
" 10. "	20	105	50	2
Aug. 6. "	10	100	25	2
Sept. 7. "	10	100	28	
Oct. 18. "	10	100	25	6
" 25. "	25	105	63	1
Nov. 15. "	10	105	21	
" 23. "	50	105	145	2
" 25. "	25	105	77	2
" 28. "	10	100	17	6
" 30. "	10	105	27	5
424			1152	5

Aggregate or String measure, less than $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches a shot.

The above was published in the "Spirit of the Times" of the 8th Feb. last, and brought out the following from a gentleman of this city, who writes as follows:—

NEW YORK, Aug. 3, 1840.

* * * You will observe some discrepancies in the various distances, occa-

sioned by my shooting a number of shots at a greater distance than the Mississippian; the reason why I did not conform to all his distances, was the want of proper ground, which it is very difficult to obtain in the neighborhood of New York.

I did not intend to publish this, but at the solicitation of the New York Off-Hand Rifle Club I have consented, with your permission.

		No. of shots off hand.	Yards.	Inches.	Eighths.
Feb.	28. 1840.	10	100	24	6
"	" "	10	100	27	3
March	2. "	10	100	26	7
"	10. "	10	100	21	7
"	13. "	10	100	17	1
"	" "	10	100	28	1
"	21. "	10	110	27	3
"	28. "	10	110	29	6
"	" "	10	110	19	7
"	" "	10	110	26	2
April	6. "	10	110	29	4
"	16. "	10	100	21	4
"	" "	10	100	22	
"	" "	10	100	25	
"	" "	10	100	27	
"	18. "	10	100	21	3
"	" "	10	100	22	5
"	" "	10	100	17	5
"	23. "	11	104	26	4
"	" "	10	104	25	6
"	30. "	10	104	22	2
"	" "	19	104	58	1
May	4. "	10	104	26	
"	" "	10	104	26	
"	13. "	10	104	21	1
"	19. "	10	104	19	4
"	25. "	20	104	39	5
June	8. "	10	104	15	2
"	" "	10	104	27	
"	" "	10	104	26	6
"	12. "	5	104	4	7
"	" "	10	104	18	4
"	" "	10	104	17	6
"	23. "	54	130	194	5
"	27. "	5	125	14	1
"	29. "	20	104	46	
		424		1065	6
Mississippian				1152	5.
New Yorker				1065	6.
String reduced by the New Yorker				86	7.

P.S. I have given you a specimen of my aggregate shooting: I will now give you a little majority shooting.

July 13th, I shot 30 shots, 21 of which struck a four-inch bull's-eye,—13 within 1½ inch from the centre. July 16th, I shot 10 shots, 5 of which hit a dollar. July 30th, I shot 22 shots, 11 of which were within 1½ inch from the centre,—7 hit a dollar. The distance was 104 yards, off hand. A NEW YORKER,

And the only member that voted in favor of accepting the Savannah Club's proposition in 1835, when they gave us the back of the hand.

N.B. The targets are all preserved for future reference. It may be as well to state that the majority of the shooting was made when the wind was very high. Weight of rifle, 14 pounds; length of barrel, 32 inches. Ball, 43 to the pound—cut by W. L. Hudson, of New York.

Notes of the Month.

S E P T E M B E R .

ON DITS.—We learn, under the date of the 25th of July, from Nashville, that on that day *Wagner, Altorf, Allen Brown, Buck-Eye*, and a Henry colt, had just reached that city, to be put into immediate training for the Fall campaign. We shall look to the results of this campaign in Tennessee with peculiar interest, from the number of colts which will come out, the get of untried stallions. The turfmen of North Alabama—a district of country well entitled to be called “the Race Horse region” of the South-west—have heavy engagements on their colts in Tennessee, and the success in the stud of several imported horses will be there first tested.

MR. JAMES LONG, of Washington City, has presented to his friend HECTOR BELL, of Virginia, the fine Eclipse colt *Olympius*, out of Flirtilla Jun., by Sir Archy. *Olympius* was the winner of the Produce Stake at Washington in the Spring of 1839.

A very sporting affair is likely to come off at Gallatin, Tenn., this month, being a Sweepstakes of Twenty-three subscribers, at \$1000 each, Two mile heats.

The fine Leviathan mare *Vashti*, and Lady Bitter by Marion, have been stunted to Sir Pitt this season. The latter has a very promising filly at her side by Imp. Priam, a bay, with no other white than a star, which D. McDaniel has nominated in the great Produce Stake at Raleigh, Spring of 1843. *Vashti* is now the property of the Messrs. BRYAN, of N. C., and is in the charge of Lady Bitter's owner, D. M. VAN BOKKELER, Esq., of Newbern, N. C.

NEW RACE COURSES.—A recent letter from Missouri informs us that Messrs. Y. N. OLIVER and W. J. STRATTON have purchased from Maj. SMITH for \$25,000, a tract of land within three miles of the beautiful city of St. Louis, on which they propose to establish a race course of the most superior description. Mr. Stratton will break ground in November next, and everything will be in readiness for a meeting the ensuing Spring. In the meantime Col. Oliver is busily engaged in fitting up his course at Cincinnati. A splendid Service of Plate, from the celebrated establishment of Storr and Mortimer, London, has just arrived per the “British Queen,” to be run for at the ensuing races.

New Course at Little Rock.—A correspondent in Arkansas informs us that Messrs. TUNSTALL, WARING, & Co., have laid out a new race course within a mile and a quarter of the city of Little Rock, which will be completed before the ensuing session of the Legislature, and a meeting will be held during that period. The proprietors are gentlemen of means and spirit, and will leave nothing undone calculated to give eclat to the sports of the Turf at the capital of the State. The stable of Tunstall, Noland & Safford made a most brilliant campaign last season, and the fact has excited so much emulation among the different Turfmen of Arkansas, Missouri and Illinois, that almost all have made accessions to their strength, so that we are led to anticipate the most spirited competition this Fall.

New Course in North Carolina.—A spirited correspondent writes us from Jackson, Northampton County, that arrangements are in progress for the establishment of a fine race course at that place, making the *third* new course of which intelligence has reached us during the month.

SALE OF STOCK IN KENTUCKY.—The sale of Cattle by the Fayette Cattle Importing Company was numerously attended by farmers from all the adjoining counties, and the herd was very well distributed. The greater number purchased under one name, was by Mr. R. Fisher, of Mercer county. H. Clay, Jr., of Bourbon, purchased three, A. McClure, of Jessamine, three. So far as we could ascertain,

they were divided among the counties as follows : Mercer five, Scott five, Fayette eight, Jessamine four, Clark two, Bourbon five. The prices, for the times, we suppose, were fair, excepting those of the bulls, Carcass and Æolus, which for their cost should have sold higher. Carcass came to America with a great reputation as a *prize* bull ; it was therefore supposed he would have brought a better price. We infer from this sale that superior breeding cattle are still in demand, notwithstanding the great number brought into the country. We are informed that there will probably be no importations this season from England. A proper use of what we have, will make a vast change on the herds of the U. States. Nothing is wanting to render the cattle of the United States equal to those of any region of the world, but an observance of the rules of breeding and rearing cattle, deduced from the long experience of other countries. We have luxuriant pastures, abundant grain, and a kind climate. What else do we lack but prudence and skill in their use ?

The following are the names of the purchasers, cattle, and the prices :—

Victoria, purchased by R. Fisher.....	\$1750	Isabella—R. Fisher.....	\$355
Prince Albert, her calf—J. Flournoy....	350	Lady Eliza—H. Clay, Jr. of Bourbon ..	660
Miss Hopper—Thos. Calmes.....	270	Orlando, calf of Lady Eliza—H. Clay,	
Washington—Dr. W. H. Richardson	85	Jr. of Bourbon.....	305
Carcass—B. Gratz.....	725	Lilly—T. Calmes.....	390
Æolus—R. Fisher.....	610	Trajan, calf of Lilly—Wheeland & Co.	150
Eclipse—R. Fisher.....	1050	Nancy—C. J. Rogers.....	730
Elizabeth—A. McClure.....	505	Avarilda—John Allen.....	920
Maria, calf of Elizabeth—J. R. Ford.....	310	Bruce, calf of Avarilda—M. Williams..	315
Miss Luck—H. Clay, Jr., of Bourbon ..	800	Beauty—H. Clay, of Fayette.....	700
Nelson, calf of Miss Luck—P. Tod-		Flora, calf of Beauty—J. Thorn.....	410
hunter.....	610	Miss Maynard—A. McClure.....	1005
Fashion—G. W. Williams.....	440	Milton, calf of Miss Maynard—Jas.	
Zela, calf of Fashion—G. W. Williams	445	Gaines.....	285
Splendor—B. Gratz.....	650	Jessica—Joel Higgins.....	330
Tulip—A. McClure.....	700	Rosabella—Wm. Warner.....	465
Britannia and calf Dido—H. Duncan...	375	Crofton—J. Downing.....	155

PROSPECT OF SPORT IN VIRGINIA.—Our sporting friends will be glad to learn that there is every prospect of plenty of racing in Virginia the ensuing campaign, and that of a most interesting character, there being no less than fifteen different stables, each of them having their full complement of horses.

First on the list is Col. JOHNSON, (A. TAYLOR, trainer)—who has *Boston, Norfolk, Rocker, John Hunter, and Fordham*.

Mr. O. P. HARE, (Old Charles, trainer) has *Andrewetta, Job, Black Boy*, and several others.

Mr. J. D. KIRBY, (JOHN BELCHER, trainer) has *Camden, Treasurer, Hyde Park*, a filly by Imp. Shakspeare out of Maria West, also a filly by Imp. Fylde out of Jenny Dean.

W. McCARGO, Warrenton Course, N.C., (Lazarus, trainer) has some fifteen or twenty under cover ; among them are *David Fylde, Virginia Robinson* by Luzborough, *Ellen Thomas*, own sister to Vashti, *Dolly Thorpe*, a 3 year old by Imp. Shakspeare out of Polly Peachem, an Imp. bl. c. by Actæon or Cain, dam by Comus or Blacklock, 3 years old, and Grey Momus by Hardluck, 4 years old.

Dr. GEO. GOODWYN, (Hark, trainer.) at Belfield, has Imp. ch. c. *Phil. Brown*, by Glaucus out of Bustle, 3 yrs. old, *John Blunt*, by Marion, *Robin Cobb*, by Imp. Felt out of Polly Cobb, 3 yrs. old, *Telmachus*, by Eclipse out of Josephus' dam, 4 yrs. old, a b. c., by Henry Tonson out of Lady Sumner, 3 yrs. old, and a host of 2 yr. olds.

Mr. ISHAM PUCKETT, Fairfield Course, has *Will-go*, by Imp. Luzborough, *Bengal*, by Gohanna out of Gulnare, 4 yrs. old, *Texas*, by Imp. Fylde, 5 yrs. old, and b. h. *Darius*, by Charles, and a 3 yr. old by Gohanna dam by Alfred. 'Tis much to be regretted that the distemper has made sad havoc among Mr. Puckett's horses this Spring ; it may prevent them from appearing in the early part of the Campaign.

Dr. THOS. PAYNE, Belfield, has three :—viz., ch. f. *Sally Lundy*, 3 yrs. old, by Shark dam by Van Tromp, ch. c. by Eclipse, 3 yrs. old, out of Jane Shore, and a 2 yr. old filly by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jane Shore.

JAS. TALLEY, Richmond, has *Betsy White*, by Goliah, b. c. by Imp. Tranby, 4 yrs. old, and a br. f. by Imp. Chateau Marguax out of John Lindsay's dam, 3 yrs. old.

Mr. JOHN S. CORBIN has a 4 yr. old Star filly, and two of the get of Imp. Cetus, viz., ch. c. *Nobleman* out of My Lady, and a ch. f. out of Virginia Haxall. It is not decided yet whether *Bandit* will be trained for the Fall campaign.

Major DOSWELL has *Hard Cider* and two or three others. Col. W. L. WHITE has *Jack Pendleton*, with one or two more. J. P. WHITE, Mr. NEWSAM, of Southampton County, GEO. WALDEN, CHAS. CARTER, and Mr. DUVAL, and several other gentlemen, have all got a string of good ones.

MESSRS. TOWNES and WILLIAMSON have *Steel*, *Tattersall*, *Brocklesby*, and a number of young things.

JOHN ALLCOCK has *Balie Peyton*, along with five or six others.

A letter, bearing date the 16th July, informs us that Col. SINGLETON, of South Carolina, has just left for the Virginia Springs, having first sent his fine Rowton colt from his True Blue Plantation to his friend Col. HAMPTON. He has taken up the Nonplus colt for training in his own stable.

TIMING RACES IN ENGLAND.—Nothing is so interesting to American turfmen as to ascertain the exact time in which the English race-horse performs a given distance. We have a memorandum before us, made by an American gentleman, who attended the recent Liverpool July Meeting, in regard to the time made by Lord WESTMINSTER'S *Sleight-of-Hand* (by Pantaloon), who won the Tradesmen's Cup this year, beating *Charles XII.*, *Cruiskeen*, *Deception*, and thirteen others. The race was run on the 15th of July, the day was fine, not at all warm, and the course in fine order. The distance was two miles exactly, and *Sleight-of-Hand*, a four year old, and carrying 109lbs., performed it in 3m. 36s. ! The race is described as a very splendid one, the winner, *Sampson* and *Charles XII.* "being so closely handicapped, that *Sleight-of-Hand* won by a neck only ; *Sampson* beating *Charles* for the second place *nearly by a head*. But the most wonderful circumstance yet remains to be told ; *Charles XII.*, who came so very near winning, is himself but a four year old, and yet carried 125lbs.—only a pound less than an aged horse carries on the Union Course !

The Derby Handicap, run on the same day, was won by Lord GEORGE BENTINCK'S *Capote* (by Velocipede). He, 3 years old, with 93lbs. on his back, ran once round and a distance—called a mile—in one minute *forty-seven* seconds. This, if the distance be accurately measured, it would not be impossible for us to beat ; but the performance of *Charles XII.* is really wonderful.

All the information which English works give us as to the Liverpool Course is contained in the Racing Calendar, and is to the following effect :—"The New Course, now used for both Meetings, is flat, a mile and a half round, *with a straight run in of nearly three quarters of a mile*, and a very gradual rise." The stumbling block in the way of all our Turfmen, who attempt to draw inferences from the time of races in England, is the uncertainty as to the distance—all feel a doubt as to the accuracy of the admeasurement, that being of no importance in the eye of the English sportsmen.

SALES OF STOCK.—The horses presented to the President of the United States, by the Imam of Muscat, were sold according to law, on Tuesday last, at Washington. One was purchased by Mr. POWELL, of Virginia, at \$650, and the other by Gen. EATON, of Tennessee, at \$675.

Passenger was sold the 25th of July, under the hammer, and was knocked down to Major S. RINGGOLD, U.S.A., Price \$2181. The Major started him off immediately for BELCHER'S stable.

A CRICKET MATCH, for \$500 a-side, has been concluded between the Clubs of this city and Toronto, U. C. The New York Club meet their Toronto friends in that city on the first of September, when the 1st match will come off ; the return match will take place soon after near this city. Notwithstanding the high opinion we entertain of our Club, we are not *very* sweet on its winning the match ; many of our best players having seen comparatively little practice of late.

EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF HOUNDS.—The most remarkable sale of hounds ever known took place on Monday, July 6th, at Hyde-park-corner ; the lots sold were thirteen in number, making 127 hounds, exclusive of whelps ; their produce was

6,511 guineas, or *upwards of one hundred pounds per couple!* The pack that realized this enormous sum was "the Osbaldeston," which has hunted the Berkeley country (Herefordshire) under the mastership of Harvey Combe, Esq. They were put up in thirteen lots and brought the following unprecedented prices:—

No.	1. consisting of	11 hounds,	bought by Lord CARDIGAN for	720	gs.	
" 2.	"	11	" " " " " "	1020	"	
" 3.	"	10	" " " " " Mr. ALLEN	720	"	
" 4.	"	10	" " " " " " "	1360	"	
" 5.	"	10	" " " " " " "	31	"	
" 6.	"	11	" " " " " Lord ROSSLYN	170	"	
" 7.	"	10	" " " " " Mr. BERKELEY	980	"	
" 8.	"	10	" " " " " Mr. ALLEN	840	"	
" 9.	"	11	" " " " " " "	360	"	
" 10.	"	11	" " " " " " "	105	"	
" 11.	"	11	" " " " " " "	59	"	
" 12.	"	11	" " " " " " "	115	"	
" 13.	A lot of Whelps			" " " "	31	"

Subsequently to the sale Lord Cardigan sold all his lots but one. Later papers state that the greater part were bought in by the former owner. The sale is, however, a very remarkable one, and worth recording.

At the late Goodwood Races, including heats, there were actually run thirty-four races during the week, and in one day two of the largest starts took place ever remembered; twenty for the Harkaway Cup, and twenty-four for the 300 sovereigns, the munificent gift of the stewards, Lord EGLINTON and Col. PEEL.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Col. NICHOLAS STONESTREET, of Port Tobacco, Md, that of *Wilton Brown* for his gr. c., 2 yrs. old last Spring, got by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler. Also that of *Countess Ida* for his gr. f. foaled last Spring, got likewise by Priam, out of Laura by Rob Roy. Wilton Brown is engaged in the Pete Whetstone Stake for 1841, and Countess Ida in the Lady's Stake, 1843, to come off at Baltimore.

DORSEY & SMITH, of Clinton, Ga., that of *Noli-me-tangere* for a b. c., 2 yrs. old, by Bertrand Jr., out of Georgia Maid by Contention. Also that of *Betsey Crowell* for a b. f., 2 yrs. old, by John Bascombe, out of Black Sal by Old Whip.

JAMES LANKFORD, Esq., of Coffeetown, South Alabama, that of *Valentine Sevier* for a 3 yr. old ch. c. by Pulaski (he by Virginian), out of Multiflora by Conqueror. Also that of *Louisa Bullitt* for his filly, foaled 24th March, 1839, by Imp. Philip, out of Multiflora. Also that of *Alligator* for his colt, foaled this Spring, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Multiflora, nominated in the \$5000 Stake at New Orleans, for Fall of 1843.

Col. R. B. CORBIN, Caroline county, Va., that of *Regent* for his ch. c., dropped this Spring by Imp. Priam out of Imp. My Lady by Comus. He is decidedly one of the finest colts ever beheld, so finely proportioned that the most determined fault-finder could not call him too long nor too heavy; his color is a rich chesnut without white, excepting a star in the forehead.

C. F. M. NOLAND, Esq., of Arkansas, that of *Duncan Stewart* for a colt foal by Tom Fletcher, out of a Gohanna mare, (to use his own words) "after that accomplished and elegant *Virginia gentleman*, now a Paymaster in the Army."

Mr. JAMES GARDEN, of Charlotte Co., Va., that of *North Bend* for a 3 yr. old ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Betsey Graves, by Clay's Sir William. Also that of *The Farmer* for a 3 yr. old ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Director. Also that of *Log Cabin* for a 3 yr. old br. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Virginian. Also that of *Wyatt Cardwell* for a sucking ch. c. by Imp. Rowton, out of Betsey Graves.

L. Y. CRAIG, Esq., of Versailles, Ky., that of *Euphrates* for his br. f. by Imp. Hedgford, out of Brown Maria, by Kosciusko.

THOS. H. CLAY, Esq., of Lexington, Ky., that of *Argentile* for his b. f. by Bertrand, out of Allagante, by Young Truffle, 2 yrs.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of Wm. B. GREEN, Esq., of near Charlotte Court House, Virginia.

No. 1. RANDOLPHIA, ch. m., with no white, very well formed, about 15 hands 2 inches high, bred by the late Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, but at present the property of Wm. B. Green, Esq., of the same county; foaled in 1832. She was got by Gascoigne, out of Aura by (Randolph's) Roanoke—Amy Robsart by Gracchus—Imp. Lady Bunbury by Trumpator—Theopha by Highflyer—Plaything by Matchem—Vixen by Regulus—(Hutton's) Spot—Fox-Cub—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins—(Hutton's) Grey Barb—Byerly Turk.

Her Produce.

1836. B. c. by Imp. Claret [dead].
1837. Ch. c. *Oliver Twist*, by Imp. Emancipation.

1838. Ch. f. *Angerina*, by Goliah.
1839. Ch. f. *Floscula*, by Imp. Zingane.

1840. Ch. c. *Lois*, by Imp. Rowton.
W. B. GREEN.

Charlotte C. H., Va., June 27, 1840.

Blood Stock of JOHN G. BOSTWICK, Esq. of Murfreesborough, Tenn.

No. 1. BAY MARE, 8 years old this Spring, without white; was got by Pacific (he by Sir Archy), her dam by ———, grandam by Tennessee Oscar, g. g. dam by Rhodes' Whip (he by Imp. Whip), g. g. g. dam by Quick-silver (he by Imp. Medley), g. g. g. g. dam by Fearmought. This mare is 15½ hands high.

No. 2. BAY MARE, 3 yrs. old this Spring, without white, except a few white hairs adjoining the hoof of the left fore foot, 15 hands 2½ inches high; got by Golden Fleece, out of No. 1. Golden Fleece was got by Sir Archy, his dam by Ogle's Oscar, grandam Floretta by Spread Eagle, g. g. dam by Hall's Union. She was the dam of Gov. Wright's mare Pandora, by Grey Diomed.

No. 3. MURFREESBORO', ch. c., one year old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of No. 1. He is of fine size and form, with a white face and right hind foot, and the left hind foot white on the inside.

No. 4. PRINCE GEORGE, a b. c. with-

out white, 13 days old, by Post Boy, out of No 2.

Nos. 1 and 2 are stunted to Post Boy this Spring. JOHN G. BOSTWICK.

Murfreesboro', May 7, 1840.

Blood Stock of JAMES LANKFORD, Esq., of Coffeeville, South Alabama.

No. 1. MULTIFLORA, about 14 years old, got by Conqueror, out of Grey Goose (Bascombe's dam). Conqueror was by Imp. Wonder, out of Cripple by Saltram—Dare Devil—Pantaloon—Valiant, Juniper—out of a mare imported by Mr. John Bland. A. J. DAVIE.

Her Produce.

1837. Ch. c. *Valentine Sevier*, by Pulaskee, he by Virginian.

1839. — f. *Louisa Bullitt*, by Imp. Philip.

1840. — c. *Alligator*, by Imp. Leviathan.

JAMES LANKFORD.

Coffeeville, June 25, 1840.

Blood Stock of H. J. CANNON and E. J. PEEBLES, Esqs., of Jackson, Northampton County, N. C.

No. 1. SALLY SABLE, bl. m., got by Munroe, out of Lady Randolph (sister to Caninian) by Sir Archy. Munroe was by Wilkes' Wonder, his dam by Chanticleer, out of Rosette by Wilkins' Centinel—Diana by Clodius—Sally Painter by Imp. Evans' Starling—Imp. mare Silver. Wonder is by old Diomed, his dam (dam also of the celebrated racers Pacolet, Jolly-Air, Palafox, etc.) got by Tippoo Saib, son of Ranger, &c. &c.

No. 2. *Grey Colt*, foaled last Spring, got by Clarence Linden, out of No. 1. Clarence Linden was by the Winter Arabian, out of Flora McIvor, half sister to Sally Sable. This mare we bought at the sale of Col. Philip Claiborne's blood stock last year, and the colt is the result of a *notion* of this singular old gentleman that Clarence (as he bred and owned him) was equal to Priam.

No. 3. POLLY CATTLE, ch. m., by Marion, out of Sugars (the dam of Pulaskee) by Constitution, grandam by Imp. Dragon—Imp. Medley—Mark Anthony—Jolly Roger—out of Young Jenny Cameron, out of Old Jenny Cameron,

she out of the Cabbage-Arse mare, alias Miss Belle-voir, &c. &c.

Sugars' grandam was the dam of Bet Bounce, Coquette, Arab, Janette, etc.

H. J. CANNON.

Jackson, N. C., Aug. 15, 1840.

Pedigree of MAMBRINO.—The following certificate given by the breeder, Col. Lewis Morris, leaves no doubt of the purity of his blood:—

I certify that the bay colt bred by me, three years old the 16th of last month, was got by old Messenger, his dam by Sourkrout, grandam by Whirligig, g. g. dam Miss Slamerkin by Wildair, out of the imported Cub mare.

Given under my hand at Morrisania, June 19th, 1810. LEWIS MORRIS.

Pedigree of the Imported Mare SILVER, from which the family of the celebrated race-horses *Virginian* and *Director* descended.

Having, in the course of a few months past, obtained very many additions to my large and manifold collection of pedigrees of thorough-bred horses, I take the liberty, at this time, to inform all those persons who may have in possession thorough-breds, the immediate descendants of the above horses, that they are of inestimable value, and well may their own performances, as well as those of their descendants, appear more manifest when we come to extend the pedigree of the imported mare stated above fully. This mare, through all the various ramifications of her unsullied pe-

digree, and uncontaminated with a single plebeian or unfashionable cross throughout, presents, in *bold relief*, a stock of blood-horses from which racers of almost every description whatsoever have descended; more especially those of size, strength, muscular powers, speed, bottom, lastingness, and ability to carry the heaviest weights. This circumstance will appear more manifest when I come to extend her pedigree, for public benefit—having never heard of its being made public before.

PATRICK NISBETT EDGAR.

In the year 1822 I was, through the kindness of a very highly respectable gentleman in the Isle of Wight County, Virginia, politely invited to his house and put into the possession of several barrels and hogsheads of old papers, belonging to the estates of upwards of twenty-five deceased gentlemen. Upon a thorough examination of the same I found manifold pedigrees of blood-horses, and among them the pedigree of the above imported mare, Silver; a copy (it was stated) was taken from the original—she was foaled about the year 1762, and imported into Virginia by the late Capt. Evans;—she was got by the Bell-sized Arabian (imported also into Virginia)—her dam by Croft's Partner—her dam (*full sister*) to Roxana, by the Bald Galloway—her dam (*full sister*) to the Akaster Turk, Leede's Arabian, Spanker, Natural Arabian Mare.

The above is true.

(Signed) WILLIAM EVANS.

Lynessville, N. C., Aug. 11, 1840.

Pedigree of SIDNEY, the property of Mr. JOHN FLANNAGAN, of Belleville, St. Clair County, Illinois.

SIDNEY, a bay colt, was foaled in 1829, and ran with success on the Union Course, Long Island, and subsequently in the West, where he is now standing. He was got by the celebrated Sir Charles, out of Virginia, by Thornton's Rattler, whose pedigree is thus recorded in the American Turf Register, vol. ix., page 48:—

Virginia, a blood b. m., got by Dr. Thornton's Rattler, for whose pedigree see Turf Reg., her dam German Spa, the same mare referred to in Turf Register as Glenn's famous mare, was got by Billy Duane, he by Americus; and he by Imp. Shark—the dam of Americus by Wildair, by Fearnought; grandam by Vampire, g. g. d. Imp. Kitty Fisher, by Cade. The dam of Billy Duane, Betsey Baker, raised by John Hoskins, of Virginia, King and Queen Counties, she by Buzzard, her dam Portia, g. d. by old Messenger, Portia by Copper, a son of old Messenger. The dam of the German Spa was a chesnut mare, formerly the property of Benj. Lowndes, Esq., of Bladensburg, afterwards sold to Thos. Dick; she was got by the Imp. horse Venetian, dam by Lloyd's Traveller, g. d. by Imp. horse Othello, out of an Imp. mare by Spot. See Edgar's Stud Book, p. 122.

The deficiency in this pedigree is in the knowledge of the blood of Portia's dam. Possibly some of the Long Island breeders may be able to supply it.

THOMAS MARSHALL.

Maysville, Kentucky, Aug. 6, 1840.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1840

Embellishment:

AMERICAN HUNTERS' CAMP,

ETCHED ON STEEL BY DICK,

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY THE LATE LAMENTED RINDISBACHER,

Presented to the Editor.

Contents:

	Page
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.	494
AMERICAN HUNTERS' CAMP: BY THE EDITOR.....	495
THE APPROACHING DONCASTER ST. LEGER.....	496
THE HABITS OF THE PIKE: BY "H. J.".....	497
ON EXPOSING SPURIOUS PEDIGREES: BY "R."	498
TIME RACES IN AMERICA: BY "CHIRON"	499
ON THE TOO THOROUGH BREEDING OF THE RACE HORSE: BY SAGITTARIUS. 501	
ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF AND FOR THE CHASE.....	504
NATURE OF LAND CALCULATED TO	
BREED ON..... 505	HOVELS..... 508
CAUTION AGAINST ACCIDENTS..... 507	FENCES AND SIZE OF PADDOCKS..... 509
	HERBAGE..... 510
SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING QUAIL: BY "J. CYPRESS, JR.".....	511
REVIEW OF THE SPRING RACES AT THE SOUTH-WEST: BY "COLDEN"....	516
A QUARTER RACE IN KENTUCKY: BY "MR. SNOOKS".....	521
THE VETERINARIAN—A TREATISE, ETC.: BY W. C. SPOONER, M.R.V.C.....	527
THE GOODWOOD MEETING	534
A TRIP TO CHATEAU RICHER, ETC.: BY "FRANK FORESTER".....	542
STOCK OF LUZBOROUGH, LEVIATHAN, PRIAM, ETC.: BY "B*****.".....	550
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR	552
DEATH OF JAMES JACKSON..... 552	CRICKET MATCH..... 554
THE GREAT MATCH..... 553	SALES OF STOCK..... "
DEATH OF CAROLINE MALONE..... "	RACE COURSES AND JOCKEY CLUBS.. "
EXHIBITION AND SALE OF CATTLE .. "	NAMES CLAIMED..... 555
HORSES IN KENTUCKY NEXT SEASON 554	
TURF REGISTER	556
STOCK OF THOS. J. YOUNG, ESQ..... 556	PEDIGREE OF IMP. SIR ROBERT..... 556
" " COL. JOHN CROWELL..... "	

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor flatters himself that the present number of the "Register" is superior to any one that has appeared under his supervision; it contains, at any rate, two articles, that would not only confer honor upon the most distinguished sporting writers within the last century, but which are not excelled by anything in the language, at any period. We refer to the "*Observations on Quail*" by "I. Cypress, Jr.," and the "*Quarter Race in Kentucky*." The latter was written for and published in the "Spirit of the Times" several years since, and notwithstanding every possible exertion was made "here and elsewhere," the writer successfully preserved his incognito for more than two years. We discovered the author's name by accident in New Orleans, and have since importuned him to write frequently, but as yet he has furnished us with two articles only—excellent of course. He is a citizen of a Cotton-growing State, a gentleman of the highest character in society, and a breeder of distinction. We were thrown off the scent of his "local habitation and his name" by the fact of his sending his communication five hundred miles from his residence to be mailed; our delight on ascertaining his identity was increased beyond measure by his turning out an old acquaintance of years standing, and we have more than once been on the point of threatening to divulge the secret of his authorship unless he promises to give us another taste of his quality. The other contents of the "Register" for this month will be found unusually diversified, useful, and entertaining—a fact to be attributed to the number and sterling ability of our CORRESPONDENTS, who may not be unconcerned to hear that their general articles are transferred, almost without exception, to the pages of our transatlantic contemporaries.

By the arrival of the "Great Western" steam ship, which left England on the 12th ult., we learn that *Crucifix* has given way; but for this untoward event we should have anticipated her showing to signal advantage in the Great St. Leger race on the 15th. Launcelot, the brother to Touchstone, is still first favorite.

Boston and Gano were in fine health at the last accounts, and all parties seem sanguine of a fine race.

There is an *on dit* that Messrs. JOHNSON, HARE, and KIRBY, of Virginia, will each send a stable to Charleston this season.

The experiment is to be tried here on the Union Course, Long Island, at the ensuing First Fall Meeting (Tuesday, 6th instant), of compressing the usual four days' racing into one day. In addition to the Sweepstakes, all the Club Purses will be run for on that day.

On the Centreville Trotting Course, Long Island, on the 24th Sept., Mr. Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk* beat Mr. Hamill's b. g. *Dutchman*, two mile heats under the saddle, in 4:59—5:03½. The first mile of the first heat was trotted in 2:29, and the second mile in 2:30. In Dutchman's celebrated Match vs. Time in July last year, he trotted a heat of three miles under the saddle in the following time—the best on record:—2:34½—2:28—2:30.

J. Prescott Hall, Esq., of this city, claims the name of *Fanny Elssler*, for his 3 yr. old filly, the own sister to Clara Howard.



AMERICAN HUNTERS' CAMP.

WE are indebted to the kindness of Theodoric B. Skinner, Esq., of Baltimore, a worthy son of our distinguished and "illustrious predecessor," for the original drawing which forms the subject of this month's illustration. It is from the pencil of the lamented P. Rindisbacher, and one of the most beautiful of his numerous sketches, of which several have been engraved for previous volumes of this magazine. The name of Rindisbacher is known to most of our readers as that of a young untutored Swiss artist, residing on the extreme verge of our Western Frontier, far removed from the haunts of civilization, and entirely cut off from any intercourse with society. The officers belonging to a detachment of the U. S. Army, which penetrated to the wild, uncultivated region where this eminently gifted artist had built his camp, were the first to admire and cherish his talents. When first discovered, he had never seen a crayon or a pencil—paint and brushes were utterly unknown to him; yet he had contrived rude substitutes for each and all, and the specimens of his skill were regarded with profound astonishment and admiration, and were eagerly sought for. Some time elapsed before he received (from a female relative of a distinguished General in the U. S. Army) a box of water colors, and he lived to cultivate his remarkable powers a few months longer only, being suddenly cut off while yet young, but not before he had completed for his fair patron a most spirited and exquisite sketch in return for what to him was a priceless gift.

The drawing Mr. Dick has so faithfully copied, represents the camp of two American Hunters—as it would seem, at the close of a capital day's sport. One of them would appear to have reached their shanty with his dog, in time to kindle his fire, and skin his buck, before his companion made his appearance. As he sits near the fire, comfortably smoking his pipe, the other comes up, and he points with an evident look of complacency and triumph at the fat on his buck, already skinned, before his companion has time to throw his from his shoulders. The attitudes of the two hounds are full of meaning and expression, and the effect of the sketch generally is graphic and life-like to a remarkable degree.

The camp itself is so well delineated as to require no description. It is evidently covered with spruce slabs, while the bed is composed of cedar sprigs, or shin-hemlock, over which the hunters have spread their blankets. While in Hamilton County, a short time since, we frequently enjoyed the novelty of sleeping in a shanty;—the work of half an hour—for nearly a week together, and contrived to make them warm and comfortable. First we cut two crotched sticks, six feet long, and sharpening their points, drove them into the ground, as supporters of the fabric; across these was laid the three string pieces composing the frame, as seen in the engraving. Instead of splitting spruce planks for a roof, we peeled the bark of that tree, and turning the smooth side upwards, and lapping the pieces, made the covering water-tight. When

spruce will not peel, the balsam-fir, and half a dozen other trees, offer a substitute. For the sides we interlaced the birch and witch hopple, and afterwards covered the whole with the tops of young trees of luxuriant foliage. Sprigs of cedar or hemlock make a soft, dry, and fragrant bed, on which, after a good day's work, one can enjoy such a night's sleep as was never dreamed of by denizens of a populous city. The choice of site, which should be near a spring, and location of the fire, etc., we have no room to remark upon this month, but shall recur to the matter again, in detailing a few incidents which marked our sporting expedition to Hamilton County.

THE APPROACHING DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

If a method be ever discovered whereby success at games of chance shall be ensured, gambling will lose not the least powerful of its stimulants. It may be doubted whether excitement does not divide the palm with the "*auri sacra fames*," in packing many a circle around the Scylla of hazard, and Charybdis of *rouge et noir*. With this view of our subject, it will be conceived that our purpose is not to foretel the winner of the forthcoming Leger: were it known, what business would people have "i' th' north?"

Still, while we hold our peace about effects, there may be some interest, if not service, in a passing allusion to causes—so far as they may be known to us beyond such knowledge as appears to be public. Launcelot is first favorite for the great northern race: no need to say anything introductory of him; he has been beaten at all ages—two and three: and if he win the Leger, it won't be according to the line afforded by his Derby running. Gibraltar we thus spoke of, last month:—"He ought to be a good speculation at anything above 10 to 1." So far our prognostication has proved correct; he now averages about half that price.

But Crucifix is the "great creature," and the great feature in this race. Her value, six weeks ago, was 5 to 2 agst. her; now it is about six times as much. This change took place because she was announced to be amiss at the close of July, and paid forfeit in her Goodwood engagements. *She did not go to Goodwood because she was lame.* We state this, as rumors are abroad that she was "saved," in consequence of Lord George Bentinck having taken heavy odds about her for three events, one of them being the St. Leger. Such is not the case; her noble owner has no such bet. Her appearance at Doncaster will depend upon the same contingency that settled the Goodwood question. Her leg filled after her preparatory gallop for the latter: should the same result follow the Doncaster criterion, of course it will be "no go;" but, if she stand sound, there will be a pretty "gittin' up stairs." It is fitting, however, that our country cousins should be told that the C—— and the G——, and other big bores, are firing away against her, right

and left, with all their strength. The next in favor is Maroon, who was beaten, at the Hippodrome June Meeting, by Fitzroy and The Currier, giving them 4lb., but who has since been a winner: Broadwath, of some provincial odor; Theon, who *ought* to have won the Derby; Dr. Caius, who has been running and winning as honest as steel;—these, with one or two more, constituting the lot of outsiders up to this writing. So far the bettors round appear well: the field, unless some *Wonder* comes to light, looks harmless enough.

London Sporting Review for Sept., 1840.

THE HABITS OF THE PIKE.

“My task has by no means been difficult, for I possess the very best opportunities of observing the *birds* whose habits I have described.”—WATERTON.

FROM the first page I read of Waterton's works, I became convinced that every man who would excel as a sportsman should study “his subject with unceasing attention in the field of Nature.” I have done so as respects the pike from easy opportunity, and am satisfied that my chances of success both in trolling and trimmering are doubled by such observation.

In windy days pike are always on the move, appearing more lively and inclined to prey on the small fry than at other times. This is evidenced by the repeated plunges one sees and hears when the ripple of the waves prevents one from seeing the fish themselves. In calm sunny weather they lie and bask for hours together, and take their food only at night and morning, while in windy weather they are on the move all day. The larger pike never shew near the surface. It is astonishing how small a space of ground a pike moves over. He is, so to speak, a ruminating fish: he appears to be almost constantly in deep study. Perhaps no fish travels far from his haunt, but pike assuredly keep very near home. Actual and repeated observations of this fact have proved it to me beyond all doubt. Pike are not so gluttonous as may be imagined from their voracity: two roach of six inches, or three at most, will satisfy the pike's appetite for some hours, and he will refuse a third or fourth roach. I speak of a pike of 5lb. weight, and the same rule holds throughout. I have fed them thus, and learned it beyond question. I proved another thing, which was this: pike in a water where bait-fish abound will have from ten to twelve in different stages of digestion in their stomachs, and these each with their heads downwards. It is singular to see a pike take his food, especially a dead fish: if it floats, he will draw up to it imperceptibly almost, and at length take it swiftly or slowly, for they do it both ways. Again, if it sink, he will follow it gradually down, and pick it up from the bottom. A few days ago I saw a large pike carry a root and leaves of long grass under water, and then it came to the surface, and he with

it; and so on until at length I drew it out alone. There is no doubt it had become entangled in his jaws as he struck a bait-fish, but it was a curious and novel sight to see. I thought at first there was a line which had caught against the weed, and that the pike had a hook in him, but ascertained by a drag that there was nothing of the kind in the pond. A great deal may be learnt from this, which must be practically useful in trolling: it shews how and where pike feed, and the bait is to be trolled accordingly. I see also that pike *invariably* seize the small fish by the middle, shake and bite them for some seconds, and then gorge them, head downwards. I shall by and by try some experiments with hooks, and the fixing of them—adapting them to the pike's habit in this respect for both gorge and snap tackle. I believe in trolling it is almost impossible to go too slow, or fish too long in a place, if a pike is near. I think it would not be amiss even to leave the bait fish on the ground for five or ten minutes. I saw a remarkable instance of it, and of the stupidity, if I so may speak, of a pike. I had thrown a dead roach into the pond, which floated to the contrary side on which I stood. I got a line and wooden hoop, and flung the hoop to draw back the roach that I might throw it in again and see the pike strike it. I threw the hoop eleven times before I caught the roach, and at length, in bringing it across the pond, a pike struck at it, but hitting the hoop, missed it: nothing daunted, he came again, and got it. There is no question that he had lain still all the time I was splashing the water about, and that when he saw the roach as I drew it to me, he went at it. This speaks volumes to trollers when they know whereabouts a good fish *keeps*.

Another thing is worthy of note. It is in my opinion a bad practice in trolling to cast the line over fresh water every cast, and for this reason: if you throw anything near a pike to alarm him, he darts off to a small distance, and stops: if you throw again, or let a fish lie, he will return and attack it. To throw again where he lies would be to alarm him again, and so on. I am satisfied on this point.

H. J.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Sept., 1840.

ON EXPOSING SPURIOUS PEDIGREES.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Sept. 14, 1840.

DEAR SIR: I see in the last "Register" an article "On Exposing Spurious Pedigrees," which cannot be too much commended, and I merely now take up my pen to urge "D." to undertake the task proposed. He possesses the requisite information, is a bold ready writer, and if he does meet the fate of Ishmael, he will receive the thanks of every intelligent breeder. Whenever an individual gives to the public the pedigrees of his stock, he makes them emphatically the property of that public, as far as is necessary to a free and full examination of their pretensions and merits. If he flies into a passion at the statement of *any fact* re-

lative to them, he becomes contemptible and ridiculous in the eyes of every gentleman. When the breeders of the country permit false and spurious pedigrees to go forth under the sanction of established sporting papers, all who can expose the fraud, become in some degree parties to it. It is to the interest of all except a few designing plunderers, that all the blood stock in the land should be "shown up" in their real colors, and in this section of the Union, I know public opinion will force every man to abide the judgment. For one I regard the vast mass of the late Importations as miserable trash, calculated effectually to contaminate every thing they touch, and for a section of the country deeply engaged in breeding, I invite "D." to strip the foreign and domestic noble of his pretended title to "gentle blood." So squeamish have owners of stock become on this subject, that many gentlemen have been imposed on, and are now innocently engaged in continuing the imposition, and when expositions are made, fall improperly under censure. If the way were once opened, many would join, and not a false pedigree would be left for villany to bank on—a pioneer is wanted.

R.

TIME RACES IN AMERICA.

HAVING some time ago read an account of the performances of American race-horses, in which it is attempted to prove *by the stop-watch* that they are superior to ours, and having nowhere seen any notice taken of this assertion, permit me to make a few remarks upon this subject, in order that the attention of those members of the Turf who are better able to do it justice than myself, may be called to it.

In the first place, then, presuming the time in which certain distances have been gone over in America to have been correctly taken, I would remark that this criterion alone is one by which the comparative merits of their breed of horses (or rather ours) and the English race-horse cannot be fairly judged; for in this country we do not make a point of running our races by the stop-watch, and, excepting that the time may be taken occasionally by private individuals, we have no record whatever of the speed at which many of our races are run. Indeed it very frequently happens that races for our best prizes are slowly run, except towards the finish, and that by as good horses as can be bred—horses that, were the match against time instead of against each other, might possibly run the course in two-thirds of the period that is sometimes occupied in going over it. Now, when any gentleman, having a strong and lasting horse in a large Stake, thinks it worth while to start another horse to make play for him and cut up his competitors at the beginning of the race, it seldom happens that any great pace is kept up for more than the first half—say of a two-mile course—after which the speed may diminish to the distance, when the most powerful horse, having been kept in reserve, makes

play and wins; but this by no means proves that he might not have run the same course in less time had there been any necessity for so doing.

In short, as we do not, except upon peculiar occasions, pique ourselves upon running against time, and consequently do not consider it needful to keep a regular account of the number of minutes and seconds occupied in covering a certain distance, we have not in most instances the necessary data for refuting such an assertion as that of the superiority of the American over the English Turf, when founded upon such a criterion; and although we certainly possess authentic information, in many cases, of the time in which certain of our celebrated race-horses have gone over a certain course, it by no means follows either that they could not have gone the same distance quicker, or that other horses that have not been timed have not actually done so.

I recollect seeing stated, I think in your Magazine, some years ago, that a dispute upon the superiority of our horses and those bred from our stock in America (for I cannot call them American horses) arose at Tattersall's, and that an English Nobleman offered to back the English racer against his Yankee descendant for as much gold as would fill a horse-trough; and as no doubt the same sum would be betted against Jonathan in this country at the present day, if our public prizes are not sufficiently tempting, why I can only say the sooner he sends over some of his produce for the purpose of running away with our money, the sooner will he be likely to return *minus* his nags and a few dollars to boot.

I might write a great deal more upon this subject tending to prove that the criteria upon which the respective merits of the English blood-horse in both countries are founded may, with respect to racing, be extremely fallacious; for have we not, for example, daily instances of horses whose powers are principally shewn upon certain descriptions of courses, and can we therefore institute a decided comparison in this one particular alone between a Newmarket and a Long Island racer?

What can better exemplify this than the doings of all the winners of the Derby—a course peculiarly adapted to try the powers and stoutness of a horse? Has the winner this year, Little Wonder, never been beaten on another course? The same question, with perhaps the single exception of Crucifix who won the Oaks over the same course, would be answered in the affirmative, and must ever be so, so long as horses are not made to go by steam. I am not prepared with any of the statistics of racing wherewith to refute the assertions made in favor of the American Turf, but I sincerely trust, for the honor of the "Old Country," that some one more skilled in the subject than myself may be found to adduce proofs of our superiority even in the article of time, if that be necessary, and to shew that our best blood, when transplanted, will not keep pace with that of our little Island.

In conclusion, I may just ask if the American pound weight and the American mile be equal to the English?

CHIRON.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Sept., 1840.

ON THE TOO THOROUGH BREEDING OF THE RACE HORSE.

I PROPOSE attempting to prove in the following treatise, that speed in the Race-Horse is a quality more transmissible to his progeny than bottom, and that being opponent qualities, if thorough breeding is continued, it must terminate in the increase of the former at the expense of the latter. And in order to accomplish the object in view with more method and distinctness, I shall consider the following propositions as self-evident, or axioms.

1. That there are two capacities in the Race-Horse—the capacity for speed and the capacity for continuance. Speed has by some been considered as bottom, but though it is so to a certain degree, yet to push the doctrine to any extent is absurd, and more especially when horses are going at very high speed.

2. The power of the Horse cannot by any process of breeding be carried beyond a certain point.

3. As you increase the speed of a horse's performances in a given time, you diminish his capacity for continuing that performance (for instance, if a horse is forced to perform a mile under two minutes, he will not be able to perform as many miles in twenty-four hours as if he were permitted to perform the mile in five or six minutes—from this the conclusion is irresistible)—that as you increase those proportions that will give the very maximum capacity for speed, you must diminish those that contribute to bottom; for if you could increase his capacity for speed, without diminishing his capacity for continuance, his perfection would have no fixed point.

It is a principle in animal mechanics that the greatest advantage can be derived from animal powers only by using them to the full extent for which their conformation adapt them.

Thus if a horse be so formed that he can go a mile in a minute, the way to make him perform two miles in the shortest space of time, would be to run him at the rate of his speed (always making allowance in the pace for the difference of distance), for if we do not this, then will remain unemployed some part of his capacity—which of all things must be avoided. A horse, then, that can run a mile in one minute and forty-five seconds, will labor under great disadvantage in running four miles against a horse that can run a mile only in one minute and fifty seconds; because, as experience proves, no horse can last at the average of more than one minute and fifty-four seconds in four miles (I speak of American time,) consequently there would be a much greater quantity of unemployed capacity in the first horse than the last—the difference being six seconds per mile, or twenty-four seconds in four—a difference, running at the rate of one minute and fifty-four seconds per mile, of more than three hundred yards;—hence judges of the Horse will say he goes too fast to last long.

From this it is evident (though to a certain degree speed be

bottom) that, in another view, great speed is a disadvantage. This, though at first sight it appears absurd, experience proves to be true. And ascribing it to unemployed capacity is the only way in which it can be accounted for.*

It has been proved that the power of the Race-Horse consists in speed and bottom—and were it true that the ancestor could transmit to his progeny the exact quantity of speed and bottom that he himself possesses, the Race-Horse would pass from generation to generation with but little change in his qualities—this, however, is not the case; each horse, we all know, transmits certain parts of his form to his progeny, with more certainty than others—those parts being always the strongest and most perfect of form—a most admirable contrivance of Nature for the purpose of preventing the deterioration of the animal.†

That the quality of speed is more transmissible in the Race-Horse than that of bottom, we conceive the following illustration will be sufficient to prove. If a string of twenty thorough bred colts be trained, it will soon be found that they almost all have pretty good speed, but that those of bottom are very few—and all of these few, in comparison, deficient in heels. From these twenty colts there will be four four-milers, six two and three milers, and perhaps eight one milers, with two good for nothing. It is plain, then, that if these thorough bred horses be considered to represent all the thorough bred horses in the world (which it is very easy to suppose), and they breed in with each other the greater and more transmissible quality, must in time destroy the smaller and less transmissible one.

If this be the case, it will be said, prove the principle that you have now advanced. Speed must, in the English Race-Horse, be a stronger or more marked quality than bottom. This we conceive to be certain, for his Arabian ancestor, with equal bottom, never showed any comparison with him in speed; and hence the English Horse has always been able to vanquish him in every contest in India or Russia—the pure bred son of the desert evinced equal bottom, but could not go the stride with the English racer—here was the converse of the proposition No. 3—the more the speed was increased, the less capacity there was to go the distance in a given time.

The favorite cant of the present day is, that the English now only breed for short races—"they neglect the old Prunella blood," &c. &c. This is mere twaddle; the English have bred from old Prunella as much as they could,‡ and they have also tried to keep up the distance of their nags, but from thorough breeding the

* The mechanical axiom of the lever is, as you gain power you lose speed—for if you could gain power without losing speed, the station of Archimedes would be found.—*Bun-
lo's Comp. of Mechanics*, p. 70—*Wheel and Axle*.

† It has been said that thorough bred horses transmit their form or color to their progeny, with greater certainty than cold bred animals. They do so without doubt, but only when their form or color is in itself more perfect, or rather, more consonant with that form or color which Nature has originally determined as the standard of perfection. Thus a dun or white horse will not produce one in ten of his colts of his own color, whereas a bay or chestnut will produce more than two thirds. Dun or pure white are imperfect colors for the Horse. Hence the quantities of blood horses of this color is very small indeed.

‡ The descendants from the *fillies* of old Prunella alone amount to ninety-two in number.

speed has increased and the bottom decreased. It is said, also, that their great stakes are for short distances, and hence their style of breeding. But this is the effect and not the cause of their having horses that do not go the distance. The style of racing is always governed by the style of horses that we have to run. About twenty-five years ago, in Kentucky and Tennessee, there was little but quarter racing, because there were few but quarter horses. Ninety years ago, in England, four mile heats were the fashion—and why? because they had Sampson and Thwackum—afterwards the sons of the former, Engineer and Bay Malton, and after these Eclipse, &c. But from the English system of thorough breeding, which has certainly increased the speed, the style of racing is now changed—four mile heats are seldom run, and when they are run the first three miles are galloped, and the event put on a brush. They run short races because they have not any stout horses. Mr. Tattersall is in the habit of speaking of the cruelty of running four mile heats. Is it not amusing to hear fox-hunters, who are daily in the habit of knocking their horses' brains out against stone walls, and breaking their necks over sunk fences, talk of the cruelty of running four mile heats—this is more of the cant of this canting age.

From the principle for which we have been contending, namely, that thorough breeding tends to increase speed more than bottom, it may fairly be asked, if this be true, why is it the case that in crossing with a three-quarters bred mare, you are so much more apt to obtain a speedy than a bottomed horse? The reason is this—*speed is much more easily transmitted to the progeny than bottom*, as has all along been contended—and besides, there is no doubt that in crossing a thorough bred animal with one that is not so, there will always be a tendency in the progeny to resemble more the thorough bred sire than the dam, for his points are more perfect, and consequently more apt to stamp their image on the offspring—and speed is, especially in the thorough bred horse, a more marked and transmissible quality than bottom. It is owing to this that the fact contended for by "D." in the eleventh volume of the "Register" is certainly true, namely, that no horse who could not run four mile heats was ever known to be the getter of four mile race horses—why? because bottom is a quality so difficult to be transmitted, that it requires the very strongest development of it in the parent to render him capable of conveying it to his progeny. I knew a thorough bred son of Truxton, who, though a horse of no speed himself, never failed to get a colt of considerable speed from whatever mare might be put to him—he could convey speed, though actually deficient himself. This is never the case with a horse without bottom; but "D." has so well illustrated this fact, that it is needless for me to speak more of it.

In the above theory I have given no illustrations by specifying particular horses—there is no comparison drawn between English and American horses, and but little matter introduced that might distract the attention from the plain principle contended for, namely, *that the most transmissible quality in any animal must, by breeding*

in and in, (and thorough breeding, disguise it as you will, is nothing more,) in time destroy the others which are at all opposed to it. And thus speed and bottom are opponent qualities, and of these two, speed being the most transmissible, thorough breeding must increase the speed at the expense of the bottom.

SAGITTARIUS.

ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF AND FOR THE CHASE.

THE utmost skill and industry which man can bestow will never equal the meanest productions of Nature, either for beauty, durability, or intrinsic worth.

Human Art is the Journeyman, and is simply permitted to add a few touches to those pieces which come from the hand of Nature, in order to appropriate them to certain purposes. A tailor may make a suit of clothes to adorn the figure, but Nature must have made the man. Thus it is ordained, that he shall exert himself to convert to his use the various objects which are provided for him, and it depends greatly upon his skill and attention to the subject, whether he improve or spoil the work. It was ordained by Providence that man should rule over the fishes of the sea, the birds of the air, and the beasts of the earth; and the horse appears to be an animal created especially for the use and convenience, pleasure and profit of man. The utmost attention is necessary, and practical experience indispensable, to rear this great boon of Heaven in such a way that the animal's highest powers and qualifications shall be produced. The right means will tend to improve the work of Nature, but the reverse will inevitably spoil it.

The cultivation of the earth becomes the more necessary as population increases: commensurate with that progress and the existing population is the necessity of providing an increased number of those animals which are essential to the use of man, and the improvement of the soil from which he gains his support. Of these animals the horse stands pre-eminent.

Whether the pursuit of breeding horses be undertaken as a source of pleasure or for the sake of profit, it is an occupation which combines many inducements. To the mind which requires excitement it will not fail to produce it: it is also one of the most interesting, useful, and patriotic engagements that a man can undertake. This country has long been justly celebrated for its breed of horses: they are superior to those of any other nation: still longer may we continue to enjoy that celebrity! Whilst the blessings of peace cherish our commercial interests, the services of the horse are required for pleasure and for the purposes of trade. When the horrors of war break out, our power is acknowledged and maintained in the advantages which our cavalry possess. The source from which the most valuable description of horses is procured, in the present day, is the English thorough-bred horse. To

preserve that superior kind is of the utmost importance, because it is well known that for all the acquirements of speed, symmetry, constitution, and general usefulness, he is the only sire whose stock can be expected to combine those attributes, or to be in any way depended upon. So long as our races receive the cherishing support of the most wealthy of our countrymen by the golden prizes which are subscribed to by them at several influential Meetings, the purposes of racing alone will induce men to breed such horses as are calculated for that purpose, by selecting stallions and mares which possess the most perfect proportions combined with speed and power. When to this is added the demand which our continental friends create, it appears scarcely necessary to advance a single argument in furtherance of so laudable an undertaking. The great care and judgment evinced by our most experienced and influential breeders will guarantee the annual production of numbers of first-rate horses. Out of so many as are produced, it is a matter of course that some must be of an inferior description; but so long as there are such numbers to be selected from, we may depend upon visits from our continental neighbors, who, with all the care and judgment which they can bestow, can never rear horses equal to ours, for these two simple reasons—their climate is not so suitable to the constitution of the horse, nor will their land grow that description of provender so well calculated for his sustenance as ours does.

As an amusement to those who are regardless of emolument, the breeding of horses is one of the most delightful. From the first selection of the fountain, from which it is hoped all that is valuable, proportionate, and beautiful, can flow—whether it has been the mare who has been running faithfully for her owner, and is at last worn out in toiling in the character of a race-horse, or whether it be one selected and purchased solely for the purpose of breeding—from that moment an anxious and pleasing sensation arises, first in the choice of a horse whose character, blood, reputation, and performances may be supposed most likely to suit the mare, and produce superiority. It then becomes a matter of interest and daily attention to ascertain whether the favorite is in foal. The important time of foaling arrives, when the interesting scene succeeds of the elegant little creature running by the side of its dam. The care of the foal during the ensuing winter becomes the succeeding object. After the second summer has passed away, the breaker's discipline is called in aid preparatory to the more severe tuition of the trainer, whose care next succeeds. The all-important question then arises—can he race? Thus the mind is constantly excited by hopes and fears, doubts and realities.

NATURE OF LAND CALCULATED TO BREED ON.

Certain causes produce certain effects, and in nothing is this axiom more conspicuous than in the effect produced by climate and the peculiar nature of the soil on which animals are reared. The blood-horse does not appear to thrive on the continent; in hot climes the hound loses his principal qualities in a very few genera-

tions : thus it is of the greatest importance to choose a situation congenial with the animal's temper, habit, and constitution. Horses bred on low marshy lands are coarse and heavy in their shoulders : their legs are fleshy, and wanting in that fine wiry development of sinew necessary for the performance of hard labor : their feet, being continually exposed to moisture, become flat, spongy, and weak, and when called upon to undergo severe work, soon become the victims of disease. The change which naturally arises when a horse is taken from such a situation into a stable covered with dry litter is very great : the texture of the hoof is quite altered, and in many instances the form of it. Even if artificial means be resorted to, for the purpose of keeping it in a similar condition to what it was formerly, evil consequences follow, because in a soft state it is not calculated to sustain the hard surface of a road, or even of turf when that turf is very dry, and in fact is often found as hard as a turnpike road without being as free from roughness. The sole and frog, being rendered soft by too much moisture, subjects the extremely delicate internal structure to frequent bruises, which, by the inflammation produced, so completely deform the parts as to produce lameness of an incurable character. Thus it appears to be one of the most important considerations to attend to the feet of young horses, which subject will call forth a separate notice.

Not only are the feet affected by wet and marshy situations, but the whole of the animal frame. Succulent herbage tends to the production of fat, with loose flaccid muscle, and sinews of a similar texture, the very reverse of that which is requisite for the thorough-bred horse, or indeed for any animal that is to be qualified for speedy or continued exertions : whereas sound dry land, on somewhat elevated, but at the same time not exposed situations, conduces to a clean, wiry, muscular animal. Another advantage is also observable in such districts as far as regards the feet. Should the seasons be unusually dry, and the feet appear confined from want of sufficient moisture, artificial means may be resorted to by the simple remedy of a surface of clay in any convenient situation, which being kept moist, and the animal induced to remain on it during a portion of the day, the evils which might otherwise accrue to over-hard and narrow feet will be obviated. On wet land it is impossible to remedy the defect without keeping the colt in the hovel altogether, which would be injurious to its action, growth, and symmetry.

The atmosphere which arises in marshy situations is extremely injurious to the constitution of the horse, and is an attribute of that nature which no human art can palliate or rectify. Dry sandy or gravelly loams appear to take the precedence : light loams, on limestone or chalky bottoms, are also good, providing the substratum is not of that nature as to retain the wet on the surface of the land. Draining may in some degree improve certain descriptions of land, but it does not appear to do good on very wet and retentive clays, or in marshy situations, when, as I have before observed, the atmosphere is affected by the nature of the surrounding soil.

When it is observed that the sandy deserts of the East are the native soils of the primitive breed of horses, it is reasonable to expect that such situations as are most similar will be the most eligible. Experience, more valuable than theory, substantiates the presumption; and it appears to be one of the great laws of Nature that all wild animals are found in such places as are most suitable to their constitutions. Land which produces a short sweet herbage is most desirable; and if peculiarly dry seasons create a deficiency of keep, clover, lucerne, or vetches may be mown and given in the shed; a proportion of which should invariably be provided in case of emergency.

Should the pasturage become too luxuriant, it will be advisable to turn sheep into it in order to keep it fine, or even in some instances bullocks or cows: but on such occasions as the latter the horses should be removed, as there is great danger attending upon their being in company with horned animals.

Water is a very essential element, which should be conveyed in pipes so arranged as to supply troughs. Ponds in the paddocks are objectionable, as mares are very apt to remain in them in hot weather, and may, by so doing, bring on diseases which may affect their milk. If the water cannot be conveyed from a more elevated situation, a pump should be erected to supply the deficiency, the only objection to which is, that by any neglect the troughs may not be constantly supplied.

PRECAUTION AGAINST ACCIDENTS.

The fickle jade Fortune is doubtless extremely fond of playing her pranks in every department of a racing establishment; but before casual events are denominated as the result of chance, it may be well to consider the causes. Those circumstances which are attributed to Fortune are in fact frequently nothing more than the common ordinations of Providence, which human discrimination has not in some instances power, and in others the judgment, to guard against. Few men are willing to condemn themselves by acknowledging their own want of attention. When anything adverse happens, their "evil genius" is consequently reproached, to exonerate them from the imputation of neglect. When a man is heard to inveigh loudly against "bad luck" in a breeding establishment, depend upon it an inspection of his premises and management will explain the causes. Either the fences are out of order, by which means the stock are in continual danger of laming themselves by getting out of their proper places, and by getting together and kicking each other; rails and pailings will be seen lying about, and various objects presenting danger: want of due attention to feeding, the quality of the food, and the observance of numerous little particulars, which, although they may not appear individually of importance, when taken collectively are very essential.

When there are not a sufficient number of paddocks, the necessity of turning too many mares and foals into the same pasture is very often the cause of accident. The propriety, therefore, of dividing the fields, cannot be passed unnoticed, and it is equally ne-

cessary to provide a convenient range of accommodation for the young stock. Yearlings should by all means have a loose box to themselves: many accidents arise from kicks and bites, which are inflicted by the best tempered ones in their play; but it is no consolation whatever to reflect whether the mischief arose from frolic or vice, and prevention is always better than cure.

All human speculations are attended with uncertainty. Guided by the most experienced and careful head, an establishment for breeding horses must inevitably be surrounded by innumerable events which cannot be foreseen, but they will be greatly increased if want of experience and caution co-operate against the undertaking.

HOVELS.

The construction of these indispensable habitations will be a subject of consideration. The material of which they are to be built may be either brick, gorse, or boards. The former is doubtless to be preferred; gorse ranks next in estimation, but is neither so durable as brick, nor so comfortable. The objection to boards is, that the weather will warp them, and in windy seasons they are subject to a great change of temperature, and much more so than gorse, which, being well woven into pieces of timber, is well calculated to keep out the air. If brick be selected, tiles or slates will in all probability compose the roof. Thatch, however, may be used, and is the most appropriate material for those formed of gorse or boards. The interior should not be less than sixteen feet long and fourteen feet wide; the walls nine or ten feet high; the doors at least four feet six inches wide and six feet nine inches, or seven feet high; and the door frames should be rounded off to prevent accidents, which sharp corners are very apt to produce. It is advisable to have a window, which should be placed high enough to preclude the probability of its being broken by the inmates.

In fitting up the inside, there should be two deep mangers, one in each corner; care should be taken that they are not too high, so that the foals can feed out of them without inconvenience: if it be preferred, one manger may be made extending along the end of the building. Racks are unnecessary when the mangers are of ample size.

A constant supply of water should always be kept in *the hovel*, by means of a stone trough in the corner behind the door: pipes laid on from a neighboring pond or pump are unquestionably the best means of conveying it; the ceremony of carrying it in buckets is sometimes neglected, and at all events it creates trouble. If it be determined not to furnish receptacles for water both in the paddocks and hovels, the hovels should be preferred, as in bad weather it may not be advisable to turn the inmates out during the whole of the day, when the want of water would be very injurious and inconvenient to a brood mare, or indeed to any other description of horse.

The middle of the paddock, or a situation at some distance from the fence, is the best place for the hovel, as by that arrangement there are not any corners or angles produced; but for the sake of

economy two and even four are sometimes built adjoining each other, so as to come under one roof, and are contrived to open each of them into separate paddocks. This plan is objectionable, as it is evident they must be situated in the corners of the inclosure, an arrangement certainly not so eligible as the centre or some distance from the fence. A yard should be formed at the front of the entrance about forty feet square, inclosed with a wall of brick or gorse ten feet high; it will then afford good shelter: the bottom may be covered with clay, so that in dry weather it may be watered should the feet require such a remedy.

Wooden bolts appear to be the best description of fastenings for the doors, as they are not likely to be productive of any injury in case any of the stock should run against them, and they may be so contrived that the animals cannot open them. There should also be a hook and staple to keep the doors open when required, so that the wind cannot blow them together when the mares and foals are passing through.

In some establishments all the sheds are arranged in a yard contiguous to the house or the dwelling of the stud-groom, instead of each paddock being supplied with one, and the mares and foals are brought up at night and taken out again in the morning; the consequence of which is, the mares have no place voluntarily to retire to in case of rain, or during the excessive heat of the sun, so that in showery weather they are seldom under cover, which to foals is very injurious. Nothing is more hurtful to them than rain; the soft open coat which they are clothed with is ill calculated to resist wet, and the bad effects which it produces on the juvenile constitution are much greater than many persons imagine. I would recommend, if it can possibly be avoided, that a foal should never be suffered to get completely wet: even showers are hurtful, but exposure to continued rains is not unattended by danger.

The best material for the bottom of the hovels is clay and ashes, which will bind together and form a firm dry surface, preferable to brick or stone, which are very hard. When sheltered from the rain, nothing is better than the above combination. In a large establishment distinct hovels should be appropriated for mares to foal in—a description of which, and the proper arrangements, will be here after noticed when dilating on the Treatment of Mares.

FENCES AND SIZE OF PADDOCKS.

The paddocks must be surrounded by fences of a description to prevent the stock from getting together, and at the same time should be formed of such materials as will not be liable to cause accidents. Walls of brick or stone are indisputably the best, but they are expensive in the first instance. Quickset hedges are the most usual, and, when they have gained strength and height, afford both shelter and security. They are far superior to palings, unless the palings are close, in which case they are nearly as costly as walls without being so durable or affording so perfect a shelter.

All narrow corners and angles into which mares or foals can be driven and injured should be studiously avoided; even such

places as they might in their play gallop into, without having room to turn quickly, are objectionable. Ditches and open drains should, if possible, be dispensed with: but if ditches are required, they should be protected by posts and rails, so that mares and foals cannot possibly be forced into them. Open drains in the middle of fields are particularly dangerous: mares when in foal are very apt to roll, and should one get into a drain upon her back, there she must inevitably lie until she receives assistance. Many have been lost in such a way.

The gate should be protected by rails parallel with it on each side, about four or five feet from the gate, so as to prevent the stock from rubbing it open, or, in case of its being inadvertently left open, that the things may not get together: it is easily contrived that the rails may be made to lift in and out of a mortice in the post, so that a road can be obtained without trouble. These rails should be about four feet from the ground.

HERBAGE.

The herbage most suitable to the horse appears to be white clover, trefoil, and saintfoin. If these grasses do not grow spontaneously, they should be encouraged by sowing the seeds early in the spring when the surface of the land is wet: and by turning in a quantity of sheep, at the same time soiling the pasture, bush-harrowing and rolling it, there will be little doubt of its thriving. Aftermath is found not to agree with mares and foals, its succulent quality being so very likely to cause them to scour. I have noticed several instances where they have been taken from pasturage exceedingly bare and turned to aftermath, when their appearance has unequivocally shown that it did not suit them. The success which will await a colony of this description will so very materially depend upon the quality of the land that the subject cannot be too forcibly impressed on the mind. Another highly important subject must also be attended to, which is situation: even the driest and most favorable soils will not answer expectation unless the situation be suitable. It must be sheltered without being confined, especially by too many trees in the immediate vicinity: if the bleak north and east winds can be screened by a plantation, or some clumps of evergreens at a little distance, such an arrangement will be desirable, and a few trees may be admitted to protect the hovels from the scorching rays of the sun, beyond which the growth of timber is incompatible with the undertaking.

Great attention should be paid to the quality of the hay cultivated for the consumption of blood stock. That which is produced on good sound upland pastures, well manured, is the most suitable. In making hay for horses, more attention is required than if it be only for the use of cattle. During fine weather it should be thoroughly exposed to the influence of the sun and air; a competent number of hands should be employed to shake it about, and thoroughly separate the locks, which, if suffered to cling together, are not equally made with those portions which are more exposed to the atmosphere: such parts are apt to become mouldy in the

rick, and are not only unpalatable but unwholesome. Nature has pointed out to all animals to reject such food as may be injurious, and unless the horse be compelled by severe hunger, he will not eat it, and if he does, his want of condition will soon proclaim the fact. Hay that has been much injured by rain is to be avoided; it affords but little nourishment, at the same time it distends the bowels, making the animal appear pot-bellied: it also generates worms: and although some persons affirm that they are naturally found in the intestines of the horse, I should strenuously avoid supplying them with any kind of food likely to produce them; and if once established I would take every means to eradicate them, being fully persuaded of the injury which they produce.

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SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING QUAIL.

BY J. CYPRESS, JR.

OCTOBER has arrived, and has entered into the kingdom prepared for him by his summery brethren departed. A kingdom, truly, within a republic, but mild, magnificent, *pro bono publico*, and full of good fruits; so that not a democrat after the strictest sect of St. Tammany but bows the knee. Hail! O King! His accomplished artists are preparing royal palaces among the woods and fields, and on the hill-sides, painting the mountains and arching the streams with glories copied from the latest fashion of rainbows. His keen morning winds, and cool evening moons, assiduous servants, are dropping diamonds upon the fading grass and tree-tops, and are driving in the feathery tenants of his marshes, bays and brakes. Thrice happy land and water lord! See how they streak the early sky, piercing the heavy clouds with the accurate wedge of their marshalled cohorts, shouting *pæans*, as they go—and how they plunge into well-remembered waters, with an exulting sound, drinking in rest and hearty breakfasts! These be seges of herons, herds of cranes, droppings of sheldrakes, springs of teals, trips of wigeons, coverts of cootes, gaggles of geese, sutes of mallards, and badelynges of ducks; all of which the profane and uninitiated, miserable herd, call flocks of fowl, not knowing discrimination!—Meadow and upland are made harmonious and beautiful with congregations of plovers, flights of doves, walks of snipes, exaltations of larks, coveys of partridges, and bebies of quail.* For all these vouchsafed comforts may we be duly grateful! But chiefly, thou sunburned, frost-browned monarch, we do thank thee that thou especially bringest to vigorous maturity and swift strength, our own bird of our heart, our family chicken, *tetrao coturnix*.

The quail is peculiarly a domestic bird, and is attached to his birth-place, and the home of his forefathers. The various mem-

* Stow, Strippe, Hakewell.

bers of the anatic families educate their children in the cool summer of the far north, and bathe their warm bosoms, in July, in the iced-water of Hudson's Bay : but when Boreas scatters the rushes where they builded their bed-chambers, they desert their fatherland, and fly to disport in the sunny waters of the south. They are cosmopolites entirely, seeking their fortunes with the sun. So, too, heavy-eyed, wise Master Scolopax fixes his place of abode, not among the hearths and altars where his infancy was nurtured, but he goeth a *skaaping* where best he may run his long bill into the mud, tracing the warm broodside of juxta-capricornical latitudes. The songsters of the woodland, when their customary crops of insects and berries are cut off in the Fall, gather themselves together to renew their loves, and get married in more genial climates. Even black-gowned Mr. Corvus, (otherwise called Jim Crow), in autumnal fasts, contemplateth Australian carcasses. Presently, the groves so vocal, and the sky so full, shall be silent and barren. The "melancholy days" will soon be here. Only thou, dear Bob White (not of the Manhattan) will remain. Thy cousin, *tetrao umbellus*,* will be not far off, it is true : but he is mountainous and precipitous, and lives in solitary places, courting rocky glens and craggy gorges, misandronist. Where the secure deer crops the young mosses of the mountain stream, and the bear steals wild honey, there drums the ruffed strutter on his ancient hemlock log. Ice cools not his blood, nor the deep snow-drift, whence he, startled, whirrs impetuous to the solemn pines, and his hiding-places of laurel and tangled rhododendron, laughing at cheated dogs and wearied sportsmen. A bird to set traps for. Unfamiliar, rough, rugged hermit. Dry meat. I like him not.

The quail is the bird for me. He is no rover, no emigrant. He stays at home and is identified with the soil. Where the farmer works he lives, and loves, and whistles.† In budding spring-time, and in scorching summer—in bounteous autumn, and in barren winter, his voice is heard from the same bushy hedge fence, and from his customary cedars. Cupidity and cruelty may drive him to the woods, and to seek more quiet seats ; but be merciful and kind to him and he will visit your barn-yard, and sing for you upon the boughs of the apple-tree by your gate-way. But when warm May first woos the young flowers to open and receive her breath, then begin the loves, and jealousies, and duels of the heroes of the bevy. Duels, too often, alas ! bloody and fatal ! for there liveth not an individual of the gallinaceous order, braver, bolder, more enduring, than a cock quail, fighting for his lady-love. Arms, too, he wieldeth, such as give no vain blows, rightly used. His mandible serves for other purposes than mere biting of grass-hoppers,

* The ruffed grouse, or partridge.

† I am not unaware that Audubon describes the quail as migratory at the West, and that he says the shores of the Ohio, in the Fall, are covered with "flocks." Nor am I ignorant that Wilson says he *has heard* that the bird is migratory in Nova Scotia. It may be so ; but our quails are better brought up. Nevertheless, I do not care to believe everything that students of Linnæus and Buffon say, who talk of *flocks of partridges*, and mean beves of quail. By-the-bye, what is the reason that the whole race of ornithologists call the partridge *tetrao*, which is latin for a bustard, and a wild turkey. It is not the less to be admired that they call the quail *perdrix Virginiana*. If they had supped with Horace and Catullus, and all that set, as Colonel Hawker and I have done—in the spirit—they would have found out that the true title was *coturnix*.—[Vide Hawker on Shooting.]

and picking up Indian corn. While the dire affray rages, Miss Quailina looketh on from her safe perch on a limb, above the combatants, impartial spectatress, holding her love under her left wing, patiently; and when the vanquished craven finally bites the dust, descends and rewards the conquering hero with her heart and hand.

Now begin the cares and responsibilities of wedded life. Away fly the happy pair to seek some grassy tussock, where, safe from the eye of the hawk, and the nose of the fox, they may raise their expected brood in peace, provident, and not doubting that their *espousals* will be blessed with a numerous offspring. Oats harvest arrives, and the fields are waving with yellow grain. Now, be wary, oh kind hearted cradler, and tread not into those pure white eggs under your feet, ready to burst with life! Soon there is a peeping sound heard, and lo! a proud mother walks magnificently in the midst of her children, scratching, and picking, and teaching them how to swallow. Happy she, if she may be permitted to bring them up to maturity, and uncompelled to renew her joys in another nest.

The assiduities of a mother have a beauty and sacredness about them that command respect and reverence in all animal nature, human or inhuman—(what a lie does that word carry)—except, perhaps, in monsters, insects and fish. I never yet heard of the parental tenderness of a trout, eating up his little baby, nor of the filial gratitude of a spider, nipping the life out of his grey-headed father, and usurping his web. But if you would see the purest, the sincerest, the most affecting piety of a parent's love, startle a young family of quails, and watch the conduct of the mother. She will not leave you. No, not she. But she will fall at your feet, uttering a noise which none but a distressed mother can make, and she will run and flutter, and seem to try to be caught, and cheat your outstretched hand, and affect to be wing-broken, and wounded, yet have strength enough to tumble along, until she has drawn you fatigued, a safe distance from her threatened children, and the young hopes of her heart; and then will she mount, whirring with glad strength, and away through the maze of trees you have not seen before, like a close-shot bullet, fly to her skulking infants. Listen now. Do you hear those three half-plaintive notes, quickly and clearly poured out. She is calling the boys and girls together. She sings not now "Bob White!" nor "ah! Bob White!"—That is her husband's love call, or his trumpet-blast of defiance. But she calls sweetly and softly for her lost children. Hear them "peep! peep! peep!" at the welcome voice of their mother's love! They are coming together. Soon the whole family will meet again. It is a foul sin to disturb them; but retread your devious way, and let her hear your coming footsteps, breaking down the briars, as you renew the danger. She is quiet. Not a word is passed between the fearful fugitives. Now, if you have the heart to do it, lie low, keep still, and imitate the call of the hen quail. O, mother! mother! how your heart would die if you could witness the deception! The little ones raise up their trembling

heads, and catch comfort and imagined safety from the sound. "Peep! peep!" they come to you, straining their little eyes, and clustering together, and answering, seem to say, "Where is she? Mother! mother! we are here!"

I knew an Ethiopian once—he lives *yet* in a hovel, on the brush plains of Matowacs—who called a whole bevy together in that way. He first shot the parent bird; and when the murderous villain had ranged them in close company, while they were looking over each other's necks, and mingling their doubts, and hopes, and distresses, in a little circle, he levelled his cursed musket at their unhappy breasts, and butchered—"What? all my pretty ones? Did you say all?" He did; and he lives yet! O, let me not meet that nigger six miles north of Patchogue, in a place where the scrub oaks cover with cavernous gloom a sudden precipice, at whose bottom lies a deep lake, unknown but to the Kwaaek, and the lost deer hunter. For my soul's sake, let me not encounter him in the grim ravines of the Collicoon, in Sullivan, where the everlasting darkness of the hemlock forests would sanctify virtuous murder!

My farther reflections on this subject I will keep, for the present, to myself.

The poor quail has to contend with many enemies. Not only Sir Reynard, who has a constitutional right to levy tribute upon his race, and his several doubtfully-connected, half-starved, brother quadrupedal thieves of the greenwood; not only with the winged pirates of the sky, skimming and sweeping up and down the waving billows of the yellow field, with the quietness and speed of a sudden sun-ray; not only with the horse-hair nooses of school-boy truants, and the figure-y 4 box-traps of vagabond hen-roost pilferers; not only with the coarse cupidity of the market-man, who kills all to-day, and cares not for to-morrow: not only with the mean, falsely called sportsman, who shoots in season and out of season, and kills for numbers, and not for exercise, skill's sake, and honor; but alas! alas! too often with the bleak and heartless elements themselves! Who does not remember the horrid snows of thirty-six, which filled all the vallies, and raised rival mountains alongside of mountains! Then died the race. The angry clouds at nightfall began to pour out their wind and sleet, but the quail heart had not yet known to fear the skies. Each fated bevy, calling in its straggling supper-hunters, tracked its secure path to the bottom of its favorite cedar bush; and there, upon the yet warm bed of oak leaves, and thick matted spear grass, composed their chilled limbs in the usual circle, and went to sleep. To sleep? ay, to sleep forever! No morning came to them. No opportunity had they to regret unsaid prayers. A late morning came to the world above, and a cold sun shone on their shroud—their beautiful shroud of snow! Almost "seven fathoms deep!" buried in their winding sheet! No resurrection for ye, poor birds! Did they think it never would be light? Yes, they fell asleep there in their beds, and died of too much covering! The spring came, and the early ploughman dug up a furrow near their wasted corpses. There

they lay, side by side, as they committed themselves to sleep, undivided in death, as they were beautiful and without reproach in life !

Beethoven must have written his exquisite song of the "Quail," after a hard winter. I never heard Catalani sing it, but I will be sworn it is a solemn anthem.

The quail receives in many countries, the most studious and devout protection. In China they domesticate him, and train him for the cock-pit. In some States on the continent of Europe they almost worship him. The German has a beautiful superstition, that his note expresses the words "*Furchten Gott*."* England is too damp and smoky for him. He cannot acclimate. The lord, who, by the assistance of his game-keeper, has an oath made that he killed a quail, is gazetted through the three kingdoms.

The quail is our bird—our own American bird. Shall we not protect him and his household ? If all the powers of destruction are let loose to play upon him, how shall he be saved ? Even now, his fate seems to be inevitable, like the Indians'. But a few years since, he was a proud nation—a green bay tree. If we look not sharply, we soon may say, "*sages est, ubi Troja fuit*." That he is not now utterly annihilated, and flying in the Elysian fields, with his relative, *tetrao cupido*,† is owing to the good hearts of a very small few of his former fellow-citizens, who snatched him from the snow-bank, and housed and fed him during the winter, and gave him to liberty in the spring, and to some other few, who sent to his people at the South, and renewed his presence in the faces of his brethren. Even some of these, representatives of a ruined nation, have been sacrificed in brutal moments, to adorn the reeking cellars of reckless paunch-providers, and to furnish August—very August suppers for raw counter-jumpers, who have heard of his glory.

A few words, by way of application of the subject. The Legislature of the State of New York, considering all the dangers and necessities of one of the most worthy families of the State, have, in no wretched spirit of monopoly, but in the true spirit of "equal protection to all," enacted a statute for his preservation, and have taken the dear bird under their sheltering wing. No man, nor boy, nor fool, may kill a quail except between the twenty-fifth of October and the fifth of January, nor compass, nor procure his death, nor have his murdered corpse in his possession, out of the specified period, in either of the humane counties of York, Kings, Queens, or Westchester ! O, Suffolk ! how art thou disgraced, not being named ! *Fiat lex* !—Tom Tucker and Jim Valentine, chief advocates, immortalized themselves ! The partridge, too, and Master Scolopax in his season, have their passports. Beware of the heavy penalty !

* *Fear God*—Let poachers think of this when they whistle.

† The pinnated grouse, or heath-hen, formerly, alas ! found on Long Island ; but (perhaps leading the way for the quail) now utterly extinct. Doctor Samuel L. Mitchell foretold his annihilation in 1810. The following is an extract from a letter of his to Wilson, which I doubt not the old man wrote with tears in his eyes : " Their numbers are gradually diminishing ; and assailed as they are on all sides, almost without cessation, their scarcity may be viewed as foreboding their eventual extirmination." Oh ! prophecy too sadly true !

Finally, this matter recommendeth itself to the serious attention of all transgressors. The sin hath already stung divers poachers, and accessories, before and after the fact. It hath been distinctly proved before a justice of the peace, that eight times five make forty dollars. Just judgment! Dear feed! Worse than sour grapes!—The Marine Court hath visited other transgressions with swift judgment. Even men who have received presents of game from places where it was lawfully killed, and where it might have been virtuously manducated, have been sorely mulcted. They have learned, too late, the awful fate of Hercules. They have discovered, after they have been impregnated with the poison, that they must know the giver before they accept a shirt. They study Ovid now, and have learned by heart—

“Dona det illa viro, mandat, capit inscius hero,”

and the whole of the chief case in point. Penitent sinners, I weep for them! Doubt it, and touch the forbidden fruit if you dare, and say, “tell that to the *marines*!”

Lastly—true sportsmen ought to examine themselves, and take care that they have no disposition for blood in the skirts of their shooting-jackets, except in the allowed days of October, November, and December. If the honorable and true-hearted submit to temptation, what can we expect from the—other people.

To conclude: we are all called upon to be careful, and keep our fore-finger on the trigger of our watchfulness. May I not remind my fair readers that many a quail dies for them, and that intemperate collineation hath been too often perpetrated for their sakes. Restrain, O, ye Helens! and Joans! the ardor of your sacrificing worshippers. Let them not kill too many. Six, now-a-days, are a sportman's fortune. Remember them of the base Jews, who gathered more quail than were sufficient for immediate consumption, disobeying Moses, and then rejected the rotting victims, and sighed for the flesh-pots of Egyptian leeks and onions. And do thou, best Mary! ever, when thou dippest a minute breast-piece, almost, into the fading bubble of the sherry at my dexter, playfully, as thou art wont, be sure to ask me—“Love, was this bird killed this season?”

REVIEW OF THE SPRING RACES AT THE SOUTH-WEST.

EAST FELICIANA, August, 1840.

MR. EDITOR: I have often wished that some of the many gifted writers who adorn the “Register” and “Spirit,” would give us reviews of the campaigns *a la mode* Uncle Toby, Judex, and others, in the English magazines. To those who, like myself, love racing, yet are unable to see many races, descriptions such as you occasionally give us in the “Spirit” are highly interesting,—and indeed I have often thought that one fond of racing, who had been fortunate enough to be a spectator of a splendid race, ought to allow others to enjoy some of the pleasure which he has received, by describing it. Having seen nearly every race run over the New

Orleans courses this year, I resolved, the first leisure time I could find when in the mood, to pen a brief description of them, in a running sketch of our racing in the South-West.

The Campaign in the South-West opened with the Meeting at Mobile, commencing with the Sweepstakes of \$1000 each, four mile heats, between Bee's-wing, Altorf, and Fanny Strong. B. was the favorite, although A. was supported by a strong party, while Fanny, a proved good four-miler, was not thought of. The result proved the folly of trusting to anything but public running, the *great unknown* being distanced in the race, while Bee's-wing, for the first time, met a competitor able to put her up; Fanny winning the second heat, and leading in the third until the last quarter, although brushed at by her antagonist on every stretch. Calanthe beat John Malone, St. Leger distance, in 3:24, both carrying our weights, however. Baywood won the mile heats, beating Cotton Plant. Bustamente beat Imp. Likeness the two mile heats, in 3:56—4:00. Allen Brown won the Sweepstakes, two mile heats, beating Imp. Shamrock, his first defeat, and John Malone—time of first heat, won by Shamrock, 3:53—second and third heats won by Allen Brown. Baywood won the three mile heats, beating Polard Brown and John Anderson, in three heats. Maria Brown won at mile heats best 3 in 5, beating Gertrude (formerly Lavine) and others in good time. The racing of the week closed with the race for the Club Purse, which was won by Caroline Malone, beating Maria Red (who won the first heat and broke down the second) and Fanny Strong, who, as might have been expected after her race with Bee's-wing, could not make a show, and was distanced the first heat.

The racing at New Orleans commenced with the Sweepstakes between Maria Black, Ralph, and Billy Townes, Altorf paying forfeit. Maria and Ralph were nearly equal favorites, while the Virginia horse was but little thought of. Ralph was easily beaten by the mare for the first heat, and she, although a great favorite with the knowing ones before starting for the second, was beaten very cleverly by Billy for the second, and broke down the third heat. The track was in fine order, but the time was poor—7:51—7:54. The next day Imp. Houri beat J. R. Grymes and two others in 1:47 (the best mile time on the track) and 1:53—a beautiful race, carrying, however, only 67lbs. Sthreshley won the New Orleans Plate, two mile heats, in 3:43—3:45 (the best time at New Orleans), beating Luda (the favorite), Glorvina, and Mary Lyle. Sarah Bladen gave us a taste of her quality, in three mile heats, by beating very easily Lucy Fuller, a fine looking Eclipse mare out of Ironette's dam, in 5:49—5:41½. Grey Medoc, looking very fine, beat Baywood handily for the Club Purse in 8:17—9:03; track heavy. His friends confidently predicted that he would carry off the Club Purses at the Metarie and Louisiana. On the last day Capt. McHeath beat a motley crowd for the mile heats best 3 in 5: time, 1:58—1:57½—2:00.

The Meeting over the beautiful Metarie followed, Houri again winning the Sweepstakes, beating J. R. Grymes, who won the first

heat, and was the favorite in consequence of the heavy track, in three heats: two others started. Sthreshley beat a weak field two mile heats in 4:02—4:02. On Thursday Sarah Bladen was wisely allowed to walk over for the three mile heats purse; but on the day following the turfites took courage, and brilliant entries tempted a few turfmen who were richly rewarded, as we had a beautiful race honestly run from end to end. Luda was favorite for the first heat, but there was no decided favorite for the race, although Lucy Fuller was preferred to any other single horse. As an impartial observer, however, yet without accusing the judges of partiality, I must express my firm belief that Pollard won the second heat, and consequently the race, by half a head.

But what shall we say of the next race, for the Jockey Club Purse, four mile heats, run over an indifferent track in 7:38. This deserves a more minute description, as it was, in my opinion, the great race of the season, and I think not inferior to any heat ever run in America.

Having been for the last ten or twelve years a spectator of the races over the Richmond and Petersburg tracks, and those at New Orleans, I believe I can form a tolerably correct idea of the allowance to be made for the difference in soil, condition of tracks, and effect of weights, and it is my decided opinion that the difference between the Metarie on the day of this race, and the Newmarket when in first rate condition, was equal to the advantage in the weight which Bee's-wing and Grey Medoc had over Boston and Andrewetta. I think, however, that the Metarie is, when in equal condition, a faster track by one and a half or two seconds to the mile, and should therefore make the difference of from six to twelve seconds in favor of Andrewetta; reducing the difference between 7:38 and 7:50 that much, say 7:47 over Newmarket.

But to the horses. Grey Medoc, the favorite in this race, is a dark gray, beautifully dappled, very showy and of gallant carriage, about fifteen hands two inches high. He has a clean long head, with a small arched neck, oblique but not deep shoulders, a barrel which cannot be surpassed, and a good loin and rump, but his legs are rather light. He runs upon his courage, and does not require punishment; and although game, is not a horse to bear severe pushing with the spur. His action, although gay and dashing, is faulty, as he runs high, throwing his head from side to side even when at the top of his speed. His condition was capital, and reflected great credit on his trainer—Graves.

Bee's-wing, the next in favor, is a chesnut, nearly 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ hands high, very handsome, and of fine form and finish—she has a small, clean, bony head, well arched neck, shoulders wide but very deep, and running well back, a good and well-rounded barrel, short couple, but with tremendous reach below, and powerful roomy quarters. Her action is beautiful, running low and level, close to the ground, and much resembles that of Trifle. Her condition, although good, was certainly not first-rate, and she appeared to me accustomed to Virginia training, short of work.

Billy Townes, a strong well-built horse, put up in racing form,

and a winner at all distances, looked in fine order, and it was thought by a few (and among them your correspondent) he would be dangerous, but then no one thought of a race in the thirties.

The betting was in favor of Bee's-wing for the first heat, and of Grey Medoc for the race, although many bets were made on the former for the race, "barring break-downs," and on the latter for the first heat. Bee's-wing had won at all distances, without losing a race (this was said to be her eighteenth race, but I know of but eleven previous to this), and had beaten Grey Medoc and others over this course handily, in 3:44—3:47. Grey Medoc, with the exception of the Sweepstakes won by Bee's-wing, had won all his races, about fifteen or sixteen in number, while Billy Townes had taken the shine out of such nags as Charlotte Russe, Vashti, Big John, Maria Black, Ralph, Gerow, and many others, of whom one, "Gano," appears to be a great pet just now.

The mare led from the start, with a long steady stroke, the horses close up, and no material change took place until the last half of the third mile, when Commodore, on the Grey, tried to steal up, so as to get the bulge on the quarter stretch; the mare, however, increased her speed as he approached, until, on rounding the turn, Commodore challenged, and a tremendous rally ensued, the horse at one time within a neck, until about fifty yards from the stand. Here the mare drew out, and continuing her rate, passed the turn a length in advance, Commodore, who had been trying to brace his horse, driving every jump, but unable to get up until the last quarter stretch, where a final scuffle, in which steel and catgut were freely used, resulted in Bee's-wing passing the goal her length and a half in the clear ahead; while Billy Townes, who was well up for three miles, was distanced by the terrible rate of the fourth. As had been feared, the clods in the track, and the tremendous pace, knocked up Bee's-wing, and at the tap of the drum she was taken to the stable, while the gallant Grey galloped "alone in his glory."

On the next and last day, we had a beautiful and closely contested race between Telie Doe, Capt. Laurent, and Capt. McHeath, the former winning in five heats, and flooring the knowing ones, who fancied Capt. Mac 2 to 1 vs. the field.

The races over the Louisiana track, which followed, owing to the bad weather, and the fatigue or satiety of the public, from the racing of the two previous weeks, went off flatly. On the first day Fairly Fair received forfeit from A. L. Bingaman, in a match for \$4000, of (it was said) \$250. Live Oak (a handsome, compact, son of Luzborough, who will be heard of yet,) won the Creole Purse of \$250, beating Oscar and Pensée. Next day incessant rain, but no race. On Friday, two races could not attract a respectable attendance. Sthreshley won the three mile heats, beating in miserable time, 6:21—6:21, Luda, Kate Haun, and Loadstone, while Martha Malone beat Billy Townes and others, after a beautiful race of three heats, for the two mile purse, Billy winning the second in 4:08, but outfooted in the third by the fleet Leviathan in 4:06—Martha had won the first from Big Foot in 4:21. The same

filly received forfeit in a Sweepstakes, four mile heats, over the Metarie Course, and the present race showed that the forfeit payers knew a thing or two. On Saturday Capt. McHeath beat Telie Doe and Stub Twist for the best three in five, mile heats, in three straight heats, the heavy track making him a decided favorite, in spite of his defeat by Telie Doe the previous week. She had never been beaten this distance before but once (by Eloise over the same track) and many lost on her.

On Sunday, a day of comparative leisure even in New Orleans, where there are more slaves of business than any city in the Union, enabled many to escape from the monotonous occupation of the office and counting room, and enjoy the manly and invigorating sports of the turf. The prospect of sport, too, was capital; Grey Medoc, by many deemed superior to Wagner—Sarah Bladen, of whom her friends contented themselves with saying "she is as fast as Bee's-wing,"—and Baywood, undismayed by his defeat on the Eclipse, were entered for the prize. Had the track been in good order, it would have been the heaviest betting race of the season, but all feared Grey Medoc through the mud, as he was a short strider, while Sarah Bladen and Baywood were both the reverse. The few bets made were 2 to 1 on Grey Medoc vs. the field. The race is soon told—Sarah Bladen, who looked fit to run for a kingdom, led from the score, Baywood close up, had the Grey (who had lost his action) safe in three miles, and beat Baywood, who ran an honest horse, a length and a half—Grey Medoc distanced. The second heat Sarah Bladen won easily.

This race, with the one at Adams' new course at Donaldsonville, where Billy Townes beat Grey Medoc very easily, three mile heats, prove the severity of the race at the Metarie, while the victory of Billy Townes at Louisville, beating nearly every horse of high reputation in Kentucky, in the best time of the week's racing, go still farther.

Ruffin Barrow won the Sweepstakes with his fine Medley colt, the first heat in 1:52, capital time for a new track, beating a Luzborough, Minerva Proffit, and an Orphan Boy. Sthreshley won his fourth consecutive victory, beating Houri, for the two mile purse; and Billy Townes paid part of his debt to Grey Medoc, by beating him for the Club Purse, three mile heats; and Luda, not without a hard battle, however, beat Capt. Laurent in five heats, for the mile heats best 3 in 5.

I say nothing about the time, (as over a new course it is useless), except in one instance.

At Plaquemine, Live Oak won the two mile heats in 3:55—3:52, and Lady Plaquemine won both the other purses, mile heats.

This has been written, Mr. Editor, "*currente calamo*," and I am too much fatigued to revise. Should this crude communication suit your magazine, you are at liberty to correct the errors which my unpractised pen has no doubt perpetrated. COLDEN.

A QUARTER RACE IN KENTUCKY.

BY MR. SNOOKS.

NOTHING would start against the Old Mare; and after more formal preparation in making weight and posting judges, than is customary, when there is a contest, "*the sateful old kritter*" went off crippling as if she was not fit to run for sour cider, and anything could take the shine out of her that had the audacity to try it. The muster at the stand was slim, it having been understood up-town, that as to sport to-day the races would prove a *water haul*. I missed all that class of old and young gentlemen who annoy owners, trainers, and riders, particularly if they observe they are much engaged, with questions that should not be asked, and either can't or should not be answered. The business folks and men of gumption were generally on the *grit*, and much of the chaff certainly had been blown off.

A walk or gallop over is a slow affair; and without being able in any way to account for it, it seemed to be an extremely dry affair; for while the four miles was *being* done, (*as the prigs have it*), I noticed many a centaur of a fellow force his skeary nag up to the opening in the little clapboard shanty, and shout out impatiently—"Colonel, let us have some of your *byled corn*—pour me out a buck load—there—never mind about the water, I drank a heap of it yesterday," and then wheel off to the crowd as if intent on something.

The race, like all things, had an end; and I had some idea in imitation of Sardanapalus, "all in one day to see the race, then go home, eat drink, and be merry, for all the rest was not worth a flip," when I met Dan. He knows a little, finds out a little, and guesses the rest, and, of course, is prime authority. I inquired if the hunt was up. "Oh, no, just hold on a while, and there will be as bursting a quarter-race as ever was read of, and I will give it 'em so you can make expenses." I always make a hand when about, and thinking I might get a wrinkle by prying into the mystery of quarter-racing, I accordingly rode to the thickest of the crowd. A rough hewn fellow, who either was, or pretended to be, drunk, was bantering to run his mare against any horse that had ploughed as much that season, his mare having, as he assured us, tended twenty-five acres in corn. Another chap sidled up to him, and offered to plough against him for as much liquor as the company could drink, or for who should have both nags—his horse had never run, as he did not follow it. Sorrel got mad, and offered to beat him in the cart, wagon, or plough, or he could beat him running one hundred miles, his weight on each, for \$500. Bay still disclaimed racing, but would run the quarter stretch to amuse the company, for \$100. Sorrel took him up, provided Bay carried his present rider, and he would get somebody; Bay agreed, provided he would not get a lighter rider. It was closed at that, and

two of Senator Benton's abominations—\$100 United States Bank bills—were planked up. Bay inquired if they could stand another \$50;—agreed to by Sorrel, who, observing Bay shell out a \$100 note, said there was no use of making change, as his note was the same amount, and they might as well go the \$100. This was promptly agreed to, and another \$100 offered and immediately covered—there being now \$300 a side. Now came a proposal to increase it \$300 more; Bay said—"you oversize my pile, but if I can borrow the money, I'll accommodate you," and immediately slipped off to consult his banker. Dan now whispered, "*spread yourself on the bay.*" Thinking I should run in while I was hot, I observed aloud—I should admire to bet some gentleman \$10 on the bay. A Mr. Wash, or as he was familiarly called, Big Wash, snapped me up like a duck does a June-bug, by taking the bill out of my hand, and observing that either of us could hold the stakes, put it in his pocket. Finding this so easily done, I pushed off to consult my friend Crump, the most knowing man about short races I ever knew, and one who can see as far into a mill-stone as the man that pecks it. I met him with the man that made the race on the bay, coming to get a peep at the sorrel. As soon as he laid eyes on her he exclaimed—

"Why, Dave, you made a pretty pick up of it; I'm afraid our *cake is all dough*—that's old Grapevine, and I told you point blank to walk round her, but you're like a member of the Kentucky Legislature, who admitted that if he had a failing it was being a *leetle* too brave."

"How could I know Grapevine," replied Dave, doggedly; "and you told me you could beat her, anyhow."

"Yes," said Crump, "I think I can; but I didn't come a hundred and fifty miles to run them kind of races—Old Tompkins has brought her here, and I like him for a *sucker*."

"Well," says Dave, "may be I can get off with the race, if you think you'll be licked."

"No," said Crump, "when I go a catting, I go a catting; it's mightily mixed up, and there is no telling who's constable until the election is over; it will be like the old bitch and the rabbit, nip and tack every jump, and sometimes the bitch a *leetle* ahead."

Old Tompkins, who had not appeared during the making of the race, now came round, and seeing the bay, said—"Popcorn, by G—d." He now came forward and addressed the other party: "Boys," said he, "it's no use to run the thing into the ground. If a man goes in for betting, I say let him go his load, but we have no ambition against you, so draw the bet to \$100, that is enough for a little tacky race like this, just made for amusement."—Carried by acclamation.

Now the judges were selected: a *good* judge does not mean exactly the same thing here as on the bench, though some of the same kind may be found there—it means one who is obstinate in going for his own friends. It did not seem to be considered courteous to object to the selections on either side, perhaps from a mutual consciousness of invulnerability. But one of the nominees

for the ermine was a hickory over anybody's perdimmon in the way of ugliness. He was said to be the undisputed possessor of the celebrated Jack-knife; his likeness had been moulded on dog-irons to frighten the children from going too near the fire, and his face ached perpetually; but his eyes! his eyes! He was said to have caught a turkey buzzard by the neck, the bird being deceived, and thinking he was looking another way; and several of the crowd said he was so cross-eyed he could *look at his own head!* It was objected to him that he could not keep his eyes on the score, as he did not see *straight*, and it was leaving the race to the accident of which of his optics obtained the true bearing when the horses were coming out. The objections were finally overruled, the crooked party contending that Nature had designed him for a quarter judge, as he could station one eye to watch when the foremost horse's toe struck the score, and could note the track of the horse that followed, at the same moment, with his other eye.

The riders now attracted my attention. It is customary, I believe, to call such "a feather," but they seemed to me about the size of a big Christmas turkey gobbler, without feathers; and I was highly delighted with the precocity of the youths—they could swear with as much energy as men of six foot, and they used fourth-proof oaths with a volubility that would bother a congressional reporter.

There now arose a dispute as to whether they should run to or from the stand, it being a part of the mile track, and there being some supposed advantage to one of the horses, or the other, according as this might be arranged. It was determined by a toss-up at last, to run to the stand. After another toss for choice of tracks, and another for the word, the horses walked off towards the head of the stretch. Now it was "hurra my Popcorn—I believe in you—come it strong, lumber—go it with a looseness—root little pig, or die." And, "Oh! my Grapevine! tear the hind sights off him!—you'll lay him out cold as a waggon-tire—roll your bones—go it, you cripples!" &c. &c. &c.

Beginning to doubt, from all I heard, whether my friend Dave had been regularly appointed almanac-maker for this year, I hedged a five, and staked it with a young man that was next me, riding a remarkable wall-eyed horse, and some time after staked another \$5, with a person I had noticed assisting about the bar, and would be able to recognise again. I now flattered myself on my situation—I had all the pleasurable excitement of wagering, and nothing at risk.

Each side of the track was lined with eager faces, necks elongated, and chins projected, a posture very conducive to health in a bilious climate, as it facilitates the operation of emetics. I was deafened with loud cries of "clear the track!"—"Stand back!"—"Get off the fence!"—"The riders are mounted!"—"They are coming!"—"Now they are off!"—but still they came not. Without intending it, I found myself, and indeed most of the crowd, moving up towards the start, and after every failure, or false alarm, I would move a few yards. I overheard a fellow telling with great

glee—"Well, I guess I warmed the wax in the ears of that fellow with the narrow brimmed white hat; he had an elegant watch that he offered to bet against a good riding horse. You know my seventeen year old horse, that I always call the bay colt; I proposed to stake him against the watch, and the fellow agreed to it without ever looking in his mouth; if he had, he would have seen teeth as long as tenpenny nails. It is easy fooling any of them New-York collectors—they ain't 'cute: the watch is a bang-up lever, and he says if he was GOING TO TRAVEL he would not be without it for any consideration. He made me promise if I won it to let him have it back at \$100 in case he went into Georgia this Fall. It is staked in the hands of the Squire there;—Squire, show it to this here entire stranger." The Squire produced a splendid specimen of the tin manufacture; I pronounced it valuable, but thought it most prudent not to mention for what purpose.

Alarms that the horses were coming continued, and I gradually reached the starting place; I then found that Crump, who was to turn Popcorn, had won the word—that is, he was to ask "are you ready?" and if answered "yes!" it was to be a race. Popcorn jumped about like a pea on a griddle, and fretted greatly—he was all over in a lather of sweat. He was managed very judiciously, and every attempt was made to soothe him and keep him cool, though he evidently was somewhat exhausted. All this time Grapevine was led about as cool as a cucumber, an awkward looking *striker* of old Thompson's holding her by the check of the bridle, with instructions, I presume, *not to let loose in any case*, as he managed adroitly to be turning round whenever Popcorn put the question.

Old Tompkins had been sitting, doubled up sideways, on his sleepy-looking old horse—it now being near dark—rode slowly off a short distance, and hitched his horse: he deliberately took off his coat, folded it carefully, and laid it on a stump: his neckcloth was with equal care deposited on it, and then his weather-beaten hat; he stroked down the few remaining hairs on his caput, and came and took the mare from his *striker*. Crump was anxious for a start, as his horse was worsted by delay; and as soon as he saw Grapevine in motion, to please her turner, Old Tompkins swung her off ahead, shouting triumphantly, "Go! d—n you!" and away she went with an *ungovernable*. Crump wheeled his horse round before reaching the poles, and opened on Old Tompkins—"That's no way; if you mean to run, let us run, and quit fooling; you should say "yes!" if you mean it to be a race, and then I would have turned loose, had my nag been tail forward: it was no use for me to let go, as it would have been no race any how until you give the word."

Old Tompkins looked as if the boat had left him, or like the fellow that was fighting, and discovered he had been biting his own thumb. He paused a moment, and without trying to raise a squabble (an unusual thing), he broke down the track to his mare, slacked her girths, and led her back, soothing and trying to quiet her. She was somewhat blown by the run, as the little imp on her was

not strong enough to take her up soon. They were now so good and so good, and he proposed they should lead up and take a fair start. "Oh!" said Crump, "I thought that would bring you to your milk, so lead up." By this time you could see a horse twenty yards off, but you could not be positive as to his color. It was proposed to call in candles. The horses were led up, and got off the first trial. "Ready?" "Yes!"—and a fairer start was never made. Away they went in a hurry,

"Glimmering through the gloom."

All hands made for the winning post. Here I heard—"mare's race!"—"no! she crossed over the horse's path!"—"the boy with the shirt rode foul!"—"the horse was ahead when he passed me." After much squabbling, it was admitted by both parties that the nag that came out on the left-hand side of the track was ahead; but they were about equally divided as to whether the horse or the mare came through on the left-hand side. The judges of the start agreed to give it in as even. When they came down, it appeared that one of the outcome judges got angry, and had gone home an hour ago. My friend that looked so many ways for Sunday, after a very ominous silence, and waiting until frequently appealed to, gave the race to the horse by ten inches. This brought a yell from the crowd, winners and losers, that beat anything yet; a dozen of men were produced, who were ready to swear that gimblet-eye was a hundred yards off, drinking a stiff cock-tail at the booth, and that he was at the far side of it when the horses came out, and consequently must have judged the result through two pine planks, an inch thick; others swore he did not know when the race was run, and was not at the post for five minutes after. Babel was a quiet retired place compared with the little assemblage at this time; some bets were given up, occasional symptoms of a fight appeared, a general examination was going on to be assured the knife was in the pocket, and those hard to open were opened and slipped up the sleeve;—the crowd clustered together like a bee-swarm. This continued until about nine o'clock, when Crump, finding he could not get the stakes, compromised the matter, and announced that by agreement it was a drawn race. This was received with a yell louder, if possible, than any former one; every one seemed glad of it, and there was a unanimous adjournment to the bar. Though tired and weary, I confess that I (for no earthly reason that I can give but the force of example) was inclined to join them, when I was accosted by a person with whom I had bet, and had staked in the hands of the young man riding the wall-eyed horse. "Well," said he, "shell out my five dollars that I put up with that friend of yours—as I can't find *him*." I protested that I did not know the young man at all, and stated that he had my stake also. He replied that I need not try to feed him on *saft corn* that way, and called on several persons to prove that I selected the stakeholder, and we were seen together, and we must be acquainted, as we were both *furreigners* from the cut of our coats. He began to talk hostile, and was, as they brag in the timber districts, twenty foot

in the clear, without limb, knot, windshake, or woodpecker hole. To appease him, I agreed, if the stakeholder could not be found, to be responsible for his stake. He very industriously made proclamation for the young man with the wall-eyed horse, and being informed that he had *done gone* three hours ago, he claimed of me, and I had to shell out.

Feeling somewhat worsted by this transaction, I concluded I would look up my other bets. Mr. Wash I did not see, and concluded he had retired; I found the stakeholder that assisted about the bar, and claimed my five dollars on the draw race;—to my surprise I learned he had given up the stakes. Having been previously irritated, I made some severe remarks, to all of which he replied in perfect good temper, and assured me he was the most punctilious person in the world about such matters, and that it was his invariable rule never to give up stakes except by the direction of some of the judges, and called up proof of his having declined delivering the stakes until he and the claimant went to old screw-eye; and he decided I had lost. This seemed to put the matter out of dispute so far as he was concerned, but thinking I would make an appeal to my opponent, I inquired if he knew him. He satisfied me, by assuring me he did not *know him from a side of sole leather*.

I left the course, and on returning next morning, I looked out for Mr. Wash; I discovered him drinking, and offering large bets; he saw me plainly, but affected a perfect forgetfulness, and did not recognise me. After waiting some time, and finding he would not address me, I approached him, and requested an opportunity of speaking to him apart. Mr. Wash instantly accompanied me, and began telling me he had got in a scrape, and had never in his life been in such a fix. Perceiving what he was at, I concluded to take the whip-hand of him, and observed—"Mr. Wash, if you design to intimate by your preliminary remarks that you cannot return to me my own money, staked in your hands, I must say I consider such conduct extremely ungentlemanly." Upon this he whipped out a spring-back dirk-knife, nine inches in the blade, and whetted to cut a hair, stepped off, picked up a piece of cedar, and commenced whittling. "Now, stranger," says he, "I would not advise any man to try to run over me, for I ask no man any odds further than civility; I consider myself as honest a man as any in Harris County, Kentucky; but I'll tell you, stranger, exactly how it happened: you see, when you offered to bet on the sorrel, I was out of soap, but it was too good a chance to let slip, as I was dead sure Popcorn would win, and if he had won, you know, of course it made no difference to you whether I had a stake or not. Well, it was none of my business to hunt you up, so I went to town last night to the confectionary [a whiskey shop in a log pen fourteen feet square], and I thought I'd make a rise on chuck-a-luck, but you *perhaps* never saw such a run of luck; everywhere I touched was *pizen*, so I came out of the *leetle end* of the horn; but I'll tell you what, I'm a man that always stands up to my fodder, rack or no rack; so, as you don't want the money, I'll negotiate just to

suit you exactly; I'll give you my *dubisary*: I don't know that I can pay it this year, unless the *crap* of hemp turns out well; but if I can't this year, I will next year probably; and I'll tell you exactly my principle—if a man waits with me like a gentleman, I'm sure to pay him when I'm ready; but if a man tries to bear down on me and make me pay whether or no, you see it is his own look out, and he'll see sights before he gets his money." My respect for Mr. Wash's dirk-knife, together with my perceiving there was nothing else to be had, induced me to express my entire satisfaction with Mr. Wash's *dubisary*, hoping at the same time that at least *enough* of hemp would grow that year. He proposed that I should let him have five dollars more for a stake, but on my declining, he said, "Well, there is no harm in mentioning it." He went to the bar, borrowed pen and ink, and presently returned with a splendid specimen of caligraphy to the following effect:—

State of Kentucky, }
 Jessamine County. } Due Dempsey, the just and lawful sum of Ten Dollars,
 for value received, payable on the 25th Day of December, 1836 or 1837, or any
 time after that I am able to discharge the same. As witness my hand and seal,
 this 30th day of May, 1836.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIGGS. {  }

I wish you would try Wall-street with this paper, as I wish to cash it; but I'll run a mile before I wait for a quarter-race again.

The Veterinarian.

A TREATISE

ON THE STRUCTURE, FUNCTIONS, AND DISEASES OF THE FOOT AND LEG OF THE HORSE.

BY W. C. SPOONER, M.R.V.C.

LONG connected with, as an early and favorite pupil, and long and sincerely esteeming the author of this work, the best course that we can adopt in reviewing this publication, is to let him speak for himself. "It has been my principal object," says he in his preface, "to make the present work interesting and useful to the veterinary student and practitioner; but it has been also my practice to render it attractive to the medical practitioner, the comparative anatomist, the sportsman, and the amateur. With these views, I have endeavored to make the anatomical portion of the work clear and correct—the physiological division clear and comprehensive—and the pathological part consistent with the best principles of medicine and surgery."

In order that the reader may judge in what manner he has fulfilled his task, we copy a portion of his observations "On the Physiology of the Leg and Foot."

"Next to the human hand, no part of the animal system can better display the evidence of design in the construction of animated bodies, than the foot of the horse. In no other part or animal can we find strength and elasticity so well combined. In the deer, it is true, we may witness more of the latter quality, and in the elephant more of the former; but the one is incapable of bearing burdens, the other of travelling with speed. In the camel, indeed, we may find these qualities admirably combined; but they can only be brought into requisition in the arid plains or sandy deserts of which this animal is a native, and to which his services are necessarily confined. The hardness of our roads, and the sharpness of our flints, would soon destroy the soft cushion of this animal's foot; and, beautiful as its construction may be, it is incapable of being protected with iron. It is the horse, and the horse alone, that can carry his rider with the speed of the wind over every variety of soil; surmounting each obstacle, whether brook, gate, or wall, that may oppose his course, with the agility of the antelope, and supporting his burden at the same time with the firmness and security of the elephant.

"To a person altogether ignorant of anatomy, it is a matter of astonishment to behold the apparently slight structure of the legs of a well-bred horse, and yet to witness his varied and extraordinary performances. The parts seem to him altogether inadequate to perform their tasks: but if, to gratify his curiosity, he turns his attention more minutely to the construction of these parts, he will find, on the one hand, the greatest possible strength condensed in the smallest possible compass, and, on the other, a machine furnished with an immense variety of springs most admirably constructed and ingeniously arranged.

"The curious inquirer is disposed to ask, as he proceeds to examine this structure, and to compare it with man and other animals, How is it that there are no muscles or flesh below the knee, when he finds so many in the human hand or foot, as well as in the legs of the feline and canine races? We must reply to this natural question, that, from the length of the leg of a horse, and the distance from the body to the ground, if the muscles had been placed below the knee, the weight of these parts would have been so great as to have obstructed very considerably the animal's movements, on the same principle that a pound weight at the end of a long arm of a steel-yard would balance many pounds on the short arm. In like manner, the muscles, in which, of course, the moving power resides, are disposed above the knee, and effect their purpose through the medium of the tendons or sinews, which act as so many ropes in readily communicating motion to the foot. On the same principle we find, in the construction of the bones of the leg, the greatest condensation of strength, from their being arranged in the forms of cylinders, that being the strongest form; and where there is the greatest danger of fractures occurring (the middle of the bones), there we find most weight and solidity; but towards their extremities a greater size is afforded for the articulation of joints and the attachment of muscles. With this increased size,

however, we have a diminished weight and solidity of structure. This allusion to the bones of the leg naturally brings us to consider, in the first place, the uses of those parts nearest the knee. The large metacarpal or cannon bone receives the greater portion of the animal's weight, and transmits it to the bones below. The two smaller metacarpal bones receive some portion of the weight, and from their elastic connection with the shank bone are supposed to act as springs in diminishing concussion.

"Let us inquire as to their capability of sustaining weight and diminishing concussion. We find that the inner splint bones articulate with a small bone of the knee—the trapezoid; but the unciform, being longer than the pisiform, presses partly on the outer splint bone, and partly on the cannon; while the articulating surfaces of both bones are somewhat higher than that of the cannon, which exposes them still more to pressure. We take it, that even the circumstance of the flat articulating surface of the cannon bone being tipped with cartilage must materially diminish concussion; but that the smallest metacarpal bones, from their elastic connexion with the cannon, must still more contribute in taking off the jar. When, however, we see so many horses whose metacarpal bones are united together by ossific matter performing all their paces so admirably, and with such safety, we must not assign too high an office to the splint bones, or consider their elastic connexion with the cannon as indispensably necessary to the performance of the functions of the leg. Young horses, of course, possess greater freedom and elasticity in their action than older ones, and to this elasticity the splint bones, no doubt, greatly contribute.

"There is, perhaps, no individual part of the body of the horse more interesting, or more important to the horseman, than the fetlock joint, and none, certainly, which demands or engages more attentively the minute examination of the practised eye. It is, indeed, the good or bad formation of this part which makes the difference, and frequently the only difference, between one animal worth a hundred pounds, and another worth only twenty,—its faulty structure condemning the latter to the purposes of common harness work, and its proper conformation enabling the former to carry a heavy weight over a stiff country with safety and pleasure.

"Important, however, as this joint is to the rider, it is one of the most difficult for the amateur to examine when purchasing of an ordinary dealer; the animal is kept so constantly in fear of the lash, that, however knuckling he may be on his joints, the excitement of fear prevents his exhibiting his weak points. The best way to examine the fetlocks properly is to approach the animal quietly in the stable, and whilst apparently looking at his eyes or into his mouth, to cast our own organs of vision down to his fetlock joints, when, if he totters and shakes, however good his other qualities may be, he is not an animal of great value, being in all probability unsafe to ride, and likely to fail in these joints when hardly worked. It matters very little whether the horse was, as the dealer generally says he was, foaled so, because the fault is by no means less from being natural. Horses with this upright fetlock

may not be disposed to trip, or hit their toe oftener than many others; but, should they do so, they are probably at once thrown off their balance, and come down with great force. Connected with this too upright and tottering fetlock, we often see the flexor tendons badly developed, and bound in at the knee.

"*The Fetlock Joint* should form an angle of about forty-five degrees; a greater obliquity disposes the part to weakness—a less obliquity to unsafeness. The latter throws the weight too much on the bones, the former on the ligaments and sinews. Of the two faults, however, the upright fetlock is the most frequent, and I should say the worst; and when we see it we may prophecy, with some degree of certainty, that the legs will not last out the constitution. A good fetlock, to be deserving of the name, must have the flexor tendons strong and well developed, the suspensory ligaments corresponding, and presenting to the eye a flat leg, with three convexities formed by the bone, the ligament, and the tendons.

"The joints, too, should be large in proportion to the other parts; for, by thus having a large articulating surface, concussion is considerably diminished.

"Every one knows that the fore legs should not be placed too much under the body, for, when this is the case, we have generally a bad conformation of the whole extremity, beginning with low and upright shoulders, and ending with knuckling knees and upright fetlocks and pasterns, exhibiting altogether a disposition to fall forwards or come down. It is, however, sometimes the case, that good legs and strong well-shaped fetlocks co-exist with low and upright shoulders; and, when this is the case, the good qualities in a great degree compensate for the bad, for the two faults do not invariably accompany each other: but it is their united evil that is chiefly to be deprecated. For hunting, riding on the road, or for harness, the fore extremities cannot be too good; but as the tendency of this angular formation and high withers is to bestow high action, we often find that horses are not so fleet in their gallop as others whose fore extremities are more faulty, but who, from going nearer the ground, have their stride greatly extended. It is this circumstance, I imagine, that has led to the fact (for the fact it undoubtedly is) that the fore extremities are altogether disregarded in the breeding of thorough-bred horses; and thus we find that three-fourths of them have bad fore legs and weak fetlocks, and, consequently, break down, either in the first or second year of their appearing on the turf. I freely acknowledge that the performances of a thorough-bred stallion are his chief recommendation; but I should, at the same time, suggest that more attention should be paid to the state and structure of his fore legs, for, although this might not influence the speed, it will greatly affect the power in his progeny of sustaining severe training, or lasting long on the turf.

"Where, we may ask, are the winners of the Derbys and St. Legers of the last seven years? After blazing away like meteors through the sporting world, like meteors, too, they have sunk into

comparative obscurity. Nearly all of them are broken down and lame; and, I would venture to assert, from disease existing within a few inches of the fetlock joint.

"It would be an interesting circumstance, as affecting the comparative qualities of stallions, if, in addition to their own performances and that of their progeny, it were ascertained how many years the latter endured before they were taken, or rather compelled to be taken, out of training.

"*The Tendons.*—We have before observed, that there are no muscles situated below the knee; if there were, the leg, instead of being light and active, would be heavy and unwieldy as that of an elephant. A pound of substance at the fetlock would require more power to move it than four pounds placed above the knee.

"Accordingly, we find that the muscles, both those which extend and those which flex the limb, are placed above the knee, and communicate motion to the foot by means of the long flexor and extensor tendons. This being the case, it must be evident that the most onerous duty, viz., that of raising the leg, is performed by the flexors, and accordingly we find that they are more than three times the size of the extensors. There seems, however, to be a greater disproportion between the tendons than between their corresponding muscles, which we must explain by observing, that the flexors, beside their principal use in progression, also contribute greatly to the support of the leg. The animal, in a measure, stands upon his flexor tendons, which is shewn by dividing them, when the fetlock joints immediately become more oblique. To effect this function both sinews are expanded at the fetlock, and the perforans also at the back of the os coronæ, and again still more at the navicular joint.

"We have before observed, that the perforatus forms a sheath for the perforans, at and below the fetlock joint, thus affording a beautiful mechanical contrivance, for a sheath could not be dispensed with, and yet no material could be spared for the purpose, lightness being so great an object. Accordingly, the difficulty is at once removed by the smaller tendon forming a sheath for the larger, by which, without any increase of bulk, the tendons are enabled to act jointly or severally as may be required.

"In the operation which we shall afterwards speak of—the division of the flexor tendons—the act of healing unites both tendons together by the intermediate substance that grows between them; the effect of which is, that the two sinews can afterwards only act together. The perforans can no longer slide through the perforatus, but the action of the latter so limits that of the former, that the horse can no longer flex the coffin bone on the os coronæ. The flexor perforans, after emerging from its sheath, expands considerably, and enters a joint capsule, which occupies the whole of the back part of the os coronæ, and in which the tendon and the bone are closely adapted to each other, the former resting on the latter, and this reposing on the soft elastic heels, which yield in every direction, thus forming one of the most elastic springs in the whole body. After leaving this capsule, it enters the navicular joint cap-

sule, where the tendon still more expands, and intimately corresponds with the navicular bone, over which it glides like a pulley. Thus we find that the flexor perforans is the medium of support of a good portion of the animal's weight, first at the fetlocks, then at the small pastern, and again behind the navicular bone, where it reposes partly on the inferior cartilages, and partly on the cushion of the frog.

"For these several purposes, the flexor tendons are endowed with immense strength, far superior in this respect to any cordage which our navies can produce; and Sir C. Bell has shewn that the fibres are interlaced in a manner the most compact and tenacious. In the dead animal, it has frequently been known to support four thousand pounds.

"*The Extensor Tendons* of the foot are considerably weaker than the flexors, having only to extend the limb, and not having to support any weight: but at the same time their office is highly important, and on the good or bad performance of it the safety of the horse will greatly depend. We find some horses, though possessing good legs, yet continually hitting their toes. This arises either from weakness or faulty action of the extensor muscles; and thus a horse very small in the front of the fore arm is seldom very safe. It is common to see horses worked very young with tottering knees; this is often, in a great measure, owing to the weakness of the extensor muscles and tendons.

"*The Suspensory Ligaments.*—The flexor tendons are greatly assisted in their action by the suspensory ligament, which, as we have before observed, rises just below the knee, passes down between the small splint bones, bifurcates, and is implanted into the sessamoid bones.

"This ligament differs from most others, and from the tendons, in possessing elasticity, and that to a great extent: when the horse is in action, the large metacarpal bone rests partly on the sessamoid bones, which being hung, as it were, by the suspensory ligament, puts it on the stretch, and thus a beautiful spring is afforded. Their action is well displayed in thorough-bred horses, whose fetlocks almost touch the ground at every step.

"No sooner is the weight taken from the limb than this ligament recovers its former state, and thus, preceding the flexor tendons in their action, catch the limb, as it were, before they have time to act, by which means it materially assists in flexing the leg, thus affording a beautiful example of the superior assistance rendered by elasticity which never tires, to muscular exertion, so liable to weariness and exhaustion.

"But the action of the suspensory ligament is not entirely confined to the fetlock joint, for the sessamoid bones are connected by ligaments to the os coronæ, on which the large pastern bone in part rests; and thus, as Mr. Percivall shews, the elasticity of the suspensory ligament is communicated to another joint, which by the common observer would have been regarded as beyond its influence.

"The suspensory ligament thus affords to the fetlock a beautiful

spring, and at the same time a firm and effectual protection to the joint. If we divide the flexor sinews, the animal will be able to stand without difficulty; but, if we likewise cut through the suspensory ligament, the fetlock joint immediately comes to the ground; thus shewing that the principal use of the ligament is to support weight.

"We find that in oxen the ligament is more than double the size of that of the horse, whilst the sinews are often smaller; but with an increased size we have a great decrease in elasticity. From this fact of comparative anatomy, we are disposed to conclude that the chief use of the suspensory ligament is to support the fetlock; an office as a spring which though highly important, is yet to be regarded as secondary. In the action of the limb, we find that a considerable portion of the superincumbent weight rests upon the sessamoïd bones, which, in consequence, recede and descend, or rather move backwards, like a door on its hinges, thus putting the ligament on the stretch: but, in order that they should not be strained too much, a limit is put to their action by the flexor tendons, which brace the sessamoïd bones, and support the joint. Thus we see how important it is that the ligament should possess elasticity, and that the tendons should not. If the former were not elastic, we should lose an important spring; and if the latter were so, they could no longer stay the action of the suspensory ligament. The tendons would also, by an elastic structure, be unfitted for the purpose of communicating motion to the muscles; for to do so, it would be necessary to put them on the stretch, before the latter could communicate the requisite motion to the foot. A similar effect would, indeed, be produced, as if we were to drive with India-rubber traces, in which a certain loss of power must be exhausted in overcoming the elasticity of the traces, before the vehicle could be put in motion.

"*The Pastern Joint* contributes towards the elasticity of the leg in proportion to its obliquity; this inclination taking off the weight from the bones, and throwing it upon the elastic parts behind. The large pastern bone, we have seen, rests in a great measure on a ligament, which, though not elastic itself, can act as such, from its connexion with the sessamoïd bones and the suspensory ligament—thus affording a considerable spring. The small pastern bone rests, throughout its whole posterior surface, on the flexor perforans tendon, and the latter, at this part, is embedded in, and supported by, the soft cushions of the heels, which recede at every step; thus affording one of the most elastic springs in the whole body, though one which seems to have been lost sight of by lecturers and writers on the foot. If any one doubts the action or importance of the spring, he has only to procure a fresh leg, and cut it off at the pastern joint, when he will perceive that the tendon, as high as the coronal bone, is supported by the soft elastic substance, which is embraced, and as it were contained, within the lateral cartilages that rise on each side as high as the upper part of the os coronæ. If now he presses on this bone in the same direction that pressure is usually received, he will find that the bone,

sinew, and cushion, immediately recede, slightly pressing upon the lateral cartilages; and the moment the pressure is removed the parts instantaneously regain their former position."

This work will form a most valuable addition to the library of the veterinary surgeon.

THE GOODWOOD MEETING:

"Many things impossible to thought
Have been by care to full perfection brought."

I HAVE somewhere read that "*perfection* is not to be found on this earth;" now, with all due deference to the author's judgment, I think I might safely challenge the assertion, and name the "Goodwood Racing Meeting of 1840." With weather suitable to the season of the year, the ground in a true and fit state, the company highly aristocratic, the horses of the first class, and the sport sufficient to satisfy the greatest glutton, this splendid Meeting commenced and concluded. Under the excellent judgment of the Stewards (the Earl of Eglinton and Colonel Peel), and greatly assisted in carrying their "measures" into "law" by that thoroughbred Sporting Nobleman Lord George Bentinck, the whole arrangements were brought into force, and regularity and punctuality were the "order of the days," much to the gratification of a splendid company. With this little preface I shall attempt to report the most magnificent Racing Meeting that I ever beheld.

Tuesday, July 28th.—At twelve o'clock precisely the bell called the starters for the Craven Stakes to the post, when five only out of nine subscribers answered to the call. The race was a pretty one, although perhaps Mickleton Maid had the best of it all through; she won in the end easily by two good lengths, beating Mus, Welfare, Interlude, and Garry Owen. Welfare, from her Oaks running, was a decided favorite at 7 to 4 agst. her; 7 to 2 was laid agst. Mus, 4 to 1 agst. the winner, and 4 to 1 agst. Garry Owen, who, with Interlude, was beaten completely off. Connelly rode the winner. In consequence of Mickleton Maid winning so easily, the backers of Hetman Platoff came out in earnest, and took the odds freely about his winning the Goodwood Stakes and the Cup.

The Lavant Stakes followed, and afforded one of the *prettiest* two-year-old races I have seen this season. The Duke of Richmond's filly by Glaucus, out of Baleine, won on the post by a head, after a delightful run in: Mr. Gratwicke's Clementina, by Actæon, out of Frederick's dam, was second: Lord George Bentinck's H. R. H., by Velocipede, out of Her Majesty; Mr. Sadler's Diversion, by Defence, out of Folly; and Lord Eglinton's Assagai, by Muley Moloch, out of Zohrab's dam, also started, but were not placed by the Judge.—Two to 1 agst. the winner, 2 to 1 agst. Diversion (taken), and 4 to 1 agst. either of the others. Sam Rogers rode for His Grace.—The winner is engaged in the Drawing

Room Stakes, also in a very rich Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., *forty-three subscribers*, at the Goodwood Meeting, 1841 : she is a very promising filly, with good racing-like action, and ought to have had a nomination for the Oaks.

The next race, for four-year-olds, was one of consequence in point of a pecuniary view ; it was worth to the winner the handsome sum of £2700 ; the distance about three miles and a quarter—a poser to the candidates. There were originally sixteen horses entered at the tender age of two years old, all of them at the time, no doubt, “very promising” in the eyes of their respective owners ; but in two years vast changes too frequently occur in turf matters, and such was the case in the present instance, for four only came out to try for the tempting prize—viz. The Corsair, Bosphorus, Glenlivat, and Forlorn Hope ; and, as a matter of course, The Corsair won in a canter, very tenderly ridden by Robinson. If ever a gentleman shewed judgment in naming a colt, it is Mr. Theobald.

The Goodwood Club Stakes gave us a peep at some amateur performers. Captain Gardnor, riding 10st. 10lb., won on The Currier, beating Captain Pettat on Caliph, 11st. 10lb., and Lord March on Guava, 10st. 10lb., in a common canter. The knowing ones were a little out in their judgment, for they backed Guava against the Field. The jockeyship was very good.

The Drawing Room Stakes, a little Derby, for three-year-olds, was won very easily by Wardan, beating Gambia, Amurath, Confederate, Black Beck, Chasseur, and Sherbet.—Two to 1 agst. Wardan (taken), 5 to 2 agst. Amurath, 4 to 1 agst. Confederate (taken), 6 to 1 agst. Gambia, 8 to 1 agst. Black Beck, and 12 to 1 agst. Chasseur. Some of the “unfortunates” on the Derby could not help observing that Wardan ought to have started for that race : certainly his subsequent running with Janus, Confederate, Amurath, and Gambia, make him a superior three-year-old. John Day rode Wardan, who is not in the Leger.

The Welter Stakes gave us another treat ; Gentlemen Riders. Mr. Fairlie’s Zohrab, with *thirteen stone on his back*, beat Mr. Foster’s Combat, *thirteen stone*, and Lord G. Bentinck’s Capote, 10st. 12lb., after a very sharp and beautiful race. Captain Pettat rode the winner, Mr. W. Smith Combat, and Lord March Capote, which was the favorite at 2 to 1 agst. the Field.

The Innkeepers’ Plate of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for all ages, heats, T.Y.C., brought this excellent day’s sport to a close. Treen’s horse Doncaster won the Plate in three heats, beating Pickwick, Felo-de-se, and three others. The winner is one of the most complete screws I ever saw stripped to run ; he has been fired all round, has a knee as big as a “body,” and a queer sinew ! He might have been claimed for 80 sovs., but no one seemed disposed to purchase. Two to 1 agst. Pickwick, and 3 to 1 agst. Doncaster.

At the Swan, in the evening, Hetman Platoff was backed freely at 4 to 1 for the Goodwood Stakes ; 9 to 1 was taken about Glenlivat, 11 to 1 about Orelia, 15 to 1 about Potentate (freely), and

20 to 1 about Pocket Hercules. For the Cup, 2 to 1 was the highest bid agst. Charles XII.; 7 to 2 was frequently booked on Hetman Platoff, 6 to 1 agst. Lanercost, and 12 to 1 agst. Pochontas.

Wednesday.—This was one of the most beautiful days I ever saw, and the scene from the Grand Stand was really magnificent. The Duke of Nemours, accompanied with his beautiful Duchess, honored the course with his presence, and appeared to enjoy the splendor of the things before his eyes to admiration. His Royal Highness evidently was no *novice* upon turf affairs from the interest he took in each race. By the death of Sir Arthur Paget the Grand Stand was shorn of much beauty and fashion, yet enough appeared to dazzle the eye of the admiring visitor.

The first race was a thing of little consequence—the Members' Plate of £50, with 50 added by the Ladies, and 10 from the Fund; heats, once round.—Captain Gardnor's Brother to Enterprise, 3 yrs., was the winner, in three heats, beating Bedford, Abraham Newland, and Wee Willie. Bedford was the favorite, but there was little or no betting, the speculators being deeply engaged in "hedging and ditching" on the next race, the Goodwood Stakes. Nat Flatman rode for Captain Gardnor.—Abraham Newland had the honor of running second for the St. Leger in Mango's year, and his spirited owner might well exclaim, after Abraham's wretched performance this day, "Oh, what a falling off *is here*!"—But hark! the bell rings for the grand race of the day—

The *Goodwood Stakes*, value £1350 to the winner. The following came forward, all of whom seemed, as far as the eye could scan, in excellent condition:—

Mr. Allen's b. f. <i>Orelia</i> , by St. Nicholas, dam by Peter Lely, 4 yrs. 6st. 9lb.	Percy	1
Mr. Bowes' b. c. Hetman Platoff, by Brutandorf—Don John's d. 4 yrs. 9st. 7lb.	Scott	2
Duke of Richmond's ch. g. Glenlivat, by Cetus or Rowton, 4 yrs. 7st. 11lb.	Howlet	3
Mr. Shelley's b. f. The Drama, by Emilius, out of Farce, 4 yrs. 6st. 13lb.	Mann	4
The following were not placed:		
Lord Eglinton's Potentate, aged, 8st. 13lb.	Lye	0
Lord Albemarle's Domino, 4 yrs. 9st.	Cotton	0
Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabal, aged, 8st. 10lb.	Conolly	0
Mr. Arnold's Adrian, 6 yrs. 8st. 1lb.	E. Edwards	0
Lord Jersey's Joannina, 5 yrs. 8st. 3lb.	Robinson	0
Mr. Bowes' Mickleton Maid, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb.	Nat.	0
Mr. Goodman's Pluto, 4 yrs. 6st. 8lb.	Pettit	0
Mr. W. Ley's Pocket Hercules, 6 yrs. 7st. 9lb.	Wakefield	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Halfcaste, 3 yrs. 5st. 4lb.	West	0
Mr. Theobald's Forlorn Hope, 4 yrs. 6st. 4lb.	Bell	0
Col. Wyndham's c. Non-gifted, by Nonsense out of Gift, carried 5st. 10lb., 3 yrs. 5st. 6lb.	Stag.	0

In races of this nature it is next to impossible to get an exact state of the odds at the close; but as near as I could find, the prices of each stood, immediately before starting, thus:—3 to 1 agst. Hetman Platoff, 8 to 1 agst. Glenlivat (taken), 9 to 1 agst. Mickleton Maid (taken), 10 to 1 agst. Domino, 10 to 1 agst. *Orelia* (taken), 14 to 1 agst. Mendizabal (taken), 20 to 1 agst. Pocket Hercules, 20 to 1 agst. Potentate (taken), 20 to 1 agst. Joannina, 22 to 1 agst. Pluto, 25 to 1 agst. The Drama, and 50 to 1 agst. Forlorn Hope. At the second attempt the above lot went away without any one having reason to complain. Half-caste took the lead to make the running for his stable companions: close upon him were The Drama, Glenlivat, Adrian, Domino, and Mickleton Maid, and

the remainder on "the look out for places." The speed was great upon rounding the Clump, and even at this early period it was quite clear to the jockies of Forlorn Hope, Adrian, Pocket Hercules, and Pluto, that their hopes had faded away. Hetman Platoff, who from the great weight he gave to all in the Stake, was quietly waiting in the rear for the light weights to cut each other up. Upon making the hill in the last turn, he had worked up to about the eighth or ninth position, but still some lengths from the foremost rank, which was composed of Glenlivat, Orelia, The Drama, Mickleton Maid, and Potentate. At the distance-post Orelia came out, and in an instant the race was over; for although Hetman Platoff passed Glenlivat, The Drama, Mickleton Maid, and Potentate in rapid succession, yet he could not reach Orelia, who won in a canter by two or three lengths, *without being called upon*. Hetman Platoff beat Glenlivat by about the same distance, thereby proving himself beyond a doubt one of the best, if not the very best, four-year-olds of the year.—The betting all along had been confined to about four or five horses; and to shew the judgment of the knowing ones, the first three were the ones under the greatest *responsibilities* to their friends. Orelia, it will be remembered, ran exceedingly well for the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup, under great disadvantages: she is wonderfully improved since last year.

Mr. Treen's Doncaster won a Fifty Pound Plate, T.Y.C., and was claimed for 60 sovs. according to the articles.

The Queen's Plate of 100 gs., three miles and five furlongs, was very cleverly won by Lord Eglinton's Interlude, beating Feather, Chasseur, Marchioness, Bedford, Sal-volatile, and Tamburini.—Two to 1 agst. Chasseur, 5 to 2 agst. Tamburini, 6 to 1 agst. Feather, 8 to 1 agst. Interlude (taken), and 9 to 1 agst. Bedford. Lye rode the winner, whose *forte* evidently is "a distance."

The day was brought to a conclusion by the result of the City Plate of 100 sovs., for all ages, heats, one mile.—Mus won after three heats; he might have done it in two had Sam Rogers thought proper to let him. Confederate (won the first heat), Capote, Lady Geraldine, and Io, made up the Field.—What little betting there was was in favor of Io and Confederate, both of which were backed at 5 to 2.

In the course of the afternoon some betting took place upon the Cup and the St. Leger. For the former race Hetman Platoff and Charles XII. were equal favorites, at 2 to 1 against; 5 to 1 was offered agst. Lanercost, 9 to 1 agst. Pocahontas, 12 to 1 agst. Beggarman (occasionally taken), and 14 to 1 agst. The Dey of Algiers. For the Leger, Launcelot was supported at 7 to 2, but Crucifix at 7 to 1 was without supporters; great doubts are entertained as to whether she will stand her work for the race. Gibraltar and Galen were backed at 10 to 1 each, and Maroon and Theon at 25 to 1.

Thursday.—This day being the "lion" of the Meeting, and the weather continuing delightfully fine, the rank and fashion certainly exceeded anything of the kind at any previous Meeting. His Royal Highness the Duke of Nemours, accompanied by his young

and lovely Duchess, arrived on the Stand immediately before the Cup race, and upon its being declared that his Illustrious Brother had won the grand prize with Beggarman, the cheering was "tremendous," as Mr. A. observed. By-the-bye, Mr. A., it was said, had won a "tremendous" stake against his will; that is to say, he had backed the winner at long odds, expecting from his favorable trial, and the certainty of Robinson's riding him, to hedge to great advantage; but somehow the horse was not fancied by the "favorite gentlemen," and Mr. A. could not get out. "Lucky fellow!"—But to my duty.

The Racing Stakes of 50 sovs. each, P.P., the New Mile, went into Mr. Wreford's pocket with the mysterious Wardan (*carrying six pounds extra!*) beating cleverly Amurath, Nicholas, and Iris.—Five to 2 on the Derby absentee, which was jock'd by "honest John."

The Molecombe Stakes, for two-year-olds, with certain penalties for winning, T.Y.C., was won, after a very severe set-to, by Captain Williamson's Decision (5lb. extra), beating Mr. Isaac Sadler's Defy by a head, and Mr. Payne's ch. f. by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam, by several lengths. The betting was entirely between the two first, Defy having a slight call at the breaking up of the Ring.—S. Darling rode the winner, which is in both Derby and Oaks, 1841.

The anxious moment at length arrived, and the excitement in the Betting Ring was intense. Hetman Platoff was made unquestionably first favorite, but Charles XII. trod closely on the General's heels. Poor Lanercost was pronounced to be not up to the mark, and gave way in consequence *a hundred and fifty per cent.*; as much as 15 to 1 was offered at one time. Messrs. Forth, Greatrex, & Co., were Pocahontas mad. Lord George's two started merely to make the display greater: every one knew their chances were as remote as the North Pole. Amongst all the *hubbub* the despised Beggarman was offered to be laid against at very copious odds; one gentleman *begged* to lay 18 to 1 in *ponies*! But to describe the race. The following drew together at the appointed time for

The *Goodwood Cup*, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Racing Fund; the owner of the second horse to receive £100 out of the Stakes; Cup Course; forty-four subs.:—

Duke of Orleans' b. h. Beggarman, by Zinganee, out of Adeline, 5 yrs. 8st. 5lb.	Robinson	1
Mr. Ramsay's br. h. Lanercost, by Liverpool, out of Otis, 5 yrs. 9st. 2lb	Noble	2
Mr. Bowes' b. c. Hetman Platoff, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb	Scott	3
Mr. Johnstone's Charles XII., 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb	Lye	0
Mr. John Greatrex's Pocahontas, 3 yrs. 6st. 6lb	Pettit	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Milton, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb	Howlet	0
Mr. Forth's b. c. by Muley, out of Solace, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb	Bell	0
Col. Peel's Dey of Algiers, 4 yrs. 8st. 12lb	Nat	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Naworth, 3 yrs. 6st. 8lb	Percy	0

In the order written above the horses passed the Judge's Chair, but only three were placed.—Betting just before starting: 6 to 4 agst. Hetman Platoff, 7 to 4 agst. Charles XII., 8 to 1 agst. Pocahontas (taken), 15 to 1 agst. Lanercost, 16 to 1 agst. Beggarman, 18 to 1 agst. Grey Milton, 18 to 1 agst. Dey of Algiers (taken),

and 30 to 1 agst. Naworth.—Just before starting, Charles XII. threw one of his plates, and this made a delay of about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. After all things were complete, the lot drew to the starting-post, but two false starts occurred before they got off. When all things were right, the Dey of Algiers jumped off with the lead at a first-rate pace, after his Chester fashion, having in attendance Pocahontas, Beggarman, and the grey; the rest in respectable situations a little in the rear. Upon disappearing round the Clump this was the order of things; but upon getting again in sight some changes were perceptible. Pocahontas had taken the lead from the Dey, and Beggarman looked, even at this part of the race, very much like a winner. No change of any moment took place till the lot neared the distance, where Naworth, the Dey of Algiers, Grey Milton, and the Solace colt gave up all hopes. Lanercost, who had been kept very quiet during the early part of the race, and had at this point run up to his horses, immediately challenged Beggarman, and at the Stand appeared to have the best of it, but Robinson, having *a shot in reserve*, won by half a length, Lanercost beating Hetman by scarcely so much. Charles XII. and Pocahontas ran in close, the Monarch having about a head the best of the filly; the rest beaten clean off.—The prize is a most magnificent Shield, executed in dead silver, and is altogether one of the best got up things of the sort I ever saw. The cheering was immense upon the Judge's decision being given.

After the grand race little was thought of the remaining ones; but as one of these brought an Oaks filly (1841) from John Day's stable—certainly not a Crucifix—it may be as well to give a little detail of the race. It was for a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies 8st. 3lb.; untried horses or mares allowed 3lb.; both 5lb.; T.Y.C.—There were fifteen subscribers to this Stake, but from some cause or another, of no consequence to any one but the subscribers, the start was reduced to four. Mr. Etwall's ch. f. Pelerine, by 'Tomboy, out of Mantilla (allowed 5lb.), won, just by the last effort, by certainly not more than a neck, from Duke of Bedford's filly by Taurus, out of Plaything (allowed 3lb.), second, and Mr. Fuller's br. f. by Camel, out of Walfruna (allowed 3lb.)—Mr. Rush's colt by The Exquisite, out of Maresfield's dam (allowed 3lb.), nowhere.—Three to 1 on the winner, which John Day rode. She is, as I before observed, in the Oaks 1841.—How so excellent a judge, as Mr. Rush unquestionably is, could send a mare to such a *thing* as The Exquisite, is quite out of my power to answer; but he certainly ought to have had some little consideration for Robinson, especially as this celebrated jockey had just achieved a splendid action, and put some leather-plater upon his colt if he had determined to expose the weakness of his stable.

The Duke of Richmond's Plate of 100 sovs. (Handicap), last mile, was won in a common canter by Duke of Bedford's filly by Augustus, out of Courtesan, 3 yrs. (a feather), beating The Currier, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb.; Sepoy, aged, 8st. 4lb.; and nine others not placed. The winner was exceedingly well ridden by little Howlet;

he took the lead and was never caught. Four to 1 against the winner.

The Anglesey Stakes of 15 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards, Gentlemen Riders, New Mile, was won very easily by Abraham Newland, 6 yrs. 11st. 8lb., beating Guava, 5 yrs. 10st. 7lb.; and Zohrab, aged, 12st. 7lb. Two to 1 on Abraham Newland. Captain Pettat rode the winner, Lord March Guava, and Mr. P. Williams Zohrab. This ended the third day's racing.

There was a match made for 50 sovs. each, one mile, between Lord George Bentinck's Half-caste, 3 yrs. 8st. 9lb., and the Duke of Bedford's filly by Augustus, out of Courtesan, (the winner of the Richmond Plate), 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.; but His Grace paid forfeit to His Lordship.

Several bets were made upon the Leger at the following figures: 3 to 1 agst. Launcelot, 7 to 1 agst. Crucifix, 9 to 1 agst. Gibraltar (taken), 10 to 1 agst. Galen (taken), 25 to 1 agst. Theon (taken), 25 to 1 agst. Dr. Caius, 30 to 1 agst. St. Andrew, and 30 to 1 agst. Viceroy (taken); offers to back three against the Field.

For the Derby 1841 the following horses were backed:—25 to 1 agst. Prince Caradoc, by The Colonel, out of Queen of Trumps; 30 to 1 agst. Escort, by Voltaire, out of Velocipede's dam; 30 to 1 agst. Mustapha, by Sultan, out of Velocity; 30 to 1 agst. Morning Star, by Glaucus, out of Bertha; 30 to 1 agst. Marshal Soult, by Velocipede, out of Hornsea's dam; and 33 to 1 agst. colt by Sultan, out of Margellina.

Friday.—There were no less than *ten races* on this day's card! The sport was excellent; the Goodwood Cup of last year had *forty-four subscribers*; of these it will be seen that *twenty* sent a horse each to the post. The Stewards' Cup, a most beautiful Plate, executed in solid silver, from a model by Mr. Edmund Cotterell, brought out a splendid Field of *twenty-four* horses, handicapped in a masterly manner. The weather was charming.

A match for 200 sovs., h. ft. (made last year), 8st. 7lb. each, a mile and a half.—Mr. Theobald's Fearnought beat Lord George Bentinck's Dreadnought in a canter, with the money all the wrong way with the knowing ones! 2 and 3 to 1 having been betted on the loser. Macdonald rode for Mr. Theobald, and John Day for Lord George. The winner is a very small but wiry sort of an animal.

A Sweepstakes of 100 sovs., Handicap, half a mile, three subs. Duke of Bedford's filly by Taurus, out of Plaything, 2 yrs. 7st., beat Lord George Bentinck's Capote, 3 yrs. 8st. 12lb.; and Lord Eglinton's Assagai, 2 yrs. 7st., easy by a length: the two finished with a dead heat for the second place. Two to 1 on Capote, and 7 to 2 agst. the winner, which Cotton rode admirably.

The Goodwood Cup of 1839 (won by Harkaway), added to a subscription of 15 sovs. each, Craven Course, brought out a Derby-like Field of twenty horses, handicapped with considerable ability. The race was won by Lord Eglinton's aged gelding The Potentate, 8st. 5lb., beating Gambia, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.; Mus, aged, 8st. 6lb.; and seventeen others not placed. Beggarman started for this race,

with Robinson on him, at 8st. 3lb., but the severe race of the previous day took all shine out of him; indeed he has always been a delicate horse, something after the constitution of his sire: he, however, ran in about sixth. Five to 2 agst. Beggarman, 7 to 1 agst. The Potentate, 7 to 1 agst. The Dey of Algiers, 8 to 1 agst. Gambia (taken), 10 to 1 agst. Glenlivat (a rig'lar bad 'un), 12 to 1 agst. Epirus, 12 to 1 agst. Mus, 14 to 1 agst. Euclid, 14 to 1 agst. The Currier, 14 to 1 agst. The Corsair (taken), 15 to 1 agst. Willesdon, and 20 to 1 agst. any other. The Potentate, Gambia, The Corsair, and Epirus, were in front all the way, The Potentate winning in the end easily by more than a length. Mus would, in all probability, have been "there or thereabout" but for his being nearly "floored" at the turn: he notwithstanding came in an excellent third. Lye rode the winner.

The Nassau Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 7lb.; the New Mile; sixteen subs.—was won cleverly by Lord George Bentinck's Rosa-bianca, beating Silestria, and filly by Priam, out of Rowton's dam. John Day rode the winner, who, it was said, is in foal by Defence.

A Match for 100 sovs., D.S.C.—Lord Lichfield's Feather, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb. (Wakefield), beat, in the easiest style imaginable, Lord George Bentinck's Naworth, 3 yrs. 6st. 3lb. It would have been a saving to Lord George if his horse had got disqualified for all his engagements as well as the Derby. Six to 4 on Feather, who was quite recovered from his spring lameness.

The Stewards' Cup, value 300 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; the winner of the Goodwood Cup for 1839 to carry 5lb. extra; T.Y.C.; forty-four subs.—To run this short distance, six furlongs, no less than *twenty-four horses* of all ages, two-year-olds excepted, appeared, and, strange as it may seem, a capital start was effected. Io, 7st. 7lb., made tremendous play all the way, accompanied by Sal Volatile; these two and Epirus, Camellino, Mus, and Euclid, had the race between them; at fifty yards from home, Epirus, Mus, and Euclid, left the others a little—Epirus passing the Judge's Chair first by rather more than a head; Mus was second, Camellino third, and Sal Volatile, although not placed, an excellent fourth. Three to 1 agst. Garry Owen, 6 to 1 agst. Epirus, 6 to 1 agst. Courtesan, 8 to 1 agst. Sal Volatile, 8 to 1 agst. Camellino, 9 to 1 agst. Mus (taken), 12 to 1 agst. Interlude, 20 to 1 agst. Black Beck, 20 to 1 agst. Mendizabal, and 25 to 1 agst. Pickwick.—Epirus carried 9st. 7lb., and was ridden by Scott; Mus carried 8st. 11lb.; and Camellino, 8st. 11lb. As this race was of no importance to speculators on future events, I have omitted to enter into a detailed account; in short, these three-quarters-of-a-mile handicap races are never any guide to the betting man. Epirus looked amazingly fresh and well.

The Duke of Richmond's filly by Glaucus, out of Baleine, won the Two-year-old 100 sovs. Produce Stakes, worth to His Grace £1650, beating Lord Exeter's filly by Sultan, out of Marchesa, Lord Orford's filly by Sultan, out of Goldpin, and five others. The winner was allowed 5lb., and was beautifully ridden by Sam

Rogers. In my account of Tuesday's proceedings I have spoken highly of this filly. Lord Exeter's and Lord Orford's fillies (second and third) are in the Oaks.

This Grand Meeting was finished by three races, Gentlemen Riders; but as these events, however pleasing they may be to the Ladies, have no weight amongst the Racing Gentry generally, it will suffice to say that the Duke of Richmond won the first with The Currier, 11st. Hon. A. Villiers was the Jockey. The next Captain Pettat won with Caliph, 11st. 10lb., riding himself in his usual spirited manner. The last, a sort of "who shall," Hon. A. Villiers and The Currier, at 11st. 6lb., beat Captain Pettat and Caliph at 12st. 2lb., in a most contemptible manner.

Thus ended the most glorious Meeting that ever man attended; and none can sufficiently thank the Most Noble Duke of Richmond for the very handsome and liberal manner with which the whole arrangements were conducted. In conclusion, I will say with thousands, I trust "*we oft shall look upon the like again.*"

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for September, 1840.]

A Trip to Chateau Richer,

OR

SNIPES SHOOTING ON THE SAINT LAWRENCE.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

THE time had arrived when, as must be the case with the best friends, Harry and I were doomed to part, though but for a brief season—the special aim and object of my trip across the broad Atlantic [being no other than to see America in all its length and breadth], though long delayed at Harry's strong solicitation, and the magnificent sport I had enjoyed under his auspices on the broad marshes of New Jersey, and in the devious woodlands of fair Warwick, was now to be accomplished—and one cold winter's afternoon I stepped on board the steamboat Mohican for Stonington and Boston; whence I intended to visit in detail the Eastern portion of the New England States, and crossing by the gorges of the Kennebeck, to pass the Spring and Summer in the rich provinces of Canada. It was my firm intent on leaving my friend's hospitable roof, to have gone quite up to the Aroostook, and taken there a snow-shoe tramp after the Moose and Caraboo; but many causes fell out to the prevention of my plan, not the least of which was the exceeding mildness of the winter, and consequent want of snow sufficiently deep to render the sport either

profitable or exciting. The cold months of this year were therefore passed in absolute inaction, at least as regards field sports—the double gun and yager rifle, which honest Timothy had with his own hands packed in double cases; duly secured by painted sail-cloth covers, saw not the light of day!—the brace of clean-limbed active setters [which, after much debate and consultation, I had at length picked up—my choice sanctioned by Harry's most oracular approbation—one from that paragon of breakers, Mike Sandford, second of that name renowned throughout New Jersey; the other from his English rival, Dilke—truly, though differing in their methods, both Arcadians!] had no more glorious exercise, than trotting many a weary mile behind the well-horsed mails of the New England States; without which pleasurable interruption to their hybernal slumbers, they would undoubtedly have rivalled Falstaff or Fat Tom in magnitude, before the breaking up of winter.

Though undiversified by my beloved field sports, the winter wore away, however; and that, be it said, not tediously—the tardy Spring, less tardy in this instance than its wont, did break; and on the fourteenth day of April, I started on my route toward the ever memorable heights of Abraham—the same route, too, by which the *then* renowned and gallant Arnold led his detachment of backwoodsmen into a hostile country. Greatly had I been misinformed concerning that same road; for—beautiful although it be—yea! beautiful exceedingly—running along the wild and wooded gorge of the broad bright Kennebeck, up to its junction with Dead River—I must say that, as a road, it is most execrable. Though barely eighty miles from my starting post, it occupied me two full days to reach the forks of the Kennebeck—thence I advanced another day—forty miles further through pine forests, over mountain heights, skirting fair wood-embosomed lakes, dragged in a sleigh, actually

Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Thorough mud, thorough mire,

to the Lines—where in a miserable hovel I was constrained to linger six-and-thirty most immortal hours, with no food save sour bread, and smoked fish stewed in rancid oil—till horses should arrive, to take me onward, from St. Francis. And when they did arrive, heavens! what a cortege, we proceeded! No less than three *charettes*, or small two-wheeled Canadian carts, dragged by three lamentable carcasses, at which the *hungriest* pack of hounds on earth would have turned up their noses, conveyed me and my baggage twelve miles in six hours, to the mail-house. There, thanks to the kind foresight of a friend in Quebec, I was met by a capital relay of fleet strong horses, with a good saddle-horse for myself, furnished by Mr. Colway—the prince of postmasters!—who, having settled many years ago at the then desolate St. Joseph's, has now long reaped the fruits of his industrious energy—a happy home—a thriving farm—the good will and respect of all around him—and, more than all, the grateful love of the French habitants, who look up to their *Monsieur Jem* with feelings nigh akin to the old feudal loyalty, better deserved, too, by the kind-hearted,

sturdy, and frank Englishman, than by the courtliest Frank that ever owned a seigneury. Heaven! how delicious seemed that smoking sirloin which graced his hospitable board—plum pudding too—for it was Easter Monday—and a ripe Cheshire cheese, with no contemptible commodity of old Jamaica to hold these solids in solution. Dinner concluded, my good host informed me that the canoes were ready—for lo! the great Chaudiere, adown whose broad and cultured vale I had for some miles past been journeying, swollen by the unusually early thaw, had laid the whole road under water. The wind was fresh, and cold, and dead against us—and I was glad to wrap my box coat close about me, to pull my fur cap over my shivering ears, and to crouch down beside the dogs in the boat's bottom. Anon a dense snow-squall came on, hiding the banks on either hand, and pelting us unmercifully with its sharp sleety arrows—still with their measured chant, timed to the dip of their sturdy paddles, the boatmen plied their arms; and the sun had not yet sunk behind the western hills, when gladly I quaffed, in the clean comfortable tavern at St. Mary's, a jorum of hot brandy toddy, and speedily thereafter turned into a sweet well-aired bed, the first I had slept in for many a night, which weariness alone had rendered wakeless. On the next morning, bright were we up and early—and yet so bad was the high road, the snow lying thereon in places five feet deep with ruts cut down quite to the level of the soil, that though but thirty miles of distance, it was five hours after noon before I reached Point Levi, and saw the battled heights of that superb Cape Diamond, which years will not efface from my remembrance, towering above the mist which shrouded the irregular gables, the narrow streets, and busy quays of the lower town, with the gigantic flood of the St. Lawrence, turbid and vexed by isles of floating ice, wheeling in solemn majesty beneath it.

Once arrived at the hospitable mansion of my friend, the cheerful fireside, and hearty welcome, the genuine old English comforts unseen for many a day, but unforgotten, effaced all recollections in a twinkling, of the fatigues and *desagreemens* of a Spring journey by the Kennebeck, which has become now—tedious as it was at the time and toilsome—one of the many, many passages in life, concerning which we feel the deep truth and philosophy of the sweet Mantuan's sentiment,

Olim et hæc meminisse juvabit.

Where all was new and beautiful and famous—and oh how wonderfully beautiful are all the environs of that American Gibraltar—it must not be imagined that my thoughts turned instantly toward field sports—many delightful days were given to society, many to visiting the mighty—a thousand times more mighty than I had fancied them—fortifications of the strong Hill Town—the citadel, with its unrivalled panoramic view—the plains of Abraham, rich with the memories of those whose names are history—and all the sublime scenery around them.

But anon when, as it were in the twinkling of an eye, the snow which lay so deep when I arrived in every vale and hollow—va-

nished as if by magic!—when the trees, which not three days before had been bare and dry and sapless, burst out, as stricken by some beneficent enchanter's wand, into bright tender greenery!—when the incessant chorus of the vernal frogs was blended with the weak but cheerful strain of the American Robin!—when the winds began to breathe with a soft balmy whisper, and the sun to wax very warm at mid-day!—then did the innate passion stir up the inward man; and I began to query concerning the Spring Sports of Canada. Not much, however, did I learn to encourage me in the pursuit—a few unhappy woodcock—which, I blush while I write, the Canadian sportsmen blush not to slaughter, when they should be most safe from violence, just in the act of mating—and some rare scattered snipe, to be found at far intervals by some land-runnel, or snow-swollen streamlet in the bare open fields, were all the hopes held out to me by the sage heads of the Quebec Sporting world. “Had you been three months later”—they all held to the same tale—“we could have shewn you such snipe shooting as the world cannot shew besides. You may kill sixty couple any day in July or August, at Chateau Richer or Crane Island—but now it's of no use at all—you may walk all day and get a wretched couple, or two couple at the best!”

“But why”—I still persisted—“Why?—Don't the birds come on here in Spring flocks?”

“Only in straggling whisps, five or six at a time, wild, watchful, scattered, making no stay among us.”

“True! in the fields I can believe you readily!—but in the marshes, at this Chateau Richer which you speak of?”

“None are ever killed there in the Spring”—

“But why not—Did you ever go there in the Spring—did any body ever go?”—

“No! no one ever goes in Spring—it was no use”—and so forth—and so in all the plenitude of my self-wisdom and, as I fancied, of experience, I convinced myself that the reason no birds were killed in Spring was simply that no one went to kill them, and that I should find all the marshes full and do great things. To this notable conclusion I partially succeeded in bringing a young friend of mine, a good shot and staunch walker, and highly promising although *young* sportsman. So we two—very queerly determining to give the old shots a lesson—set forth one lovely afternoon to introduce Spring Snipe Shooting on the St. Lawrence.

After a hearty luncheon on mutton chops and right good ale, we chartered a *marche-donc*—a two wheeled vehicle not much unlike to a New England chaise or New York gig—save that it has no head, and in lieu of a dash-board a horizontal strip of wood six or seven inches wide whereon the driver sits, encouraging his active, stout, and docile cob by the two talismanic words, whence comes the title of the vehicle. Into this we ensconced ourselves with gun cases and carpet bags, and due provision of tea, sugar, brandy, and bottled porter, and then—my two setters and friend Aleck's spaniels, Fop Senior and Fop Junior, trotting along behind us, fol-

lowed by a most heterogeneous group of turnspits, mastiffs, terriers and curs of low degree, through the sweet suburb of St. Roche—away we went across the long bridge over the St. Charles River, through Beauport with its handsome church midway the opposite hill toward the sublime fall of the Montmorenci. Here for a while we paused to gratify ourselves with a sight never too often to be seen of that most lovely cataract, and to refresh our good chunky little horse, who had trotted along most unremittingly, with three stout men and their baggage, at a rate of full ten miles the hour. After a little stay we started—for I shall not inflict upon my reader if haply I find one, the hundred times described description of the falls—and for the sketch which I took on the spot it pertains in no wise to snipe shooting, so pass it!—intent on reaching Chateau Richer in time to get an hour or two of shooting before sunset. The road was very lovely—the season and the evening exquisite. Ten miles we drove along the marge of the magnificent St. Lawrence—his broad and sealike waters rippling and sparkling to our right, with a fair verge of cultured fields, meadows, and garden grounds, and here and there an orchard lying between them and the road; while to our left a steep and abrupt bank, fringed with dense underwood, overhung us, a thousand small transparent torrents brawling and gurgling down its flanks to be lost in the mighty river. Hundreds of whitewashed cottages, gable end to the road, looked out upon the meadows and the gorgeous stream, and many an elmtree, centuries old, drooped with its newly budding garlands over the winding wheel track. In short the whole road is a village, a long, long straggling village—every house clean and tidy to a wonder—with whitewashed walls and white blinds to the well glazed casements, and neatly painted stands with flowers, moss roses and fine clove carnations adorning every window—and peasant maids with their black roguish eyes and broad-leaved hats of home-made straw, and short full petticoats of homespun, laughing and courtesying to the strangers from every open door. And this is the country—this the people—which a few desperate demagogues among themselves, and a few *traitors* in the councils of the mother country, would make us believe—would make themselves believe—to be oppressed and wretched!—The merriest—the happiest—the most contented—the most quiet-minded people, whom the sun looks on in his whole career of glory! Without a tax to pay—without a want which their own land supplies not—almost an illustration of old Arcadian pastorals—spinning their own cloth from the wool shorn from their own sheep—tanning their own leather—weaving their own hats—grinding their own grain, raising every article they wear or eat or use, brandy and tea alone excepted!—their laws, their language, their religion guaranteed to them,—they can be lashed into rebellion only by their worst enemies, the agitators, under most specious lies!—the loudest clamorers dare not assert to these poor harmless happy peasants, that they *are* injured or oppressed, but only that they *will be*. Now the lie runs that England is about to overthrow the Roman Catholic Church—now to explode the language—and with

a people—few of whom read, few of whom visit the large towns, none of whom are capable of understanding England's policy, or the state of affairs on an extended scale—the lie becomes a current truth, and the good honest peasant suffers to pander to the demagogue's ambition.

But to return to our shooting—at about four o'clock we reached the beginning of the marshes—the road swept off toward the hills, which here receded from the river, enclosing a wide tract of flat alluvial land a mile or two in length, by perhaps half that width; the inner edge of this area fenced off and cultivated, the outer, next the river, unenclosed, intersected by many creeks and streamlets now full and glittering to the sunshine, for the flood tide was running, and overflowed at times—being the famous snipe ground! At the far end of this our driver told us we should find easily the house of *Pierre Dubois*, with whom we were to pass the night, and we resolved to beat it faithfully to-night, that so we might learn the best spots and choicest haunts of our predestined victims against to-morrow's dawn. Well! out we jumped, and loaded; pulled up our fen boots to mid-thigh; whistled our dogs to heel; climbed the Canadian palings (no easy task by the way) which intervened between the high road and the marsh; and strode on confident of sport, and in anticipation gloriously triumphant over the old slow coaches of Quebec.

Scarcely however had I made three steps across the last fence ere I saw that the laugh was against us. From the very nature of the ground, it was at the first glance self-evident, not only that there could be no snipe on it now, but that it never could be *Spring* snipe ground. It is, as I have said, a flat alluvial sweep of land intersected by innumerable streamlets, filled to the brink, and over it, at high tides, but at low water, forming deep channelled gulleys through the soft greasy mud, ten or twelve feet at least beneath the level of the meadows—this flat is covered during the summer by a luxuriant crop of soft and tender grass rarely, rising above six inches from the soil—watered by all the runs of which I have spoken, and overflowed in the vicinity of these, and all along the beach at every tide. In consequence the snipe, which come on from the remote North immediately after getting off their young, alight on this and similar levels by myriads at a time toward the latter days of July, and remain there in swarms, fat, lazy, and reluctant to get up till the autumnal frosts, which begin early in September, drive them down to more southern latitudes. During the winter, on the contrary, these meadows are covered with snow, which, thawed partially at every rising of the tide, is again congealed by the excessive cold, the moment that the ebb commences, into a sheet of solid ice. The grass is utterly killed down, and the roots are so much affected, that it requires a more than ordinary degree of heat and sunshine to regenerate the stricken verdure. At a glance then, when I set foot on it, and saw the whole wide range of meadow overspread with the dead yellow filaments which had been grass last summer, without one blade erect, or covert enough anywhere to have shielded a grasshopper, I saw that our cake was dough.

There was, however, nothing for it but to persevere—our route bedward and supperward lay straight ahead, and having come, I thought it quite as well to see the thing well out—so on I strode, most manfully, bearing my gun half cocked in the hollow of my arm, with the fore-finger of my right upon the trigger guard as if I had expected at each step to hear the shrill “skeap! skeap!”—waving my setter to the right and left, as heads up and sterns down they scoured the greasy flat, and whistling to them cheerily, when they stood still and stared in my face, as if to ask me why the devil I had brought them there. By and bye I reached one of the channelled runs which I have described, full and flooded—for the tide was now well up—knowing nothing about the nature of the ground, seeing all around me a dead level, and quite forgetting the great rise and fall of the tide, I never suspected above eighteen inches’ water, and confident in my fen boots in I strode fearlessly. For about ten or twelve paces it was quite shallow, not at the most above my ancles, but very dark and muddy—well! I had not a thought of danger, and on I was just stepping, when by strange luck one of the setters, which so far had been following steadily at my heel, sprung forward, and turning completely head over heels, disappeared for a few seconds, then rising to the top swam a dozen strokes or two and landed—whereat I sagely turned about, walked up the runnel, crossed it with ease two hundred yards above, and proceeded with my beat. The following morning, however, going over the same beat when the tide was out, I found to my astonishment my footsteps at the brink of the ravine (for such it was) twelve feet at least in depth, and twice that distance over. Had I got in, I must have lost my gun, and not improbably my life, for though a light and active swimmer, I had on huge fen boots which would have dragged me down, and the soil was so slippery and greasy as to yield neither hand nor foot-hold. Of this I knew not anything, and I accordingly strode, on beating the outer margin of the meadows with all due diligence, while Aleck with his spaniels was making good the landward side, until I reached the broader channel of the St. Anne’s: which does not cut itself a gorge like all the smaller rivulets, but bringing down a copious lime stone deposit, has actually overspread the mud with a shelly coat of petrification, and spreads out over a broad bed with a hard bottom, making a loud and brawling murmur as it crosses the nearly level marshes. Having thus finished our beat, we headed up to the road weary enough, and anxious for our supper. On reaching the main road we asked of the first *habitant* we met for *Pierre Dubois*, and were directed half a mile ahead to *Pierre Dubois le petit*,—we reached the house, and cursed our stars to find that no *marchedonc* was there, and that we must hark back again to a mile beyond the spot where we had first enquired, to find the residence of *Pierre Dubois le grand*! Away we went again, and this time went too far, and found that we had got to the house of *Dubois fils* instead of *Dubois pere*; and in the end, when utterly worn out and dead, we got to the right place, were pleased to learn that all the people for two miles along the road—or twenty for aught I

know—were called *Dubois*, and that instead of holding ourselves unlucky, we ought to have been marvellously thankful that we had found the place at all.

Once landed at our quarters, we lost no time in pulling off our fen boots, and replacing them and our heavy shooting jackets, by easy slippers and loose dressing-gowns,—ushered as we had been into a large low whitewashed room, with two large beds decked with check curtains festooned to huge posts of black walnut!—A three-legged table in the middle of the room, and two or three huge long backed chairs completed the furniture, if we except sundry strips of rag carpet, a dozen tawdry prints of saints, a crucifix at the head of either bed, and a small pot of holy water in a narrow niche beside the door. Before the latticed window stood the eternal flower stand with its choicest freight of roses and carnations, and on the table, before many minutes had elapsed, was laid a snow white cloth with boiled and poached eggs, hot dry toast, fried bacon and fresh butter—the teapot duly scalded was brought next, and we ourselves, with all the skill we learned at Cambridge, prepared the highly flavored brew. We supped—smoked our cigars, discussed a jorum of hot brandy punch, and—having seen our quadruped companions well supped and provided with clean straw—turned in. Before we closed our eyes, however, we settled our proceedings for the morrow—of snipe it was most clear there was no hope—Duck, however, it was said, by dint of creeping through the gulleys, might be slain on the shore; we resolved therefore to take an early breakfast, to beat along the verge of the St. Lawrence for ten miles farther, killing what duck we might, and then to mount our *marche donc*, visit the falls of the St. Anne's, a splendid cataract, far bosomed in the hills and little known—comparatively speaking—and thence to hurry home for a late dinner!—Our plan devised, we slept upon it—rose early, and fed heartily—started upon our final tramp with the first peep of dawn, picked up a duck or two, but nothing to make up for our delinquencies—drove onward, and saw what I shall not name here, nor pretend to describe, for hath it not been written in the thirty-second book of the third volume of Frank Forester's Experiences, by Field and Flood and Forest, of the United States and British Provinces.

Suffice it, that although we killed no game, although we got most marvellously quizzed and giped at in Quebec, I have not yet regretted my trip to Chateau Richer, although I there learned that there was *no* Spring Snipe Shooting on the St. Lawrence.

STOCK OF LUZBOROUGH, LEVIATHAN, PRIAM, ETC.

INVESTIGATION OF THEIR CLAIM TO SUPPORT, WITH REMARKS ON
CRUSADER'S STOCK.

DEAR P: Some years since a correspondent from South Carolina found much fault with my condemnation of *Crusader* as a stock horse, and cautioned me to wait till his stock were fairly tried. Now they have been tried, and a verdict rendered *vs.* them; nay, on the death of the horse in Arkansas (I believe) one of your best informed correspondents, ("N.") seemed to consider it a fortunate event for the country, and yesterday I saw a colt exercising on the Nashville course; he was considered a hopeless case, as his dam was by *Crusader*.

The writer seemed to think it was prejudice in "*Barrymore*." He may have his prejudices *as others*, but in this case they did not mislead his judgment; but why suspect "*Barrymore*" of prejudice in the matter? *Crusader* was descended from Archy and Lottery, the two finest specimens of the blood horse ever seen in our country, and this opinion "B." has always expressed. Sir, my objections were to his faults of form; these were always matters of inheritance with his descendants.

About the same time "B." incurred the heavy displeasure of another correspondent because he did not think *Luzborough* a four mile horse. How have his colts turned out? Are they not rather two mile horses? It is true Picton, Bandit, and Portsmouth ran four miles, but as a stock are they not two mile horses, and would not any horse so finely bred as *Luzborough*, (for his blood is of the best), have gotten some four milers from the fine Archy mares bred to him?

His stock is just such as any reasonable man should expect, from a horse of his form and action; a large fine slashing mare, with good legs and fine stride, may bring racers from him that will go the distance, but if they breed mares to him with similar faults of form and action, it is folly to expect success—his failure in that case should not be attributed to the horse, but charged as an error to those who make the experiment.

Leviathan I regard as the most successful stallion of his day. His colts run all distances. He had not as much reputation as a game horse in England, as *Luzborough*, yet his location was a happy one. He had fine size, great speed, stride, and strength; and these qualities he had the faculty of bestowing on his get, and when crossed on Oscar, Wonder, or Pacolet mares, he was sure to produce a race horse, because he imparted to them exactly those qualities in which they were most deficient. On large open made Archy mares, he has often been a miserable failure, and this is no fault of his, but just what should have been expected.

Previous to the importation of *Priam*, "B." incurred the displeasure of some of your Virginia correspondents, because he gave

an opinion unfavorable to him as a Stallion (if imported). "B." has seen cause to change in some degree, that opinion. This change has been wrought by seeing much of his stock in England, and the performances of *Monarch* and *The Queen*, but I do not deem his location the most fortunate for his future reputation. The mares in Virginia have not the bone and stamina of the Western mares, and in these particulars are the only deficiencies of the Priams. He can furnish them game, fashion, blood, and figure; but he is light in his muscles—and there is at this time more mares that would suit him in the counties of Davidson and Sumner, Tennessee, than in all the State of Virginia; but he would not make as much money for his *owners*.

There is a Priam colt near Nashville—a yearling past. He is about fifteen hands, his general form very like his sire, with fine racing-like action; he could be bought at no price a man in his senses would give; but were he mine I should prefer him a little stronger all over.

The above was suggested by the perusal of one of the old Nos. of the Register, when the opinions of B. were freely assailed in regard to Crusader, and continued as to the others, because he thinks a free discussion of the qualities of all horses offered for public patronage, may increase a more rational system of breeding—and perhaps, prevent some of those mortifying failures of every day occurrence.

The horses selected for comment have now been some time here, and must stand or fall by the reputations they have made, and cannot, therefore, suffer from investigation of their claims; my object is alone to introduce a more free investigation of the claims of horses offered to the public. This is the course pursued in England with the most beneficial results.

Yours,

B*****

Major Ragland has a handsome Priam filly to run next week in the Gallatin stakes; she is handsome and blood-like, but too light. She must promise well, or they would not start her at \$1000 subscription.

B.

ANECDOTE OF COLERIDGE.

Though an old joke, the following has quite enough of flavor left to bear serving up once more:—Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so, as generally to attract notice. He was riding along the turnpike road, in the county of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and (quite mistaking his man) thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport; when, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. C.:—"I say, young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?"—"Yes," replied Mr. C. (who was never at a loss for a rejoinder), "I did; and he told me if I went a little further I should meet a goose!" The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on.

Notes of the Month.

O C T O B E R .

DEATH OF JAMES JACKSON.—It is our painful duty to announce the death of JAMES JACKSON, Esq. of Florence, Ala. He expired on the 17th August at his own residence, having been ill less than three weeks. Mr. Jackson was in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The "Florence Gazette" thus notices the sad event :—

"The deceased was born in Ballibay, county of Monaghan, Ireland, the 28th October, 1782. He emigrated to the United States and lived many years in Nashville, Tennessee. The evening of his day has been spent among us.

"Mr. Jackson was equal to most men we have known, in native vigor of intellect. He possessed a clear, discriminating judgment, and great firmness of purpose. He was a man of strong passions, had a warm heart, and a liberal hand. The claims of suffering humanity were never presented to him in vain. Those whom he believed to be his friends, he never deserted, even if all others did. He was a liberal contributor to objects of public benefit, and ever ready to patronise what he was convinced would advance the highest interests of the country of his adoption.

"In his death our county has lost one of its most intelligent, enterprising, and influential citizens. His family has been bereaved of a fond husband and an indulgent father. Long will his loss be felt and his memory cherished by those who knew him best."

Mr. Jackson was a prominent supporter of the Turf in the South West, and had invested from his ample means a large sum in blood stock. He made many valuable importations from England, either individually or in company with some relatives; among the most distinguished of these importations are *Leviathan*, *Glencoe*, and *St. Giles*. He himself bred a great number of those performers upon the turf, that have given such ascendancy to the stock of *Leviathan* in the South West. The eulogy which is paid him in the above brief extract, speaks the unanimous opinion of his friends in Alabama and Tennessee; and it is grateful to our own feelings to be able from personal acquaintance fully to confirm such encomiums upon the deceased. When we can command more leisure it may be in our power to prepare an extended notice of Mr. Jackson, that shall present some interesting facts regarding his career upon the turf and his experience in perfecting the breed of horses.

From the letter of a mutual friend, we extract the following brief remarks upon this deceased gentleman and sportsman :—

"Your friend Mr. JACKSON is no more. He had been dangerously indisposed with congestive fever, but had so far recovered as to relieve his family from all apprehensions. He had left my house, where he had been confined to his bed, and bore the removal in a carriage to his residence without any ill consequences; and two days afterwards he drove out into his plantation, considering himself decidedly better. On his return he insisted that his family should not remain at home on his account as he felt so well, and before they returned from town, he had a return of his attack and expired in a very short time, dying perfectly easy and without a struggle, entirely resigned and satisfied, like one whose conduct through life had left no unpleasant reminiscences to be called up on his death bed. Mr. Jackson had taken a prominent part in all the business and affairs of the day—he was energetic and enthusiastic, liberal to a fault—always ready to assist the deserving, the unfortunate, and the wronged; through the whole of his active and busy life he preserved an unsullied reputation.

"In all the domestic relations of husband, father, friend, and master, his conduct was most estimable, and I should despair of doing justice to his memory."

The Great Match.—We are told by a gentleman from Georgia that the owners of *Gano* have been offered \$12,000 for him *with his* engagement. Another party has offered to take the match off the hands of his owners provided they will allow HAMMOND to train him. This shows the confidence of the Georgians in their nag. They are now laying back for long odds. They want 3 to 1, at which rate they will pile up the crops of years upon the descendant of Eclipse and Betsey Richards. A gentleman who saw the colt last week, says that he was never looking *better*.

Death of Caroline Malone.—We regret to learn the death of this fine filly, intelligence of which reached us in the following letter from her trainer :—

KINGSTON, Autauga Co., Ala., Aug. 23d, 1840.

Dear Friend P.—It is with the greatest pain imaginable that I have to inform you of the death of the bay filly Caroline Malone, four years old past, by Imp. Leviathan out of the own sister to Betsey Malone. She departed this life last evening, the 22d, after the short illness of six hours. She died with the botts.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN R. REDDICK.

Exhibition and Sale of High Bred Cattle.—We invite the attention of our agricultural friends to the following circular of the Managers of the Fair at Niblo's Garden :—

This Exhibition of the choicest animals selected by the Judges, will take place on the 14th of October, at 12 o'clock, M., within the Garden at Niblo's. They should be entered on the books as early as 12 o'clock, M., on the 13th of October.

The owners or exhibitors of Cattle, are requested to take them directly to Tattersall's, and receive from the proprietor, Mr. Miller, a certificate of their delivery, to be handed with pedigrees to the Clerk of the Fair at Niblo's Garden, who will enter them on the books of the Fair, and supply the owners or exhibitors with a ticket of admission during its continuance.

The sale will be held at Tattersall's, on the 15th of October, at 10 o'clock, and continue daily till all are disposed of.

The following arrangements have been made with the proprietor of Tattersall's, and those sending stock, either for exhibition or sale, are particularly requested to conform thereto :—

CHARGES ON STOCK AT TATTERSALL'S, IF ENTERED FOR SALE.

Fifty cents per head, at the time of registry.

If sold, the following commission : 5 per cent on the amount of sales.

For Advertising, 75 cents, on all sales from	\$ 5 to \$10.
" " 100 " " " "	10 to 20.
" " 50 " " " "	over 20.

CHARGES FOR KEEPING STOCK.

Horses will be kept per day, at.....	62½ cts.
Bulls, cows and heifers, on hay.....	50
" " " " and feed.....	62½
Calves, if not sucking.....	37½
Sheep.....	25
Jacks, mules, &c.....	50

Those who wish their cattle to be sold, will see that they are entered for that purpose at Tattersall's.

PREMIUMS WILL BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS.

For the best stud horse, a gold medal or silver cup, of the value of \$15.

For the best brood mare, a like premium.

For the best colt, not exceeding 2 years old, the like.

For the best bull, between 3 and 7 years old, the like.

For the best cow, between 3 and 7 years old, the like.

For the best bull, calf or heifer, under the age of 3 years, the like.

For the best jack, a silver cup of the value of \$10.

For the best ram—the best ewe—the best lamb, each a silver cup, of the value of \$8.

For the best boar—the best shote, each a like premium.

For the second and third best of all the above, as classed, premiums will also be awarded, under the direction of the Managers of the Institute, founded on the Report of the Judges; and also to any other animal that, from its superior excellence, may be deemed by said Judges deserving thereof.

We learn with regret that Mr. JAMES B. KENDALL, of Baltimore, has lost his fine 2 yr. old filly, own sister to *Amelia Priestman* (by Drone out of Ecarté.) She died last week from an injury received in the shoulder. She was a filly very much admired, of great promise, and was engaged in stakes at Fredericksburg and at Baltimore next Spring.

Horses in Kentucky next Season.—An intelligent breeder and turfman writes us from Lexington, that *Eclipse*, *Monarch*, and one of the Virginia Company's horses, are to stand in that State next season, as also *Wagner* and *Hybiscus*. So many enquiries have been made as to the location of some of these horses, that we have less hesitation in giving currency to the information now furnished.

Cricket Match—New York vs. Toronto, U. C.—This Match, which has created a good deal of excitement among the admirers of this sport, came off on Friday, the 4th ult., on the ground of the Toronto Club, near that city, and resulted in favor of New York, as will be seen by the following record :—Toronto: first innings, 52; 2d ditto, 54; total, 106.—New York: first innings, 98; 2d ditto, 9; (with all the wickets to go down); total, 107.

SALES OF STOCK.—The celebrated Leviathan filly *Bee's-wing*, who won a four mile heat last winter in 7:38, at New Orleans, beating *Grey Medoc* half a length, has again been sold for \$5000. Col. JOSHUA AVERITT of Autauga Co., Ala., has recently purchased her of Dr. B. SMITH of Selma, who bought her previous to her great race. She has been fired in both fore legs, and was doing so well at the last accounts that her friends are sanguine of bringing her on the turf again next Spring, Col. A. also has *Esper Sykes* in his stable. REDDICK, *Bee's-wing's* old trainer, is engaged by Col. A.

Ajax, the well-known son of Imp. Barefoot, formerly owned by Col. JOHN H. COSTER of this city, was shipped this week to Maranham, South America, having been purchased for the Hon. Mr. CAMPBELL.

We learn from Kentucky that but one of the large lot of stock advertised by Mr. BUFORD, was sold. The prices bid not being satisfactory, the sale was stopped. The 20th of August last, was the day fixed for the sale.

RACE COURSES AND JOCKEY CLUBS.—*New Course at St. Louis.*—In the Spirit of the Times of August 22d, it was announced that Col. OLIVER in conjunction with Mr. STRATTON had purchased a tract of land in the vicinity of St. Louis, upon which they had determined to establish a race-course of a superior description. The details of their plans were given with some minuteness; and this was done upon the authority of a letter from a valued correspondent, who could never intentionally deceive us in any matter. But we learn that this information so far as Mr. Oliver has any thing to do with the course is erroneous.

New Club at Huntsville.—The present owners of the Huntsville race-track, Cols. CAMP, ACKLEN, BLEVINS, BOARDMAN, Maj. S. RAGLAND, and H. LEWIS, Esq., all being extensive breeders, are resolved that the future meetings upon their course shall be of a most spirited character. A new Jockey Club is being formed, and thus far the subscriptions are very liberal. The purses will be much larger than heretofore, and the appointments of every kind most complete. The establishment is under the direction of H. Lewis, Esq., who has procured the services of Mr. C. Putnam, who is already in charge, and most actively engaged in putting every thing in readiness for the approaching meeting. They hope to see the renowned *Wagner*, on the four mile day, and promise him that *Baywood*, *John Marshall*, and *Free Jack* or *Preston* will not allow him to walk over for the purse. The next meeting will commence two weeks after the close of the Columbia (Tenn.) Races, which latter races commence the 1st Monday of October. Messrs. RAGLAND & DAVIS have a superb string, at least ten, among them *Scipio*, *Preston*, *Free Jack*, and *Julia Fisher*. Col. CAMP has half a dozen, with *Baywood* at their head. BOARDMAN & McLARAN have a handsome string, including the Consol filly in the Gallatin Stakes. Maj. N. TERRY has several very promising young things, and JOHN CONNALLY, Esq., has the brother of *Baywood*, and the half sister to *John Bascombe*, with some five or six others.

New Course at Hayneville.—The gentlemen in the vicinity of Hayneville, Ala., have just succeeded in establishing a new Course in that village. They will have a meeting of four days' duration, and the purses, though not large, will be very respectable, and the course is an excellent one. There are a good many horses in training for the first meeting, which will commence on the 23d inst.

New Course at Chicago, Ill.—A gentleman writes us, under date of the 19th Aug., to the following effect:—"A knot of good fellows, driven by the force of circumstances from old Gotham, have, in solemn conclave, resolved to organize a Jockey Club in the Queen City of the Lakes, beautiful Chicago; and have requested me, as an 'old pin,' to call upon 'York's Tall Son' for a copy of the Constitution and Bye Laws of the Union Course Jockey Club, and I trust you will 'forgive the trespass.' We propose making three days play, commencing on the first Wednesday in September next. We have not a string of fast crabs in our capacious stables, but hold one or two that can keep sound skins when the prairie is on fire, and shortly expect one that 'will be heard of.' We have some trotting nags, not "Ned Forrest's" 'tis true, but they can get close into the neighborhood of the 'thirties,' which is doing the clean thing in a new country."

Frederick (Va.) Jockey Club Revived.—We received the following letter from the Secretary, dated

WINCHESTER, Va., Sept. 15, 1840.

Dear Sir,—It affords me great pleasure to inform you that the Frederick Jockey Club has been re-organised after a lapse of several years, under new, and, I think, favorable auspices. A preliminary meeting was held to-day, when the following officers were elected: Dr. H. H. McGUIRE, President; BUSHROD TAYLOR, and A. S. TIDBALL, Esqrs., Vice Presidents; WILLIAM TOWERS, Esq., Secretary; H. J. M. DANIEL, Esq., Treasurer. The course will be under the management of the last named gentleman, who is fully competent for the performance of his trust.

The "WAGNER" Course.—The race course at Holly Springs, Miss., has recently passed into the hands of Maj. WM. W. GIFT, who gives it the name at the head of this paragraph. His Fall Meeting commences on the 26th of Oct. next, and purses are advertised for races at all distances.

NAMES CLAIMED.—HICKMAN LEWIS, Esq., of Limestone County, Ala., claims the name of *Featherstine* for his br. f., dropped 1839, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Salome by Imp. Leviathan. Also, that of *Ernestine* for his ch. f., dropped 1840, full sister to the above—in the Trial Stakes at Nashville, for 1843. Also, that of *Mary Egbert* for his ch. f., dropped 1840, star, snip, and three white feet, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Johnston by Trafalgar. Also, that of *Signal* for his b. c., dropped 1840, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lucy Gwynne (own sister to Sussex) by Sir Charles. Also, that of *Adelie* for his ch. f., dropped 1840, by Post Boy, out of Howa by Imp. Luzborough—called after the newly discovered continent. Also, that of *Lipan*, for his ch. c., dropped 1840, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Virginia by Cripple. Also, that of *Joe Sumner* for his b. c., dropped 1840, by Pactolus, out of Alabama by Autocrat.

Maj. N. TERRY, that of *Virginia Tunstall* for his yearling filly by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sally McGee.

JAMES M. TAYLOR, of Hanover, Va., that of *Isabel* for a chesnut filly by Imp. Cetus, out of a Medley mare, foaled last Spring.

Mr. WILLIS H. BODDIE, of Mount Pleasant, Tenn., that of *Indiana White* for a ch. f. now at the foot by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, out of own sister to Tennessee Oscar.

JOHN W. KENNEDY, Esq., of Lancaster, Ky., that of *Burdock* for a sucking colt by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko. Also that of *Tivis* for a 4 yr. old colt by John Richards, dam by Robert Wilson. Also that of *John C. Young* for a 4 yr. old by John Richards, dam by Trumpator.

THOS. J. YOUNG, Esq., of Sharpsburg, Ky., that of *John Breathitt* or his ch. c. by Frank out of Milly Lane; he is entered for the \$500 Gold Cup, to be run at Lexington, in the Fall of 1843.

D. ABBOTT, Esq., of Brooklyn, L. I., that of *File-leader*, for his ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Barefoot out of Saluda.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of THOS. J. YOUNG, Esq., of *Black Locust Hill, Sharpsburg, Kentucky.*

No. 1. MILLY LANE, ch. m., 6 yrs. old, by Rattler (Thornton's), her dam by old Potomac, grand dam by Bedford, g. g. dam by Buffer, g. g. g. dam by St. George, etc.

No. 2. JOHN BREATHITT, ch. c., dropped 20th of April, 1840, by Frank, out of Milly Lane.

No. 3. BAY MARE, 4 years old, by James Cropper out of the dam of Milly Lane.

No. 4. *Brown Colt*, dropped Spring 1840, by Richard Singleton out of No. 3.

No. 5. HENRY CHILES, b. c., 2 years old, by old Mucklejohn out of the dam of Milly Lane.

No. 6. CHESNUT MARE, 4 years old, by Medoc, dam by old Hephestion.

No. 7. CAROLINE WARFIELD, bl. f., 4 years old, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Sophia Wynn by Cook's Whip.

No. 8. *Bay Filly*, 3 years old, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Trumpator.

No. 9. LADY STAR, br. m., 8 years old, by Imp. Contract, dam by Cook's Whip, out of old Nancy Tayloe.

No. 10. BECKEY RICHARDS, 1 year old, by Orange Boy out of the dam of Milly Lane.

No. 11. *Chesnut Filly*, dropped Spring 1840, by Imp. Envoy out of the dam of Milly Lane.

No. 12. TOLIEAR, b. c., dropped 1840, by George Burbridge out of Lady Star.

THOS. J. YOUNG.

Sharpsburg, Aug. 30, 1840.

Pedigree of IMPORTED SIR ROBERT.

SIR ROBERT is a bay, bred by the late Mr. Haffenden in 1833, and imported into New York in 1840. He was got by Bobadil, out of Fidalma by Waxy Pope, out of Dinarzade by Selim, out of Princess by Sir Peter—Dungannon—Turf—Herod, etc.

Waxy Pope was by Waxy, out of Prunella by Highflyer, out of Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner.

Waxy was by Pot-8-o's, out of Maria by Herod—Lisette by Snap—Miss Windsor by the Godolphin Arabian.

Pot-8-o's was by Eclipse, out of

Sportsmistress by Sportsman, out of Golden Locks.

Selim, the sire of Dinarzade, was by Bajazet, out of Miss Thigh by Rib—Grisewood's Lady Thigh by Partner—Greyhound—Curwen Bay Barb, etc.

Bajazet was by the Godolphin Arabian, out of Whitefoot mare.

Bobadil was by Rubens, out of Sky-scraper mare.

Skyscraper was by Highflyer, out of Everlasting by Eclipse—Hyæna by Snap—Miss Belsea by Regulus—Bartlet's Childers, etc.

Rubens was by Buzzard, out of Alexander mare, her dam by Highflyer—Alfred—Engineer—Bay Malton's dam.

Sir Robert, in training for heavy engagements, met with an accident, from the incompetency of the boy in charge of him, who suffered him to break away, and in galloping over an irregular piece of ground, he fell, and injured his near fore leg so much, that it completely shut him out from appearing on the Turf.

New York, Sept. 21, 1840.

Additions to the Blood Stock of Col. JOHN CROWELL, of Fort Mitchell, Ala.

No. 1. NANCY CLARK, b. f. 3 yrs. old, by Bertrand, out of Morocco Slipper.

No. 2. NAT BRADFORD, gr. c. 2 yrs. old, by Bertrand, out of Morocco Slipper.

No. 3. *Grey Filly* dropped last Spring, by Robin Hood out of Morocco Slipper.

No. 4. HAMMOND, gr. c. 3 yrs. old, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose.

No. 5. HANNAH HARRIS, b. f. 2 yrs. old, full sister to John Bascomb.

No. 6. MARY WATSON, gr. f. 3 yrs. old, by Robin Hood, out of Bolivia.

No. 7. DOCTOR WILSON, ch. c. 2 yrs. old, by John Bascomb, out of —.

No. 8. LITTLE PRINCE, gr. c. 1 yr. old, by John Bascomb, out of Bolivia.

No. 9. EMMA CROWELL, ch. f. 3 yrs. old, by Robin Hood, out of Eliza Branch.

No. 10. MARGARET PORTER, ch. f. dropped last Spring, by John Bascomb, out of Lady Nashville.

For the pedigrees in full of the dams of this stock, see Turf Register, vol. viii. p. 429.

August 23, 1840.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1840.

Embellishments:

GEOMETRICAL DRAWING OF THE EXACT PROPORTIONS OF ENGLISH ECLIPSE:
ANATOMICAL, GEOMETRICAL AND MECHANICAL DRAWING OF THE MOTIONS OF HIS LEGS:
DIAGRAM OF SIX COMPLETE ACTIONS OF THE GALLOP:

Lithographed by Endicott.

OUTLINE PORTRAIT OF LAUNCELOT, WINNER OF THE LAST ST. LEGER:

THE DONCASTER CUP, WON BY BEE'S-WING:

Engraved on Wood by Childs.

Contents:

	Page
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, Etc.	558
CITIZEN'S STOCK AND CONTEMPORARIES: BY A. J. D.	559
SPORT IN THE CUMMERMAIT JUNGLES: BY "M."	561
GROWTH OF FISH: BY P. HAWKER.	564
EXTRAORDINARY LEAP: BY ROBERT DOYNE.	"
ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF AND FOR THE CHASE.	565
SELECTION OF MARES.	565
CHOICE OF STALLIONS.	569
PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE, No. I.: BY "FRANK FORESTER"	574
SAINBEL'S ESSAY ON THE GEOMETRICAL PROPORTIONS OF ECLIPSE.	581
BREAKING HORSES TO HARNESS: BY "CECIL"	589
A DUCKING ADVENTURE: BY "C."	593
CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH TURF	595
DONCASTER MEETING, 1840: BY "ALFRED HIGHFLYER"	601
SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.	608
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR.	609
BOSTON AND GANO'S MATCH.	609
THE SOUTH CAROLINA STABLES.	"
DEATH OF DARNLEY AND SAMBO.	610
" " HEDGFORD.	"
" THE THUMPS " IN HORSES.	610
TREASURER AND CAMDEN.	"
SALE OF DURHAM CATTLE, ETC.	611
SALES OF STOCK.	"
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1840. RACES AT	
MARIANNA, FLORIDA.	25
FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.	"
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.	"
BURKSVILLE, KENTUCKY.	26
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.	"
PALMYRA, MISSOURI.	"
SHELBYVILLE, TENNESSEE.	"
SALT SULPHUR SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.	27
PALMYRA, MO., CENTRAL COURSE.	"
WHEELING, VIRGINIA.	"
FRANKFORT, KY., CAPITOL COURSE.	28
CLARKSVILLE, TENN., RED RIVER CO..	"
CINCINNATI, OHIO, BUCKEYE COURSE.	28
LIBERTY, MISSOURI.	29
CRAB ORCHARD, KY., SPRING HILL CO.	"
GALLATIN, TENNESSEE.	"
ROME, GEORGIA.	30
LEXINGTON, KY., ASSOCIATION COURSE.	"
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.	31
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.	"
JERSEYVILLE, ILLINOIS.	32
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.	"
PETERSBURG, VA., NEWMARKET CO..	"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A paper by "Frank Forester" has been received for the December number. Also a list of the stock of Wyatt Cardwell, Esq.

Duplicate returns of several different race meetings have been received. We have devoted eight pages of the present number to the *Racing Calendar*, and in our next shall be able to give reports of all the races run in September and October—provided Secretaries do *their* duty.

The article by "Sagittarius," which appeared in the last number of this Magazine, has excited much remark; cannot the author strengthen his argument by citing the prominent four mile horses that have figured on our turf, without giving offence to their owners?

CITIZEN'S STOCK AND CONTEMPORARIES.

[Reply by A. J. D. to the communication of "Z. Z." at page 410-11.]

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, 'D.,' on!"

Now, indeed, your correspondent "Z. Z." is hard upon me; he knows that "A.," "D.," and "Barrymore," are the same. When in God's name, before, has a man been asked to war on himself? But much as he asks, it shall be granted; and I will endeavor to explain all the seeming discrepancies; and I now acquit him of all invidious comparisons.

The quotations are taken from articles written some years since, on the game stock of England, and it was then a part of my theory that game horses would get game stock.

I do not think that in all their quotations "A." or "D." ever said that Citizen got any great number of fine race-horses, or that at any time he had a colt confessedly at the head of the Turf. All he has said is, that it was a fine stock to build on, and I say so now.

The Citizens had a strong family resemblance, both of form and racing character. Most of them were handsome in front, lean behind, and deficient in speed. This description does not apply to Pacolet; he was handsome in the head and neck, rather upright, and shallow in the shoulders, but from the girth back he was perfect; except his head and ear there was nothing to remind you of his sire, either in his appearance or action. He has more reputation than any of the stock; he won but a single race of four miles in Virginia or Carolina.

Your correspondent seems to think there must be some mistake in calling Citizen a failure as a stallion, and yet citing them as game stock. To this I answer, that I would gladly have a remote cross rather than one from an immediate descendant.

If Janus were now living, what man in his senses would breed to him under the hope of getting a horse that could repeat even mile heats; but all of us know that many of the best racers in the South trace to Janus. Collector, the best son of Mark Anthony, and the speediest horse of his day, from one mile to four, had a Janus cross. Blank, the most speedy son of Citizen, had a strong strain of the same blood; and Wagner, now one of the best horses of his day, has a nearer cross of Janus than is published in his pedigree (or I am sadly mistaken), and in two different streams;—yet Janus, in a long and popular career in the stud, and in the race-horse region, got not a single *distance* horse.

Buzzard, too, is another instance—he was surely a failure. He got one fine race-horse from the dam of *Archy*. He had the finest mares in the country, and when all seemed to have consigned him to obscurity, his mares have gained him reputation. Woodpecker, in the West, and Clara Fisher, are sufficient to establish the value

of his brood mares, but not to sustain his reputation as a getter of racers himself; and so of the Citizen mares. They have bred well to Sir Archy and his sons—not because they were themselves racers, but because Sir Archy possessed especially those qualities which were calculated to correct the faults of the Citizen stock, which, when thorough-bred, always furnished durability and constitution. This, Sir, is the secret of their value.

Your correspondent still harps on the word “failure”—this expression was used *comparatively*, and I am still prepared to sustain that opinion. When Citizen's colts were two years old (in this country) he had *one* winner—two colts only started in the race, both by him. I owned both, and they were slow. The following year he had three winners—Talleyrand, Fair-play, and Blank. When four years old, he had two winners—Fair-play and Blank. He must then have had three hundred colts, all bred in a racing country. This compares badly with some of our modern importations, not to mention Sir Archy or his sons, Virginian, or Sir Charles. I have not the tables now by me for reference, but I believe Leviathan had more winners last year at all distances, than Citizen had in the five years his colts were on the Turf, and in the quality there is surely no comparison. Luzborough, too, (no favorite of mine) may claim an almost equal superiority; his first year he had nearly as many winners as Citizen had in five; and here let me repeat, his blood was pure Arabian, the root of our racing stock, but not generally themselves racers. I feel towards Citizen as the English breeders do towards the Arabian—good in his day, but would not answer at this time.

I hope your readers will now understand me, not as wishing to detract from the fair reputation of the old horse, nor the value of his stock, but to place that reputation on its proper basis—that of imparting durability and constitution to his descendants—speed, stride, and size, they must get elsewhere.

Wagner may be adduced in evidence of the truth of this opinion; he is a horse of the finest constitution, and unflinching game; he has three crosses of old Citizen—his sire, Sir Charles, was fast with a Citizen cross in him; his dam, Maria West, was slow to a proverb, so was even all her brothers, mother, uncles, and aunts, yet she always nicks well with a speedy horse, but if bred to a slow one, the produce will not be worth raising.

I beg to assure your friend Pendleton that I shall not pursue the Theory to his *annoyance*, and that from me he need fear no more broken doses. It was not so much a theory as an opinion deliberately formed, sanctioned by my own experience and the best authorities, but like all other opinions, subject to revision and reversal, but as yet I see little chance of the latter.

A. J. D.

SPORT IN THE CUMMERMAIT JUNGLES.

THE following letter has been forwarded to us by our friend "E. N.," written from the hitherto unvisited and unknown wilds of the Cummermaït Jungles in the N. E. of the Deccan, by an Officer engaged in the survey of those dangerous districts, containing some account of the sport in the vicinity.

MY DEAR N.—The Black Joke bore Cæsar and his fortunes all over the Lake of Perkhal, and bore him gallantly too. Now, ye scoffers, what say ye? Go to, and acknowledge that your envious revilings and ill-natured predictions were all the offspring of vanity and vexation of spirit. To be serious: we returned from the lake yesterday, and I shall now endeavor to give you the best description I can of the place. In the first place, the accounts I had received of the magnitude of the lake and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, were much exaggerated. I think I may safely say that its utmost extent any way does not exceed six miles, and, instead of the bold romantic banks I had been led to expect, the scenery in my opinion is rather tame than otherwise. What also took greatly from the charm in my estimation, was the discovery that it was an artificial instead of a natural reservoir, its waters being confined on the North by a bund of about a mile in extent. As to the sport to be had in its vicinity, I have no hesitation in saying that it must be excellent during the dry season, but at no other time is it at all practicable. While we remained encamped there I am convinced that I was frequently within fifty feet of a herd of elk, without once getting a shot or even a glimpse of them. In fact, the grass rose so high above my head that I might as well have been in a pit, as I could not see an object ten yards from me. He must have been a giant indeed who would not (like Sib) labor under a disadvantage in such a place. You must have heard the shrill bleating noise these animals usually make: this was my guide on these occasions, and a precious will-o'-the-wisp it invariably proved, leading me over bogs and morasses till I could have almost sat down and cried with vexation. It appeared to me that the brutes never moved till they heard me rustling in the grass, and then went deliberately off, at least if I may judge from their infernal bleating, which always appeared near enough to induce me to go on. The Natives all swear that the banks of the lake are haunted by devils, and I was really half inclined to be of their opinion on these occasions. There is a belt of dense jungle for some three or four miles all round the lake, according to the Natives, abounding in animals of every description, and I really think they do not exaggerate. In truth I am so convinced that it is the case that I am determined to pay the place another visit about the middle of May, if even obliged to return a hundred miles for that purpose; so if you can possibly contrive to meet me there, you may depend upon getting fun to your heart's content. It would be a

waste of time to go earlier, as the Natives all agree in stating that nothing can be done till the grass is dry enough to burn, which it will not be before May.

What think you of my being foiled in an attempt to shoot a demi-wild buffalo while encamped at Sevaporam, a village about six miles west of the lake! The Aumildar paid me a visit for the express purpose of requesting me to do what I could towards the destruction of an enormous buffalo, which had been the terror of the neighborhood for the last three or four years: he told me that the brute formerly belonged to a Mussulman at Hunnumcondah, who sent it down when very young to assist in the cultivation of some of his lands near the lake. It soon after contracted some complaint, which the Natives deemed incurable, and, according with their humane custom, turned him adrift, and left him to shift for himself. They were soon after surprised to find that liberty and good pasturage had completely restored him to health, but in the meantime he had become so wild that none of his keepers could control him in the least, and, after making several vain attempts to entrap him, they were obliged to give up the point. He continued to roam about the jungles in the neighborhood, but till within the last three years was perfectly inoffensive: however, since then he has been in the habit of constantly sallying out whenever he describes a herd of tame buffaloes grazing, and after killing or completely disabling the males (which his very superior size and strength enable him readily to effect), he follows up his victory by "doing his do" upon the females, and frequently leads off one or two of them into the jungles, where they sometimes remain with him for ten or twelve days together. The Aumildar concluded his description by assuring me that two herdsmen had been killed in attempting to drive him off; that several others had been seriously wounded, and that he had killed or disabled at least fifty or sixty male buffaloes; and that several attempts had been made to shoot him, but from their uniform want of success they actually began to think he was invulnerable. On one occasion he had an eye knocked out, and had received innumerable flesh wounds; but on such occasions he always retired to some secluded spot, and lay in the water till his wounds healed. I of course believed about a tenth part of this, and treated the rest as idle nonsense; but as he promised to have the animal driven to a spot within two miles of my tent on the following morning, I promised to do my best to despatch him.

I accordingly went to the place agreed upon, where I found an immense posse of Natives assembled, who requested me to take my post on a tree they pointed out. I had scarcely made good my footing when I heard a roar, followed by a rushing noise among the trees, and presently appeared my friend, the beaters flying before him in all directions, and leaping up the trees like so many squirrels. I allowed him to come within fifty yards before I fired, when I gave him my rifle ball, which I distinctly saw took effect a little way behind the heart. On receiving it, he stopped short, and trotted back a few yards, and as I was afraid he was going off al-

together, I gave him a ball from my double-barrelled gun, which I think struck him on the flank, as he immediately stopped, and either licked or put his mouth to the part : my second barrel missed fire. While re-loading, he charged up close to the tree several times, but finding nothing within his reach, he at last went off to a considerable distance, with head and tail erect, and looking defiance to us all. The villagers took advantage of this to drive off two female buffaloes (I forgot to mention before) he had seduced from a herd the preceding evening. While anxiously expecting his return, an officious beast of a Sepoy, who had sneaked unseen up a tree in front of me, marred all our sport by firing from a distance, which I should hardly think could have taken effect, though he swore he could see two wounds, one of which he of course claimed as his own. Be that as it may, it had the effect of sending him off altogether, as I immediately afterwards saw him trotting away in the distance apparently as fresh as when we first saw him. The Natives say there is no chance of his dying of the wounds he received, as he has been repeatedly hit in the same way, but invariably returns as fresh as ever after an absence of four or five days ; so if he is in existence when you come to the lake, we will have another rap at him. If I could have waited four days I would have tried it again myself. The brute certainly shews what liberty and good feeding will do, as he is unquestionably the finest animal of the kind I ever saw ; his front and horns are splendid. From the specimen I have had of his extreme toughness, I would rather face a tiger than stand his charge on level ground, unless I was armed with something in the shape of a six-pounder. As he is always to be found in the vicinity of Sevaporam, I have no doubt we shall astonish him yet. I wish I had my old two-ounce rifle.

To return to the boat : we sailed all over the lake in it, but it was tremendous work pulling back against the wind for such a long distance ; the waves also knocked us about most confoundedly when the wind freshened. Poor *Scorpion* (one of the servants), who cannot swim, was dreadfully alarmed on one occasion when we were bobbing up and down at a tremendous rate ; it was quite ridiculous to see him consulting my face whenever we got an unusual pitch. I was at last obliged to affect a whistle to keep the poor man from desponding altogether ; unlike most mariners I did not whistle for wind, of which we had already more than *quantum suff.* ; it was perhaps nearer akin to the whistle of a school-boy in passing through a church-yard at night. I caught some beautiful butterflies near the lake. I got a shot at a bear the day before yesterday, but as he immediately disappeared in the jungle, I know not whether he was struck or not. What I told in my last about the tiger being brought to us was fact : as to the wild buffalos, I told you that I had it on the authority of one of my assistants, Mr. Britain. If you are so very sceptical I shall be mum on these subjects. I have got a young spotted deer ; he follows me about like a dog.

In hopes of seeing you soon, believe me ever yours, M.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1840.

GROWTH OF FISH.

HAVING heard many arguments about the growth of fish, I am induced to think the following statement will prove acceptable for your excellent and long established periodical "The Sporting Magazine."

In September, 1837, I completed the conversion of nearly five acres of useless boggy land into a planted enclosure of about two acres of ornamental water, for the ingress of which I made a little cascade from a water-meadow, where, as well as at the egress, I put a cast-iron grating so small in the mesh as to prevent the escape of gudgeons and other fish of the same size. I then stocked this pond with a few dozens of little perch and tench about the size of sprats, and threw into it some dozen trout, about half a pound each. On the 16th of September, 1840, my son and the keeper espied in this pond two large jack (fish that are rarely seen in our trout-stream!)—on which we mustered our forces to let off the water and drag the pond; the result was, that we soon caught these two jack, the one of $5\frac{1}{2}$ lb., the other $4\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and twelve more jack rather under 1 lb. each. We pulled out at the same time about a dozen of the stock fish, all of which were, as nearly as possible, of the same size, and we killed two of them in order to ascertain the exact weight to which they had grown: the perch was just 2 lb., and the tench rather under 2 lb. We took also, but threw in again, five or six of the trout, which I guess to have weighed from 3 lb. to 4 lb. each; and we destroyed nearly a bushel of dace much larger than full-rowed herrings. Now as this enclosure was always kept under lock and key, and had no communication with the river (except at the egress, where I defy any fish to jump over or to pass the grating unless it were under the size of a gudgeon), it is evident that these jack and dace must have worked up through the grating when about the size of minnows, and, in the short space of three years, have grown to the sizes which I have here specified.

Yours, &c.,

P. HAWKER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Oct., 1840.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

I this morning sent three boys to catch a "varmint" pony of mine called "Ivanhoe," standing twelve hands high, in a paddock nearly surrounded by an old garden wall twelve feet high, in which there is a hole three feet in diameter, the lowest part of which is five feet two inches from the ground. Having driven him (the pony) into a corner, the boys cried out, "Now we have him," when he in full gallop shot through the hole in the wall without putting a toe to it, leaving us all standing with eyes and mouths open, looking at each other. I could not help being amused by an old man who was standing by me, ejaculating "God be betune us and harm, it was nothing *nathural* did that," at the same time crossing himself devoutly.

ROBERT DOYNE.

Water Castle, Durrow, Ireland, Sept. 15, 1840.

[Old Sporting Mag. for Oct. 1840.]

ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF AND FOR THE CHASE.

[Continued from our last Number, page 511.]

SELECTION OF MARES.

"A pair of coursers born of heavenly breed
Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,
By substituting mares, produced on earth,
Whose wombs conceived a more than mortal birth."

THE very important subject which now becomes the object of consideration, and which is evidently the paramount question, is that of procuring such mares as are likely to breed valuable foals: it affords an immense field for reflection.

Various opinions are expressed, and each borne out by examples, whether foals partake principally of the nature and qualifications of the sire or dam: these opinions have been again divided and subdivided, and argued as to what particular qualifications are to be assigned to the respective parents. When it is remarked that some mares have almost invariably produced foals that could run, or were otherwise valuable in the stud, let them be the offspring of whatever sire they might; and again, that some mares have never produced anything that could either race or breed racers by the most successful stallions of the day—it is obvious that great regard should be observed as to the perfections which may be expected to descend from the female; but at the same time I do not mean to assert that superiority on the part of the male is to be lightly treated.

One of the most remarkable instances is in the produce of *Prunella*, which have been conspicuously excellent. She bred *Penelope*, the dam of *Whalebone*, winner of the Derby, and sire (or at least the reputed sire, as the mare was covered by *Seymour* as well,) of *Moses*, *Lapdog*, and *Spaniel*, each of whom won the Derby in their respective years; also *Caroline*, winner of the Oaks:—*Web*, who bred *Middleton*, a winner of the Derby:—*Woful*, a first-rate stallion, the sire of *Augusta* and *Zinc*, both winners of the Oaks; and of *Theodore*, a winner of the *St. Leger*:—*Wilful* and *Wire*, both of whom were sent to Ireland, where they produced many good foals, and amongst others the latter had *Valve*, who was the dam of *Pussy*, an Oaks winner:—*Whisker*, another winner of the Derby, and an excellent stallion, and sire of *Memnon*, who won the *St. Leger*, beating a Field of twenty-nine horses:—*Whizgig*, who was the dam of *Omen*, a very fair horse; also *Oxygen*, a winner of the Oaks, and *Olympic*, a good runner:—*Waltz*, a mare of less pretensions:—and *Wamba*, her last produce, who, from the circumstance of his covering in a retired part of the country, principally in Wales, where he has had but few mares, has not had a chance; nevertheless, he is the sire of some fair country stock.

Parasol, another daughter of *Prunella*, bred *Partisan*, an excellent stallion, sire of *Mameluke*, winner of the Derby, and *Cyprian*, a winner of the Oaks: she also bred *Polygar*, a pretty fair horse, and *Pastille*, another winner of the Oaks.

Prunella also bred Pledge, the dam of Welbeck, and Tiresias (winner of the Derby), Mr. Lowe, and several others.

The produce of Pawn was but moderate.

Piquet also bred many foals, but nothing first-rate.

Prudence, the last of Prunella's produce, was not fortunate enough to breed any foals equal to those of her kindred; but the list already quoted illustrates the fact of the great superiority which Prunella acquired as a brood mare. She had twelve foals by six different sires, a system which does not appear upon a general principle to be advisable, for reasons which shall be the subject of consideration hereafter; but Penelope, her daughter, from whom the greatest number of superior foals sprang, had thirteen, nine of which were by *one* horse, Waxy: the first seven were by him; and she did not produce any foals subsequently to her being put to the other horses *equal* to those of her first companion; Wildfire and Windfall (the first of whom was sent abroad, and the latter castrated,) being by Waxy after she had foaled Waterloo by Walton. It will be seen that more winners of the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger are descended from Prunella than from any other mare in the Stud Book.

The immense number of mares whose produce are inferior are not worthy of notice; indeed to give a list of them would swell these pages to a voluminous extent, whilst a reference to the Stud Book, and a comparison with their performances in the Racing Calendar, will afford every information.

When we examine the resemblance which the foals of some mares bear to their dam, and again the same phenomena of resemblances which appear in the produce of other mares to the respective sires of their foals, all calculation as to which parent they may be expected to take after is set at defiance. Nature, who never loses any of her rights, sometimes reserves her former powers of production: thus it will not unfrequently happen that the foals bear a strong resemblance either to a grandsire or grandam, or even to some still more remote kindred: such distant traces, however, are more rare, and generally more difficult to recognise, because it will frequently happen that the owners of the present generation are not perfectly acquainted with the characteristic appearances of the ancestors, except as regards color.

In man, in whom we are enabled to recognise more minutely the resemblance of particular features, it is a very common thing to detect a strong likeness to each parent. Children are found who possess the eyes of the one and the nose of the other, the forehead resembling that of one parent, the mouth that of the other, and perhaps at the same time neither the stature nor gait of either; consequently the individual resemblance of certain features may not at the first glance proclaim itself, and may be owing to the limbs participating in the proportions and characteristics of a forefather, which endows the individual with a carriage and manner quite different to that of the father or mother. These phenomena are perfectly similar in the horse, but they require greater scrutiny to compare them; and it is from these circumstances, combined

with others, that it will be found so important to breed from a racing family.

It has happened that some of the most successful mares on the Turf have caused great disappointment when put to the stud; but such must not be considered as general cases. The immediate produce of Eleanor, who won both Derby and Oaks, could not run at all, although they were the sires and dams of pretty fair horses; her son Muley having got some very respectable racers, and certainly more than an average lot: the filly by Dick Andrews produced two tolerable runners, Picton and Luzborough. Thus it would appear that if the foals are of a good family, something may be *hoped* for when they are put to the stud, if they cannot race themselves.

In selecting mares for the stud great attention must be paid to the blood, symmetry, and performance: it, however, requires a little more definite illustration to express in what sense I desire to apply the term *blood*. In the first place, it must be as free as possible from incestuous strains and hereditary defects. I would not on any account run the risk of breeding from a mare whose produce had not been out in public, however fashionably her sire and dam might be bred, unless they had shewn good running and had bred horses that could also race.

As to performances, there is no rule which is not subject to various uncertainties. I believe it to be very injurious to continue a mare in severe training, and, without giving her time for her constitution to become gradually prepared, to put her to the stud. The change between being kept clothed in a warm stable, fed upon dry hay and corn, to being turned into a cold hovel without any clothing at all, and supported principally upon green food, must be very great, and it scarcely appears necessary to object to the plan of putting mares to the horse whilst in training as an outrage against nature. One particular instance, however, ought not to be passed over—that of Alecko being in foal with Catharina when she was in training, during which period she ran several very severe races, and it cannot be denied that the produce evinced great superiority: at the same time this does not counterbalance the impropriety of adopting such measures as a general principle, nor does it lessen the cruelty which at all events accompanies the practice.

The first choice must as a matter of certainty be given in favor of a mare, being well bred, that has bred winners. The estimation in which such are held is proclaimed by their value in the market; in fact it is a difficult matter to procure them unless at a very high price, or from some circumstances which may demand the sale of a stud, when they are sold by auction; indeed on those occasions the competition which exists for anything superior greatly enhances the value.

The next consideration will be to select mares that have shewn some running, but that have not been overdone by training; that are of a racing family, and possess the qualifications and are free from the imperfections which I will endeavor to set forth. If so many perfections are indispensable, it may be asked, "where are

mares to be found that are fit to breed from?" To such a question I will answer, there are very few; for there are yet some very important considerations to be enumerated under the terms of symmetry and hereditary defects. The rejection of mares possessing hereditary blemishes cannot be too strongly enforced. How can it be expected that weak, ill-shaped, not to add infirm and diseased mares will produce sound, healthy, and vigorous foals! That so many hundred worthless animals are brought into the world is not to be wondered at when the fountain is examined from which they are derived.

The size, at least the height of mares, does not appear to be any criterion for the size or power of their produce: one observation, however, must not be omitted: height by no means indicates power; many mares are to be found measuring sixteen hands and a half high that are very powerless. It is lengthy, wide, roomy mares, with plenty of bone, that are generally found to breed the strongest and most valuable horses. Harriet, the dam of Plenipotentiary, was such a mare as I have just described; and Arachne, who was a very good runner; and the dam of Industry, the winner of the Oaks in 1838, was lengthy, low, and wide.

In order to obtain well-shaped foals, good roomy mares must be chosen, and the sire should be less rather than larger than the mare. It is generally advanced as a maxim that stout running mares should be put to speedy horses: the relative shape of each is of much greater importance.

I am fully persuaded that speed arises from certain proportions and length of limb corresponding with the density of the muscles, and such a conformation of the chest as to allow of full liberty for the action of the lungs. These proportions, combined with a willing honest temper, will produce stoutness. How such proportions are to be mathematically defined appears to be beyond the comprehension of human investigation; but there is no doubt if one part of the frame is not in proportion with another, that the speed and action will be deficient.

To impress the necessity of regarding the relative size of the male and female: if the seed of a large growing plant be sown in a small flower-pot, it will germinate, sprout forth, and grow for a certain space of time, but at length it becomes puny, weak, and disproportioned, and withers from want of that volume of nourishment which it would derive in a greater body of soil: so it is in the animal creation; if large bony males are put to little weak delicate females, the produce is very likely to prove weakly and badly shaped, whilst the difficulty of parturition is greatly increased.

In corroboration of the influence which the size of the male has upon the size of the offspring, I will adduce another comparison. If a small bantam cock be turned into the yard with hens of a larger breed, all the eggs will be smaller than if the ordinary laws of Nature had been observed: the same result is produced in the equine race by similar causes.

Before closing this chapter it may not be amiss to suggest the propriety of keeping mares warm and dry, especially immediately

after they leave the training stables: under any circumstances the change is very great. Accustomed to hot stables and warm clothing, scarcely allowed a moment's exposure to a cold atmosphere, the turning mares into a wet pasture without any protection from the elements must have a serious effect upon the constitution: although in all cases it may not be visible to our perception, there is no doubt the animal is in some way or other affected by it. Gradually habituating the mare to the change cannot be attended with much trouble, and evidently lessens the risk.

CHOICE OF STALLIONS.

"If fleet Dragon's progeny at last
Prove jaded, and in frequent Matches cast,
No favor for the Stallion we retain,
And no respect for the degenerate strain."

Equivalent with the importance of making a judicious selection of mares must be considered the choice of the stallion; for if he be of a bad sort, in most cases disappointment will ensue. There are so many circumstances to be taken into consideration that it requires more discrimination to choose a suitable horse than in many instances is devoted to the subject: so that it is a horse, and he has the reputation of being a sure foal-getter, that appears to be all that many persons care about, and thus the probability of having a valuable offspring is left to chance.

In the first place, the blood must be considered, so that it be suitable to that of the mare as free from incestuous strains; in the second place the size; in the third place the action; and in the fourth, the shape, or proportion.

In the opinion of the most successful and experienced breeders, the blood is the most essential consideration; at the same time the other circumstances which are just enumerated must not be forgotten. The evil arising from too close an affinity between sire and dam demand a specific chapter.

The most generally received maxim appears to be that stout running mares are to be put to horses of a speedy family; it is a principle which cannot always be depended on. This much ought to be invariably considered, that if the horse has ever shewn a disposition to tire and run jady, there will be a great risk in breeding from him let his speed have been ever so good. There is much more importance to be attached to the faculty of running on, both as regards the sire and dam, than that of the one being stout and the other speedy. In order to be fairly understood on this point, it is necessary to observe that the blood on both sides should be selected from such as have evinced speed, stoutness, and good constitutions.

The prejudice which exists for what is termed *fashionable blood* is almost unwarrantable; but when a man breeds for profit—and there are very few who do not—and it is a subject which demands the highest attention; if the absurd spell could once be broken, it would be evident how fallacious such impressions are. Much more consideration ought to be paid to such crosses as have been found to suit; and, when anything superior makes its appearance, to fol-

low as nearly as possible the same strain; that is, provided there are not other circumstances which combine to render such a system incompatible. If the symmetry of horses were more minutely attended to, the results would bear out this recommendation: very fashionably-bred horses are frequently exceedingly defective in symmetrical proportions, and certainly ought to be rejected from that very cause: but, no; if a horse is fortunate enough to win a great Stake, or if he be the sire of the winner of a valuable prize, let him be ever so ill-shaped, cross-bred, bad-goer, or bad-constitutioned, with all the hereditary defects that can be combined in one animal, he at once becomes the fashionable stallion of the day!

In order in some degree to diminish the prejudice which exists to the exclusion of all propriety in defiance of those principles which ought to be held paramount—and which prejudice exists in many instances far beyond reason—it should be remembered how many horses that are what is termed fashionably bred, the moment they have ended their racing career, are cried up as the most likely horses to become good stock-getters, and which, if they happen to be in the possession of a person of influence, have best mares till the result proves a serious disappointment to the owners of them. Neither is it at all times the merit of the horse alone which brings him into notice: on the contrary, it not unfrequently happens that a horse with very moderate pretensions, falling into the hands of a man who has interest, is brought into notice and becomes fashionable without possessing any merit to recommend him. Again, we sometimes find a very superior horse situated in a remote part of the kingdom, and belonging to a person who has not the ability to procure good mares—the consequence is, it is a long time, if ever, that he has more than two or three thorough-bred ones, and those probably of an inferior class, during the season: it is therefore by good luck only that he works his way into notice by his real merit. A horse may be well bred, and he may have been a good racer, but it does not always follow that he will be a good stock-getter. It is more important to select such as are the sires of runners than those that have only evinced a superiority as racers themselves, many of which have proved very inferior when put to the stud. It will be said they must have a trial: so they must; but let those who are fond of experimentalizing put it to the test. Master Henry may be quoted as an example of the foregoing remark, and also Spectre and Middleton. Great attention should be paid to the anatomical structure of stallions, and it is from that circumstance that I am inclined to believe that some horses fail in getting racers. Master Henry, although a good horse himself, was not a good-shaped animal; he possessed to all appearance great power, but he was exceedingly coarse and heavy in his shoulders; they were upright, and not in proportion with other points; his fore-legs were also very straight, and he had a large sour-looking head; his stock were, generally speaking, very like him: he got a few pretty good brood mares, but nothing even in moderate form as a race-horse.

Spectre was a short thickset cob, without, as far as appearances went, any racing points about him, and looked calculated to carry a heavy man on the road. How it happened that he could run is surprising, but it makes good the adage, "that there is no rule without an exception." The height of our best horses has generally been about fifteen hands two inches to fifteen hands three inches, with proportionate limbs; it is quite high enough, and may be deemed the average height. Harkaway is rather more: Rowton and The Colonel scarcely exceeded fifteen hands one inch. Velocipede, Defence, Elis, Don John, Lottery, Filho, Sir Hercules, and a list too long to enumerate, will be found to bear me out in the average which I have quoted.

As appertaining to size, the length of the horse and mare ought to be taken some notice of: if either the one or the other be very lengthy, it is by no means advisable to contrast that formation by an *extreme*: thus, a *very lengthy* mare should not be put to a *very short* horse, nor a short mare to a very lengthy horse: a medium will be much more likely to procure good proportions. It should always be held in remembrance that "extremes are dangerous."

Upon the same principle, it appears desirable in some degree to consider the action of the two animals from whom so much perfection is to be hoped for in their produce. Thus, if the mare has unusually lengthy action, it should if possible be remedied by selecting a horse in whom it is shorter and quicker; and if the mare wants length of action, it should be sought for in the horse; if her action be round, avoid that imperfection in the stallion. These, however, are matters perhaps not of the greatest importance, and must at times become subservient to more essential circumstances. The shape of the horse and mare requires to be thought of. Whilst, as a matter of course, no person would hazard the risk of breeding from either unless they possessed a certain degree of perfection, yet such points as may not be quite desirable in the one ought to be sought for more scrupulously in the other, avoiding, as hinted on the subject of size, any very great extreme.

It is an extraordinary circumstance, but at the same time one worthy of attention, that, generally speaking, the most celebrated stallions have not shewn their great superiority until advanced in years. Marske, the sire of Eclipse, was fourteen years old when the latter was foaled: Sir Peter got most of his best foals after he was twelve: and in Waxy we find instances of yet more patriarchal achievements; Whalebone was produced when his sire was seventeen, and Whisker when he was twenty-two years old. Langar was sixteen when Elis was foaled. Several other instances might be quoted to swell the list.

Many arguments are held as to whether the horses of the present day have degenerated. This is a fact that requires the greatest attention and the strictest inquiry: yet there does not appear to be any means of unequivocally deciding the question. We have no means of ascertaining the merits of our own horses but by actual competition on the race-course: much more fallacious, therefore, must any assertion be pronounced which presumes to decide by

the time in which certain races were run. In former days the training and management of race-horses was not so generally understood as now; consequently, if one horse well trained were brought to compete with twenty badly managed, his apparent superiority would not be evidence beyond the fact of his being in better condition; and in the four-mile races of our forefathers it would naturally make a greater difference than in the shorter races of the present day.

If, however, they have degenerated, the course to be adopted to recover the superiority is evidently to resort to similar sources whence the most perfect strain was derived; but if the stock of the present day are, as I believe them to be, greatly superior to those of former ages, the system to be adopted is very clear, which is, to keep our present blood uncontaminated by foreign strains, at the same time to avoid most strictly any incestuous intercourse. It must be observed, if there are any individuals who prefer a breed of horses derived, as our former race-horses were, immediately from foreign blood reared in this country, and they are desirous of trying the experiment, it must be done by introducing both sire and dam of foreign extraction, as it is decidedly proved that a cross of that blood with what may now be most distinctly termed the English stock is *certain* to produce disappointment. Yet the experiment would require many years to bring it to perfection, inasmuch as nothing superior could be expected from the produce for several generations, nor until they had become quite naturalised to the food and climate.

It is by cultivation that all the productions of Nature are increased and rendered more serviceable to the use of mankind. Coarse, unwholesome, and ill-prepared food causes the human species to degenerate; and so it will horses and all other animals. From that cause, combined with the inclemency of the climate, the savages of North America are much smaller in size than men born in civilized regions; and not only are they smaller in size, but they are also wanting in symmetrical proportions and intellect.

So great is the influence of the air, food, and soil upon the horse, that in France the Spanish or Barbary breed is found to degenerate in a very few generations, and in the third or fourth to assume all the character of French horses, unless the blood be renewed by that of the original strain. The question of degeneration, however, is of so much importance that it will be hereafter considered as a distinct subject.

In breeding cattle, and I apprehend all other animals, providing the climate is suitable to their constitutions, upon which so much depends, when two or three generations have been reared on the same spot, they are evidently superior to those which have been reared from the primitive parents. This I have observed very forcibly exemplified in cows only removed a few miles from their place of nativity. For instance: if the Herefordshire breed be removed from that county to a farm in Shropshire, those reared from the calves produced on the Shropshire farm will be superior to those which were first reared on that farm; and succeeding ge-

nerations, continuing to be reared on the same land, will still improve. Whether they ever become equal to the original parents which came from Herefordshire will entirely depend upon whether the situation is congenial to their constitutions. Certain breeds of cattle will thrive much better than others on particular farms, although those farms may be very near each other, and appear very similar as regards soil and temperature of climate. It is a phenomenon worthy of attention, and is doubtless equally important in breeding horses: but the opportunity of comparing the effect is not so readily available. Our experience is derived by comparing the relations and differences which subsist between various subjects, and the effects usually produced by certain operations.

A description of horse has of late years been introduced for racing purposes, denominated a Cocktail; but to give any explanation as to what horses are qualified for that title would not be in accordance with these observations, and would puzzle me exceedingly. This far I may be allowed to mention without fear of being accused of digression, that such an animal is generally understood to be descended from a sire or dam whose pedigree is not entered in the Stud Book. If such is in reality the qualification, thoroughbred horses—and no doubt there are many—can be introduced as cocktails without much difficulty. No mare is admitted as a brood mare in the Stud Book unless she has produced two foals; consequently it is very easy, if a man has only one, to give it a fictitious pedigree, and introduce it in the Racing World as not thoroughbred; or even by means of a false pedigree, and a little additional impudence, to palm one off who has run in a conspicuous place for one of our great races. Many artifices, however, may be resorted to by such as are desirous of doing so, and unfortunately they are of too frequent occurrence.

In making this remark, it is not meant to infer that there is not a description of horse whose origin is not descended from what is denominated pure blood, in many of which the stain is so nearly obliterated as to enable them to cut a very good figure on the race-course. If it is desired to continue the breed, the stain must be on the side of the mare, as there is scarcely an instance of a superior cocktail whose sire was not the thoroughbred horse. This would materially tend to prove that much of the stoutness for which the thoroughbred horse is so justly celebrated is descended from the sire.

It is a practice with some persons, when mares have missed to thoroughbred horses, to put them to cart-stallions, with a view to getting them to breed, and by taking the proper time, after they have foaled, to secure more effectually the chance of future progeny; but I believe the instances are very rare, if not totally wanting, of any of the subsequent produce being good.

That Arabian blood will not do for racing purposes in this kingdom until several generations have passed away is sufficiently established with all, except some few gentlemen who have spent the greater part of their time in India, where the climate, or some equally stimulating provocative, has excited their imaginations to a

belief that they could, by crossing our mares with Arabian blood, succeed in breeding something *wonderful*; that they have done so must certainly be acknowledged, but the word *bad* must be appended to the word *wonderful*, and not the word *good* as they were led to anticipate.

But above all things let prejudice be avoided in the selection of both sexes, and do not breed from a mare that has not some qualifications to recommend her, or from a stallion because he happens to be your own property, or that of a friend, unless in the major portion of essentials he suits the mare, and is besides a good sire of horses.

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Precepts and Practice ;

OR

CURSORY CONVERSATIONS ON SPORTING MATTERS IN AMERICA.—No. I.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

ON a still clear October evening Frank Forester and Harry Archer were sitting at the open window of a neat country tavern. in a sequestered nook of Rockland County, looking out upon as beautiful a view as ever gladdened the eyes of wandering amateur or artist. The house was a large old-fashioned stone mansion, certainly not of later date than the commencement of the revolution, and probably had been, in its better days, the manor-house of some considerable proprietor—the windows were of a form very unusual in the States, opening like doors, with heavy wooden mullions and small lattices, while the walls were so thick as to form a deep embrasure, provided with a cushioned window-seat; the parlor, in which the friends had taken up their temporary domicile, contained two of these pleasant lounges, the larger looking out due South upon the little garden, with the road before it, and, beyond the road, a prospect, of which more anon—the other commanding a space of smooth green turf in front of the stables, whereon our old acquaintance Timothy was leading to and fro a pair of smoking horses; the dark-green drag, with all its winter furniture of gaily decorated bear-skins, half seen beneath the low-arched wagon-shed. The walls of the room—the *best* room of the tavern—were pannelled with the dark glossy wood of the black cherry, and a huge mantel-piece of the same material, took up at least one half of the side opposite the larger window, while on the hearth below reposed a

glowing bed of red-hot hickory ashes a foot at least in depth, a huge log of that glorious fuel blazing upon the massive andirons. Two large deep gun-cases, a leathern magazine of shot, and sundry canisters of the glass gunpowder—John Hall's—were displayed on a long table under the end window—a four-horse whip, and two fly-rods in India-rubber cases, stood in the chimney corner; while revelling in the luxurious warmth of the piled hearth lay basking on the rug, three exquisitely formed Blenheim spaniels of the large breed—short-legged and bony, with ears that almost swept the ground as they stood upright, and coats as soft and lustrous as floss silk. On a round table, which should have occupied the centre of the parlor, now pulled up to the window seat, whereon reclined the worthies, stood a large pitcher of iced water; a square case-bottle of cut chrystal filled, as the flavor which pervaded the whole room sufficiently demonstrated, with superb old Antigua Shrub; several large rummers corresponding to the fashion of the bottle; a twisted taper of green wax, and a small silver plate with six or eight cheroots, real manillas. Supper was evidently over, and the friends, amply feasted, were now luxuriating in the delicious indolence, half-dozing, half day-dreaming of a calm sleepy smoke, modestly lubricated by an occasional sip of the cool beverage before them. If we except a pile of box-coats, capes, and macintoshes of every cut and color—a travelling liquor-case which, standing open, displayed the tops of three more bottles similar to that on the table, and spaces lined with velvet for all the glass in use—and another little leathern box, which, like the liquor-case, showed its contents of several silver plates, knives, forks, spoons, flasks of sauce, and condiments of different kinds—the whole interior, as a painter would have called it, has been depicted with all accuracy; without, the view on which the windows opened was indeed most lovely—the day had been very bright and calm; there was not a single cloud in the pale transparent heaven, and the sun, which had shone cheerfully all day from his first rising in the East, till now when he was hanging like a ball of bloody fire in the thin filmy haze, which curtained the horizon, was still shooting his long rays, and casting a shadow over the slopes and hollows which diversified the scene. Immediately across the road lay a rich velvet meadow, luxuriant still and green—for the preceding month had been rather wet, and frosts had not set in to nip its verdure—sloping down southerly to a broad shallow trout-stream, which rippled all glittering and bright over a pebbly bed, although the margin on the hither side was somewhat swampy, with tufts of willows and bushes of dark alder fringing it here and there, and dipping their branches in its waters—the farther bank was skirted by a tall grove of maple, hickory, and oak, with a thick undergrowth of sumach arrayed in all the gorgeous garniture of autumn, purples and brilliant scarlets and chrome yellows, mixed up and harmonized with the dark copper foliage of a few sere beeches, and the gray trunks apparent here and there through the thin screen of the fast-falling leaves. Beyond this grove, the bank rose bold in rich and swelling curves, with a fine corn-field, topped already to admit every sumbeam to

the ripening ears, a buckwheat stubble conspicuous by its deep ruddy hue, and two or three brown pastures divided by high fences, along the lines of which flourished a copious growth of cat-briars and sumachs, with here and there a goodly tree waving above them, made up the centre of the picture—beyond this cultured knoll there seemed to be a deep pitch of the land clothed with a hanging wood of heavy timber; and above this again the soil surged upward into a huge and round-topped hill, with several golden stubbles, shining out from the frame-work of primeval forest, which, dark with many a mighty pine, covered the mountain to the top, except where at its western edge it shewed a huge and rifted precipice of rock. To the right, looking down the stream, the hills closed in quite to the water's brink on the far side, rough and uncultivated, with full many a blue and misty peak discovered through the gaps in their bold broken outline, and a broad lake-like sheet, as calm and as brightly pictured as a mirror, reflecting their inverted beauties so wondrously distinct and vivid, that the amazed eye might not recognise the parting between reality and shadow—an old gray mill deeply embosomed in a clump of weeping willows, still verdant, though the woods were sere and waxing leafless, explained the nature of that tranquil pool, while beyond that the hills swept down from the rear of the building, which contained the parlor whence the two sportsmen gazed, and seemed entirely to bar the valley, so suddenly and in so short a curve did it wind round their western shoulder. To the left hand, the view was closed by a thick belt of second growth, through which the sandy road and glittering stream wandered away together on their mazy path, and over which the summits of yet loftier and more rugged steeps towered heavenward.

Over this valley they had for some time gazed in silence, till now the broad sun sank behind the mountains, and the shrill whistle of the quail, which had been momentarily audible during the whole afternoon, ceased suddenly—four or five night-hawks might be seen wheeling high in pursuit of their insect prey through the thin atmosphere, and the sharp chirrup of a solitary katydid, the last of its summer tribe, was the only sound that interrupted the faint rush of the rapid stream, which came more clearly on the ear now that the louder noises of busy babbling daylight had yielded to the stillness of approaching night. Before long a bright gleam shot through the tufted outline of a dark wooded hill, and shortly after, just when a gray and misty shadow had settled down upon the half-seen landscape, the broad full moon came soaring up above the tree-tops, pouring her soft and silver radiance over the lovely valley, and investing its rare beauties with something of romance—a sentiment which belongs not to the gay gaudy sunshine.

Just at this moment, while neither of the friends felt much inclined to talk, the door opened suddenly, and Timothy's black head was thrust in, with a query if "they didn't need t' waax candles?"

"Not yet, Tim"—answered Archer—"not yet for an hour or so—but hold a minute—how have the horses fed?"

"T'ould gray drayed off directly, and he's gane tull t' loike bricks—but t'bay's no but sillyish—he keeps a breaking oot again for iver—and sae Ay'se give him a hot maash enow!"

"That's right. I saw he wasn't quite up to the mark the last ten miles or so. If he don't dry off now, give him a cordial ball out of the tool-chest—one of the number 3—caphire and cardamums and ginger; a dose of garlic and treacle, *quantum suff*: hey, Frank, that will set him to rights, I warrant it. Now have you dined yourself, or supped, as the good people here insist on calling it?"

"Weel Ay wot, have I—Sur"—responded Timothy—"an hour agone and better."

"Exactly; then step out yourself into the kitchen, and make us a good cup of our own coffee, strong and hot, do you see?—and when that's done, bring it in with the candles—and, hark you, run up to the bed-room and bring my netting needles down, and the ball of silk twist, and the front of that new game-bag I began the other night. If you were not as lazy as possible, friend Frank, you would bring your fly-book out, when the light comes, and tie some hackles."

"Perhaps I may, when the light comes"—Forester answered—"but I'm in no hurry for it—I like of all things to look out and watch the changes of the night over a landscape even less beautiful than this. One half the pleasure of field-sports to me, is other than the mere excitement. If there were nothing but the eagerness of the pursuit, and the gratification of successful vanity, fond as I am of shooting, I should, I believe, have long since wearied of it—but there are so many other things connected intimately with it—the wandering among the loveliest scenery—the full enjoyment of the sweetest weather—the learning the innumerable and all-wondrous attributes and instincts of animated nature—all these are what make up to me the rapture I derive from woodcraft!—Why, such a scene as this—a scene which how few, save the vagrant sportsman, or the countryman, who but rarely appreciates the picturesque, have ever witnessed—is enough, with the pure and tranquil thoughts it calls up in the heart, to plead a trumpet-tongued apology, for all the vanity, and uselessness, and cruelty, and what not, so constantly alleged against our field sports."

"Oh! yes"—cried Harry—"yes indeed, Frank, I perfectly agree with you—but all that last's mere humbug—humbug, too, of the lowest and most foolish order—I never hear a man droning about the cruelty of field sports, but I set him down, on the spot, either as a hypocrite or a fool, and probably a glorious union of the two. When man can exist without killing myriads of animals with every breath of vital air he draws, with every draught of water he imbibes, with every footstep he prints upon the turf or gravel of his garden—when he abstains from every sort of animal food—and above all, when he abstains from his great pursuit of torturing his fellow men—then let him prate, if he will, of sportsmen's cruelty.—For shew me one trade, one profession, wherein one man's success is not based upon another's failure—all rivalry,

all competition—triumph and rapture to the winner, disgrace and anguish to the loser!—And then these fellows, fattened on widows' tears and orphans' misery, preach you pure homilies about the cruelty of taking life. But you are quite right about the combination of pleasures—the excitement, too, of quick motion through the free fresh air—the sense of liberty amid wide plains, or tangled woods, or on the wild hill tops—this, surely, to the reflective sportsman—and who can be a true sportsman and not reflective—is the great charm of his pursuit."

"And do you not think that this pleasure exists in a higher degree here in America, than in our own England?"

"As how—Frank?—I don't take."

"Why—in the greater, I will not say beauty—for I don't think there *is* greater natural beauty in the general landscape of the States—but novelty and wildness of the scenery!—Even the richest and most cultivated tracts of America, that I have seen, except the Western part of New York, which is unquestionably the ugliest, and dullest, and most unpoetical region on earth, have a young untamed freshness about them which you do not find in England. In the middle of the high-tilled and fertile cornfield you come upon some sudden hollow, tangled with brake and bush which hedge in some small pool where float the brilliant cups and smooth leaves of the water lily, and whence on your approach up springs the blue-winged teal, or gorgeous wood-duck. Then the long sweeping woodlands, embracing in themselves every variety of ground, deep marshy swamp, and fertile level thick-set with giant timber, and sandy barrens with their scrubby undergrowth, and difficult rocky steep—and above all, the seeming and comparative solitude—the dinner carried along with you and eaten under the shady tree, beside the bubbling basin of some spring—all this is vastly more exciting, than walking through trim stubbles and rich turnip fields, and lunching on bread and cheese and home-brewed in a snug farm-house. In short, field sports here have a richer range, are much more various, wilder"—

"Hold there, Frank—hold hard there, I cannot concede *the wilder*, not the *really* wilder—seemingly they are wilder; for, as you say, the scenery is wilder—and all the game, with the exception of the English snipe, being wood-haunters, you are led into rougher districts. But oh! no no!—the field sports are not really wilder—in the Atlantic States at least—nor half so wild as those of England!"

"I should like to hear you prove that, Archer"—answered Frank—"for I am constantly beset with the superiority of American field sports to tame English preserve shooting!"

"Pooh! pooh!—that is only by people who know nothing about either—by people who fancy that a preserve means a park full of tame birds, instead of a range, perhaps of many thousand acres, of the very wildest, barest, moorland, stocked with the warriest and shyest of the feathered race, the red grouse. But what I mean to say, is this—that every English game bird—to use an American phrase—is warier and wilder than its compeer in the

United States. Who, for instance, ever saw in England, Ireland, or Scotland, eighteen or twenty snipe or woodcock, lying within a space of twelve yards square, two or three dogs pointing in the midst of them, and the birds rising one by one, the gunshots rattling over them, till ten or twelve are on the ground before there is time to bag one. English partridge will, I grant, do this sometimes, on very warm days in September—but let a man go out with his heavy gun and steady dog late in December, or the month preceding it, let him see thirty or more covies—as on good ground he may—let him see every covey rise at a hundred yards and fly a mile—let him be proud and glad to bag his three or four brace—and then tell me that there is any sport in these Atlantic States so wild as English winter field sporting. Of grouse shooting on the bare hills, which, by the way, are wilder, more solitary far, and more aloof from the abodes of men, than anything between Boston and the Green Bay, I do not of course speak—as it confessedly is the most wild and difficult kind of shooting!—Still less of deer stalking—for Scrope's book has been read largely even here; and no man, how prejudicial soever, can compare the standing at a deer-path all day long, waiting till a great timid beast is driven up within ten yards of your muzzle, with that extraordinary sport on bald and barren mountains, where nothing but vast and muscular exertion, the eye of the eagle, and the cunning of the serpent, can bring you within range of the wild cattle of the hills. Battue shooting, I grant, is tame work—but partridge shooting, after the middle of October, is infinitely wilder, requiring more exertion and more toil than quail shooting. Even the pheasant—the tamest of our English game—is infinitely bolder on the wing than the ruffed grouse, or New York partridge. While about snipe and woodcock there exists no comparison—since by my own observation, confirmed by the opinion of old sportsmen, I am convinced that nine-tenths of the snipe and cock bagged in the States, are killed between fifteen and twenty paces; while, I can safely say, I never saw a full snipe rise in England within that average distance. Quail even, the hardest bird to kill, the swiftest and the boldest on the wing, are very rarely killed further than twenty-five to thirty, whereas you may shoot from daylight to sunset in England, after October, and not pick up a single partridge within the farthest, as a minimum distance.

“Well! that's all true, I grant”—said Forester—“yet even you allow that it is harder to kill game here than at home; and if I do not err, I have heard you admit that the best shot in all England could be beat easily by the crack shots on this side; how does all this agree!”

“Why very easily, I think”—Harry replied—“though to the last remark, I added *in his first season here!* Now that American field sports are wilder in one sense, I grant readily; with the exception of snipe-shooting here and grouse shooting in Scotland, the former being tamer, in all senses, than any English—the latter wilder in all senses than any American field sport. American sporting, however, is certainly wilder, in so much as it is pursued on much wilder

ground—in so much as we have a greater variety of game—and in so much as we have many more snap shots, and fewer fair dead points. Harder it is, I grant, for it is all, with scarcely an exception, followed in very thick and heavy covert—covert to which the thickest woods I ever saw in England are but as open ground. However, the woods are so very large that the gun must be close up with the dog; and consequently the shots must, half of them, be fired in attitudes most awkward, and in ground which would, I think, at home, be generally styled impracticable—thirdly, all the summer shooting here is followed with the leaf on—with these thick tangled matted swamps clad in the thickest foliage. Your dogs must beat within twenty yards at farthest, and when they stand you are aware of the fact rather by your ceasing to hear their motion, than by your seeing them at point—I am satisfied that of six *pointed* shots in summer shooting, three at the least must be treated as snap shots! Many birds must be shot at—and many *are* killed—which are never seen at all, till they are bagged—and many men here will kill three out of four summer woodcock, day in and day out, where an English sportsman, however crack a shot he might be, would give the thing up in despair in half an hour. Practice, however, soon brings this all to rights. The first season I shot here, I was a very fair—indeed a good—young shot, when I came out here—not at all *crack*, but decidedly better than the common run!—the first day I shot was on 4th of July, 1832, the place Seer's swamp, the open end of it—the witness old Tom Draw—and there I missed, in what we *now* call open covert, fourteen birds running; and left the place in despair—I could not—though I missed at home by shooting too quick—I could not, for the life of me, shoot quick enough. Even you, Frank, shoot three times as well as you did when you began here—yet you began in autumn, which is decidedly a great advantage, and came on by degrees, so that the following summer you were not so much nonplussed, though I remember the first day or two, you *bitched* it badly.”

“Well, I believe I must knock under, Harry”—Forester answered—“and here comes Timothy with the coffee, and so we will to bed that taken, though I do want to argufy with you, on some of your other notions about dogs, scent, and so forth. But do you think the Commodore will join us here to-morrow?”

“No! I don't think so”—Harry said—“I know it!—Did not he arrive in New York last first of July, from a yachting tour, at four o'clock in the afternoon; receive my note saying that I was off to Tom's that morning; and start by the Highlander at five that evening?—Did not he get a team at Whited's and travel all night through, and find me just sitting down to breakfast, and change his toggery, and out and walk all day—like a trump as he is? And did not we, by the same token, bag—besides twenty-five more killed that we could not find—one hundred and fifteen cock between ten o'clock and sunset—while you, you false deceiver, were kicking up your heels in Buffalo? Is not all this a true bill, and have you now the impudence to ask me whether *I think* the Commodore will come?—I only wish I was as sure of a day's sport to-morrow as I

am that the Commodore and I will prove my notions, as you call them, about dogs, and scent, and so forth, over a pipe and glass, when our day's work is done, to-morrow."

SAINBEL'S ESSAY

ON THE GEOMETRICAL PROPORTIONS OF ECLIPSE.

ACCOMPANIED BY DIAGRAMS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN the first number of the last volume of this magazine, page 70—80, were published two of the three elaborate "*Essays upon the Proportions of Eclipse*," by the celebrated CHARLES VIAL DE SAINBEL. The essays were printed from a manuscript copy, made by CHARLES GREEN, Esq., of this city, but we were unable to publish the third essay—"Upon the Geometrical Proportions of Eclipse"—as it was accompanied by illustrations and diagrams, of which Mr. G. could not make a copy. We have since been put in possession of a copy of the work itself, through the kindness of the Hon. BALIE PEYTON and JAMES PORTER, Esq., of Louisiana, who obtained it for us of ALFRED HENNAN, Esq., of the same State. The work of Sainbel is out of print, and we know of several fruitless attempts made to obtain it in London and Paris. For its rareness not less than for the intrinsic value of the work, it must prove acceptable to the readers of this magazine, and so repay the expense incurred in re-printing it with its costly illustrations. Turfmen and all amateurs of the horse will unite in acknowledging the kindness of Mr. Hennan, in sparing the work from his large and curious collection of books. We copy from the 3d edition of M. Sainbel's work, which was published in London in 1797.

ALTHOUGH it may be impossible for us to compute the natural strength of the muscles, we may nevertheless investigate the mechanical causes which operate the translation or removal of animal bodies, observe their effects, and come to some result concerning the difference of speed in the progression of different animals.

This requires, first, a knowledge of the anatomy and mechanism of the animal economy; secondly, a knowledge of the laws of motion; by means of which we are enabled to calculate the causes and effects of the operations of which the animal is capable.

Since it is evident that Nature has calculated and combined all her productions, and has subjected herself in general to the established laws of mechanics; it is obvious, that we ought to apply the lights which proceed from the knowledge of these laws to the examination and illustration of her works. It is only in disputing, as it were, with her, in seeming to question her power, in boldly attempting to remove the veil under which she conceals herself, that we in a manner constrain her to explain herself upon an infinite variety of important points, on which ignorance alone has hitherto ventured to pronounce.

It is not a habit imperceptibly acquired, nor a vague routine, nor a practice unestablished on sure principles, that can ever give us satisfactory solutions of an infinity of problems, which Nature

presents daily to our attention ; it is by the constancy of study and reflection only, that we can be enabled to establish new principles upon subjects which the light of science has never yet illumined.

It is sufficient to offer a new system, to acquire both followers and opponents. The reflections which I am going to hazard concerning the geometrical proportions of Eclipse, will, in all probability, offend some of the prejudices received among the partizans of the Turf; but if it should be in my power to offer them any truths, I have at least a claim upon their indulgence.

No one is ignorant that the course of progression is not the same in all animals. The difference is certainly very considerable between the slow and tedious pace of the animal which we call the sloth, and the velocity of the hare. But, without recurring for an instance to the two extremes of the long chain of quadrupeds, I shall confine myself to one in the species which at present concerns us. Speed is not only unequal in animals of different species, but even in individuals of the same. How different, for example, is the gallop of a large dray-horse from that of a good race-horse? It is with difficulty that the former moves his body to determine it into the pace required; he gathers the ground heavily under him at each step, and the translation of his bulk is but tardily effected. The latter, on the contrary, flies as an arrow from the bow, and scarcely imprints the ground with his shoe; he often runs over a space of four miles in less than eight minutes. These are, however, but individuals of one and the same class. The number of the parts which conspire to effect their respective progression is the same in each: but these parts differ in their bulk, their extent, and their direction; from whence result different degrees of power in the levers which they form. So that we are not to imagine that the mass or weight of the horse is the only cause of his slowness, which rather proceeds from the mechanical arrangement of the parts, whose relation and correspondence determine the extent of his motions.

The extent of the action of any part is the produce of its length and direction. The force of the action is rather the consequence of the direction of the muscles, than of their intrinsic power, which must unavoidably vary, being increased or diminished, in proportion as the muscles are more or less removed from the centre or axis of the parts which they are to move. It will be necessary to illustrate this principle. Let us then suppose the shoulder-blade of a horse to be long, and in a very oblique direction, so as to form with the humerus an angle of eighty degrees*; then, the muscles which move the shoulder forward, backward, upward, and downward, being remote from the centre or axis of the motion, will produce the flexion and extension of this part more advantageously than if they were brought nearer that centre; so that if the shoulder inclines backward with forty degrees of obliquity, it must advance forty degrees to find the perpendicular. If, on the contrary, this part, when in a state of inaction, approaches nearer the perpendicular, and is in itself naturally shorter, the portion of the circle it

* See Plate iii. fig 3 and 4.

describes will be less, whatever may be the intrinsic power of the muscles. The good or bad construction of the shoulder influences materially on progression, since it is the origin of the limb, and consequently its motion determines that of the inferior parts. It is therefore with good reason that a long and oblique shoulder is required in a horse for speed; since the longer and more oblique that part is, the further the arms of the lever will be extended, the more open will be the angles, and the greater the portion of the circle which it will describe.

To convey an idea of the consequences I am going to draw from the dimensions of Eclipse, I shall endeavor to apply some mechanical principles to the action of the hock, as being that part whose function is of the greatest importance in the progression of the horse. All horsemen agree in the choice that is to be made in this part; they prefer that one which is wide and flat, because it appears to denote strength; the dissection of the part confirms this opinion.

The structure of the hock presents an angular spring, formed by the tibia and the calcaneum*, whose power is increased or diminished in proportion to its shortness. At the union of the two branches of this spring is the origin of the fulcrum, which rests upon the ground. The power which extends these branches is the contraction of the flexor muscles; the weight of the body is a second power which compresses the spring; the resistance exists in effect in the extensor muscles, which yield at the moment of flexion, but in their turn re-possess themselves of the power, by which they produce in the spring of the hock an extension equal to the compression it had sustained: for, by the nature of the spring, its extension must be always in the same direction with the compressing power, and with a force equal to the degree of compression. This may be easily perceived in a horse galloping at full speed. In a race-horse, for example, we see the hind legs placed obliquely forward under the body, and even beyond the centre of gravity; in this direction, finding themselves charged with the whole burthen, they make a sudden effort to disengage themselves from the weight which oppresses them; and from the repetition of these alternate flexions and extensions proceeds the celerity of the gallop. In horses, on the contrary, whose hind feet do not sufficiently approach the centre of gravity, and whose spring is perpendicularly compressed, we see that the extension still takes place, in the same direction, and in the same proportion. This is distinctly evident in the short gallop of the manage-horse. In a word, the force of action in the hock will increase in proportion with the prolongation of the hinder branch of the spring, formed by the calcaneum; and we must thence infer, that the wider the hock is, the better it will serve progression; provided that the remainder of the limb is in just, relative proportion.

This slight idea of the mechanism of the shoulder and the hock will discover the principles upon which I endeavor to establish the advantage of a due proportion of the parts. It will be readily per-

* See plate iii. fig. 1 and 2.

ceived, that these principles must have for their object the length, breadth, and direction of the solid parts which compose the skeleton of the machine ; whose symmetry and harmonious arrangement, favoring the power of the muscles, is the cause of the freedom and extent of the motions.

Though it is not possible to lay bare to our inspection the bony and muscular parts of the living animal, yet the eye, instructed by anatomical knowledge, is able to discern them, and to measure and compare them with sufficient exactness to be able to deduce some consequences concerning the power and the extent of their action. By this method I took the proportions of Eclipse when living, and have since his death satisfied my curiosity upon his skeleton, having dissected him myself.

It is necessary, before I produce the table of the proportions of this famous horse, to apprise the reader, that I have no intention of establishing the beauty of race-horses by the rule and compass. He must, therefore, banish from his thoughts all idea of a beauty of caprice or convention, and endeavor to conceive a beauty founded on the natural and mechanical excellence of the animal, and relative to the uses for which he is designed : namely, in the instance before us, for speed.

The repeated races which Eclipse won, without ever having been beat, prove evidently the superiority of his speed, over that of the horses which run against him. It is on this account that I have made choice of him, for a rule to guide me in the reflections which I propose to offer in the course of this essay.

TABLE OF THE GEOMETRICAL PROPORTIONS OF ECLIPSE.

The head divided into twenty-two equal parts is the common measure for every part of the body. If the head appears too long or too short in a horse, that common measure must be abandoned, and the height of the body taken from the top of the withers to the ground. This height being divided into three equal parts, one of these three parts sub-divided into twenty-two equal parts will give a just geometrical length, such as the head would have given had it been rightly proportioned.

AAAC. Three heads and thirteen parts give the height of Eclipse, when properly placed, from the foretop to the ground.

AAA. Three heads, from the withers to the ground.

AAA. Three heads, from the rump to the ground.

AAA. Three heads and three parts, the whole length of the body, from the most prominent part of the chest to the extremity of the buttocks.

AAA. Two heads and twenty parts, the height of the middle of the body, through the line of the centre of gravity.

AAC. Two heads and seven parts, the height of the highest part of the chest from the ground.

AAC. Two heads and five parts, the height of the perpendicular line, which falls from the articulation of the arm with the shoulder, directly to the hoof.

AB. One head and twenty parts, the height of the perpendicular line, which falls from the top of the fore leg, dividing equally all its parts to the fetlock.

AB. One head and nineteen parts, the height of the perpendicular line from the elbow to the ground.

AB. One head and nineteen parts, the distance from the top of the withers to the stifle. The same measure also gives the distance from the top of the rump to the elbow.

A. One head and a half, the length of the neck from the withers to the top of the head. The same measure also gives the length of the neck, from the top of the head to its insertion into the chest.

A. One head, the width of the neck at its union with the chest.

D. Twelve parts of a head, the width of the neck in the narrowest part.

D. The same measure gives the breadth of the head, taken below the eyes.

A. One head and four parts, the thickness of the body from the middle of the back to the middle of the belly.

A. The same measure gives the breadth of the body.

A. The same measure gives the length of the rump, from its summit to the extremity of the buttocks.

A. The same measure gives the distance from the root of the tail to the articulation of the femur with the tibia, commonly called the stifle.

A. The same measure gives the length from the stifle to the hock.

A. The same measure gives the height, from the hock to the extremity of the hoof.

B. Twenty parts of a head, the distance from the extremity of the buttocks to the articulation of the stifle.

B. The same measure gives the breadth of the rump or croup.

E. Ten parts of a head, the breadth of the fore legs from their anterior part to the elbow.

F. Ten parts of a head, the breadth of one of the hind legs, taken beneath the fold of the buttocks.

F. Eight parts of a head, the breadth of the ham taken from the bend.

F. The same measure gives the breadth of the head above the nostrils.

G. Seven parts of a head, the distance of the eyes, from one great angle to the other.

G. The same measure gives the distance between the fore legs.

H. Five parts of a head, the thickness of the knees.

H. The same measure gives the breadth of the fore legs, above the knees.

H. The same measure gives the thickness of the hams.

I. Four parts of a head, the breadth of the pastern or fetlock joint.

I. The same measure gives the thickness of the coronet.

K. Four and a half parts of a head, the breadth of the coronet.

L. Three parts of a head, the thickness of the fore legs in their narrowest part.

L. The same measure gives the breadth of the hinder legs, or shanks.

M. Two and three-quarter parts of a head, the thickness of the hind pasterns.

M. The same measure gives the breadth of the shanks of the fore legs.

N. Two and a quarter parts of a head, the thickness of the fore pasterns.

N. The same measure gives the breadth of the hind pasterns.

O. One and three-quarter parts of a head, the thickness of the fore and hind shanks.

PERPENDICULAR LINES IN ECLIPSE'S FORE LEGS.

AAC. The first perpendicular line has been already described ; it falls from the articulation of the arm with the shoulder, precisely to the edge of the toe. This line ought not to deviate from this direction.

AC. The second perpendicular line falls from the middle of the breast directly to the middle point of the space which separates the two fore feet.

A. The third perpendicular line falls from the middle of the knee, and divides in equal parts all the pieces which compose the rest of the extremity, to the ground.

AB. The fourth perpendicular line falls from the top of the side of the fore legs, and divides equally all the parts to the pastern.

PERPENDICULAR LINES IN HIS HIND LEGS.

AA. The first line falls perpendicularly from the articulation of the stifle to the ground, and should touch the ground at the distance of half a head from the toe.

A. The second falls from above the bend of the ham, exactly to the hoof.

A. The third falls from the point of the hock, and divides in equal parts all the rest of the leg, to the ground.

A. The fourth falls from the middle of the buttocks, exactly to the middle point of the space, which separates the hind feet.

All these perpendicular lines, which existed really in Eclipse, as may be seen in his skeleton, constituted the most beautiful and important quality of his structure. These same lines may serve as rules in the choice of the best race-horses.

EXPLANATION OF THE SECOND PLATE,

WHICH REPRESENTS THE MOTIONS OF THE LEGS OF ECLIPSE.

HEIGHT AND LENGTH OF ECLIPSE.		Inches
The height from the withers to the ground.....		66
The height from the top of the rump to the ground.....		67
Length of the body, taken from the most prominent part of the breast to the extremity of the buttocks.....		69

LENGTH OF THE BONES WHICH COMPOSE THE LEGS.

FORE LEGS.		In.	HIND LEGS.		In.
A.	The shoulder blade	18	G.	The os-ileon	12
B.	The humerus or arm	12	H.	The femur	15
C.	The cubitus or fore arm	16	I.	The tibia	19
D.	The canon or shank	12	K.	The shank or leg	14
E.	The pastern, the coronet, and foot	7	L.	The pastern, the coronet, and foot	9

EXTENT OF FLEXION IN THE PARTS WHICH COMPOSE THE EXTREMITIES.

F. All the lines which proceed horizontally and obliquely from the centre to the circumference of each circle, and on which is the letter F, mark the extent of flexion, either forward or backward.

THE FORE LEGS.

A. The shoulder describes a portion of a circle, equal to forty degrees, both forward and backward; the centre of its motion being in the middle of the shoulder blade.

B. The humerus, or arm, is represented in the centre of flexion backward; it describes forty degrees in its action.

C. The cubitus, or fore arm, is represented at the beginning of its flexion forward, and describes ninety degrees in its action.

D. The shank, or canon, is at the beginning of its flexion backward, and describes ninety degrees in its action.

E. The pastern, coronet, and foot, describe, one with another, in their flexion backward, one hundred degrees.

RECAPITULATION.															Degrees.
A	-	.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	40
B	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	40
C	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	90
D	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	90
E	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	100

Total of the flexion - - - - - 360

HIND LEGS.

G. The haunch, or os-ileon, bends upward and downward, and describes thirty degrees in its action.

H. The femur, or thigh bone, is represented in the middle of its flexion forward, and describes fifty degrees.

I. The tibia is represented in one third of its flexion backward, and describes in the whole eighty degrees.

K. The shank is represented in the beginning of its flexion forward, and describes one hundred degrees.*

L. The pastern, coronet, and foot, describe, one with another, one hundred degrees.

RECAPITULATION.															Degrees.
G	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	30
H	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	50
I	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	80
K	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	100
L	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	100

Total of the flexion - - - - - 360

* The line of flexion of this part is not placed sufficiently high in the plate.

We may see by this, that the legs of Eclipse, in their flexion in the gallop, described each a circle of three hundred and sixty degrees; and consequently, the extent of the action of each leg was the same in the extension.

To this must be added the force of action, without which a horse cannot even walk. This force depends chiefly on the power of the muscles, and can only be computed by experiment; since they are animated organs, which move parts merely mechanical: but, in allowing Eclipse a good muscular organization, which he certainly possessed, we may, examining the length and direction of his legs, and the greatness and openness of the angles, formed by the alternate disposition of the bones which composed his extremities, pronounce with the greatest probability, that Eclipse, free of all weight, and galloping at liberty in his greatest speed, could cover an extent of twenty-five feet at each complete action on the gallop; that he could repeat this action twice and one-third in each second; consequently, that, employing without reserve all his natural and mechanical faculties on a straight line, he could run nearly four miles in the space of six minutes and two seconds.

HF. These two letters placed in the four prints of the feet, which are marked before and behind the horse's legs, show where he placed his hind and fore feet in the gallop.

LINES OF PROGRESSION.

M. The great segment of a circle, which proceeds from the print of one of the hind feet, and enters the print of one of the fore feet, shews the total extent of ground which the horse covered at each complete action in the gallop.

N. The oblique line, which proceeds from the protuberance of the hip bone, and meets the print of the first hind foot, shews the total extent, and the force of action, of the hind legs.

O. The second oblique line, which proceeds in the same manner from the point of the hip, and meets one of the prints of the fore feet, shews the position of the hind foot when it presses the ground in the act of galloping.

P. The third oblique line, which proceeds from the summit of the shoulder, and meets one of the prints of the fore feet, shews the extent and force of action in the fore legs.

Q. The fourth oblique line, which proceeds from the shoulder, and meets the last print of the hind feet, shews the spot from whence the fore foot rises in the progression, until its action is finished.

R. The two curve lines which proceed, the one from the hoof of the fore foot, and the other from the hoof of the hind foot, mark simply the compass of the extension of the four legs.

BREAKING HORSES TO HARNESS.

WHEN the improvement in our roads, especially the cross ones in the midland counties, is contrasted with the condition in which they were found ten or fifteen years ago, it is readily accounted for that the number of private carriages has materially increased. Likewise the abolition of duty on certain descriptions of vehicles enables many individuals possessing but limited incomes to avail themselves of the accommodation of a convenient and useful, although unassuming conveyance. Thus the wife or daughter of the industrious agriculturist is enabled to accompany the weekly productions of the dairy and the hen-roost to the accustomed market with much greater comfort and facility than formerly, when the single horse was called in requisition, and was the only means within these few years of performing the journey, for two ostensible reasons—the one, on account of the badness of the by-roads, which entirely excluded the use of light-wheel carriages; the other, the cost of a gig or similar carriage, enhanced by the annual taxation, could not be supported by the limited profits derivable from the sale of the commodities. Since then we have the establishment of railroads, which operate very materially in inducing private individuals to keep carriages for conveying them to the stations, as well as to and from such districts as are not approachable by steam communication. Seeing the increased demand for horses that are steady in harness, it becomes the more essential to consider the best method of rendering them so, not so much for the edification of the opulent possessor of the luxurious carriage, duly attended by a coachman, footman, and all such functionaries, but for the benefit of those of less aristocratic pretensions, who do not possess the same means of having their steeds brought to a perfect state of subjection, by which alone this mode of travelling can be rendered safe.

It is a practice with many persons, especially in country places, but one which cannot be too strongly condemned, of putting horses which they desire to use in harness to work first of all in a team, or singly in a cart, by way of breaking them in. With a high-couraged horse in good condition it is attended with considerable risk: a cart is too cumbersome and heavy for the purpose, and the draught required to set it in motion is far beyond that which a horse should be called on to exert at a first attempt. The rude treatment, accompanied by the noise of whip and voice usually resorted to by wagoners, is ill suited to the temper of well-bred animals, and they become irritated by it, as well as by the rattle of the chains and other parts of the ill-fitting and cumbersome gearing in which they are hampered. Pulled about by other horses whose paces are very different, they frequently become, by all these contradictory efforts, when required to work by themselves, restive and unmanageable, and are particularly apt to gib or flinch from the collar when called upon single-handed to set a carriage in motion against a hill or other impediment which may require very extraordinary

exertion. I believe there is scarcely any horse, unless his temper has been previously ruffled and injured, who may not be made perfectly steady and tractable in harness if properly treated.

The first and most important consideration in breaking a horse to harness is to give him confidence, and let him ascertain that you do not intend to inflict any pain upon him. He is a most sagacious animal, and it must be obvious to any thinking mind what an extraordinary sensation the adaptation of the harness and attachment to a carriage must produce when a horse is for the first time required to perform this new service: partially blindfolded also, the poor astounded brute is required to move a weight which he finds opposes the action of his shoulders, a point where he hitherto has not been accustomed to find the slightest restraint: he is naturally alarmed, and fears to move, because whichever way he inclines he finds some new object of resistance. At this crisis the whip is too frequently called in requisition, when, not knowing what to do, the poor animal plunges: the inconsiderate driver chastises him for what he terms *vice*; the irritated, and by this time, infuriated creature, becomes violent; he persists in endeavoring to free himself from his trammels, which he either succeeds in breaking, or, if they be too strong to allow of that, he falls in some awkward position or other, which so far terminates the "first act:" and whether or not the performance ends here depends upon the injury which the animal has sustained, and the obstinacy of the chief supporter of the *dramatis personæ*.

By way of avoiding all these difficulties and risks, I have invariably adopted a plan which I found was exercised with perfect success by a very extensive horse-dealer; and as it was practised with scarcely an instance of failure in his establishment, and also with a great number of horses which I have had similarly treated, I can with some confidence recommend the system; moreover, I have met with several horses that have been given up as incorrigible when tried in harness by other persons, which have, by a quiet perseverance under the management I am about to describe, become perfectly tractable.

In the first place, let the harness be put on the horse in the stable, or, which is preferable, in a loose box, due attention being paid that every part is suitable and easy, without being tight to gall or chafe him: this is of great consequence. It is also necessary to observe that it be strong, so that it cannot be broken; whereas in many instances old rotten harness is brought into action on these occasions. The harness being carefully adjusted, the horse should be allowed to stand for some time in the stable thus caparisoned, in order that he may be reconciled to the feel of it, and discover that he will not be hurt by it. Let him then be led out and walked quietly about some unfrequented road, the traces and such parts being secured from falling or flapping about his sides. In this manner he will soon become accustomed to the feel of his trappings, when a cord ten or twelve feet long is to be attached to the ends of the traces, and taken in the hand of an assistant, who, by this means, will be out of the reach of his heels should the horse be

inclined to kick: another attendant will then lead the horse forward—it appears almost unnecessary to offer a caution against suffering the traces at this crisis to flap against the animal's hocks. By degrees a little resistance must be given to the shoulders by pulling slightly against the traces as the horse is progressing forwards, with this observance, that if the pressure or artificial draught create any alarm, the operation must be momentarily abandoned; that is, the draught must be relaxed, but resorted to again as soon as he becomes tranquil. When sufficiently accustomed to this mode of proceeding, the driving reins are to be run through the terrets and buckled to the *cheek* of the bit, in order to accustom the horse to this mode of guidance—one which, it must be remembered, is very different from that of the hand when the rider is seated on the saddle. An additional person is required to manage these reins, as the assistant will still be required to attend to the horse's head, although he may for the most part leave the guidance to the person holding the reins. As the animal yields to this treatment, and evinces docility by working or leaning against his collar, additional resistance must be produced by the person holding the traces; and in due time the one having the care of the reins should incline the horse from one side of the road to the other, and the traces be occasionally pulled against his thighs, but so cautiously as not to induce him to kick. I have known some persons to attach the traces to a log of wood; but it is a dangerous and unnecessary practice, as I have known instances of horses so treated becoming alarmed and starting off with their unwieldy and unwelcome companion; whereas, by the management which I have described, there is no danger whatever either to man or horse. I should recommend a repetition of this practice for two or three days if the horse shews much timidity or refractoriness; above all, most strenuously let me oppose anything like abuse; everything may be accomplished by mild treatment and patience; nothing good can be expected from hurry and violence.

When sufficiently quiet under this course of discipline, let the horse be put to a light gig, single or double break—if in the latter, with a quiet horse by his side. There are many persons who consider the double break as the only advisable means of tuition; but of this I am rather sceptical, and would under most circumstances, after the preparation which I have suggested, prefer single harness; in which case it must be observed that the security of a strong kicking strap is indispensable, and an assistant to run on each side until the animal goes with some degree of quietness and tractability. As a matter of course, the bearing-rein is not required; neither am I disposed to advocate its use for horses in private carriages, however essential it may be on the wheelers of a stage-coach: a halter will, however, be required under the bridle for the use of the attendant in case of need. Much care and quietness must be observed in putting the horse to the carriage at first, whether it be a single or double break, and the vehicle should be placed in such a situation that it may be started without difficulty; but if the animal has not acquired sufficient confidence to take it off when

he finds the pressure of the collar upon his shoulders, let him stand a short time; above all, *keep the whip still*: more horses have been spoiled by its improper use, and want of patience at this juncture, than anything else. Let your attendants caress and coax him; his confidence will soon become established; and after he is thoroughly satisfied that you do not intend him any harm or abuse, there is but little doubt of his compliance. The driving-reins should at first be buckled to the cheek of the bit only; greater severity from the use of the curb might be very injurious. When the horse is induced to put the vehicle in motion, the walk is the only pace that should be required from him: it is time enough to induce him to accelerate his speed when he evinces docility and good temper. The only advantage which I could ever discover in the use of a double break is that of encouraging a shy horse to start the carriage, which office is in point of fact performed by his partner: but there is this objection—if the young one becomes alarmed, and begins to plunge, there is danger in his getting across the pole, or otherwise injuring himself, as the other horse, and consequently the carriage, will not yield with him: he thus meets with more resistance than in a single break, which constraint very frequently renders a high-couraged animal desperate; so that the advantages which a double-break affords in some points are more than counterbalanced by these objections.

In single harness the points of the shafts, and in double harness the pole, coming in contact with the shoulders of the horse when turning, are objects which frequently create alarm, and must at first be guarded against by having an assistant at hand to push the shaft or pole round; but a little patience especially, aided by occasionally inclining the horse from one side of the road to the other, without actually coming round, will soon overcome this difficulty.

A few days' practice in the way I have described will render most horses tractable enough to put to general work, unless they are intended for the use of Ladies, in which case, as a matter of course, they will require more time. That the plan is practicable and effective, I can assert from experience in a great variety of instances, and especially in one that occurred a few years since. Being at Brighton, I met with a friend who wished to dispose of a horse and a Stanhope, which were offered to me upon tempting terms. I consequently closed the bargain. My friend was aware that I was about to depart in the course of a few days for London, and inquired how I meant to get the gig there?—"Put the horse to, and drive it up," I replied.—"Oh, but he won't go in harness!" he exclaimed: "a gentleman tried him before I became possessed of him, and he smashed the carriage; and half the breakers in Brighton have had him in hand!" Now although I bought the horse and gig at one deal, I did not do so with an impression that my friend had ever used the horse in harness, and certainly had never made any inquiry as to his steadiness, neither did I much care about it. However, on learning the *qualifications* of my new acquaintance, I was not long before I had the harness on him, and

had him led about as I have described, and ultimately put into the shafts of the gig, where he stood as fast as St. Paul's, with every demonstration that if I had touched him with the whip, or used any other means to have urged him forward, I should soon have had him on his back; but I sate very patiently for nearly an hour before he shewed any disposition to "move on," as the policemen say; but having selected a part of the town where the interference of those functionaries was not to be apprehended, there was not much danger from their mandates, which on this occasion would have been beyond compliance until it had been my animal's pleasure. However, he presently turned his head first on one side, then on the other, as though desirous of looking about him and ascertaining if he were about to sustain abuse, and not finding any to be inflicted, he presently walked off as quietly as possible. I treated him in a similar way for two successive days, when I drove him to London, dividing his labors by a night's rest at Reigate, and he has ever since, at least so long as he was in my possession, gone as tractably as could be desired.

If more attention were paid to the mouthing and breaking of colts in the first instance than what is usually bestowed by farmers and breeders, it would be found greatly to their advantage. Actuated by a false notion of economy, valuable colts are too frequently consigned to the care of some ruffian or mountebank pretender, who undertakes to reduce the animal to subjection for about half the sum at which he can earn bread and cheese, and resigns his charge as thoroughly tractable, when in point of fact the office has been performed at the same ratio as the contract, and the animal is given up in a state likely to become vicious and comparatively useless.

CECIL.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Sept., 1840.

A DUCKING ADVENTURE.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

OLD KATE was a great nag for the saddle—fast and easy—she was a great favorite and my constant companion in my daily excursions, with dog and gun, to the river flats of Saratoga—a great place for cock—and some years since I claimed to be the discoverer of that well-bored region. The fame of Pero and my double-barrel was great, and their daily communications with the then unsophisticated woodcock were frequent and murderous. Kate, Pero, and the owner of the double barrel were inseparable. Day after day, in the month of July, sallied forth the trio, till they arrived at the appointed spot, where Kate was tied to a tree at a distance—for she was rather skeary of guns—to await the issue of the morning's sport. I had bagged my usual quota of birds—for having the monopoly, in that country, of all the birds that took to the wing, I was moderate, and limited myself to one hundred a week, and three hours each day—and was on my return to contribute my

daily rations to the dinner table, when I perceived a brace of wood-duck quietly floating on the Hudson, some hundred yards below the spot where I was, perfectly unconscious of their dangerous vicinity. They are a fine bird, the wood-duck—the aristocracy of the duck tribe—they look well and eat well—their fate was sealed, and my game-bag yearned to receive them. I crept cautiously along the bushes which overhung the river, till opposite the spot where I had marked them—cocked both barrels, and having ascertained upon examination through the bushes, that they were close enough for a shot on the wing, I shewed myself—for I consider it derogatory and unfair in a good shot to shoot a duck while feeding with its head under water, a woodcock hovering, or a quail sitting—and, as I anticipated, brought both down—one dead; the other fluttered to the opposite side of the Hudson and fell.

It is part of my sporting propensities, when I bring down a bird, to endeavor to get him; but in this case it was no easy matter. The river at this place was deep and wide, and no skiff near to borrow for the expedition. The alternative was before me—either to leave the bird to float off in the rapid part of the stream, or attempt the passage of the river by swimming old Kate to the opposite shore. And this I began to put into execution, leaving my gun on the bank, but without divesting myself of either shot, game-bag, or boots. I was soon on the saddle, and took to the river.

There was a flurry on the water, and an attempt on that placid part of the Hudson to get up a wave, but it was not successful. The large and overhanging trees—the bends and curves, which add to the quiet and stealth-like appearance of the stream, were opposed to the novelty—but as it was, it was sufficiently important to make caution necessary, in the unprecedented attempt, to me, of swimming a river on horseback. We were soon off soundings. Kate swam well and fast—not so fast as she could trot—but fast enough for me to find it was prudent to take my feet out of the stirrups, and depend, in this kind of riding, more on the knee—and it was lucky I did so, for soon after a small species of wave dashed over her face. She plunged and snorted—I reined her up quickly—but it was too quick, for I turned her over on her side, and with shot, bag, and boots, was unhorsed in twenty feet of water, when about half way across the river. I held on to the rein, and we both righted, swimming side by side, expecting to be towed thus ashore; but I found that holding on one side of the rein caused her to swim in a circle around me—rather a dangerous companion to swim so close in company. I had heard in South America that the “Llaneros,” or people of the great plains in the interior, when they have occasion to cross a river, are accustomed to take hold of the long flowing tails of their horses, and are thus towed over. This plan opportunely recurred to my recollection, and resolving to carry it into effect, I let go the bridle, and stretched forth my hand to lay hold of her tail, which was a short eight-inch docked one, beautifully squared, with not one solitary hair longer than another—not one of those horrid dock-tails, with long straggling hairs hanging down below, without any beauty, as is the fashion of the present

day, but it was beautifully—it was perfectly squared—it was too square for swimming rivers *a la* “Llanero,” and I missed my aim. Kate left me in the lurch, to depend not upon her tail, but upon my own swimming. I swam well—but who could swim long, with eighteen woodcock, a duck bag of shot, and cow-hide boots, weighing full ten pounds? The thing was impossible—out of the question. I swam till I could swim no longer, so resolved to be quietly drowned; but as the shore was near I determined to sound. Letting my ten-pound boots down, to my great joy I found bottom, about six feet deep. I gained the shore—that fast and easy nag, Kate, trotted off alone, full two miles, to the ferry—I trotted behind, perfectly satisfied with my first and last attempt at swimming a river on horseback. CAZADOR.

P.S. If you think the above account of an actual occurrence worthy a place in your Sporting Magazine, put it in—if not, burn it, and I'll not trouble you again. C.

CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH TURF.

THOROUGH-BRED horses were at this period (1710) exclusively the property of the Nobility and richer gentry: indeed, when we consider the prizes for which they contended, how few in number and small in value, it is surprising that so large a number of horses were trained; the more so as the expense incurred—and few people are quite indifferent on this score—was considerably greater than now—horses then not being brought to the post until five years old.

In the unfortunately tragical race at York in 1721, for the King's Plate, 100 guineas in specie, thirteen horses came to the post. The favorites before starting were the Duke of Rutland's Proserpine and Mr. Tregonwell Frampton's grey gelding, a very noted racer, and unusually heavy sums were bet between the two. The favorites, it appears, were making play, but being exceedingly jealous of each other, unfortunately came into collision when they had run about a mile, and both fell: Lord Godolphin's Wasp, Mr. Cutler's Blue Bonnet, Mr. Mackworth's Bonny Bay, Mr. Plumpton's Northern Nanny, Mr. Watson's Farmer, Mr. Thwaites' Fox-hunter, and Mr. Diston's Spavins also fell, either over the first two, or over each other, nine of the thirteen falling—presenting certainly such a scene as has not been witnessed before or since on any race-course. It is wonderful that this accident was not attended with fatal consequences both to men and horses: none of the latter appear to have suffered in any great degree, but Edward Jackson and John Pierson, who rode respectively Proserpine and Mr. F.'s gelding, and after lingering some weeks companions in misfortune, died in the village of Clifton, near York, the races of the northern metropolis being at that time held in the meadows near that village. Matchem Timms, upon Mr. Raikes Fulthorpe's Woodcock, after-

wards an excellent and famous racer, won the Plate easily at two heats.

After this race, thirteen horses, all different from those who started for the King's Plate, ran for the Ladies Cup, value £60, which was won by Mr. Chetwynd's Slouch. The Duke of Wharton too giving a Plate, value £20, to increase the sport, nine horses started for it, and ran three well-contested four-mile heats. At the same period, from twenty to twenty-five mares, each five years old, were the usual number that started at Black Hambleton for the King's Plate. A rather singular coincidence in color took place at these races in 1721; out of twenty mares ten were grey, and four of these came to the winning post first in order.

One of the best and finest horses of English breed after Childers was Mr. Croft's chesnut horse the Bald or White-faced Partner. He was bred by Charles Pelham, Esq., of Brocklesby, and was by Jigg, a horse at that time a country stallion in Lincolnshire, who, after the appearance of Partner on the Turf, was much sought after by breeders of race-horses. Jigg was by the Byerly Turk, and in the possession of Sir Roger Mostyn, but bred, we fancy, by the D'Arcy family. How the dam of Jigg was bred does not appear by the Stud-books, further than that she was by Spanker, so much of whose blood flowed in the veins of Childers; but that she was of high descent there can be little doubt, for no stud was higher in reputation in the early annals of the British Turf than that of the D'Arcy's. The dam of Partner was an own sister to that phenomenon of a pony, Mixbury: the latter was only $13\frac{1}{2}$ hands high, but at light weights there was scarcely a horse in England that could beat him, and this at any distance. She was by Mr. Curwen's (of Workington in Cumberland) Bay Barb, one of those presented by Muley Ishmael, Emperor of Morocco, to Louis the Fourteenth; her dam by Mr. Curwen's Old Spot, by the Selaby Turk, belonging to William the Third; grandam by the White-legged Lowther Barb, out of the famous old Vintner Mare, whose pedigree is lost, though known as the best racer and highest-bred mare of her day. Though coming by the mare's side of so small a race, the blood of the Turks, a larger kind of horse, appears to have shewn itself in Partner, who is described as "a horse of great strength, fine shape, and beauty." His portrait in the series of sporting prints is that of a very fine and excellently-shaped animal, covering in his gallop an unusual length of ground. Partner established the fact, that native English horses might be fully equal to those of Oriental breed for the purposes of the stud, he having been for four years a public stallion in Yorkshire. Being purchased by Mr. Crofts, he was for many years chiefly restricted to the mares of that Gentleman, and in his possession he died in the year 1747, aged twenty-nine, and was buried in his paddock at Barforth near Richmond, Yorkshire, with all due honors. Amongst his stock were many excellent racers, brood mares, and stallions; indeed there are few horses to which the blood of the English race-horse is so much indebted.

In the year 1719 was foaled Squirrel, bred by Mr. Smith, of

Middleham in Yorkshire, and sold by him to Mr. Williams, a Cheshire gentleman: he was a bay horse of great power, and an own brother of his was sire to the grandam of Eclipse. The next racer we have to mention is Miss Neesham, or, as she was called when put to the stud, Mother Neesham, a mare whose performances in the North country were of a superior order. One of the most famous jockies of that time was Stephen Jefferson; and of all the nags ridden by him, this mare is said to have been his greatest favorite, on account of her honesty as well as her speed and good temper. Some of our readers may have heard the story, still current in Yorkshire, of the great Turfites of Scotland having been taken in by a Yorkshire bite, an odd-looking lad, who made his appearance on the course at some place not far across the Border, where a valuable Silver Bowl was about to be run for. The lad affected to be drunk, and having a ragged-looking horse under him, which did not appear to have seen corn or felt a brush or comb for months, he insisted upon entering it for the grand prize, to the great scorn and amusement of the Caledonians. Having weighed and mounted, he cut in the first heat a wretched figure, barely saving his distance: in the second, observing the winner of the former one waiting, he followed him most respectfully. Between the heats the lad got on several bets at very long odds, acting his part so well, that when he won the third and fourth heats, which he did with all the apparent difficulty it was possible to affect on such an occasion, he had realized a very pretty sum at the expense of the Scottish Sportsmen. In the tradition of the county Stephen Jefferson figures as the hero of the tale, and his old favorite, Mother Neesham, is represented as having personated the ragged hack of the story. Mr. Pick, however, in the *Turf Register*, tells us that he had heard from an old gentleman, whose authority (he having known Jefferson intimately his whole life) was very good upon this subject, that the horse with which Stephen played this Yorkshire prank was not the old mare, but a grey gelding belonging to the same owner, his master, Mr. Darley of Aldby Grange, and known by the name of Mérry Harrier: we mention this circumstance as tending to show the truth of this story.

Mother Neesham was by Captain Hartly's Blind Horse, dam by a son of Place's White Turk. The blind stallion was a son of the Holderness Turk, out of Sir Ralph Milbank's *Black Mare*, supposed to have been the best of her day; she was by Makeless, out of a D'Arcy Royal Mare.

Of nearly the same blood with the former, and about the same time, was Captain Appleyard's Bald Charlotte, a mare of large size and beauty, and a good racer: she won a great match at Newmarket carrying *eighteen stone*, four miles! Crab was another celebrated horse of this period, a grey of great beauty, bred likewise by Mr. Pelham of Brocklesby; but it was in the possession of Mr. Panton at Newmarket that he attained so much favor as a stallion. Crab was by the Alcock Arabian, his dam by Basto, and his granddam was the Sister to Mixbury, Parker's dam. The Basto Mare, dam of Crab, bred likewise several good horses, especially the sire

of the famous Snap; this was, therefore, without dispute a most excellent line of blood.

In the year 1731, the races of York, then the largest Meeting in the Kingdom both for sport and company, were removed from the meadows near Clifton and Rawcliffe to their present scene, Knavesmire, as a more eligible situation, for, in the August of 1730, the heavy rains had flooded the course so completely as to render the postponement of the races for a few days absolutely necessary. The new course was laid out, greatly to the approbation of all parties concerned, by Alderman Telford, of York, and progressive improvements by draining have rendered this one of the finest courses in the kingdom. The stand with which it is adorned was erected about 1754 by an architect of the name of Carr, under the patronage of the Marquis of Rockingham and almost all the Nobility and Gentry of the county. On the ground-floor are very commodious offices, &c.; and on the first floor a large and beautiful room for the reception of the ladies and gentry. This room is surrounded by a veranda, projecting on all sides, and two hundred feet in length, fenced by a balustrade. It is fifteen feet from the ground, and commands an excellent view of the course, which is perfectly flat. The shape of this is somewhat like a horse-shoe, having an oval at one extremity, round which, at the end of nearly two miles, the horses turn, and run homewards by the same track they started in the four-mile races. There is a small wood on the further side, through which they run, and in which they are for a few seconds hidden from the sight: this is generally considered rather to increase the interest as regards the spectators than to injure the spectacle itself. We are of opinion that the course at Doncaster in a race against time is by some seconds more favorable to the horse on account of the turn, which can scarcely be made at the full extent of speed by most horses. There have been some, who, from superior handiness, have invariably appeared to gain upon their opponents in making the turn: as an instance we will mention that beautiful animal of Mr. Wentworth's, Harry Rowe, though long the property of the late Lord Middleton; but to most horses it is undoubtedly a disadvantage. The first race run over the new course at York was for the King's Plate, in 1731, which was won by the Earl of Lonsdale's Monkey, beating, besides others, Brisk, a very good racer belonging to Sir Nathaniel Curzon, ancestor to the present Lord Scarsdale. Monkey's pedigree is an illustration of the completely Oriental origin of the English race-horse: he was by Lord Lonsdale's own Bay Arabian, dam by Curwen's Bay Barb, grandam by the Byerly Turk, great grandam being an imported Arabian mare. Thus we see that he was the third cross bred in our clime, and united the blood of two Arabs, one Barb, and one Turk. He started but twice, and won both races, beating each time horses of the finest form of their day as racers.

We shall now present a list of the stallions of this period, and then covering in this country, from which it will appear, that in 1730, or thereabouts, the English-bred horses were coming into

esteem. The list is undoubtedly sufficiently numerous to prove that many horses of good blood must at that time have been bred, of which only a small proportion could have been trained for racing. Excepting the Royal Plates, those in the country were few and insignificant; and almost all Matches and Sweepstakes appear to have been confined to Newmarket. We first give the foreign horses of 1730 in the various breeding studs of this kingdom:—

The Alcock Arabian.	The Godolphin Arabian.
The Bloody Buttocks Arabian.	Hall's Arabian.
The Bloody Shouldered Arabian.	Johnson's Turk.
The Belgrade Turk.	Litton's Arabian.
The Bethel Arabian.	Matthews' Persian.
Lord Burlington's Barb.	Nottingham's Arabian.
Croft's Egyptian Horse.	Newton's Arabian.
The Cypress Arabian.	Pigott's Turk.
The Duke of Devonshire's Arabian.	Strickland's Arabian.
Greyhound, a Barb.	Wynn's Arabian.
Hampton Court Grey Barb.	

Of horses bred in this country from various crosses of Oriental and African blood, there were the following:—

Aleppo.	Doctor.	Jigg.
Almanzor.	Dunkirk.	Lamprey.
Astridge Ball.	Easby Snake.	Leedes.
Bald Galloway.	Fox.	Marricle.
Bartlett's Childers.	Foxcub.	Oysterfoot.
Basto.	Græme's Champion.	Partner.
Bay Bolton.	Grey Childers.	Royal.
Blacklegs.	Grey Crofts.	Shuffler.
Bolton Starling.	Hampton Court Childers.	Skipjack.
Bolton Sweepstakes.	Harlequin.	Smale's Childers.
Cartouch.	Hartly's Blind Horse.	Soreheels.
Chaunter.	Hip.	Squirrel.
Childers.	Hobgoblin.	Tifter.
Cinnamon.	Hutton's Blacklegs.	Trueblue.
Coneyskins.	Hutton's Hunter.	Woodcock.
Councillor.	Jewtrump.	Wyndham.
Crab.		

The above lists contain the most celebrated of the stallions, not by any means the whole of the blood entire horses in the kingdom, at the before-mentioned period

In 1732 was foaled Squirt, who, as the sire of Mr. Pratt's Old Mare, Marske, and Syphon (the former sire of Eclipse, Shark, and an almost infinite number of excellent racers), certainly merits a particular commemoration. He was bred by a Mr. Metcalfe, near Beverley, in the county of York, and was by Bartlett's own Brother to the Flying Childers: his dam, known by the name of "Metcalfe's Old Mare," was bred by Mr. Robinson, of Easby, near Richmond: she was by Snake, and descended from the cross of the D'Arcy Turks with the Royal or Barbary Mares. Squirt was a fair good racer, but falling into the hands of Sir Harry Harpur, he was held in so little esteem that once, when by no means an old horse, he was sent to the kennel under sentence to be shot. He was reprieved at the earnest solicitation of Sir Harry's groom, and subsequently became in one year the sire of Marske, Syphon, and

Pratt's Old Mare. What a void in the annals of the Turf would that bullet have produced! Eclipse and all his descendants, Shark, and the numerous tribe of other horses that sprang from Marske—Tandem, Sweetbriar, and Sweetwilliam, sons of Syphon; Rockingham, Walnut, Gohanna, &c., descended from the Old mare—these would have had no existence.

In 1736, the Duke of Bolton's Goliah shewed a considerable advance in size, and was a capital racer at heavy weights. There were at this period only ten King's Plates run for in England, and of these nine fell to the share of His Grace of Bolton in the year above-mentioned, seven being won by Goliah. In May, being then six years old, and the first time of his starting in public, he won the Royal Plate at Winchester; on the first of June, a similar Plate at Salisbury; on the sixth of June, that at Guildford; on the sixth of July, at Nottingham; on the twenty-sixth, at York; and, on his return home, the King's Plates at Lincoln, Newmarket, Lewes, and Canterbury; and another Plate at Newmarket in the Spring made up ten. This success of Goliah was then unprecedented, but was subsequently equalled or excelled by Regulus and Eclipse. Goliah possessed more English blood than was common at that time: his ancestors were all of Oriental descent, but there was no immediate cross of any foreign horse, his progenitors for several generations having been bred in this country: he was by Fox, dam by Græme's Champion, grandam by Sir Matthew Pier-son's Blue Cap. Goliah was never beat but once, namely, by the Duke of Devonshire's Plaistow, supposed to have been the fastest son of Flying Childers. This horse ran chiefly in Ireland, where he became a favorite stallion.

We now arrive at the period when the stock of the Godolphin Arabian first appeared upon the Turf. The absurdities invented respecting this famous steed by M. Sue were exposed in *MAGA** in an article that may be considered a Chapter of the present series. It is very well known that Lath was the first of his progeny, being foaled in 1732, and justly regarded as a very superior horse. He won some heavy stakes for Lord Godolphin; among the rest, a Match against Old Squirt, to whom, though a good horse, he gave 10lb., over the Beacon Course. Lath cannot certainly be said to have been so conspicuous in the capacity of a sire of race-horses as Cade, his own Brother, but much inferior to him as a race-horse. The reason for this may in some measure be found in the fact, that he was purchased at the close of his racing career by the Duke of Devonshire, and not permitted to cover any mares but those of His Grace and of his immediate friends. Cade was two years younger than Lath: his dam, Roxana, dying, he was brought up by hand, from which circumstance he derived his name. Having ceased running, Cade was purchased by Mr. Thomas Meredith, of Easby, Yorkshire, as a stallion, in whose hands Cade remained until his death in 1756 at the same farm. Next to Regulus, to whom he was nearly brother in blood, he was the most favorite stallion of his time in the North of England. Besides Matchem, Changeling,

* See *TURF REGISTER*, vol. x. p. 448.



DONCASTER CUP, 1840.

A black and white line drawing of a cowboy riding a bucking horse. The horse is in mid-air, with its front legs tucked and back legs kicking. The cowboy is wearing a hat and a long coat, and is holding onto the horse's mane. The background shows stylized clouds and a fence.



and Young Cade, he was sire of the following, and probably many others:—

Bandy.	Dumplin.	Nabob.
Belford.	Ferdinandine.	Northumberland.
Bonus.	Flylax.	Pangloss.
Cadena.	Hero.	Priscilla.
Cadormus.	Honest Billy.	Sportsman.
Ceres.	Irene.	Sprightly.
Comet.	Leonidas.	Sylvio.
Crimp.	Martin.	Wildair.
Danby Cade.	Matilda.	Wildair Second.
Dopper.	Miss Meredith.	

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1840.

DONCASTER MEETING.

The Great Doncaster St. Leger and the Doncaster Cup.

HOWEVER excellent and successful the arrangements and management of any public amusement may be, there is, and always will be, a sort of mania in the public mind to introduce changes and alterations under the name of *improvements*—a sort of feeling that “everything is going wrong, and nothing is as it should be,” as the man says in the play; and so far has this feeling been indulged with regard to the Doncaster Meeting, that it is quite apparent some of the alterations adopted, instead of proving improvements, have shorn away a considerable portion of the interest which they were wont to possess—particularly that alteration in the conditions of making the St. Leger Stake, like the Derby, half forfeit; since the adoption of which the St. Leger race, once so interesting and important, drawing together a start of between twenty and thirty horses, and a consequent long attendance to witness the splendid scene, is now nearly brought to the level of an ordinary race; and the mass of the pleasure-seekers and novelty-hunters which used to crowd the streets of Doncaster on the St. Leger day, is thereby considerably reduced; the equipages and elegant sets-out of the aristocracy partly departed; and on the whole the scene of Doncaster Races must be said to be much changed, and perhaps will so continue until the never-stopping steed called “*Change again*” brings back the great event to its old conditions. The numerous Meetings which take place all over the country so clearly exhibit to the public the best-performanced horse, that all are looking out to save the 25 sovs. forfeit, and thus only a very few come to the post; and its greatest interest, particularly to the natives, who were always anxious to have plenty of visitors to victimize, is thereby destroyed. The Stake, to the winner (according to the present conditions), is certainly better than before; but the interest to the public is considerably reduced. Out of an entry this year of 112 nominations, but eleven came to the post, and of these six were out of two stables—viz., Launcelot and Ma-

roon out of Scott's; and Dr. Caius, Calypso, Broadwath, and The Young-'un, out of Dawson's. What a contrast to the St. Legers of Memnon, Birmingham, and many others! "Look on this picture and on that;" and let us ask if the case do not demand some attention from the powers that rule. The greater the number of runners, the greater the interest excited, and the greater the speculation produced; therefore, whatever tends to decrease the number of starters tends materially to destroy the importance and interest of the Meeting, which from these causes it cannot be denied has considerably declined. Among the improvements which it has been thought proper this year to adopt are, the formation of an enclosed betting ring at the farther end of the Stand, and the adoption of telegraphing by numbers the horses about to start for each race, and the winner: the former place of accommodation, however, has been made considerably too confined, and placed in a very inconvenient situation; and the telegraph numbers have been formed so small as not to be discernible at a short distance: therefore we may suppose that the march of improvement *will still go on* next year in the correction of these two errors.

Having shewn that all alterations are not always advantageous, we may now take a retrospect of what the sport has produced; and it will be apparent, we think, to all Turfmen, that this year the interest of the great Stake has been considerably marred by the doubt, uncertainty, and mystery attached to that invincible mare CRUCIFIX, whose performances up to the St. Leger were perhaps never paralleled by any other animal on the British Turf. The circumstance of her declaration in the Ring for some time before the race gave some evidence (which many, convinced against their will, did not relish to observe,) that all could not be well with the mare; and when at last, on the eve of the race, *she was declared* to have broken down, and could not start, there were not a few who were ready to attribute to her noble owner a course of conduct which we are not disposed to believe His Lordship guilty of; while others who had *potted* all they could against her, then knew, *but not till then*, that she had broken down very soon after her victory for the Oaks. The mystery, now that we have *prophets in our day*, will perhaps be some day revealed, and it may prove that Crucifix's (like many other good horses') legs gave way to the work requisite to produce condition. The race this year for the Cup, although possessing great interest, was by untoward circumstances deprived of two competitors, whose appearance in the field would have created the most intense interest—viz. Hetman Platoff, who broke down at Warwick, and Lanercost, who was attacked by a cramp or rheumatism in his loins—a disease prevalent now in the stables—and in consequence was not entered. But I must now enter the course, and *start to run seriatim* over the week's sport.

MONDAY, SEPT. 14, 1840.—The weather was fine and inviting, and the attendance rather exceeding in numbers what is usually witnessed on the first day. Of course the Fitzwilliam Stake, according to olden usage, was the first booked event, and, as might

be anticipated, proved no race at all—Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing (Cartwright), with the odds 5 and 6 to 1 on her, winning in a canter, beating Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. by Trumpeter, 3 yrs. The latter should, if his owner's interest be consulted, never *trumpet* on a race-course again.

The Champagne Stakes, out of twenty-seven engagements, only tempted the odd number to show—

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. <i>Kedge</i> , by Sheet Anchor, dam by Whisker, out of Miss Fanny.....	Holmes.....	1
Mr. Bell's gr. c. The Squire, by The Saddler, dam by Minos.....	R. Heseltine.....	2
Mr. Allen's ch. c. Belgrade, by Belshazzar, out of Alice.....	J. Marson.....	3
Gen. Yates' br. c. Simoom, bro. to Siroc, by Camel, out of Seabreeze.....	Nat.....	0
Lord Westminster's b. c. Satirist, by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm.....	W. Scott.....	0
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Assagai, by Muley Moloch—Elizabeth by Walton.....	T. Lye.....	0
Mr. Brook's ch. f. Moonbeam, by Tomboy, out of Lunatic.....	W. Noble.....	0

The Squire and Satirist, both the day before the running and up to the time of starting, ran a race for popularity in the Ring, the two alternately changing positions in the odds; the prices, however, at the close terminated as follows—6 to 4 agst. The Squire, 7 to 4 agst. Satirist, 8 to 1 agst. Moonbeam, and 10 to 1 agst. Kedge. The young party all came off at the first attempt, but left Satirist and Moonbeam in the back ground, The Squire taking the lead, and making the running, with Kedge, Simoom, and Belgrade, all close at his sides up to the turn of the course to the commencement of the old white rails, where Kedge went out from her horses, put them all in difficulty, and won very easy, The Squire gaining the second place by a head, he, Satirist, Belgrade, and Simoom, being all close together; the other two were beat off some lengths. The winner is a very fine animal, and, if well on the day of the Epsom Oaks, will be about the first to attract Judge Clark's observation.

One of those convenient Stakes to give all ranks and conditions of horses a chance of gaining a prize—that is, a Handicap Stake—followed, and brought the following five to the post:—

Mr. Clark's ch. c. <i>Benjamin</i> , by Belshazzar, dam by Langar, 3 yrs. 6st. 6lb.....	G. Francis.....	1
Mr. Richardson's ch. c. Kingston Robin, by Robin Hood, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb.....	W. Marson.....	2
Mr. Wormald's gr. c. Bolus, by Physician, 4 yrs. 7st. 9lb.....	Heseltine.....	0
Mr. Howard's b. c. Antigua, by Mulatto, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.....	T. Lye.....	0
Mr. Stephenson's b. c. Neptune, by Physician, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.....	J. Gray.....	0

The odds were, 2 to 1 agst. Benjamin, 5 to 2 agst. Bolus, 3 to 1 agst. Antigua, and 8 to 1 agst. Kingston Robin.—After a false start Bolus sailed away with the running, leading his horses two or three lengths, until within the distance, when Kingston Robin and Benjamin passed him, came out in front, and the two made a most splendid race home, Benjamin being declared the winner by only half a head.

Her Majesty's Plate, four miles, concluded the day's sport, by Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, by Catton, out of Darioletta, 6 yrs. (Lye), taking the lead, La Sage Femme following him second, and Benjamin third—positions which they all three adhered to from the commencement to the *finale* of the contest.—The old one was of course in favour at 6 to 4 agst. him.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 15.—The day dawned with inviting weather, and the usual scene of arrivals, flocking to the streets in vehicles,

on horseback, and on foot, filled the streets up to the hour of starting.

The first race booked, the Two-year-old Produce Stakes, Red House in, was resigned by forfeit to Lord Westminster's b. f. Lam-poon, by Camel, own sister to Launcelot—to whom rumor gives credit of being a pretty tidy filly, and one worth speculating on, though she has had no opportunity of exhibiting in any public trial.

The Cleveland Handicap, one mile, twenty-one subs., followed—

Lord Westminster's br. c. <i>Sleight-of-Hand</i> , by Pantaloon, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb.....	W. Scott..	1
Mr. Allen's b. f. Orelia, by St. Nicholas, 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb.....	T. Lye...	2
Mr. Vansittart's ch. g. Smollett, by Humphrey Clinker, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb	Holmes...	3
Mr. Wormald's gr. c. Bolus, by Physician, 4 yrs. 8st.....	Heseltine	0
Col. Cookson's b. c. Doctor Oliver, by Physician, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.....	Nat	0

Seven to 4 agst. Sleight-of-Hand, and 2 to 1 agst. Doctor Oliver. Sleight-of-hand *shuffled his cards admirably*, and won very easy.

And now came the all-important event of the gathering, THE ST. LEGER STAKES, upon which event the hundreds had booked their speculations, and doubtless had backed or laid against a score or two as to who was—*Where?* and Echo answers *where?*—not at Doncaster certainly; while numerous others who had stood their stake upon or against Launcelot, Gibraltar, or Maroon, stood engrossed as to which should prove the victor.—The board soon telegraphed eleven to come forth, as under—

Lord Westminster's br. c. LAUNCELOT, by Camel, out of Banter.....	Scott	1
Lord Westminster's b. c. Maroon, by Mulatto, out of Miss Giles.....	Holmes	2
Mr. St. Paul's Calypso, by Liverpool, out of Galewood's dam.....	Nelson.....	0
Col. Peel's b. c. Gibraltar, brother to Tarick, by Muley	Nat	0
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius, by Physician, out of Rectitude	Lye.....	0
Lord Eglinton's br. c. The Young-un, by Satan, out of Miss Branch	J. Cartwright ..	0
Mr. Critchley's bl. c. Dunstan, by St. Nicholas, out of Aglaia.....	Whitehouse.....	0
Col. Synge's b. c. Polydorus, by Priam, out of Rose	W. Noble	0
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Trustee, by Sir Gray or Birdcat'r-Georgiana by Teniers..	S Darling.....	0
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. Broadwath, by Liverpool, out of Albany.....	Templeman.....	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. Mountain Sylph, by Belshazzar, d. by Whalebone..	Heseltine...	0

From the great doubt and uncertainty entertained as to which of Scott's two nags, Launcelot and Maroon, was to run to win, the betting fluctuated materially about the two, as well as with Gibraltar, the latter at one time being for a few moments the first favorite. However at the close the betting stood as follows: 7 to 4 agst. Launcelot, 5 to 2 agst. Gibraltar, 4 to 1 agst. Maroon, 7 to 1 agst. Calypso, 14 to 1 agst. Trustee, 18 to 1 agst. Dr. Caius, and 25 to 1 agst. Broadwath. During the morning the Earl of Wilton, second son to the Marquis of Westminster, announced his noble sire's determination to win with Launcelot if he could, a circumstance which materially strengthened the horse's position in public favor.—After the jockies had received their usual instructions from the Steward (Lord Kelburne), and paraded before the assembled throng, they proceeded to the start, where they made a false go, Launcelot and Trustee being left behind. At the second trial they got off well together, Polydorus taking the lead at a very bad pace: close to his side lay Calypso, with Maroon, The Young-un, Launcelot, Trustee, and Gibraltar, close at hand, and the others all well together. In this order they went to the foot of the hill, where Maroon took up the running, and Polydorus declined and fell into the rear. On going down the hill Launcelot became impetuous and broke away, and Holmes gave up his ground to him to

let him out : he then led at a fair pace, followed by Calypso and Maroon, with Mountain Sylph, Gibraltar, and Dr. Caius lying next behind them. Thus the horses ran round the Red House turn, over the Gravel Road near the Intack Farm, when The Young-'un and Polydorus were tailed off a long way in the rear. The six leading horses, however, kept pretty well together to the four-mile starting post, when the contest was left to Launcelot, who was on the inside of the course, Maroon in the centre, and Gibraltar on the outside ; all the others falling behind. Gibraltar, however, was here running in evident distress against Maroon, who contended against him to the end, and defeated him, hard held ; in doing which, near the finish, he had nigh headed Launcelot, Holmes being forced to pull his horse to avoid going in the winner ; Launcelot, however, on the post won by three quarters of a length, certainly not easy, he having broken down on a leg when within the last distance. Maroon beat Gibraltar for the second place and the 100 sovs. by a neck. Calypso went in fourth, Dr. Caius fifth, and the others tailed a long way from each other. The race shewed that Maroon, if required, could have won by some lengths, which perhaps would not have been so apparent had not Launcelot given way on a leg in the race ; and as the Noble Owner had declared to win with Launcelot if he could, in justice to the public that declaration was acted up to.—The pace was certainly very inferior, and the race a long time in running ; and I shall not be perhaps far out of the mark in classing the three-year-olds of this year as the worst that have been brought out for a very long time.—The winner was bred by his Noble Owner, and Maroon by the Earl of Chesterfield, who in 1836 purchased his dam of Mr. William Cattle, of Sheriff Hutton, near York (the breeder of Bloomsbury), then in foal to Mulatto. This is the first instance of *two own brothers* (Touchstone and Launcelot) having won the St. Leger ; and Scott is now the only living rider who has won the prize three successive years, and but one of his predecessors, old John Mangle, having achieved the same feat. Launcelot was very lame after the race, and appeared so when he left Doncaster on Saturday by van for his stables at Whitewall Corner near Malton, he having never left his stall since running for the race. Great credit is due to the Scotts that they so admirably managed to keep a broken-down horse upon his legs to get through the arduous task of winning a St. Leger.

The *finale* of the day was the Four-year-old Stakes, one and a half mile, for which only two shewed—

Col. Cradock's br. c. *The Provost*, by The Saddler, out of Rebecca S. Templeman 1
Mr. Allen's b. f. Orelia, by St. Nicholas, dam by Peter Lely Marson..... 2

Four, 5, and 6 to 1 on *The Provost*, who at the distance came away, and won very easy.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 16—"The settling when the banquet's o'er," this morning, proved one in which no great quantity of blood was spilt, but, as usual, there were some absentees, *whose sweets* proved *sours* and *bitters* to themselves, as well as those who had speculated

with better judgment, though with equal bad luck, with the defaulters. The weather was gloomy and unpropitious, and there was consequently only a thin attendance.

The first event *La Gitana* (Nat) won very easy, beating *Chivalry*, who should in future decline entering the *lists*, for a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; three subs.; *Red House* in. Two very moderate customers.

The Selling Stakes, with the value of 200 sovs. put upon the victor, *St. Leger Course*, found seven owners ready to run the chances of separation from their steeds at that equivalent: it was won, after a most beautiful contest, by Mr. Clark's b. c. *Alonzo*, by *Mulatto*, beating *Abraham Newland*, *Banquo*, *Juvenile*, Mr. Osbaldeston's *Trumpeter* colt, *Duke of Cleveland's Emigrant's dam* colt, and *Tornado*. The winner was claimed.

The Doncaster Stakes, two miles, seven subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. <i>Sampson</i> , by <i>Cetus</i> , out of <i>Pucelle</i> , 4 yrs. 8st.	Lye.	1
Mr. Bowes' ch. h. <i>Epirus</i> , by <i>Langar</i> , out of <i>Olympia</i> , 6 yrs. 9st.	W. Scott .	2
Mr. Orde's b. f. <i>Queen Bee</i> , by <i>Liverpool</i> , dam by <i>Ardrossan</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.	W. Oates .	3
Mr. Stephenson's b. f. <i>Panacea</i> , by <i>Physician</i> — <i>Voltaire's dam</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.	G. Francis .	4

The favorite was *Epirus*, who was backed at 5 to 2; but *Sampson* took the lead, made all the running, and cut down (not with a jaw-bone) all his adversaries, winning easy.

For the Foal Stakes Mr. Bowes' *Black Beck* walked over, and divided with Lord Westminster's *Launcelot*.

The Corporation Plate then wound up this gloomy day's diversion, being won easy at two heats by Mr. Heseltine's filly *The Shadow*, who cast her shade before *Humphrey*, *Abraham Newland*, *Tom*, Mr. Osbaldeston's *Fickle* colt, 3 yrs., and *Polydorus*.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 17—The morning dawned with a perfect steeper: indeed throughout the day "down fast the rain did pour," which doubtless was the cause of some hundreds that always flock into Doncaster to witness the *Coop Race* being disappointed: indeed so thin an attendance has not been seen on the Cup day (which generally vies with the *St. Leger* day) for some years.

Maroon commenced the sport by walking over for the *Gascoigne Stakes*.

Six Two-year-olds then turned out to try the distance of one mile for the Two-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, P.P., twenty-eight subs.

Mr. Allen's ch. c. <i>Belgrade</i> , by <i>Belshazzar</i> , out of <i>Alice</i> by <i>Langar</i>	J. Marson .	1
Col. Craufurd's br. f. <i>Ermengardis</i> , by <i>Langar</i> , out of <i>Ermine</i>	J. Holmes .	2
Gen. Yates' br. c. <i>Simoom</i> , brother to <i>Siroc</i> , by <i>Camel</i>	Nat.	0
Mr. Wrather's gr. f. <i>Miss Lydia</i> , by <i>Belshazzar</i> — <i>Hackfall's dam</i> by <i>Comus</i> . .	Oates.	0
Lord Westminster's b. c. <i>Satirist</i> , by <i>Pantaloon</i> , out of <i>Sarcasm</i>	W. Scott. .	0
Mr. Bell's b. c. <i>Thirsk</i> , by <i>Voltaire</i> , dam by <i>Whisker</i>	Heseltine .	0

The odds at starting were, 6 and 7 to 4 agst. *Satirist*, 4 to 1 agst. *Thirsk*, 4 to 1 agst. *Ermengardis*, and 5 to 1 agst. *Belgrade*.—The lot got all well off, *Simoom* taking the lead and making fair play, *Belgrade* and *Ermengardis* lying close to his quarters, with *Satirist* and *Miss Lydia* pretty fairly up; but soon after passing the *Red House* turn, *Thirsk* became in distress, and was left two or three lengths in the rear. On reaching the turn of the course, *Simoom* gave way, and *Belgrade* and *Ermengardis* went in front, and ran a

tremendous hard contest home, when Belgrade was declared the winner by a head, Simoom, Satirist, and Miss Lydia being all well up. The running of the lot being so close together, and Kedge beating most of them so easy for the Champagne, shews *the lot to be bad*. I should, however, except Thirsk, whose running shewed him *not in form*, he having before been a winner *four times very gallantly*, and beating easy some of those in the above contest.

The 200 sovs. Stakes, h. ft., for three-year-olds, thirteen subs., St. Leger Course, although so good a Stake, proved no race at all, Mr. Orde having accepted his Stake to withdraw Queen Bee. Only two started, Mr. Bowes' br. c. Black Beck (W. Scott) and Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Molineux, Brother to Bloomsbury (Nat).—Both horses coming out of Scott's stable, but little betting took place about it, at 6 and 7 to 1 on Black Beck, who was never headed, and won easy.

The *Gold Cup*, so named, but in reality an elegant Table Centrepiece of the most elaborate workmanship, adorned with rampant steeds around a classically designed flower vase, enriched with beautiful chasings, &c., the gift of the Stewards, was the next and last bone of contention for the day.

Mr. Orde's b. m. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Dr. Syntax, dam by Ardrossan, aged.....	Cartwright ...	1
Col. Cradock's br. c. The Provost, by The Saddler, out of Rebecca by Lottery, 4 yrs.....	S. Templeman	2
Mr. Johnstone's br. c. Charles XII., by Voltaire—Laurel's dam, 4 yrs....	W. Day.....	3
Lord Westminster's b. c. Maroon, by Mulatto—Miss Giles by T. amp, 3 yrs	Nat	4
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Sampson, by Cetus, out of Pucelle, 4 yrs.....	J. Day.....	5
Mr. Thompson's ch. f. Vermilion, by Bedlamite, dam by Blacklock, 3 yrs ..	Oates	6

The favorite was Maroon at 6 to 5 against, 3 to 1 agst. Charles XII., 9 to 2 agst. Provost, 6 to 1 agst. Sampson, and 8 to 1 agst. Bee's-wing.—On going off, Vermilion set off to make running for Charles XII., and led up to the distance the first time at the best pace she could, when Charles XII. set sail and went out with the lead at an increased speed, Bee's-wing following him second, Sampson third, The Provost fourth, and Maroon fifth, Vermilion being left out of the contest. In this order the lot went over the hill at a good pace to near the Red House, where Sampson hit a leg and gave up the contest. Charles, however, kept the lead to near the distance, when Bee's-wing and Provost came away from their horses several lengths, but the old mare was never headed, and won very easy, proving herself the very best mare existing in Great Britain, if not in the world; and had she been ridden in some of her former contests as she was in this, she could not have met defeat where she did. Bee's-wing makes her next appearance at the Caledonian Hunt at Kelso.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 18—The weather was this day more favorable, though gloomy. The two first contests of the day proved anything but races—the first the Scarborough Stakes (sixteen subs), one mile, Gibraltar (Nat) won in a canter, never having been headed, beating Black Beck: and for the Hornby Castle Stakes, two miles, but two started, Maroon (Nat) and Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam, 3 yrs. (T. Benson). The latter made play at no pace at all for a short way, when Maroon passed

him, came on, and won a very long way. The loser, however, bad as he is, found a purchaser after the race, being sold to John Etty, Esq., of Manchester.

The Park Hill Stakes, upon the conditions, weights, and distance, of the Epsom Oaks, succeeded, and tempted six runners :—

Mr. St. Paul's b. <i>Calypso</i> , by Liverpool, out of Galewood's dam.....	Templeman	1
Mr. Orde's b. Queen Bee, by Liverpool, out of Tomboy's dam.....	Cartwright.	2
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. Rosabianca, by Augustus.....	J. Day.....	3
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. The Mountain Sylph, by Belshazzar.....	Macdonald.	4
Lord Chesterfield's ch. by Priam, out of Rowton's dam.....	Nat.....	0
Mr. Bell's b. La Femme Sage, by Gainsborough.....	Heseltine..	0

On assembling at the start, Rosabianca, who had been vanned from Stockbridge on the Wednesday, shewed a perfect *bag of bones*, yet coming from the stable of A DAY, the public took 3 to 1 agst. her, Calypso being backed at even, and 3 to 1 agst. the Priam filly. Rosabianca took the lead, and made the running to the rise of the hill, when Calypso went away, was never after headed, and won very easy by three lengths. Had more use been made of Calypso for the St. Leger, no question but she would have run closer up, and, should she keep well, she will next year prove a pretty fair animal.

The usual tailpiece to the Meeting, the Town Plate, value 100 sovs., two-mile heats, then concluded the Meeting, being won at three heats (each one easy) by Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Gambia (Flatman), beating Mickleton Maid, who won the first heat and the entrance money 39gs., La Sage Femme, and Polydorus; both the latter drawn after the second heat. Gambia was sold to go abroad for 800 guineas, after the race.

And now having run through the battles of the week, I pull up, and subscribe myself yours very faithfully,

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Sept., 1840.]

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.—The following lots were sold at the Doncaster Meeting, on Wednesday, 15th Sept. :—

	GS.		GS.
Boz, 4 yrs	60	Yearling colt by Langar, out of Emi-	
Zimmerman, 4 yrs	30	grant's dam	200
Yearling filly by Dr. Syntax, out of Ma-		Mare by Colwick, out of Progress	40
libran	31	St. Andrew, 5 yrs.....	50
Mare by Revolution, dam by Ebor, 3 yrs	30	Yearling colt by The Saddler, out of Do-	
Kaleidoscope, 3 yrs	75	rabella	52
Yearling colt by Langar, out of Fran-		Yearling filly by The Saddler, out of	
cisca	83	Octavia	26
Lollypop, 4 yrs	115	Sprig, by Whisker.....	80
Gloxiana, 3 yrs	105	Yearling colt out of Lunaria, and a b.	
Yearling colt by Camel, out of Velocity		c. out of Mulberry's dam (the two)	50
(sister to Velocipede)	310	The Lamplighter, by Lamplighter, out	
Yearling colt by Velocipede, out of Gip-		of Spinning Jenny.....	85
sey.....	215	Lunaria	37

Notes of the Month.

NOVEMBER.

BOSTON AND GANO'S MATCH.—This race promises to be the great event of the season, and as the time approaches when it is to be decided, the sporting world is on the *qui vive* to learn the state of the odds and the condition of the horses. It is not to be disputed that within the last few weeks Gano's friends have increased in numbers, while their confidence has been re-assured. At the last accounts he was looking and going right, and many bets have been laid on his time; his backers appear to be holding back for increased odds on the general issue of the race. Until the election is over it is not to be expected that the attention of the community generally will be directed to the match, for everything at present is swallowed up in the raging sea of politics; the cause of Wagner's recent defeat is even lost sight of in the partisan excitement of the day, when a year ago such an outrage would have been the theme of discussion and indignant remark from one extremity of the Union to the other. Boston, it is understood, goes directly to Augusta, immediately after the election in Virginia (next week). He will not be obliged to walk a mile between Petersburg and Augusta. He is to proceed by the rail-road from the former place to Wilmington, N. C., where he will take advantage of a fine day and go by steamboat to Charleston, and thence by rail-road again to Augusta. The match comes off over the Lafayette Course on Monday, the 7th December.

On Wednesday evening, 21st ult., the sporting circles of Philadelphia were excited beyond measure, in consequence of a banter thrown out by some English gentlemen. Our correspondent "Boots," was immediately on his "taps," and has sent us the following version of the matter. Two English gentlemen, lately arrived, threw out a challenge to run a match *four miles*, against the best American horse, for a large amount. The owner of Boston happening to be present, he at once stepped forward and offered to run them Two Matches with their own weights, for Fifty Thousand Dollars a side each, one in America and the other in England—the first choice of countries to be determined by "a toss of the copper." The challengers declined this proposition. The owner of Boston then offered to bet them \$50,000 to \$40,000 on Boston, to run *Four mile HEATS*, in America, against any number of horses they might import from England, allowing them the privilege of naming their champion at the post, thus giving them a decided advantage in the forfeit. This proposition the English gentlemen likewise declined. The OLD WHITENOSE, therefore, stands the "ace full" at the board.

The South Carolina Stables.—A friend and correspondent in Carolina has furnished us with a list of the horses in training in that State. He states that the prospects of fine sport during the ensuing campaign have rarely been equalled. He says—"We expect Virginia to send out some of her best and bravest with Boston, and to see Treasurer and Andrewetta with their respective parties. We like here to run against the best, and see how we can go with the cracks that make such time at the Kendall, Trenton, Union, and other fast courses.

Col. HAMPTON has Fanny, Santa Anna, Sovereign, Kate Seaton, and four or five three year olds, including Reprieve, Penelope, and Milliner.

Col. SINGLETON has Chieftain, Helen, two imported four year olds, one by Langar and the other by Chateau Margaux, and a three year old colt by Imp. Nonplus.

Maj. McRA has Dayton, a three year old imported filly, a Rowton three year old, and one or two more, not including Clarionette (own sister to Clarion) in Mr. Van Mater's stable in New Jersey.

Col. SPANN has joined stables with Mr. COCKRAL; they have seven, among them Meridian.

RICHARDSON and SINKLER have eight—Lady Caſa, Amy the Orphan, John Dunkin, a clever Nonplus filly out of Santa Anna's dam, and a lot of young Emancipations and Rowtons.

W. RICHARDSON has two 4 year-olds, and two 3 year olds, one a clever filly out of Julia by Mucklejohn.

Col. FLUD has two—Hermione and another 4 year old by Imp. Nonplus.

Dr. GUIGNARD has "Old Clod" and a 3 yr. old by Imp. Rowton out of Empress.

Capt. ROWE has Esquimaux, Billy Harris, (out of Ariel by Tonson) an imported colt called Tattersall, and one or two more.

Mr. HITCHCOCK has eight or more in training at Columbia, besides several other stables about Newberry, Greenville, and Limestone Springs, that I know of, without being sufficiently acquainted with them to afford you information. SUB."

Treasurer and Camden.—We regret to learn that these fine horses, in the stable of Mr. JOHN D. KIRBY, of Virginia, are both thrown out of training. The former is generally regarded here as the only horse which had "any show" with Boston at four mile heats north of Carolina. Camden's performances have also been of such a character that very sanguine anticipations were entertained of his making a brilliant campaign during the Fall and winter.

OBITUARY.—*Death of DARNLEY and SAMBO.*—We regret to state that these two fine horses died on the night of Oct. 9th at Louisville, Ky., after their race at four mile heats, in which four heats were run. The proprietor, Col. OLIVER, informs us that Mr. SHY, the owner of *Darnley*, apprised him that his horse was to all appearance perfectly well at 9 o'clock in the evening after the race, and at his feed; he seemed to have recovered as well as is usual after so severe a race; indeed, it was Mr. Shy's opinion that he rarely had seen a horse eat or recover better. Five minutes before he died his breathing appeared very short, and his whole frame violently agitated; he laid down and in three minutes was dead. He was not subjected to a surgical examination.—Mr. DAVENPORT's *Sambo*, it is supposed, had an affection of the kidneys, and died at 5 o'clock the morning following the race. Billy Townes cramped badly during the race, and was greatly distressed after it, but subsequently recovered, and was entirely well in twenty-four hours, though his friends had given him up at one time. Mary Morris, though much distressed after the third heat, very soon recovered. What the untimely death of these fine horses is to be attributed to we cannot imagine. All our correspondents inform us that the course was unusually soft—indeed, was never in better condition for a bruising four mile race. The day, however, was excessively oppressive, being much warmer than is usual in October, and not a breath of air stirring. The race was severe beyond example—more so, it is said, than that between Wagner and Grey Eagle.

Death of HEDGFORD.—This fine imported horse, we regret to learn, died suddenly of inflammation of the liver, on the last of August, at the residence of GEO. E. BLACKBURN, Esq., of Woodford Co., Ky. He died the property of Messrs. TOWNES and GOODE, and was advertised to be sold during the meeting of the Lexington Association, to close a long standing co-partnership in him. His stock promise to do him such credit that his loss will be generally regretted.

"THE THUMPS" IN HORSES.—A correspondent writes, under date of Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 20, to the following effect:—

What is the cause of a disease in horses called *the Thumps*? (the disease may not be known to every person by this name.) What the disease is? What part of the horse it mostly affects? If there is any cure what is it? Will rest relieve? If so, how long, and what treatment is best adapted, together with any further information on the subject.

I have examined several books on the subject of Farriery, and found nothing of the kind. It is probable you may be able to give me the information without making the inquiry; if so, you will much oblige. With respect, J.A.B.

Note.—We have referred unsuccessfully to our works on Farriery, but the best one (Blaine's Encyclopedia,) was taken from the office the very day this letter reached us. Will some one oblige our correspondent by furnishing the desired information?

SALE OF DURHAM CATTLE AND BERKSHIRE HOGS.—The unreserved sale at auction of Mr. B. BRETNALL'S Stock, took place on Tuesday, Sept. 29, at his residence in Bergen Co., N. J. Our reporter, who was in attendance, gives the following list of prices and purchasers—terms cash:—

1. One Boar pig, 3 months old.—Purchased by Mr. Morris.....	\$ 7,00
2. One Boar pig, and one sow 3 months.—Mr. Bolton.....	10,00
3. One Sow, 5 weeks old.—Mr. Wolbert.....	6,00
4. One Boar, 5 weeks old.—“ “.....	6,00
5. “ “ “ “ “ “ “.....	6,00
6. “ “ “ “ “ “ “.....	6,00
7. “ “ “ “ “ “ “.....	6,00
8. “ “ “ “ “ “ “.....	9,00
9. One Sow, dam of the above 6 lots.—Mr. Underhill.....	12,50
10. One Sow, 1 year old, with 1 Boar and 3 Sow pigs by her side.—Mr. Underhill.....	27,50
11. One Sow, 1 year old, 3 boar and 2 sow pigs.—Dr. Vandenberg.....	30,00
12. One Sow, 15 months old, 3 boar and 2 sow pigs.—Mr. Wolbert.....	45,00
13. “ “ 7 “ “ —Mr. Sheafe.....	13,00
14. “ “ 7 “ “ —“ “.....	14,00
15. “ “ 4 “ “ —Mr. Underhill.....	8,00
16. “ “ 4 “ “ —Mr. Bolton.....	8,50
17. “ “ 5 “ “ —Mr. G. Grove.....	10,00
18. “ “ 4 “ “ —Mr. Maxwell.....	5,50
19. “ “ and 7 pigs —Mr. Wolbert.....	45,00
20. “ “ and 5 pigs —Mr. Brand.....	35,00
21. “ “ and 3 pigs —Dr. Vandenberg.....	30,00
22. “ “ in pig. —Mr. Holmes.....	26,00
23. “ “ “ “ —Mr. Sheafe.....	27,00
24. “ “ “ “ —Mr. G. Grove.....	22,00
25. “ “ “ “ —Dr. Vandenberg.....	54,00
26. “ “ “ “ —Mr. Wolbert.....	30,00
27. “ “ “ “ —Mr. Wolbert.....	18,00
28. “ “ “ “ —Mr. Jackson.....	37,00
29. “ “ “ “ Not sold.....	
30. One imported Boar, 2 years old, <i>Prince Albert</i> .—Mr. Sheafe.....	175,00
31. “ Boar, 1 year old, <i>Blood Royal</i> .—Mr. Morris.....	50,00
32. “ “ 2 “ “ <i>Black Prince</i> .—Not sold.....	
33. One imported sow, British Queen.*—Mr. Morris.....	100,00
34. “ Sow, Princess Royal.—Mr. Wolbert.....	50,00

DURHAM CATTLE.

1. <i>Tippecanoe</i> , a Bull calf 6 months old, by Bloomsbury, out of Lot No. 3.—Mr. Jackson.....	66,00
2. A <i>Heifer calf</i> 6 months old, by Bloomsbury, out of Lot No. 4.—Mr. Jackson.....	52,00
3. <i>Cherry</i> , 6 years old, by Dishley, dam by Durham, g. d. by Dishley; bulled by Snowball, jr.—Mr. Sheafe.....	60,00
4. <i>Roan</i> , twin, 7 years old, by Durham, dam by Dishley; bulled by Snowball, jr.—Mr. Simmons.....	46,00
5. <i>Victoria</i> , 2 years old, got in England by James Ashcroft's Bull, Holderney, out of the Imp. Cpw, Bell, thoroughbred.—Mr. Wolbert..	127,50
6. <i>Magnolia</i> , 2 years old, by Snow-ball, out of Snow-drop, by Hall's Comet, out of Attraction by Dishley, g. g. dam bred by Mr. Wilkinson, by a son of Dishley, g. g. g. dam, Countess, by imported Nelson, the property of Mr. Bullock.—Mr. Sheafe.....	170,00
7. <i>Snow-ball, jr.</i> by old Snow-ball, dam by Matchem, out of a cow bred by Dr. Hosack.—Not sold.....	

* Lot 33. Imp. *British Queen* had 4 pigs by her side 9 days old, for first choice of a pair, Mr. Wolbert gave \$16 each, the other pair was purchased by Mr. Jackson for \$9,50 each.

SALES OF STOCK.—One of our special correspondents has sent us the following report of the sale of the late Mr. JACKSON'S stock, which took place at Nashville, Tenn., on the 2d of Oct. The terms were a credit of one and two years, with interest from date, satisfactorily secured, the purchasers having the option at the time to take the stock with or without their engagements.

No. 1. *Cotillion*, ch. f. 3 years old, sister to Fandango, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade by Catton—Camillina by Camillus—her dam by Smolensko, out of Miss Cannon by Orville—Weathercock—Cora by Matchem. Engagements void except in a stake at Alexandria, La., \$500 entrance, in the name of Thomas Watson. Sold to WM. RUFFIN BARROW, Esq. of St. Francisville, La., for \$2,200.

No. 2. *Emerald*, b. f. 3 years old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, (sister to Defiance,) her dam Little Folly by Highland Fling—Harriet by Volunteer—Harriet by Highflyer—Herod—Miss Middleton. Engaged in a Sweepstakes at Huntsville, Fall Meeting 1840, 13 subscribers, \$300 entrance, in James Kirkman's name. And in the Criterion Stakes at Nashville, 1841, in the name of Hugh Kirkman. Sold to THOMAS KIRKMAN, Esq. of Florence, Ala. for \$1,150.

Both are in training and in fine order, and believed to be equal to anything of their year.

No. 3. ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, sister to Mango, winner of the St. Leger in 1837—Mustard by Merlin—Morel by Sorcerer, out of Hornby Lass by Buzzard. Sold to JOHN S. BRIEN, Esq. of Vicksburg, Miss. for \$1,550.

No. 4. ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Delight by Reveller, the dam of Mr. Boardman's Shamrock, out of Defiance by Rubens—Little Folly by Highland Fling—Harriet by Volunteer, &c. &c. Also sold to Mr. Brien for \$650.

No. 5. ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, sister to George Poindexter, winner of the Nashville Sweepstakes, Spring of 1839—Archy mare—Virginia by Daredevil, the dam of Paddy Carey, Cumberland, Marshall Ney, and Occupant—Lady Bolingbroke by Imp. Pantaloon—Cades by Wormley's King Herod—Primrose by Imp. Dove. Sold to ANDREW JACKSON, Esq. of New Orleans, for \$950.

No. 6. br. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Sir Archy, the dam of Clear the Kitchen by Marion, grandam by Sir Archy, g. g. dam by Alderman. Mr. Lemuel Long sent the dam of No. 6 to Tennessee for sale; his son Mr. Nicholas Long, did not know her pedigree further. Also sold to Mr. Jackson for \$500.

No. 7. Imported b. f. by Tomboy, dam by Wanton or Don Juan, out of Remembrancer mare, sister to Benedict, her dam Beatrice by Sir Peter—Pyrrha by Matchem—Dutchess by Whitenose—Miss Slamerkin by Young True Blue—Lord Oxford—Dun Arabian—D'Arcy's black-legged Royal Mare. Sold to RUFUS K. POLK, Esq. of Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. for \$450.

Old "PHENIX" and her Mingo colt.—GEO. L. WELCKER, Esq., of the U. S. Corps of Engineers, has purchased of GEO. E. BLACKBURN, Esq., of near Frankfort, Ky., his old brown mare *Phoenix* and her sucking colt by Mingo. *Phoenix* was foaled in 1825—bred by the late David Flournoy, of Scott County, Ky.—by Blackburn's Whip, out of a thorough bred Virginia mare by Imp. Columbus. *Phoenix* was trained and run successfully, some years since, in the race horse region of Kentucky. She is the dam of several colts, and so far as they have been tried, she has never failed to produce a racer;—she is the dam of Clay, of Canning by Bertrand, of Foscari by Kosciusko, of Ariella by Arab, son of Sir Archy, all of which have been winners. She is also the dam of a Woodpecker filly, owned by Meredith Tarlton, and of other promising but untried colts; she is now stinted to Monmouth Eclipse. The Mingo colt, for which the name of *Trouble* is claimed, was foaled June 2d, 1840;—he is a bay without white, excepting a star in his forehead; he is large, presents a bloodlike appearance, is in high racing form, and is said much to resemble his renowned and lamented sire. These animals are near Terre Haute, Indiana, on the Grove Farm, owned by Doctor Wood, of the U. S. Navy, from whence they will be taken to Tennessee.

ED. SHEGOG, Esq., of Columbia, Tenn., has sold the following blood stock to MESSRS. WM. BEASLEY & R. SHEGOG, Esqrs., of Vernon, Tenn. :—

1. Ch. m. *Zara*, 9 yrs., by Tennessee Oscar, dam by Pacolet, now stinted to Imp. Glencoe. Price. \$1000.
2. Ch. f. *Clarissa Walker*, 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of No. 1. Price, \$1000.
3. Ch. c. *Bill Edwards*, yearling, by Imp. Leviathan, out of No. 1. Price \$800.
4. Ch. f. *Dimple*, sucking, by Imp. Belshazzar, out of No. 1. Price \$400.

Sthreshley.—This fine son of Medoc was sold, after winning the Plate at Louisville, on the 7th inst., to Col. W. BUFORD, of Woodford Co., Ky., for \$3000, by Mr. Walker Thurston.





Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1840.

Embellishments:

PORTRAITS OF BAY MARIA AND HER FILLY BY PRIAM;
Engraved on Steel by PRUD'HOMME from an Original Painting by TROYE.

Contents:

	Page
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, Etc.	614
BAY MARIA AND HER PRIAM FILLY: BY THE EDITOR	615
DEER STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS: BY J. W. M.	616
CRUCIFIX AND BEGGARMAN: BY "JUDEX"	619
PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE, No. II.: BY "FRANK FORESTER"	621
ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF AND FOR THE CHASE.....	629
SYMMETRY..... 629 BREEDING IN AND IN.....	631
HIGH BREEDING: BY B*****	634
STEEPLE CHASE IN LOWER CANADA: BY "CIVIS"	639
FATE OF THE BOAR.....	640
REFLECTIONS ON ANGLING.....	641
LEVIATHAN AND PACIFIC: BY "D."	646
INDIANS HUNTING THE BUFFALO: BY "PHAZMA"	648
CORRIGENDA: BY "H."	649
AGRICULTURAL PREMIUMS.....	650
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR	653
THE GREAT MATCH	653
DEATH OF LUZBOROUGH.....	"
SALES OF STOCK.....	"
RACE COURSES AND JOCKEY CLUBS..	653
NAMES CLAIMED	654
IMPORTED AUTOCRAT	"
TURF REGISTER	655
STOCK OF ROD. M. MC. GREGOR, ESQ..	655
" " WYATT CARDWELL, ESQ. ..	"
PEDIGREE AND PRODUCE OF CAME- LEON	"
STOCK OF JOHN E. BREATHITT, ESQ.,	656
" " C. N. MERIWETHER, ESQ. ..	"
" " JOHN A. JONES, ESQ.	"
PEDIGREE OF LAUNCELOT [ENGLISH] ..	"
INDEX TO VOLUME XI	657
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1840. RACES AT	
FAYETTE, MO.	33
MERRY OAKS, KY.	"
DOVER, MO.	34
LOWNDES COUNTY, ALA.	"
BARDSTOWN, KY.	"
PITTSYLVANIA C. H. VA.	35
COLUMBIA, TENN.	"
ST. LOUIS, MO.	36
BROAD ROCK, VA.	37
LOUISVILLE, KY.	38
MECKLENBURG, VA.	39
BALTIMORE, MD.	39
WASHINGTON, D. C.	40
TREMONT, ILL.	"
NEWBERRY, S. C.	"
MAYSVILLE, KY.	41
BROOKE COUNTY, VA.	42
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	"
TRENTON, N. J.	43
WINCHESTER, VA.	"
NEW YORK, UNION COURSE	44
LIMESTONE SPRINGS, S. C.	"

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WITH the present number the Eleventh Volume of the Turf Register is completed, with the exception of the Racing Calendar for 1840. The design of the Editor is, that the entire Calendar for the year should be bound up with the volume; and there are yet several important meetings to take place, and many races which have now come off have not been reported. Every effort will be made to conclude the Calendar with the February number of the next volume, when a complete Index to the Calendar and an Engraved Title Page will be furnished to subscribers. The only inconvenience which can result from this mingling of the two volumes, is the delay of two months in binding; which cannot be of such consequence as to outweigh the advantage of having a volume which shall comprise the entire races of the year.

We are reminded again to call upon the Secretaries of Clubs, and those interested in horses, to see that every race of the year be reported forthwith. The Tables of Winning Horses for 1840 will be commenced immediately for the Spirit of the Times and the Magazine, and as these are compiled from the Racing Calendar scrupulously, it will be no fault of the Editor should there be omissions in them. Annexed is a partial list of Races not Reported, to which we would particularly call the attention of those interested.

The Editor deems it unnecessary to say anything in regard to the conduct of the next volume of the magazine: it will differ in no respect from the present, save in those points where greater experience may suggest some slight improvements. It must not be deemed impertinent in the Editor to call upon each reader to comply at an early day with the terms of subscription. He hopes to be spared the necessity of again alluding to the subject.

The first number of the next volume will contain papers from "Frank Forester" and "J. Cypress, Jr.," and will be illustrated by a more beautiful engraving than has yet appeared in the magazine.

A BROTHER TO BAY MIDDLETON.

We are authorized to state that the French Government have been in treaty for the purchase of *Achmet*, own Brother to Bay Middleton, and he will undoubtedly be sold to France unless immediately purchased for the United States. An English gentleman who knew that at one time a great desire was expressed to obtain *Achmet* here, succeeded in obtaining the refusal of him at 2000 guineas to come to America.

Should any gentleman or a Company desire to purchase him, they should be prompt in availing themselves of the present opportunity, presented to them by the efforts of one who would rather so good a horse should keep up the reputation of the English blood in America, than that he should go to France. *Achmet* is fifteen hands three inches high, perfectly sound, quiet, and a sure foal-getter; he was never beaten, and an experienced Turfman pronounces him the most perfect model of a Race-Horse he has ever seen—certainly superior in shape and beauty to his brother, Bay Middleton. We say this on unquestionable authority, and add that a sagacious American Turfman who was in England last year, spoke of *Achmet* to us upon his return in terms equally strong—especially in comparing him with his more famed brother.

Achmet is by Sultan, out of Cobweb by Phantom, out of Filagree by Soothsayer, &c. &c.—a stock the most fashionable in England, and justly so if estimated by the number of valuable Stakes won by them. The Riddlesworth, the 1000 and 2000 guineas Stakes have been almost monopolized by Lord Jersey, and the reader will recollect the wonderful superiority of Bay Middleton to any horse of his year.

We repeat that immediate application should be made to secure this horse. Letters to our care will be forwarded at once to the proper quarter in England.

REPORTS OF RACES WANTED.

Reports of the recent Meetings held at the following places are due. Will "any dear friend of Cæsar's" furnish them. Secretaries of the several Clubs owe it to themselves, and the gentlemen whom they represent, to supply a report at their earliest convenience. It will give us great pleasure to reciprocate the favor in any way they may suggest.

Lawrenceville, Va.
Carrollton, Mo.
Paris, Tenn.
Georgetown, Ky.
Fairfield, Va.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Oxford, N. C.
Spring Hill, Va.

Mount Sterling, Ky.
Nashville, Tenn., in August.
Charlestown, Va.
Fauquier Springs, Va.
Leesburg, Va.
Jefferson, Mo.
Boonville, Mo.
Fredericksburg, Va.

Mecklenburg, Va.
Fulton, Mo.
Clarksburg, Va.
Columbus, Ga.
Memphis, Tenn.
Macon, Ga.
Tusculumbia, Ala.
Christianville, Va.

BAY MARIA AND HER PRIAM FILLY,

THE PROPERTY OF COL. WADE HAMPTON, OF MILWOOD, NEAR COLUMBIA, S. C.

MR. TROYE never succeeded more happily in obtaining a likeness of an animal, than in the instance of Bay Maria, from whose portrait the engraving has been made which illustrates this number of the Turf Register. In reducing a large picture to such an extent as is necessary to suit these pages, it is exceedingly difficult to preserve the expression of the original: although an actual admeasurement may convince you that all the parts have been reduced in just proportion, still the character of the whole seems somehow altered, when studied upon the smaller scale. We think, however, that Mr. Prud'homme has been singularly fortunate in his engraving of Bay Maria. The figure of the mare is very accurate; that of her foal does not strike us as so good. It is comparatively of little moment, however, as the principal design of the illustration is to give the reader a correct idea of the distinguished racer and beautiful brood mare, Bay Maria.

We shall give but slight details of the pedigree and racing career of Bay Maria, and even then at the hazard of repeating a thrice-told tale; the subject is, however, a worthy one, and we will be as brief as possible.

Bay Maria was bred in 1831 by CHARLES HENRY HALL, Esq., of Harlæm, New-York. She was got by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy. To extend the pedigree would be entirely superfluous, so familiar is the stock to all our breeders; it is enough to say of Bay Maria that she is own Sister to Black Maria and Shark, both renowned upon the Turf, and the latter one of the most promising and highly prized of American Stallions. The filly, Great Western, the produce of Imported Luzborough and Black Maria, foaled in the Spring of 1839, was sold the same year, with her engagements, for \$3000. Thus much for the estimation in which this stock is held by the public.

Bay Maria was sold when four years old to Maj. WILLIAM JONES, of Cold Spring, L. I., who brought her upon the Turf, and in whose hands she made her races in the North. From Maj. Jones she passed into the possession of Col. WM R. JOHNSON, of Virginia, and her present owner. Subsequently Col. Hampton purchased the interest of the Virginian owner, and forthwith brought her upon the Turf at the South.

We add below the bare official details of her racing career. When Bay Maria came out at the North in 1835, being then four years old, Post Boy was at the head of the Turf, and it was the fortune of the subject of this sketch to meet him in the only races she ever made on a Northern Course. If she failed to beat him—who never was beaten, when in condition, in a four mile race of heats—she secured the second best place in both the races which he won from her, although she was contending with such other competitors as Alice Grey, Julianna, Clara Howard, and Black Heath. At the South she never was beaten, and her career pro-

mitted to be brilliant indeed, when her owner determined to withdraw her from the Turf; in the maturity of her strength, and with a constitution unshattered, she was placed in the breeding stud. The first of her produce was a bay filly, Ruby, which has been before described in these pages. The high price at which Bay Maria was purchased (we think the sum was \$6000) will be fully reimbursed, if the admiration entertained by all who have seen Ruby, be in any degree justified by her success on the Turf.

The following is the record of Bay Maria's Performances:—

New York, Union Course, L. I., Oct. 10, 1835—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Robt. Tillotson's ch. c. Post Boy, by Henry, out of Garland by Daroc, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. Jones' b. f. <i>Bay Maria</i> , by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	2
J. C. Stevens' b. f. Clara Howard, by Imp. Barefoot—Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt, 4 y.	2	3
Walter Livingston's gr. m. Alice Grey, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress, 6 yrs.....	4	4

Time, 7:44—8:02.

Same Course, Nov. 7, 1835—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Robt. Tillotson's ch. c. Post Boy, pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. Jones' b. f. <i>Bay Maria</i> , 4 yrs.....	3	2
W. R. Johnson's b. f. Julianna, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	4	3
John Heth's bl. c. Black Heath, by Sir Archy, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs.....	2	4

Time, 7:52—7:52.

Augusta, Ga., Lafayette Course, April 14, 1836—Purse \$1000, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. <i>Bay Maria</i> , 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. J. J. Pittman's b. c. American Citizen, by Marion, daam by Harwood, 3 yrs.	2	2

Time, 7:56—8:27.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 3, 1837—Purse \$—, Augusta weights, Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. m. <i>Bay Maria</i> , 5 yrs.....	1	1
Capt. Rowe's ch. g. Clodhopper, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Capt. J. J. Harrison's b. c. Kite, by Bullock's Mucklejohn—Eliza' Splotch by Sir Archy	3	*

Time, 8:35—8:10. * Stopped in the third round of second heat.

Charleston, S. C., Feb. 22, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, Augusta weights, Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. m. <i>Bay Maria</i> , 5 yrs.....	4	1	1
Col. Flud's ch. c. Rienzi, by Bertrand Jr., 3 yrs.....	3	3	2
Mr. Winter's gr. c. Kite, 3 yrs.....	1	2	3
Col. E. Richardson's ch. m. Lady Morgan, by John Richards, 5 yrs.....	2	dr	
Maj. Wm. Richardson's ch. f. Sweet Emma, by Mucklejohn, 3 yrs.....			dist.

Time, 8:03—8:05—8:09.

Bay Maria took the track from the start in the last two heats, and was never headed.

Her Produce.

1838. B. f. *Ruby*, by Imported Rowton.

1839. Missed to Imported Emancipation.

1840. B. f. by Imported Priam.

Now stinted to Imported Monarch.

DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

C—— Castle, 13th September, 1840.

MY DEAR M——,—Your letters reached me here, and found me in very comfortable quarters. I was rather *bluish* when I first arrived, but have now rallied, and spent my time very pleasantly, having had capital sport considering the season, which has not been so favorable as usual for the high moors, on account of a severe storm in May. I arrived here on the 11th of August; and killed twelve brace of grouse on the 12th, and a brace of plover; 13th, killed fourteen and a half brace; rested the 14th; and killed eighteen and a half brace, and a blue hare, on the 15th. The fol-

lowing week I shot with another man, and killed twenty brace first day; twenty-five the second; and twenty the third, and a blue hare. I then tired of grouse-shooting, and went up to Lord A——'s quarters in Glen I——, to pursue the nobler sport of deer-stalking. I have a capital two-grooved double rifle, made by the person who made my gun—certainly a *top sawyer*; as you may remember my exploits with it at Cumberhead, and at the magpies, from the dining-room window at B——d. He has now set up for himself. His name is Dickson, and he lives at 60 Prince's Street, Edinburgh. I recommend him to your special notice and patronage.

The first day's stalking I had a long shot at a hind and bróke a leg, but we did not get her, as we could not slip the dogs on account of the other deer. After a space, seven or eight came cantering past, about seventy or eighty yards distant. I picked out the biggest; took, as I thought, a cool and deliberate aim, but missed "as clean as a whistle:" so ended the first day. The next I got a very long shot (200 yards, or more), but the ball struck short. I did not fire at a fair shot, standing 150 yards off (at which distance my rifle is infallible,) because I thought I would get nearer; but the herd either winded or saw me, broke back, and the first glimpses I had of them after was on the sky-line of a hill about a mile off; this ended the second day. I was rather disgusted, as you may conceive; and next day, being splendid, resolved to make my *premier assai* at ptarmigan. Accordingly, I rode part of the way up an awfully sublime hill, and then sallied forth, gun in hand, bent upon destruction. The first ptarmigan I saw I took for a pigeon, and was not going to fire; but at last I did, wounded, fell in with him again, and, I rather suspect, despatched him, though I got him not. My next was a long shot at a pack. I wounded severely with the first barrel, floored a brace with the second, and, having drawn blood, went on, never missing any thing like a fair shot; and in the afternoon, I killed three double shots successively. To conclude, I destroyed ten brace, bagged nine, a blue hare, and two brace and a half of grouse. These same ptarmigan are devils to kill: you have not the most distant idea of what shot they carry off—an old cock grouse, ay, the strongest on Cumberhead, or any other head, is a perfect fool to them. It is beautiful sport, however, shooting them among magnificent scenery; and capital walking once you get up: but there's the rub—it's no joke I can tell you; for I walked up the second time I besieged them, and a cruel stiff pull it was, *et point d'erreur*. The day became overcast, and a mist came on, which made them *demnition* wild: so I thought I should not get a single shot; but I killed two brace of ptarmigan, one brace of dotterel, the first I ever slew (capital eating, by the way), and two brace of grouse, or two and a half, I forget which.

The weather changed after this, and I feared it was "all up" with the deer, and that I should be obliged to return to C—— bloodless; but one lucky afternoon it cleared for a time, and I sallied forth, as an Irishman would say, alone with another man (hitherto, the Hon. Capt. A. had been with me). The weather

again thickened after we left, and I began to despair; still I held onwards, and at last reached the ground, when, strange to say I first saw the deer, although I had an experienced stalker with me. We lay in the wet and watched them for a long time, having discovered another herd. Both were so placed that we could get near neither, without being seen by some of these wild inhabitants of the glen. At last, in about an hour, they joined company, when we silently and noiselessly proceeded to stalk them. We did it beautifully for some time, coming *up* the hill upon them; which, generally speaking, is impossible, as they always look down hill, and trust to their noses for danger from above. When we got within one hundred and fifty yards or so, we stood and looked: I was behind, of course; and thinking the man did not see them, I popped up my head and said, not a little too loud, "I see one," when they immediately bolted; and the man afterwards told me, that at the time he certainly did not *pray* for me. However, what is done cannot be undone, so nothing was left but to rush forward, keeping out of sight till I got the turn of the hill, where I then stood in full view of about thirty deer—three of them stags—who also stood and stared at me. I did not know which to fire at, so asked the man, and his reply was, "fire at the middle one;" but that was rather a puzzler, as there were several groups. The deer stood fast until, I suppose, they had made up their minds that I was a dangerous customer, and off they went full tilt. Thanks I to myself, now or never, so I fired at that which I deemed the best *on 'em*; and from the sound of the ball, I thought it had told, but saw nothing for smoke. I then rattled away again, and my bullet struck a stone between two stags—rather too near to be pleasant I suspect; when they were out of sight in the twinkling of a bedpost. The stalker never told me that I had hit one, but rushed up the hill like a demon dismissed from the presence of his exorciser, while I proceeded to re-load my rifle, and search for my hat, which I had thrown away when coming-in on the deer. I had scarcely found it, when I heard the wood ring to the cry of the hound. I now began to suspect I had wounded a deer; and knowing that, if it was so, he would both take down hill and run to water, I hastened up as fast as I could, and blundered into a cairn of stones, where I could only move about six inches at a stride, and that at the risk of breaking my legs or my neck. At last, I cleared them, and stationed myself in an *open*, where I saw the hound cross in full cry; and presently the deer came back, passing at a hand gallop about sixty yards from me. I missed him with my first barrel, but the second sent him heels over head, and there he lay for a moment, but again started when the hound came up. He then approached within a few yards of me and rolled over on his back, making sundry attempts to take the hill; but *non potuit venire*; so made for the water, where he stood at bay, up to the neck. In I went and was going to pull him out by the horns, but the stalker gave warning that he would fell me, so I retired. We got him out at last, and I was going to lay hold of his heels, but was again told he would break my leg, which I thought would have been rather a difficult

achievement for him, seeing that both his own were broken. He was then "gralloched," and the man and I, of course, stalked him, and killed him two or three times over again. I was highly delighted, as you may imagine, and went home lighter in the heels than when I started. I left Glen I—— a day or two afterwards, and have since fed upon his haunches : no bad eating either. My first ball struck the bottom of the haunch, and went through both his legs. These were rather unpleasant circumstances to gallop down hill under. My second ball hit him on the hip bone, went through the "gralloch," or paunch, and stuck under the skin on the other side. It was cut out, and I have it now nearly split in two. These were bad shots, and I should have fired a foot or two *before* him : but I did not know that *then*.

Yours, most sincerely, J. W. M.

CRUCIFIX AND BEGGARMAN.

Among the novelties produced by Mr. Moore, of Upper St. Martin's-lane, who caters so indefatigably to the amusement of sporting men, are portraits of Lord George Bentinck's *Crucifix* and of *Beggarman*, the property of the Duc d'Orleans. They are both engraved in aquatint, by Charles Hunt, and colored after the original paintings by Herring ; and, as we shall have occasion to show presently, are very creditable to the artists employed.

Crucifix, by *Priam*, out of *Octaviana*, was bred by Lord Chesterfield in 1837. She began her career by winning the Newmarket July Stakes in 1839 and the Chesterfield Stakes at the same meeting. There is no need to go through the list of her successes ; it is enough to say that her latest performances were the winning of the 2,000 Guineas and the 1,000 Guinea Stakes, at the Spring Meeting, and the Oaks—both in this year. In the last race she beat fourteen others—fifteen having started. There were 103 subscribers, and the amount of the stakes was £2,950. Since the Oaks, *Crucifix* has shown herself *amiss*—a fact that is hardly surprising, considering her sex ; and still so when we recollect that, in pursuance of what we have always considered a vicious system, she began by running as a two-year old. There is much truth in the homely proverb that you cannot eat your cake and have it too : if gentlemen will take the go out of their horses before their *physique* is fairly developed, they have no right to expect them to last.

Those who don't know the mare by sight will still judge from the present portrait that she had not the materials for a long professional life. She is long, but loose ; speed legibly written in every muscle and tendon, but with a form not put together in the compact manner that can alone give good promise of duration. She seems to have been fired on the near leg before, a circumstance that escaped us at the Oaks. Indeed, to the best of our recollection, she ran with a boot on that leg. John Day jockies her, and exhibits the English business-like look that always marks his

countenance as the moment of action approaches. The flat, heath scenery is judiciously broken by some groups of trees in the distance that catch the light rather wickedly, and give the appearance of a picture to the representation of ground in itself necessarily monotonous.

The other print is that of *Beggarman*, belonging to the Duc d'Orleans, and bred by Lord Stradbroke in 1835. This horse is by Zinganee, out of Adeline; he distinguished himself on various occasions at Boulogne, Bruxelles, Paris, Chantilly, and Versailles. Speaking off-hand, one should have said that this foreign education was not likely to conduce in any great degree to success in England, which after all is the *natale solum* of sporting; but we should have been wrong. In spite of his early habits, *Beggarman* has undoubtedly done the trick by winning the Goodwood shield (value 500 sovereigns, with 880 added), beating Lanercost, Plattoff, Dey of Algiers, Charles the Twelfth, and four others. On this occasion there were 44 subscribers, and nine horses started.

Beggarman is a bay horse of great length and power, though, as it strikes us, rather deficient in middle-bit. There is much less appearance of crest, too, than one commonly sees in an entire horse. Také him altogether, however, he is very likely-looking, notwithstanding a slight tendency to being knuckled over. This peculiarity, if it really exist, must do so to an almost imperceptible extent, as we observe it for the first time in the print before us; and it certainly proved no detriment in running. Nay, one of the handiest animals with his legs—to adopt a practical bull not unusual in the vocabulary of the stable—that we ever saw, was a well-known black horse that belonged, a good many years ago, to a friend of ours in the Life Guards. The horse in question was an equine conjuror; he could perform all sorts of fantastic tricks, and yet his knees were positively bent. And the reason assigned by his groom why such a disqualification did not interfere with his accomplishments was, that “he didn’t get it by no sort of mischance, ’cause he was *folded* so.” The same plea may, for aught we know, be available in the case of *Beggarman*, always supposing that the defect really exist—a point on which we are by no means prepared to give a decided opinion.

We are told by a sporting friend, who has just returned from Paris, that *Beggarman* divides public attention there with the probabilities of war. The Duc d'Orleans has not only bought the painting by Herring, from which the print is taken, but a great many copies of the print itself, and has, moreover, appointed Mr. Moore, the publisher, to be his Royal Highness’s printseller. We only mention this as an incident, because, though both the picture and the print be good in themselves, all the Parisian *éclat* is no proof of the fact. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* must be the principle on which the French take an interest in matters connected with horse-racing. People who can bring a winning horse up to the Royal Stand, to receive the prize, between a double line of grenadiers, and amidst a flourish of trumpets, are only in their infancy as sportsmen, albeit they do rejoice in the existence of a *Club de Jockai*.

Precepts and Practice ;

OR

CURSORY CONVERSATIONS ON SPORTING MATTERS IN AMERICA.—No. II.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

It was not yet broad daylight when Harry Archer, who had, as usual with him on his sporting tours, arisen with the lark, was sitting in the little parlor we have before described, close to the chimney corner, where a bright lively fire was already burning, and spreading a warm cheerful glow through the apartment. The large round table drawn up close to the hearth, was covered with a clean though coarse white cloth, and laid for breakfast, with two cups and saucers, flanked by as many plates and egg-cups, although as yet no farther preparations for the morning meal, except the presence of a huge home-made loaf and a large roll of rich golden hued butter, had been made by the neat-handed Phillis of the country inn. Two candles were lighted, for though the day had broken, the sun was not yet high enough to cast his rays into that deep and rock-walled valley—and by their light Archer was busy with the game-bag, the front of which he had finished netting on the previous night. Frank Forester had not as yet made his appearance ; and still, while the gigantic copper kettle bubbled and steamed away upon the hearth, discoursing eloquent music, and servant after servant bustled in, one with a cold quail pie, another with a quart jug of cream, and fresh eggs ready to be boiled by the fastidious epicures in person, he steadily worked on, housewife and saddler's silk, and wax and scissors ready to his hand ; and when at last the door flew open, and the delinquent comrade entered, he flung his finished job upon the chair, and gathered up his implements—with a “ Now, Frank, let's lose no time, but get our breakfasts. Halloa ! Tim, bring the rockingham and the tea-chest ; do you hear ! ”

“ Well, Harry, so you've done the game-bag ”—exclaimed the other, as he lifted it up and eyed it somewhat superciliously—“ Well ! it is a good one certainly ; but you are the d—dest fellow I ever met to give yourself unnecessary trouble. Here you have been three days about this bag hard all, and when it's done, it is not half as good a one as you can buy at Cooper's for a dollar—with all this new-fangled machinery of loops and buttons, and I don't know what.”

“ And you, Master Frank ”—retorted Harry, nothing daunted—“ to be a good shot and a good sportsman—which, with some few exceptions, I must confess you are—are the most culpably and

wilfully careless about your appointments I ever met. I don't call a man half a sportsman, who has not everything he wants at hand for an emergency, at half a minute's notice. Now it so happens that you cannot get, in New York at all, anything like a decent game-bag—a little fancy-worked French or German jigmaree machine you can get anywhere, I grant, that will do well enough for a fellow to carry on his own shoulders, who goes out *robin gunning*,—but nothing for your man to carry, wherein to keep your birds cool, fresh, and unmutilated. Now these loops and buttons, at which you laugh, will make the difference of a week at least in the birds' keeping, if every hour or so you empty your pockets—wherein I take it for granted you put your birds as fast as you bag them—smooth down their plumage gently, stretch their legs out, and hang them by the heads, running the button down close to the neck of each. In this way this bag—which is, as you see, half a yard long by a quarter, and half a quarter deep—made double, one bag of fustian with a net front, which makes two pockets—will carry fifty-one quail or woodcock, no one of them pressing upon, or interfering with another—and it would carry sixty-eight if I had put another row of loops in the inner bag; which I did not that I might have the bottom vacant to carry a few spare articles, such as a bag of Westley Richards' caps and a couple of dozen of Ely's cartridges."

"Oh! that's all very well"—said Frank—"but who the deuce can be at the bore of it!"

"Why be at the bore of shooting at all for that matter?"—replied Harry—"I, for one, think that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing *well*—and I can't bear to kill a hundred or a hundred and fifty birds, as our party almost always do out here, and then have to throw them away just for want of a little care. Why I was shooting summer cock one July day two years ago—there had been heavy rain in the early morning, and the grass and holes were very wet—Jem——was with me, and we had great sport; and he laughed at me like the deuce for taking my birds out of my pocket at the end of every hour's sport, and making Timothy smooth them down carefully, and bag them all after my fashion. Egad I had the laugh though, when we got home at night!"

"How so?"—asked Frank—"in what way had you the laugh?"

"Simply in this—a good many of the birds were very hard shot, as is always the case in summer shooting, and all of them got more or less wet—as did the pockets of Jem's shooting jacket, wherein he persisted in carrying his birds all day—the end was, that when we got home at night, it having been a close, hot, steamy day, he had not one bird which was not more or less tainted*—and, as you know of course, when taint has once began, nothing can check it."

"Ay! ay!—well that indeed's a reason; if you can't buy such a bag especially!"

"Well, you cannot then, I can tell you! and I'm glad you're

* This is a fact—thirty birds were thrown away at night, which had been killed that same day.

convinced for once—And here comes breakfast—so now let us to work, that we may get on our ground as early as may be. For quail you cannot be too early; for if you don't find them while they are rambling on their feeding ground, it is a great chance if you find them at all."

"But after all you can only use up one or two bebies or so; and that done, you *must* hunt for them in the basking time of day after all's done and said"—replied Frank, who seemed to have got up somewhat paradoxically given that morning.

"Not at all, Frank, not at all"—answered Harry—"that is if you know your ground; and know it to be well stocked; and have a good marker with you."

"Oh! this is something new of yours—some strange device fantastical—let's have it, pray."

"Certainly you shall—you shall have it *now* in precept, and in an hour or two in practice. You see those stubbles on the hill—in those seven or eight fields there are, or at least should be, some five bebies—there is good covert—good *easy* covert all about, and we can mark our birds down easily—now, when I find one bevy, I shall get as many barrels into it as I can, mark it down as correctly as possible, and then go and look for another."

"What! and not follow it up? Now, Harry, that's mere stuff—wait till the scent's gone cold, and till the dogs can't find them? Gad, that's clever any way!"

"Exactly the reverse, friend Frank; exactly the reverse. If you follow up a bevy, of *quail* mark you, on the instant, it's ten to one almost that you don't spring them. If, on the contrary, you wait for half an hour, you are sure of them. How it is I cannot precisely tell you. I have sometimes thought that quail have the power of holding in their scent, whether purposely or naturally (from the effect of fear perhaps contracting the pores and hindering the escape of the effluvia,) I know not—but I am far from being convinced even now that it is not so. But be that as it may, the birds pitch down, each into the best bit of covert he can find, and squat there like so many stones, leaving no trail or taint upon the grass or bushes, and being of course proportionally hard to find—in half an hour they will begin, if not disturbed, to call, and travel, and you can hunt them without the slightest trouble. If you have a very large tract of country to beat, and birds are very scarce, of course it would not answer to pass on—nor ever, even if they are plentiful, in wild or windy weather, or in large open woods—but where you have fair ground, lots of birds, and fine weather, I would always beat on in a circuit—for the reason I have given you. In the first place every bevy you flush flies from its feeding to its basking ground, so that you get over all your feeding ground early, and *know* where to look afterward; instead of killing off one bevy, and then going blundering on, at blind guess work, and finding nothing. In the second place, you have a chance of driving two or three bebies into one brake, and of getting sport proportionate—and in the third place, as I have told you, you are much surer of finding marked birds after an hour's lapse, than on the moment."

"I will do you the justice to say"—Forester replied—"that you always make a tolerably good fight in support of your opinions; and so you have now—but I want to hear something more about this matter of holding scent—facts! facts! and let *mé* judge for myself."

"Well, Frank, give me a bit more of that pie in the meantime, and I will give you the strongest case in point I ever witnessed. I was shooting near Stamford in Connecticut, three years ago, with C—— K——, and another friend—we had three as good dogs out as ever had a trigger drawn over them. My little imported yellow and white setter, Chase, after which this old rascal's called—which Mike Sanford considered the best nosed dog he had ever broken—a capital young pointer dog of K——'s, which has since turned out, as I hear, superlative—and P——'s old and staunch setter, Count. It was the middle of a fine autumn day, and the scenting was very, uncommonly good. One of our beaters flushed a bevy of quail very wide of us, and they came over our heads down a steep hill-side; and all lighted in a small circular hollow—without a bit of underbrush or even grass—full of tall thrifty oak trees, of perhaps twenty-five years' growth. They were not much out of gun-shot, and we all three distinctly saw them light; and I observed them flap and fold their wings as they settled. We walked straight to the spot, and beat it five or six times over, not one of our dogs ever drawing, and not one bird rising. We could not make it out—my friends thought they had treed, and laughed at me when I expressed my belief that they were still before us under our very noses. The ground was covered only by a deep bed of sere decaying oak-leaves. Well! we went on, and beat all round the neighborhood within a quarter of a mile, and did not find a bird—when lo! at the end of perhaps half an hour, we heard them calling; followed the cry back to that very hollow—the instant we entered it all the three dogs made game, drawing upon three several birds, roaded them up, and pointed steady—and we had half an hour's good sport—and we were *all* convinced that the birds had been there *all* the time. I have seen many instances of the same kind, and more particularly with winged birds, but none I think so tangible as this!"

"Well—I am not a convert, Harry—But, as the Chancellor said, I doubt."

"And that I consider not a little, from such a positive wretch as you are—but come, we have done breakfast, and it's broad daylight. Come, Timothy, on with the bag and belts—he breakfasted before we had got up, and gave the dogs a bite."

"Which dogs do you take, Harry; and do you use cartridge?"

"Oh! the setters for the morning—they are the only fellows for the stubble; we should be all day with the cockers—even setters, as we *must* break them here for wood shooting, have not enough of speed or dash for the open. Cartridges? yes!—I shall use a loose charge in my right, and a *blue* cartridge in my left—later in the season I use a *blue* in my right, and a *red* in my left. It just makes the difference between killing with both or with one barrel. The

blue kills all of twenty, and the *red* thirty-five yards, farther than loose shot ; and they kill *clean* !”

“Yet many good sportsmen dislike them”—Frank replied—“they say they ball !”

“They do not *now*, if you load with them properly—formerly they would do so at times, but that defect is now rectified ; with the *blue* and *red* cartridges at least—the *green*, which are only fit for wild-fowl, or deer-shooting, will do so sometimes, but very rarely ; and they will execute surprisingly. For a bad or uncertain rifle shot the *green* cartridge, with SG shot, is the thing—twelve good-sized slugs, propelled with force enough to go through an inch plank, at eighty yards, within a compass of three feet—but no wad must be used, either upon the cartridge, or between that and the powder—the small end must be inserted downward—and the cartridge must be chosen, so that the wad at the top shall fit the gun, the case being two sizes less than the caliber. With these directions no man need make a mistake ; and, if he can cover a bird fairly, and is cool enough not to fire within twenty yards, he will never complain of cartridges, after a single trial. Remember too, that *vice versâ* to the rule of a loose charge, the *heavier* you load with powder the *closer* will your cartridge carry. The men who do not like cartridges are [you may rely upon it] of the class which prefer scattering guns. I always use them, except in July shooting—and I shall even put a few *red* in my pockets, in case the wind should get up in the afternoon. Besides which, I always take along two buckshot cartridges in case of happening, as Timothy would say, on some big varmint. I have four pockets in my shooting waistcoat, each stitched off into four compartments, and each of which holds, *erect*, one cartridge—you cannot carry them loose in your pocket, as they are very apt to break. Another advantage of this is, that in no way can you carry shot with so little inconvenience, as to weight ; besides which, you load one-third quicker, and your gun *never* leads !”

“Well !” I believe I will take some to-day—but don’t you wait for the Commodore ?”

“No ! He drives up from Nyack, where he lands from his yacht ; and will be here at twelve o’clock to luncheon ; by that time we shall have bagged twenty-five or thirty quail, and a ruffed grouse or two : besides driving two or three bevvies down into the meadows and the alder bushes by the stream, which are quite full of woodcock—After luncheon, with the Commodore’s aid, we will pick up these stragglers, and all the timber-doodles !”

In another moment the setters were unchained, and came careering in at the top of their speed to the breakfast room, where Harry stood before the fire loading his double gun, while Timothy was buttoning on his left leggin. Frank, meanwhile, had taken up his gun and quietly sneaked out of the door, two flat irregular reports explaining half a moment after the purport of his absence.

“Well, now, Frank, that *is*”—expostulated Harry—“that is just the most snobbish thing I ever saw you do—aint you ashamed of yourself now, you genuine cockney ?”

"Not a bit—my gun has not been used these three months, and something *might* have got into the chamber!"

"Something *might not*, if when you cleaned it last you had laid a wad in the centre of a bit of greased rag three inches square and rammed it about an inch down the barrel, leaving the ends of the linen hanging out. And by running your rod down you could have ascertained the fact, without unnecessarily fouling your piece. A gun has no right ever to miss fire *now*; and never *does* if you use Westley Richards' caps, and John Hall's gunpowder—putting the caps on the *last thing*, which has the farther advantage of being much the safer plan, and seeing that the powder is up to the cones before you do so. If it is not so, let your hammer down, and give a smart tap to the under side of the breech, holding it uppermost, and you will never need a picker; or at least almost never. Remember, too, that the best picker in the world is a strong needle headed with sealing wax. And now that you have finished loading, and I lecturing, just jump over the fence to your right, and that footpath will bring us to the stepping-stones across the Ranaps. By Jove, but we shall have a lovely morning."

He did so, and away they went, with the dogs following steadily at the heel, crossed the small river dry shod, climbed up the wooded bank by dint of hand and foot, and reached the broad brown corn stubble. Harry, however, did not wave his dogs to the right hand and left, but calling them in, quietly plodded along the headland, and climbed another fence, and crossed a buckwheat stubble, still without beating or disturbing any ground, and then another field full of long beats and ragwort, an old deserted pasture—and Frank began to grumble, but just then a pair of bars gave access to a wide fifty acre lot, which had been wheat, the stubble standing still knee deep, and yielding a rare covert. "Now we are at the far end of our beat, and we have got the wind too in the dogs' noses—Master Frank—and so hold up, good lads"—said Harry—And off the setters shot like lightning, crossing and quartering their ground superbly. "There! there! well done, old Chase, a dead stiff point already, and Spot backing him as stiff as a rail. Step up, Frank, step up quietly, and let us keep the hill of them."

They came up close, quite close to the staunch dog, and then, but not till then, he feathered and drew on, and Shot came crawling up till his nose was but a few inches to the rear of Chase's, whose point he never thought of taking from him. Now they are both upon the game. See how they frown and slaver, the birds are close below their noses.

Whirr—r—r!—"There they go—a glorious bevy"—exclaimed Harry, as he cocked his right barrel and cut down the old cock bird, which had risen rather to his right hand, with his loose charge—"blaze away, Frank!"—bang—bang!—and two more birds came fluttering down, and then he pitched his gun up to his eye again, and sent the cartridge after the now distant bevy, and to Frank's admiration a fourth bird was keeled over most beautifully, and clean killed, while crossing to the right at forty-six yards, as they paced it afterwards. "Now mark!—mark, Timothy—mark, Frank!"

and shading their eyes from the level sunbeams the three stood gazing steadily after the rapid bevy. They cross the pasture—skim very low over the brush fence of the cornfield—they disappear behind it—they are down!—no! no! no! not yet—they are just skirting the summit of the topped maize stalks—now they are down indeed, just by that old ruined hovel, where the cat-briars and sumach have overspread its cellar and foundation with thick underwood. And all the while the sturdy dogs are couching at their feet unmoving.

“Will you not follow those, Harry?”—Forester enquired—“there are at least sixteen of them!”

“Not I”—said Archer—“not I, indeed—till I have beat this field—I expect to put up another bevy among those little crags there in the corner, where the red cedars grow—and if we do, they will strike down the fence of the buckwheat stubble—that stubble we must make good, and the rye beside it, and drive, if possible, all that we find before us to the corn field. Don’t be impatient, and you’ll see in time that I am in the right.”

No more words were now wasted—the four birds were bagged without trouble, and being in the open were handed over on the spot to Tim; who stroked their freckled breasts, and beautifully mottled wing coverts and backs, with a caressing touch as though he loved them; and finally, in true Jack Ketch style, tucked them up severally by the neck. Archer was not mistaken in his prognostics—another bevy had run into the dwarf cedars from the stubble at the sound of the firing, and were roaded up in right good style, first one dog, then the other, leading; but without any jealousy or haste. They had, however, run so far, that they had got wild, and as there was no bottom covert on the crags, had traversed them quite over to the open on the far side—and, just as Archer was in the act of warning Forester to hurry softly round and head them, they flushed at thirty yards, and had flown some five more before they were in sight, the feathery evergreens for a while cutting off the view—the dogs stood dead at the sound of their wings. Then as they came in sight Harry discharged both barrels very quickly—the loose shot first, which evidently took effect, for one bird cowered and seemed about to fall, but gathered wing again, and went on for the present—the cartridge, which went next, although the bevy had flown ten yards farther, did its work clean, and stopped its bird. Frank fired but once, and killed, using his cartridge first, and thinking it in vain to fire the loose shot. The remaining birds skimmed down the hill, and lighted in the thick bushy hedge-row, as Archer had foreseen. “So much for Ely!”—exclaimed Harry—“had we both used two of them, we should have bagged four then. As it is, I have killed one which we shall not get; a thing that I most particularly hate.”

“That bird will rise again”—said Frank.

“Never!” replied the other—“he has one, if not two, shot in him, well forward—if I am not much mistaken, before the wing—he is dead now!—but let us on. These we must follow; for they are on our line—you keep this side the fence, and I will cross it with the dogs—come with me, Timothy.”

In a few minutes more there was a dead point at the hedge-row

"Look to, Frank!"

"Ay! ay!"—"Poke them out, Tim"—then followed sundry bumps and thrashings of the briars, and out with a noisy flutter burst two birds under Forester's nose. Bang!—bang!—"The first shot too quick, altogether"—muttered Archer—"Ay he has missed one—mark it—Tim—there he goes down in the corn, by jingo—you've got that bird, Frank? That's well! Hold up Shot"—another point within five yards. "Look out again, Frank." But this time vainly did Tim poke, and thrash, and pur into the bushes—yet still Shot stood, stiff as a marble statue—then Chase drew up, and snuffed about, and pushed his head and fore-legs into the matted briars—and thereupon a muzzling noise ensued, and forthwith out he came, mouthing a dead bird, warm still, and bleeding from the neck and breast. "Frank, he has got my bird—and shot, just as I told you, through the neck and near the great wing joint—good dog! good dog!"

"The Devil!"

"Yes—the Devil!—but look out, man, here is yet one more point"—and this time ten or twelve birds flushed upon Archer's side; he slew, as usual, his brace, and as they crossed at a long distance, Frank knocked down one more—the rest flew to the corn-field. In the middle of the buckwheat they flushed another, and in the rye another bevy, both of which crossed the stream and settled down among the alders. They reached the cornfield, and picked up their birds there, quite as fast as Frank himself desired—three ruffed grouse they had bagged, and four rabbits, in a small dingle full of thorns, before they reached the corn—and just as the tin horns were sounding noon and dinner from many a neighboring farm, they bagged their thirty-fourth quail. At the same moment, the rattle of a distant wagon on the hard road, and a loud cheer replying to the last shot, announced the Commodore, who pulled up at the tavern door just as they crossed the stepping stones, having made a right good morning's work, with a dead certainty of better sport in the afternoon; since they had marked two untouched bebies, thirty-five birds at least, besides some ten or twelve more stragglers into the alder brakes, which Harry knew to hold, moreover, thirty woodcock, as he said, at the fewest.

"Well! Harry"—exclaimed Frank, as he set down his gun, and sat down to the table—"I must for once knock under—your *practice* has borne out your *precepts*."

ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF AND FOR THE CHASE.

[Continued from our last Number, page 574.]

SYMMETRY.

WHEN we contemplate the extraordinary and beautiful adaptation of parts of which the horse is composed, our first thought leads us to pronounce it a wonderful piece of mechanism. Without proportion no machinery can continue its services, whilst upon the justness of proportion will the principles of motion be best brought into action, and the durability of the whole be more certainly secured. The more complicated the machinery, or, in other words, the greater number of parts of which it is composed, the greater will be the danger of its getting out of order, thereby further indicating the necessity of every member being proportionate to the general fabric. The form of the back-bone should be scrupulously examined, for I am quite satisfied that more of the power of the horse depends upon that part of his frame than is generally assigned to it. The action of the fore-parts is dependent upon the position which the shoulder possesses with the anterior portion of the back-bone, and that of the hind-quarters in a great measure from the leverage which the thigh bones acquire by the position in which they are thrown through the union of the pelvis with the posterior portion of the back-bone. Strength across the loins may be taken as a criterion of proper formation, and a *sine qua non* for the purposes of carrying weight and running a distance: the action arising from the loins gives power to the propelling parts not to be met with in weak-backed horses. A horse may even be long in his back, and yet not weak; but then he must possess width in the hips and loins, and a trifling arch over the latter part, passing off into lengthy true shaped quarters. With such good points, we are led to expect good action, without which the utility of the animal is greatly deteriorated. To watch the powerful true stroke which a superior race-horse exhibits when winning his race, produces a combination of feelings which a jockey who is riding a beaten horse can scarcely describe. Whilst he admires the power of his opponent, he is mortified at the result.

Low-backed horses, providing the back-bone be well formed at that part which unites it with the hind-quarters, are not always so weak in that point as their appearance at a first glance may indicate; but great attention should be given to this construction, and if with a low back the slightest appearance of weakness in the loins presents itself, the animal must be rejected by all who are judges. In old horses, but more especially mares who have bred many foals, some allowance must be made.

As the back and joints have been the subject of consideration, we will proceed to the quarters, bearing in mind that to be symmetrical they should be lengthy from the hip to the hock; and that although round the hips should be wide, with such proportions the

hocks must of necessity be near to the ground, or in other words, the cannon bones will be short.

The muscles of the thighs will now call forth examination ; much of their development, as a matter of course, will depend upon the condition of the animal, and some of their size will be lost to the eye by wide-spreading hips ; therefore to judge correctly, comparison must be made by the hocks, and also with those muscles immediately above the hocks commonly termed the second thighs. The stifles should be large and prominent ; they afford great powers of leverage, which depends vastly upon their position.

To pass over the position of the shoulders, and the necessity for their falling well into the back, would be an unpardonable neglect. Depth and obliquity in the shoulder is generally accompanied by depth of girth, a formation essential to the due action of the heart, lungs, and those vital parts which are brought into active operation during the term of great and accelerated efforts. The width or thickness through the heart is another very important point.

The position of the legs must not be disregarded. When the horse is standing in a natural position they ought to have the appearance of duly balancing the body between the fore and hind ones, always bearing in mind the importance of the hind legs being so placed that they come well underneath the body when in action, and that the posterior part of the quarters bear a parallel line with the hocks.

From the length' of the shoulders, and their position in the back, with corresponding proportions in the hind-quarters and thighs, arise that freedom of motion and extension of stride which identifies the animal's superiority in point of action.

The rising of the neck out of the shoulders will naturally affect the pleasantness and in some degree the goodness of action. Horses with very weak necks and with scarcely any crests, seldom, if ever, ride agreeably, especially at a fast pace ; you never seem to know where their heads are, and if you endeavor to draw them on one side, you frequently have the pleasure of turning the head, but not with it the body : moreover, such horses are very apt to get their heads unreasonably high—a position unfavorable to the rider, and prejudicial to the animal's exertions.

To be proportionate, the neck should proceed from the shoulders with a slight arch, and having the head well placed will in general add much to the animal's style of going. Many are advocates for a short neck, asserting that such a conformation bringing the lungs nearer to the extremity of the nostrils, the respiration takes place more freely. As I have never yet discovered that short-necked horses were superior in their wind to those of moderate proportions, I see no reason for subscribing to the proposition ; more especially as I have, generally speaking, noticed that such horses were gross about the throat and jaws, and frequently thick-winded. A large wind-pipe, with widely-expanded jaws, are very desirable, but they should be distinguished from those which are loaded with fleshy and glandulous substance.

It might be assigned to neglect if the symmetry of the head

were to be passed unnoticed ; but as there is no muscular power or accelerating property required from it, I do not deem it of great importance for racing purposes, more especially as some of our first and best blood is notorious for having that member large and not particularly handsome : for instance, the Blacklocks have large coarse heads, and, as descended from that very superior stallion, the stock of Velocipede very frequently possess the same characteristic : Muley's stock are similarly distinguished : but who could refuse to breed from these our best stallions because they get their stock with large heads, knowing, as all racing men do, that they can race ? It is a feature which identifies the parentage more conspicuously than any other, and one that is unquestionably very pleasing when good. The descendants of Dick Andrews are generally particularly neat and beautiful about their heads, and so are the Whalebones. Sir Hercules, a son of Whalebone, is perfect in that point ; indeed his general symmetry may be taken as the model of what a stallion's proportions ought to be.

But whilst I offer these remarks, I must qualify the latitude which I have taken, by stating, that though I would not select a horse with a large in preference to a horse with a neat head—quite the reverse—so long as breeding for the race-course were solely the object, I would not reject a large headed horse if his blood, symmetry, and other qualifications suited my purpose. In breeding for other services, the beauty of the head becomes a very important consideration.

It is rather paradoxical, nevertheless it is true, that a horse's head may be too well set on ; that is, he may possess so much liberty, and his windpipe and jaws be so capacious, affording such free respiration as to render it a difficult matter for the rider to stop him should he be disposed to run away. An accident occurred to a gentleman in Hyde Park towards the latter end of the year 1838, which very nearly proved fatal to him, in consequence of his horse running away with him in his gig ; he afterwards assured me that he was an exceedingly good mouthed horse, and that he carried his head beautifully ; consequently he had always considered him perfectly under control. I rode him afterwards, and soon discovered the reason of the accident. He was a high-couraged animal, and could place his head completely in his chest ; and his wind being good, he could run away in that position, one which in harness you have no power over, because you are pulling against his chest, and not against his mouth—a fault which cannot be obviated, as there is but one position for the reins whilst guided by the terrets ; but in the saddle you may, by means of a proper bridle and *hands*, succeed in conquering such gentry.

BREEDING IN AND IN.

Nature has laid down laws for the procreation of all living creatures, and although many of those laws are not of that peremptory character that they cannot be violated, still they are established on such principles that an infraction of them is not suffered with impunity. Thus although the closest intercourse is not interdicted

by sterility, nevertheless the produce will be in all probability imperfect, whilst a continuation of such a plan is generally characterised by some very apparent and oftentimes melancholy deformity. From this it would appear that the results are intended as a punishment for disregarding the evident law of Nature. Animals enjoying their liberty are endowed with an instinct which teaches them to avoid too close a consanguinity. We know from experience that male foxes travel many miles during the clicketting season: it appears to be a wandering propensity, by which they are more particularly excited at that period than at any other. Buck hares are known to travel far from their place of nativity. I instance these two animals more particularly as being conspicuously favored with craft, speed, and constitutional stamina, having no hesitation in asserting that the intellectual and physical powers of animals are most wonderfully controlled by too intimate a degree of consanguinity.

The agriculturist knows the importance of a change of seed, whether it be of wheat, barley, oats, or any other grain, and finds it is essential to procure that which has grown on land dissimilar to what he is about to cultivate. The florist is compelled to seek for fresh sources of propagation, whether they are procured from seeds, from roots, or from cuttings. Living or dead, the fruits of every species which we desire to cultivate are improved by a recourse to fresh sources.

The effect which too close a connexion appears to produce in animals is a diminution of bone, sinew, and muscular fibre, and the creature so bred is usually dull and inanimate. Such a system may be admissible to a limited extent in breeding cattle and sheep, the object of the grazier being to obtain such as are fine in the bone, with a disposition to throw out delicate tender muscle with a quiet lethargic disposition, which renders the animal, by the great portion of rest which he seeks, the more capable of acquiring fat. Even in this system consanguinity must not be carried on too far, or the consequence is, that the beast produces so great a portion of fat as to become less valuable; this fact has been established in breeding Leicestershire sheep when the pure breed has been too closely confined to the original blood, and the flock-masters have been compelled to resort to crosses of a different strain.

The canine species are equally susceptible of degeneracy from similar causes; consequently Sportsmen of experience are very attentive to it, and Masters of hounds constantly resort to other kennels for such males as are not related to their own females. What therefore can be expected from such a mode of breeding when we require the horse to possess attributes the very reverse of what breeding too closely is found to produce?

Many instances may be noticed of the bad effects of too near a consanguinity, but I will not tire my readers with a long list when a few cases will answer the purpose of conviction. We find by the pedigrees of Salute, Solace, and Vestment, that they were all in-bred and bad: they were out of Dulcamara by Waxy, her dam Witchery by Sorcerer. Salute was by Muley, who was by Orville

out of Eleanor by Whiskey, her dam the Young Giantess, the dam of *Sorcerer*. The other two were by Longwaist; Whalebone was his sire, and got by Waxy, the sire also of *Dulcamara*. The *Fyldener* Mare, bred by Mr. Canning in 1817, was equally bad. *Fyldener* was by Sir Peter, as was also *Coriolanus*, his grandsire. Mr. Stirling's *Aaronides* was by Aaron out of Aaron's dam, and he was dreadfully bad; so was another colt bred by that gentleman, got by Aaron out of Miss Manager, the grandam of Aaron. So much for perseverance in a wrong principle!

Referring to the Stud Book about a century ago, we find many of the best horses of those days were very closely bred; one reason for which must be admitted that there were not so many horses reared at that time, consequently there was not the choice which we now possess. Those horses which were characterised as thorough-bred, when breeding for the Turf was in its infancy, must have been very few in number; their derivation also appears to have been very uncertain; much doubt exists as to the origin of the Godolphin Arabian, and at such a remote period it is not at all probable that anything can now bring his true pedigree to light; but, whether right or wrong, which cannot now be of much importance, this fact is established, that an uncommon number of very superior horses are descended from him.

Whatever beneficial results might appear to have arisen from breeding in-and-in in those days may be attributed to the fact of its being a combination of the *best* blood of which our forefathers could avail themselves. It is, however, very clear that it will not produce so valuable an animal as may be procured from the various sources which we are now in possession of. This also may be adduced as a proof that our horses are very superior to what they were formerly. The doubt as to whether the animal has degenerated certainly cannot be cleared up by any positive proofs, because we find it impossible to attain any certain knowledge of the superiority of one horse over another, although they may be in existence at the same time, except by an actual trial; but if we take into consideration the amazing stamina of some of our present breed, I have no hesitation in observing that the speed, stoutness, and constitution are vastly improved. The propriety or impropriety of early training will be a subject for future consideration, I shall therefore not touch upon it at present; but we have horses whose performances at three years old surpass those of older horses in former ages, which is certainly not evidence of degeneracy. What was there in "the olden time" that equals the performances of Venison, who, at three years old, ran fourteen races and won twelve, at all distances from one to four miles? Surely this speaks well for our present stock, and he is a horse with as free a pedigree as can well be. Until we go back to the fifth generation the same blood does not present itself; we then find the Herod blood on both sides, but that is so far distant that it cannot be deemed to come under objection. Independently of his racing at three years old, he travelled nine hundred miles on the road during the summer without the assistance of a caravan. If

speed, stoutness, and a good constitution are the attributes of a stallion—and it is obvious they are—he must become as highly celebrated in the stud as he was on the race-course.

Grey Momus is another proof of what horses of the present age are capable of performing at three years old: he won seven races out of nine, and the work which he bore to prepare him for these contests was amazing, but he did not travel the distance from race to race which Venison did.

Prosody, a chesnut mare foaled in 1818, by Don Cossack, out of Mitre by Waxy, ran a very game mare for a succession of years, winning in all thirty-nine times, and she is free from blood too nearly related.

The celebrated Euphrates presents a clear pedigree; we do not find any traces of consanguinity till we get back to the Regulus blood, which is four and five generations back. Liston has the Highflyer blood on both sides, but not nearer than the third and fourth generations, which appears too far distant to be productive of injury: this extraordinary horse won fifty-one races, and continued running until he was thirteen years old.

The greatest number of times which one horse has won in the same year was observable in Isaac, who won in 1839 no less than nineteen races, besides twenty-two in previous years: he has no very near traces of consanguinity in his pedigree.

There is no subject which requires greater attention than an investigation into the respective pedigree of both horse and mare, scrupulously to avoid too near a relationship between them: certainly nothing nearer than the third generation can be admissible, and I doubt that is nearer than prudence and good judgment will permit. Many breeders of racing stock will provide themselves with a stallion, and put all their mares to him, without considering their pedigrees, or, what is next in importance, their anatomical proportions. I have in another chapter expressed my opinion as regards the size of the horse and the mare. If a breeder possesses a large stud of mares of all sizes and pedigrees, he does wrong to confine them to one stallion. False economy, and perhaps a prejudice in favor of the horse, may sometimes prompt him to go against his better judgment, but it is an erroneous principle, and will be found to be in opposition to his best interest.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Oct., 1840.

HIGH BREEDING :

THE BEST AND ONLY ASSURANCE OF GAME OR BOTTOM. .

[A reply to "Sagittarius," "On the too thorough-breeding of the Race-Horse," at page 501.]

YOUR correspondent, "Sagittarius," is surely mistaken in his opinion that "speed is more transmissible than bottom," or that "too thorough breeding will destroy bottom."

His first proposition of two capacities in a race-horse—one for speed and the other for continuance—amounts to this: some horses run faster than others, and some maintain their speed longer than others. This is the indescribable influence of *blood*, and the mechanism of form; some possess muscular form and happy adaptation of parts, calculated for speed; while in others a large throttle, with roomy chest for the easy play of the lungs, enables them to breathe easily, and are of course not distressed for breath.

In his second he lays down this axiom—the power of a horse can by no process be carried beyond a certain point. Granted;—but can he reach that point unless high and purely bred? It would, I opine, be easy to prove that for all purposes, from the plough to the race-course, the purest bred horse is always best.

The third proposition is—that as you increase the speed of a horse's performance in a given time, you diminish his capacity for continuing that performance. To this I answer, that if you tax to the utmost the power of any animal, he must tire sooner than if not hard pressed; and this must always be the case with or without speed, until you can in some way afford them the benefit of steam power.

And he also says—"As you increase those proportions that will give the very maximum capacity for speed, you must diminish those that contribute to bottom; for if you could increase his capacity for speed, without diminishing his capacity for continuance, his perfection would have no fixed point."

This is a theory at variance with all experience on the subject, and which no ingenuity of reasoning can sustain. His premises are false—his conclusions must fail.

A superior race-horse must possess great muscular power, united to just proportions, to ensure great speed. This may exist to a certain extent, without that proper formation of the chest to ensure ample and easy play to the lungs, or a large, clean, well-formed throttle, to afford a proper passage to the atmospheric air, for the creation or correction of the blood; to this unite high breeding, and you have bottom, no matter how much speed he may possess from his muscular power.

"Sagittarius" is a much better writer than judge of the best mode of running a horse, or he would not say a horse that can run a mile in 1:45 must, in a race of four miles, lose with one who can run only at the rate of 1:50; now these five seconds would at this rate be equal to about seventy-five yards in the mile, so take two horses of equal blood, and the one that could save seventy-five yards in a mile would, ninety-nine times in a hundred, beat the other at four miles, and of this any practical Turfman will assure him;—a horse saving three hundred yards in four miles, if in condition, would have little more than strong exercise to win.

It was reserved for him to discover that great speed is a disadvantage, and he ascribes it to *unemployed capacity*—as well might you say that a man who has a large sum of money, and only spends a small sum, must fail. Now, Sir, speed is capital in a horse, and until he discounts beyond his capital, you may trust him safely.

Speed and bottom are the great qualities of a race-horse—these sometimes seem almost distinct, or in such different proportions as to seem so, but at others they are so happily united that no distinction can be discovered. Here all theory must end, and we must resort to facts for illustration.

The famous Childers was an instance of the union of matchless speed and the most untiring game; his powers were first discovered in a fox-chase, rode by His Grace of Devonshire, when he beat all the horses in the field to a stand still. He was then brought on the Turf, and no horse in England could make him run, from one mile to *six*. Eclipse (English) is another instance where a horse was too speedy and too stout for all competitors; indeed such was the superior speed of these to all the horses of their day, that no length of the race could bring a competitor near them. This does not sustain the opinion of "Sagittarius" that speed and high breeding are disadvantages in a long race. But in our day and country we have had a horse of almost similar character—I mean Florizel. In private and public he found no horse that could run with him, from a quarter of a mile to four mile heats—at four years old he beat, in the same training, Mr. B. Turner's mare by Twig, a quarter of a mile, and a few weeks thereafter he beat Peacemaker four mile heats. This last was then at the head of the Virginia Turf.

Florizel was one of the best bred horses of his day, and I expect, at the time, the strongest horse in the United States of any size, *blood or no blood*, and I am certain there was no useful purpose to which the horse is applied, where he would not have been Number One.

As to the transmissible qualities of speed and bottom in the race-horse, that depends mainly upon the predominating qualities of his ancestry or himself. Thus a horse of great speed, and whose defective organization enabled him to run only short distances, will propagate, no matter how thoroughly bred, few but short distance stock; and *vice versâ*, of a game or bottom horse: as a sire can seldom bestow what he does not himself possess.

This can only be illustrated by instances or examples, and for all useful as well as certain demonstrations one fact is worth a thousand theories, or conclusions drawn from doubtful premises. Now my proposition is, all horses usually inherit the most prominent qualities of their ancestry, and this I propose to illustrate by examples drawn from the history of the blood horse.

It is beyond question that Eclipse was too fast, and at the same time too stout, for all the horses of his day—he seems, therefore, to have united both qualities, speed and bottom, and he has accordingly transmitted both qualities to his descendants: thus we find the stock of his son Volunteer were almost all speedy, while another, Dungannon, merely got colts of fine game. The same may be said of Dick Andrews, whose descendants in this country are among the best game horses we have. King Fergus, another son of Eclipse, like his sire was a horse of tremendous stride and speed, beating his competitors at all distances. This, too, was the

character of his sons Hamiltonian and Beningbrough, and such the character of their descendants.

Of the horses imported to this country from England a similar result has been the consequence, except in some rare instances which are easily accounted for. Citizen, a horse imported by Gen. Carney, of North Carolina, won most of his races at four mile heats (at that time fashionable races in England), and a majority of them at three heats—the character of his stock has been unflinching game; if you found one fast enough he was sure to last,—few of his colts had speed enough to race successfully.

Eagle, imported by Walter Bell, of North Carolina, was a horse of fine speed, winning most of his races at Newmarket, in England. His colts there did the same; but here, as might have been expected, they exhibited the same qualities—not one of them could run long repeating races.

Among the Native Stallions perhaps none established for himself a more distinct character than old Bellair—he won all his races by game, and for a successful racer he was rather slow; such, too, was the character of his stock, three and four miles being the only races won by them.

Sir Archy, the best stallion of his day—perhaps the best of any day—like English Eclipse, united the race qualities of speed and game; he was as fast as any horse of his year, him and Wrangler running two miles in a heat of four miles in most extraordinary time; yet no horse of his day could repeat with him.

Archy was a horse of the highest breeding, purely Arabian,—tracing to Eastern dam and sire—of the finest finish, with the powers of a cart-horse. We find he has transmitted those qualities to his descendants—they beat all competitors off the Turf, and at all distances. Indeed these qualities seem matters of entail with them. Boston and Wagner are grandsons of Sir Archy, and Gano, the champion of Georgia, stands in the same relation to him; and Andrewetta claims laurels as a great grand-daughter.

These instances (and I could cite many others) show most conclusively that one quality is not more transmissible than another, and that those qualities descend to the get of a stallion for which he or his stock are most remarkable.

It has been a maxim with me that a horse generally transmits the qualities of his stock, or, in common parlance, that a horse oftener breeds after his stock than himself; and this is almost invariably the case if he is himself an exception to their general character—and this the instance cited by your correspondent seems to confirm, of a son of Truxton, who, though slow to a proverb, got speedy stock—such was the character of his sire, Truxton, and most of his get.

Your correspondent is of opinion that “thorough breeding tends to increase speed more than bottom.” This contradicts the experience of the Turfites in England, where these things are reduced to a science. It is usual there to allow all horses not thorough-bred an advantage of 7lbs. in weight, and on some courses they are allowed 14lbs.; yet with this advantage they scarcely ever win.

In the United States no horse has yet shewn game at heats of four miles *unless full, if not thorough-bred*. It has now become the fashion among us to rely only on horses of pure pedigree for the Turf, and few trainers of any experience are willing to hazard their reputation by training such as are not purely bred. It is true among us we have had some fine race-horses, and stallions too, whose pedigrees could not be authenticated—these were bred where there was every reason to believe they were *thorough*, but as few persons in Virginia or Carolina were at the trouble of keeping private registers, the stock could not be traced—such was *Charles*. Potomac was a horse of defective pedigree—known to be so; he was a horse of high racing reputation, and ran under favorable circumstances; his speed gave him success on the Turf, but in the Stud he was *an utter failure*. Some of his get were fast, but with a solitary exception (Little John, from a Bellair mare,) they wanted *game*.

The reason why the produce from half-bred mares often have speed and none game, is because scrubs frequently possess speed for a short distance, but invariably tire if called on to keep up a racing rate beyond half a mile—they cannot therefore transmit what they do not possess, and the infusion of pure blood is not sufficient to overcome the dull current which flowed in the veins of the dam.

The English race-horse is a union of the Arab, Turk, and Barb, and in almost equal portions—less Arabian, perhaps, than either—and in this way has produced a variety greatly superior to either—such at least is the opinion of the English Turfites, and all experiments or trials lately made seem to confirm it.

Mr. Atwood, a gentleman of large fortune, an extensive breeder and patron of the Turf, purchased two Arab horses of the highest cast, and after a fair and most expensive experiment of six years, he was induced in 1839 to abandon it and sell off; the stock, amounting to about fifty, were offered at Doncaster, and could not be sold—in many instances not a bid.

This experiment, made by a practical Sportsman on a liberal scale, is considered as having settled the question, and all breeding from Arabians for the Turf has ceased.

The true character of the Arabian horse seems not well understood in this country, nor indeed in England until the British Officers in India brought them into the hunting field there, when it was found that although they could not run as fast as the English thorough-breds, nor continue their utmost rate as long, yet when run to a stand still they would soon come round, and could hunt four days in the week where the English horse would be fit but twice. This is their true value and highest recommendation. To say the English race-horse has lost game is error or cant; he is purely and carefully bred, and a stout horse is as highly valued there now as at any previous period. It is true they attend much to speed and capacity for carrying weight, but speed and strength are indispensable to lastingness, and it cannot, therefore, detract from their bottom.

To prove this, let any one consult the Racing Calendar, and he will find that a horse running decently for the St. Leger, can win Plates (the longest races in the kingdom) throughout England. All conversant with the Turf are aware of the fact, that in proportion as you can save your horse in one heat, he will be the better able to repeat; *speed*, and *speed alone*, can enable him to save; and if speed is not *bottom*, it is at least its best aid. I for one will never object to a horse of mine possessing the "*highest* maximum of speed" with a fear it may detract from his bottom.

I have thus noticed the treatise of your correspondent "Sagittarius," which throughout speaks the Scholar and the Gentleman, but, I suspect, he is no Turfite, as his article abounds in heresies. I beg you to offer him my best wishes, and if I am blamed for this interminable letter, charge it to my attachment for the thoroughbred horse, which the pages of the "Register" has tended not a little to cultivate.

B*****.

STEEPLE CHASE IN LOWER CANADA.

MONTREAL, October 25, 1840.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

SIR: I send you the following account of a Steeple Chase that took place here a few days back, thinking it may interest some of your subscribers.

The first Steeple Chase ever run in America took place in this neighborhood on Thursday last, but we venture to prophecy, from the extreme delight of the beholders, that it will not by any means be the last. The course, which was circular, was beautifully chosen, extending over three miles of country, intersected by three brooks, from fifteen to seventeen feet in width, and about twenty fences, principally rails and walls, from four to five feet in height. The ground was crowded with carriages, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback—the Governor and suite were also present, and we noticed several American gentlemen.

The following horses came to the post at two o'clock, each carrying 172lbs.:

Lieut.-Col. Whyte's (7th Hussars) b. h. *Heretic* (Owner).
 Lieut.-Col. Whyte's (7th Hussars) b. h. *Guardman* (Capt. Sutton, 7th Hussars.)
 Capt. Scott's (1st Dragoon Guards) b. h. *Tearing Dog* (Capt. Huggill).
 Mr. H. T. Jones' b. h. *Barbeau* (Owner).
 Capt. Jones' (73d Regt.) b. h. *Anglo* (Mr. Roebuck, 71st Regt).
 Mr. Richards' ch. g. *Waverley* (Mr. Cotton, 7th Hussars).
 Mr. J. F. McDonald's b. m. *Nancy* (Owner).
 Mr. Pipon's (1st Dragoon Guards) b. m. *Duvernay* (Mr. Hillier, 7th Hussars).
 Capt. Jones' (Q. L. D.) b. g. *Prince Charlie* (Mr. Duchesnay, 1st P.M.)

The horses were drawn up in line, with the first leap, a staked fence and a rushing brook, on the near side, about a hundred and fifty yards in front. At the word "go" they started off at a very slow pace, all apparently unwilling to give a lead. At the brook, after a momentary hesitation, Col. Whyte, on *Heretic*, dashed like a fork of lightning from the crowd, and cleared the brook full

fifty lengths ahead of the field. The running now began in earnest. Waverley, Guardsman, Barbeau, and Duvernay, rattled off immediately to make up the lost ground; but at the third fence, a deep ditch with a hedge on each side, Waverley found his grave. The scene was here most animating and beautiful, being a rising grass slope of near a mile in length, up which Heretic kept the lead, evidently hard held, but clearing his fences in magnificent style. At the top of the hill Barbeau and Guardsman had nearly closed on him. Here the pace mended, and the back stretch (which was through some deep fields and over very heavy fences) was led by Heretic, at a pace which soon tailed off the slow ones. Prince Charlie was down, Angelo and Nancy evidently in great distress, Tearing Dog and Duvernay nowhere. At about a mile from the winning-post, Heretic still leading, Guardsman took the second place; but after an ineffectual struggle, resigned it to Barbeau. In this manner they continued to the end, Heretic clearing the brook into the winning field in most gallant style, a victor by twenty lengths, Barbeau second, Guardsman third—the field came in well together, and numerous were the stumbles at the last brook. Nancy crowned the sport by giving her rider a complete somerset; but no one was hurt, and all passed off well. The riding was very good throughout—that of Col. Whyte was beyond all praise—it was graceful, yet firm—bold, yet temperate. Barbeau was boldly ridden, but we think he might have been made more of; Guardsman was well handled and made the most of by Capt. Sutton; but the little horse was outfooted, and brought home in distress, and so closed the best day's sport witnessed here for many a day.

CIVIS.

FATE OF THE BOAR.

THE hunter came down like the storm in its speed
 And the foam was all white on the flanks of his steed;
 Where he pass'd in his course there was trembling and fear,
 And the mighty boar shrunk from the gleam of his spear.

When the hills brighten'd o'er with the first dawn of day,
 The grim monster secure in his mountain frank lay;
 And the blade of the spear flash'd unstain'd to the light,
 That was dull'd o'er with blood, ere the coming of night.

Fear never till then chill'd the heart of the boar,
 For he ne'er had met Man the destroyer before;
 Who came down to meet him with spear and with steed,
 With a hand for the blow and a heart for the deed.

He fled as the hurricane sweeps in its flight,
 He charged as the storm rushes forth in its might;
 But his strength was but weak, and his speed was but slow,
 To cope with, or fly from, the arm of his foe.

He dash'd through the stream, and he rush'd down the hill,
 But Man the destroyer was close on him still;
 There was fame to be gain'd, and a deed to be done,—
 The blow has been dealt, and the tushes are won!

Reflections on Angling,

OR

A REVIEW OF "TWO SUMMERS IN NORWAY";

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLER IN IRELAND," IN TWO VOLS.

It is something to have a *faith*—if only in fishing. We have here an adventurous brother of the rod, whose faith has taken him twice into the wildest regions of Scandinavia, for the sole delight of killing Salmon. Nay, he has such a persuasion of the effect of the example on his angling associates, that he anticipates a regular piscatorial "rush" into these northern wilds, and tells us, in a tone of half melancholy enthusiasm, that nothing will then remain for the more daring disciples of the fascinating sport, but "to follow the tide of civilization westward into the New World, and there pursue their mimic war against the gigantic tenants of the vast lakes and rivers of that continent."

Anglers would always persuade us that they follow the tide of civilization. We have invariable reason to note it of them, that they hold themselves up to each other as the very models of what are commonly denominated good fellows; men with the most tender-hearted views of nature and humanity. A soul of goodness in things evil is their favorite doctrine; and they translate it into the excellent charity of hooking a fish. At the same time we do them the justice to think, and that heartily, that they thoroughly believe in this humanity and harmlessness. Only, by some curious compromise, they exclude fish from the benefit of it. We suspect, indeed, strange as it may be, that your true fisherman thinks of anything but the fish. The most famous angler of antiquity was Cleopatra (the Angling of Nero in the lake of darkness rests on the doubtful authority of Mad Tom), and we find that in the actual exercise of the sport she never gloated over the sufferings of the tawny-finned tribe, never even bestowed a thought upon them. At the very moment when her bended hook, as she describes it, was piercing their slimy jaws, she merely thought, as she drew them up, "every one of them an Antony, and said, *Ah! Ah! you're caught.*" The Antony of the modern angler is the skill with which he dresses his fly, teaches his line, lands his fish—anything, in short, but the poor fish itself.

"I believe there are none of our craft," says the author of the entertaining book before us, "who do not feel keenly the beauties of nature, and few who do not possess a desire for the general information befitting a gentleman and a Christian." The love of nature is an unquestionable characteristic of anglers, and generally accompanied with a clever power of expressing it by means of a fresh and flowing style—to which these volumes bear striking evidence. The gentleman-like and Christian qualities, we have just

been remarking upon; and the volume contains striking evidence of these also. For example, it is quite affecting to witness his sympathy for the "poor salmon" when he describes the wooden traps that are set for his capture in some of the Norwegian rivers. "These various contrivances for the capture of the poor salmon have greatly increased within the last few years, and have materially diminished the number of fish within the memory of men now living. All lament the grievous decrease, without being altogether willing to open their eyes to the evident cause. . . . In a country like Norway, where there are no game laws, no fence months, and where no mercy is shown to a spawning fish, or a bird on her nest, it is obviously the wild character of its mountains and streams alone that preserves any of their respective tenants from utter extermination. If bounteous nature did not protect her children, ruthless, avaricious man would soon effect their destruction." Beautiful sentiments. What humane heart could desire more? What natural feeling does not instinctively revolt with the generous and indignant writer, against the destructive tendencies of ruthless, avaricious man? What fond disciple of the loves and charities would not rejoice to follow such an advocate of nature's children through some of the most brilliant beauties of Northern scenery, to the banks of the Norwegian river, Namsen?

There, then, we arrive with him; and there, on the morning of the 15th of July, 1837, we see him fling his line on the sparkling waters of the king of the salmon rivers of the world. A quarter of an hour of speechless suspense follows; and then—

"I saw a large circle, and at the same moment felt I had *firmly hooked a good fish*. He instantly rushed down the rapid stream, plunging violently whenever in the slightest degree checked: and though we pulled at once for the shore, he had run out more than one hundred yards of line, before I could leap on the land. I then scrambled as well as I could after him, among the loose shingle, panting with agitation more than exertion, and wheeling up my line as fast as my aching muscles would permit. Most fortunately, notwithstanding the great length of line out, I was enabled to keep it clear of the rocks; and at length succeeded in drawing my silvery foe into deeper and smoother water. Not that he was by any means beaten as yet. Many a time did he run out the spinning reel, to my great alarm: many a race did he give me along the treacherous bank. However, conscious of the strength of my tackle, *I made him fight hard for every foot of line, and saw that he evidently came towards the land, with diminished energy after each struggle*. My Swedish attendant being a novice in the art of gaffing, missed several opportunities that a Tweed fisherman would have considered certain; but at length after *three quarters of an hour of most splendid sport*, the fish was successfully gaffed, and laid on the green sward."

That is, the accomplished gaffer lays him on the sward, after three quarters of an hour of the most exquisite torture; and then the angelic angler proceeds to control the energies—for that, it will be observed, is the mode of describing these lingering agonies

of death—of another active salmon. And there are really a set of ruthless, avaricious creatures, who would, without torturing the salmon in the least, actually take him in a contemptible wooden-trap. It is too bad.

These are our angler's general instructions to such disciples as may follow him to Norway.

"When hooked, if he be a large fish, handle him firmly, though somewhat gently at first; but as soon as his first violence is foiled, and he is half coaxed, half drawn, into the safest spot that lies near, then bear upon him boldly, as much as your tackle will well sustain. By handling a heavy salmon too roughly, at the moment he first feels the hook and is in possession of his full strength, you run great risk of angering him into desperate plunges, that, if the hold be indifferent, or the place dangerous, may effect his escape. However, on no account suffer a fish ever to get the line loose: for one salmon that escapes by being held too tight, fifty are lost by the looseness of the line permitting the hook to fall out. Of course, when a large salmon exhibits a determination to rush away, line must be given him: *but let him not have a yard that he does not fight for*; and the instant that you feel him begin to turn, draw him in, and shorten line; prepare to repeat this process, *until his strength be fairly exhausted*, and he is content to float near enough to the shore to be gaffed—an anxious moment, especially with an awkward Norwegian attendant, so different from the accomplished gaffers of the Tweed, or the Shannon."

For the rest, we must pronounce this a highly agreeable book. The descriptive passages are excellent, and full of a most entertaining novelty. The character of the people as well as the country is nicely discriminated in a spirit as just as it is kindly. We never seem to have had the good-hearted, amphibious; fur-clad, dull Norwegian peasant, in such a graphic portraiture before. The writer had opportunities of seeing the better classes in the towns as well, and does justice to their friendly customs and high intelligence.

The account that is given of the social intercourse of the higher classes in Norway combines a simplicity of customs with an ease and comfort, that much deserve imitation.

"The dinner hour is generally one or two o'clock: even at the Stadholder's State parties we did not dine later than three. This meal occupies a long time; as each dish is handed round repeatedly to each guest, and frequently pressed upon him in what used formerly to be considered the true spirit of hospitality, in our own country. The fare is good and substantial, much more in the German, than in the French style: the sweet things are almost always excellently made. In all the best houses, there is abundance of claret, of fair quality; often also a pleasant white wine they call Madeira, more probably of Spanish growth; and occasionally Port, though of very different flavor from that we are accustomed to drink. It is much lighter, both in the body and color, being invariably tawny; but it is very agreeable to the taste, and very possibly more genuine than the strong Port manufactured for the

English market. When strangers are present, there are seldom wanting toasts complimentary to him or his nation, as an excuse for a fair supply of wine during the dinner, after which they never sit, as we do in England. When this lengthened operation is at last over, and all have eaten, and drunk, and talked, and sung, to their full content, there is usually a slight pause of expectation, when the guest of most consequence proposes the health of the host and hostess, with thanks to them for their entertainment; upon which the chairs are instantly removed with great noise, and the whole party shake hands with each other, and with the host, saying to him, 'Tak for Mad,' or 'Thanks for our repast;' to which he replies, 'Velbekommen,' 'May it agree with you!' Each gentleman then conducts a lady into the adjoining room, where coffee is handed round: and most of the male sex soon drop off, to smoke a pipe, or take a stroll out of doors. An hour or two later, they return for a cup of tea; and finally, about nine o'clock, a supper of cold meat, fruit, &c. is laid out in the dining-room. Owing to the early hours of the country, the children uniformly make a pleasing addition to a Norwegian dinner. But what most surprises, and for a long time even distresses, an Englishman, is the yerv active share which the ladies take in ministering to his convivial comforts. Not only do they personally superintend, and assist in the various processes of the cookery, but when the dishes are served, they invariably carve them, and, in country houses at least, often hand them round, and supply the gentlemen with clean plates; the host meanwhile sitting quite at his ease, and attending only to the intellectual entertainment of his company. These offices the Norwegian ladies perform with admirable modesty, self-possession, and good humor; and are only distressed when a stranger rises to prevent their fulfilling what they have always been taught to consider a duty, if not a privilege of their sex."

Patterns of domesticity, these Norwegian ladies!

Our last extracts will show the felicitous touch of the author's pencil, in another style of description.

The passage up the Fjord of Christiana is thus given:

"At first the course lies among the thousand islands of all sizes that line the western shore, and is afterwards seldom far from one or the other coast. Wherever there is any level land, smiling hamlets and cultivation are sure to be seen: but even where the rocky soil seems to forbid all footing to man, in many a sheltering corner nestle small but well-built cottages, with their green patches of corn and potatoes close by; while the numerous boats show that their hardy inmates consider the sea to be both their farm and high road. The extent of coast that Norway presents, indented with innumerable inlets, and the impracticable character of its rocky shores, render the passage from point to point by water infinitely easier than by land. Fortunately, also, for the Norwegians, the seas abound with fish, that afford them a plentiful supply of food, too often denied them by their niggard soil. Hence a large proportion of the natives have acquired a very amphibious nature, seeming almost as much at home on the ocean as on the

dry land; and are consequently excellent and intrepid sailors. The granite cliffs that guard the shore are often grand; and the inland mountains which tower above them, clothed with pines to their very summits, display the noblest forms and masses; particularly towards the upper end, and on the western side of the Fjord."

And he enthusiastically paints for us the short summer night of Norway, when, as it is said by one of their native poets, the blush of morning on Norway's hills kisses the blush of evening.

"At that season, the course of the sun is so oblique to the plane of the horizon, that while he never rises high in the zenith, he also never sinks far beneath view. Unlike, therefore, 'the set of tropic sun, who sudden sinks, and all is night,' the glorious orb, for some time before and after the summer solstice, remains so few degrees below the horizon, that the refraction of its rays preserves a perpetual twilight: how holier, sweeter far than garish day, and yet how different from our own Midsummer nights, sweet though they be! The light is strong enough to enable one to read or write in the interior of a room; and stars even of the first magnitude are invisible. Yet is it a chastened, mellow light; not casting strong shadows, but throwing a golden mantle of tranquil repose over every object it touches, and beautifies. It is impossible to describe the peculiar effect it produces, not only upon the eternal snows of Sneehættan, or, 'the pine forests's immemorial shade,' or the silvery cataract's ceaseless turmoil; but still more upon a sleeping city, like Trondhjem. The buildings lie so palpably stretched before the eye, yet so harmoniously blended together, their picturesque points heightened, their harsher defects softened down; the vast Fjord expanding without a wave or ripple to the feet of the distant blue mountains; the boats rocking idly by the shore; the scenes of labour silent as the grave; all the records of Nature and of man so perceptible, yet so still: it needs but to follow the musings of the imagination to fancy oneself alone in a new world, or realizing the conceptions our childhood formed of Fairyland. However dreamy such fancy may appear to others, not conversant with the latitudes, they portray but faintly the emotions I have felt on those lovely Northern nights, which are classed in my memory of memories with the delicious evenings of Naples and Baïæ."

And so, with a hearty good wish to our angler, that he may hereafter find less time to fish, and more to write, we commend to all our readers of pleasant books these *Two Summers in Norway*.

London Examiner.

LEVIATHAN AND PACIFIC.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 28, 1840.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

SIR : Wagner's defeat here has been the subject of much comment and conjecture ; both are useless—it was the doom that has awaited every *stranger* from Pacolet to him. Indeed it would be most difficult to induce a belief that any horse could come here and win ; in the present state of public opinion I know of no better speculation than to bring a stable of winners to this place. This would be no easy task, as it is my purpose to show.

This part of Tennessee was settled originally by persons from the "Race-Horse Region," along the borders of Virginia and Carolina, and many of the nags which drew the carts of the movers were of the present racing stock ; most of them with a cross of Janus and Mark Anthony—a fair assurance of speed and indomitable spirit.

With these mares they bred to Barry's Medley—and then to old Truxton ; after him came Wonder, one of the best sons of Diomed ; to him succeeded Pacolet, by Citizen, the perfection of whose hind parts was most admirably calculated to remedy all the defects of the Wonders. Contemporary with him was Oscar (by Wonder), who was decidedly the best horse of his day in Tennessee, and his blood was equal to his form and racing power ; his value in the stud would have rivalled Pacolet but for his early death. He left some fine stock, and Oscar mares now cross well on the fashionable blood of the day.

At a later period, and at about the same time, Leviathan and Pacific were offered to the patronage of breeders in the vicinity of Nashville, and from the first appearance of their colts, they alone could be looked on as rivals for the *Empire of the West*.

Leviathan was the first imported horse that came West after the war ; bought by a gentleman in whose judgment all had the highest confidence, he was liberally patronised, and the splendid success of his first colts has ensured to him a continuance of it. Leviathan was, by his blood, form, and racing qualities, as well calculated to cross on the best mares of Tennessee, as any horse in England or America ; accordingly we find that his colts have had almost unprecedented success at all distances, from Nashville to Orleans—among them we may name the ill-fated Angora, who made the most splendid race at two years old ever recorded in our country, and who subsequently won the great Sweepstakes at Nashville, three mile heats, and lost her laurels in a four mile race at Louisville, with Rodolph ; after which she lost and won alternately. She was surely a most splendid racer, and justly contributed to the fame of her sire.

To her succeeded a long list of winners at all distances, and on all the Courses of the South-West ; of these it may be sufficient to name Lilac, The Poney, Zerlina, Bee's-wing, Sarah Bladen—But I must stop, not from want of numbers, but the difficulty of selecting amidst a multitude.

Pacific, the rival of Leviathan, is perhaps the best living son of the matchless Sir Archy, and the son on whom his mantle may be said to have fallen. He is in form, color, and power, a most faithful resemblance of his sire, and like him he seems to impart game and speed to his stock.

Pacific was by Sir Archy, his dam (also the dam of Bertrand) by Bedford, out of the imported mare (the dam of Gallatin and Ariadne, two of the best race-horses of their day,) by Mambrino. Pacific, when young, was a blood bay, but he is now verging on brown; he is about fifteen hands three inches high, with as much strength, as far as the same can be indicated by power, as any horse of his day—a light head, sustained by a well-formed muscular neck—with shoulders deep, strong, and well placed; to this he unites a chest and carcase that I never saw equalled but by his sire—whether you consider its capacity or strength; his ribs large and bowed almost to deformity, which makes him in that particular the best horse I know—in the thigh and stifle he is faultless, and in that part there seems a happy union of Gallatin and Sir Archy, his near and immediate relatives.

This fortunate union of blood, form, and power, is transmitted to his stock, and without the aid of patronage from either breeders or turfites, he has now no rival but Leviathan in the West. As long distance nags, his stock have been eminently successful: Nashville has witnessed the triumphs of Dawson and Lowry, of Osceola and Gamma; while Pactolus, Hortense, Telie Doe, and others, have sustained the reputation of his stock from the Mountains to the Gulf.

It may be sufficient to add that he commenced at fifteen dollars and has risen regularly to one hundred dollars the season, and in my opinion richly merits his rank.

His full brother, Bertrand, was a great favorite with breeders, but at no time did he merit the same standing as Pacific;—he was not a horse of the same substance or strength, and in every instance where mares have been bred to both, the get of Pacific has been best—Melzare by Bertrand always ran a good second, Gamma, from the same dam, by Pacific, always runs first; this is just the difference between the two sires.

Pacific has now the vivacity and vigor of a colt, and seems destined (accidents excepted) a long time to benefit his owners and the breeding public.

Here let me caution all owners of horses that have already made for themselves a high reputation on the Turf, and intend to make a last bow to the public, not to bring them to Nashville for a concluding performance, so long as Pacific and Leviathan stand here, lest defeat may force them to more “last appearances,” as they say in the play bill. Let the fate of Wagner, like Tam o’ Shanter’s mare, be a warning to all who may come this way. D.

P.S. At our last fair, Pacific as a Stallion, a three-year-old colt by him, with a Greek name, and a two-year-old also by him, were each awarded the highest prize.

INDIANS HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

SILENCE, beneath the noon-day sun, is keeping
 Watch o'er the untrod prairies of the West,
 Where myriads of Buffalo are sleeping,
 Or grazing on earth's green and flowery breast ;
 And their low bellowing doth the stillness break,
 As Zephyr moves the lake.

Like the low surging of a distant sea,
 Or like the murmur of a storm retiring,
 The sound the creatures utter seems to be ;
 Nor roar, nor bellowing, but a short respiring,
 Which, made by millions, low yet awful, seems
 Like thunder heard in dreams !

Count in the milky way each little star,
 Then number the wild monarchs of the scene ;
 Around the land to the horizon far,
 The wilderness is black instead of green ;
 Millions and myriads, unseen, unknown,
 Rove the wild waste they own.

But hearken ! listen ! Other sounds are near ;
 See far away commotion speed along,
 Like darkling waves ; some wild and sudden fear
 Moves like a storm-lashed sea the mighty throng ;
 And lazy bulls, rising in sudden fright,
 Stretch their huge limbs in flight !

All that was still and peaceful only now,
 Becomes a scene of terror wild and strange ;
 The solid earth is moving, trembling—how
 Appalling, how bewildering the change !
 One vast, black, living mass, in headlong speed,
 Flying across the mead !

The cause ! the cause ! Look to the sky 'a far ;
 See there the dust rising in sudden clouds ;
 Hear there the red man's piercing scream of war ;
 Mark the wild steed mixed with the flying crowds ;
 See the swift arrows, flashing on the sight,
 Like truant stars of night.

A thousand hunters, on their fire-eyed steeds,
 With barbed arrows and with bended bow,
 Shrieking as each new victim falls and bleeds,
 Are dealing death among the buffalo !
 See the wild herds, swift crossing as they fly,
 The verge of land and sky.

On ! on ! Now hither, thither wildly spreading,
 Their starting eyes in phrenzy glaring round,
 Bends the vast throng, some staggering and bleeding,
 Goring the air and tearing up the ground—
 Crossed, turned, cut off and maddened by the foe—
 Ill-fated buffalo !

See the Camanches, with a fiend-like ease,
 Flying on half-wild steeds across the plain ;
 Their long dark scalp locks streaming to the breeze,
 Red as the sun-beam with vermillion stain ;
 Now distant far, then instant flashing nigher,
 Like mounted flames of fire !

And see the phrenzied buffalo at bay,
 After his savage hunter madly rushing;
 Vainly he fights or seeks to 'scape away,
 With the red stream from his wide nostrils gushing!
 He pauses, staggers, pants and glares around,
 Then headlong seeks the ground!

Goring the earth, gasping a feeble breath,
 And spouting blood, he falls upon his side;
 And soon the quivering agony of death
 Leaves his limbs stiff and eyeballs staring wide;
 But ere he yields his parting breath of life,
 He feels the hunter's knife!

Now mark the magic changing of the scene;
 Gone are the hunted myriads from the plain;
 The earth again displays its carpet green,
 And some poor hundred buffaloes remain:
 Some fighting still, some staggering, gasping, dying,
 Around the prairie lying.

Around them see the red Camanches crowd,
 To the huge victims' horns their wild steeds tied;
 With flashing knives and yells of triumph loud,
 Tearing the warm skin from his reeking side.
 See the red devils, with the brute's own hoof,
 Knocking his hump ribs off!

Thus fall the untamed monarchs of the waste;
 But centuries shall seek eternal rest,
 Ere the last lonely buffalo is chased
 From the wild grassy gardens of the West.
 Then, like the mastodon, a ripped-up bone
 Shall be his funeral stone!

PHAZMA.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

CORRIGENDA:

OR THE ERRORS OF "CYPRESS" CONCERNING QUAIL.

MARIETTA, Pa., Nov. 13, 1840.

MR. EDITOR: You of course know the importance of truth (though you are an Editor), and will therefore wish to see any errors corrected which may have crept into your pages; I accordingly make a few remarks upon the very good article on "Quail" in your October number.

The writer proves himself entirely ignorant of ornithology, by his blunders in nomenclature. Thus, he is writing about the *Perdix virginiana* (Virginian partridge), and not about the *Perdix coturnix* (European quail). The first is a true partridge, belonging to the same subgenus with the European partridge, viz., *Ortyx*; whilst the quail belongs to the subgenus *Coturnix*. In Pennsylvania and Southward, and in English books, our bird is called (and correctly) partridge. To judge from Mr. C.'s remarks upon *Coturnix*, he believes the same species to inhabit on both sides of the Atlantic, which is not the fact. Both these birds differ again, from the genus *Tetrao*, to two species of which he refers by their proper names, viz., *T. umbellus* (ruffed grouse) and *T. cupido* (pinnated grouse).

Though Mr. C. does "not care to believe everything the students of Linnæus and Buffon say," I think, with all his Latin acquirements, he would have some difficulty in determining to what birds now known to us, certain names were applied by the Romans; for a reference to a dictionary will not decide the question, so that there is nothing gained by finding fault at this point. Mr. C., however, has not even consulted his dictionary honestly, or mine is a different edition, and contains the following definitions: *Tetrao*, grouse; *Perdix*, partridge; *Coturnix*, quail; and *Otis*, bustard; and naturalists do not use any of these in a different sense. That the first is Latin for turkey may be doubted, as the Romans would have been under the necessity of visiting America to make their acquaintance.

Wilson, the pioneer of American Ornithology, committed many errors in nomenclature which were then unavoidable; but these have been corrected, long since, by Bonaparte, who wrote a continuation of Wilson's work; so that there is no excuse for the blunders of any one who writes on this (or any other) subject, without first making himself acquainted with it. Mr. C. alludes to Audubon, but I am certain he has never consulted his works, or Bonaparte's, or those of any modern author since the time of Wilson, or he would not have made the unwhiskered assertion that "the whole race of ornithologists call the partridge *tetrao*. Possibly by partridge he means grouse. This error (as the New York Mirror would say) reminds me of a somewhat similar, but more aggravated case: that of an upstart who considered the vernacular (and proper) name of our noble *buttonwood* tree vulgar (!) and knowing no other English name (as *plane* tree), called it a *sycamore*!! He might with equal propriety have called it a cherry-tree. It is an excellent thing to "call things by their right names."

To insure an insertion in a Sporting Magazine I must admit that this letter is written *in sport*, and the admission, I hope, will prevent your correspondent from taking offence and forcing me to take the field, for the liberty I have taken with his very well written article.

H.

AGRICULTURAL PREMIUMS,

Awarded by the Managers of the 13th Annual Fair of the American Institute, Oct. 1840.

WE have received a copy of the Oration recently delivered before the American Institute by Professor Mason; to it is appended a list of the premiums awarded at the Fair at Niblo's. From the latter we copy such of the premiums as relate to Agriculture, from which it appears that Dr. Pool, of New Brunswick, and Messrs. Corning and Sotham, of Albany, have been especially fortunate in their stock.

Cattle—*Bulls from 3 to 7 years old*.—Henry Whitney, New Haven, Conn., for the best Bull. (Young Rocket)—Gold Medal or Silver Cup.

- J. Miller, Hartford, Conn., for the second best bull—Silver Medal.
- Thomas Addis Emmet, New York, for a bull. (Red Comet.) Ruled out from premium, a Silver Medal having been awarded—Diploma.
- Stephen Haight, for a bull. (Young Comet.)—Diploma.
- Wm. Salisbury, for a bull. (Wellington.)—Diploma.
- Bulls from 1 to 3 years old.*—John A. Pool, New-Brunswick, N. J., for the best bull. (Bernard.)—Gold Medal or Silver Cup.
- Thomas Britton, for the second best bull. (Valient.)—Silver Medal.
- Blakely Hall, N. J., for a bull. (Chatsworth.)—Diploma.
- E. G. Wilbor, for a Devonshire bull. (Red Boy.)—Diploma.
- Bull Calves under one year old.*—Corning & Sotham, Albany, N. Y., for the best bull calf. (Major.)—Silver Medal.
- Stephen Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y., for the second best bull calf. (Young Washington.)—Diploma.
- John A. Pool, New-Brunswick, N. J., for the third best bull calf—Diploma.
- Cows.*—Henry Whitney, New Haven, Conn., for the best cow. (Durham breed. Ringlett.)
- Corning & Sotham, Albany, N. Y., for the second best cow. (Hereford breed. Matchless.) Matchless being so little inferior to Ringlett in the estimation of the judges—Gold Medal or Silver Cup to each.
- John A. Pool, New-Brunswick, N. J., for a cow. (Maria.) Ruled out for premium. A Silver cup awarded last year—Diploma.
- John A. Pool, New-Brunswick, N. J., for a Durham cow. (Fanny.)—Diploma.
- Thomas A. Emmet, New York, for a cow. (White Lily.)—Diploma.
- G. W. Miller, New York Tattersall's, for a cow. (Queen Victoria.)—Diploma.
- Capt. Delano, for a cow—Diploma.
- Charles Henry Hall, Harlæm, N. Y., for a cow—Diploma.
- Heifers.*—E. P. Prentice, Mount Hope, N. Y., for the best heifer. (Daisy.)—Diploma.
- Corning & Sotham, Albany, N. Y., for the second best heifer. (Perfection.)—Diploma.
- Oxen.*—White & Burr, for the best ox. (Harrison.)—Silver Cup.
- William Moshure, Washington county, N. Y., for the best yoke of oxen—Silver Cup.
- Horses.*—Daniel Abbott, Brooklyn, L. I., for the best stud horse. (Bright Phœbus.)—Gold Medal or Silver Cup.
- John A. Pool, New-Brunswick, N. J., for the best brood mare. (Indiana.)—Gold Medal or Silver Cup.
- Samuel Bradhurst, for one year old filly—Gold Medal or Silver Cup.
- Jacks.*—John A. Pool, New-Brunswick, N. J., for the best jack—Silver Cup.
- George Douglass, New York, for the second best jack—Diploma.
- Cato Alexander, New York, for the best jennie—Silver Medal.
- William O. Kent, for the second best jennie—Diploma.
- Sheep.*—Corning & Sotham, Albany, N. Y., for the best ram. (Coteswold breed.)—Silver Cup.
- John Wait, for a Southdown ram—Diploma.
- Corning & Sotham, Albany, N. Y., for the best flock of sheep—Diploma.
- Leonard D. Clift, Carmel, Putnam county, N. Y., for the best ewe. (Lincolnshire breed.)—Silver Cup.
- Chase & Godine, for two weathers remarkably good for size, wool, and their excellent quality of mutton, fatted by Leonard D. Clift, Carmel, Putnam county, N. Y.,—Diploma.
- Obadiah Elliott, for fine Southern bucks—Diploma.
- Samuel F. Halsey, Westfarms, N. Y., for a superior Leicestershire buck—Diploma.
- Swine.*—John A. Dayton, Brooklyn, L. I., for the best boar. (Woburn breed.)—Silver Cup.
- Henry F. Clark, Brooklyn, L. I., for the second best boar. (Berkshire breed.)—Diploma.
- George W. Anderson, Rahway, N. J., for the third best boar. (Berkshire breed.)—Diploma.
- Wm. Love, for the best sow. (Berkshire breed.)—Silver Cup.

J. A. Dayton, Brooklyn, L. I., for the second best sow. (Woburn breed.)—Diploma.

Ploughing.—Moore & Slater, Ithaca, N. Y., for the best plough for all purposes. (Barnaby & Moore's inventors.)—Silver Cup.

Cornelius Bergen, Brooklyn, L. I., for a plough performing the best work—Silver Cup.

John Smith. The best ploughman—Diploma.

Agricultural Implements and Machinery.—Currier & Brown, East Kingston, N. H., for a grain-thrashing, cleaning, and straw-removing machine—Silver Medal.

William Emmons, 174 Grand-street, for the second best Thrashing Machine—Diploma.

Seth Lamb, 251 Bleeker-street, for a Grain-reaping machine of great merit—Silver Medal.

Herman Baldwin, Washington, Conn., for a valuable machine for cleaning clover seed—Silver Medal.

D. H. Southworth, Newburgh, N. Y., for the best smut machines. (A Gold Medal having been awarded before)—Diploma.

Thomas J. Wells, 312 Second-street, for a very efficient cider mill—Diploma.

Printice & Page, 40 Eldridge-street, for the best portable gristmill. (A Silver Medal having been before awarded.)—Diploma.

Mr. Moliere, Virginia, for the second best portable corn mill. Isaac Scott, agent, 67 Liberty-street, N. Y.,—Diploma.

George W. Fitz, South Hampton, N. H., for the best corn sheller. (Self Feeding.)—Silver Medal.

John Mayher, 195 Front-street, for the second best corn sheller—Diploma.

Thomas P. Coggin, Wallabout, N. Y., for the best straw cutter—Diploma—A Silver Medal having been before awarded.

B. Bailey, Paterson, N. J., for a straw cutter—Diploma.

Gideon Freeborn, 183 Front-street, for a straw cutter—Diploma.

John Mayher, 195 Front-street, for a straw cutter—Diploma.

Jacob J. Roome, 79 Barclay-street, for the best root cutter—Diploma.

Thomas P. Coggin, Wallabout, L. I., for a vegetable cutter—Diploma.

N. C. Garrison, 79 Barclay-street, for the best universal cultivator—Diploma.

Noah Barnes, East Hampton, L. I., for the second best cultivator—Diploma.

Jonathan Reed, 76 Barclay-street, for the best washing machine—Diploma.

Gideon Freeborn, 183 Front-street, for a rice mill—Diploma.

N. C. Garrison, 79 Barclay-street, for a drill barrow—Diploma.

N. R. & O. G. Merchant, for the best corn planter—Diploma.

M. Atwood, Mass., for the second best corn planter—Diploma.

Agricultural and Horticultural Productions.—Michael Baisely, farmer on the county farm, Flatbush, L. I., for the best field of corn. (10 acres.) 2280 hills to the acre. (One acre measured. Produce, 118½ bushels.)—Silver Cup.

Nicholas Cowenheven, New Utrecht, L. I., for the second best field of corn. (19 acres.) 2560 hills to the acre. Average produce 85 bushels per acre—Diploma.

Nicholas N. Wyckoff, Bushwick, L. I., for the third best field of corn. (9 acres.) 2500 hills to the acre. Average produce, 80 bushels per acre—Diploma.

Isaac Underhill, Secaucus, N. J., for fine specimens of Indian corn—Diploma.

G. D. Pitkin, Woodhill, L. I., for fine specimens of Indian corn—Diploma.

H. Wadhams & Co., Railroad Mills, Monroe county, N. Y., for a very superior specimen of wheat flour—Diploma.

Wm. Buel, Albany, N. Y., for the best specimens of apples. (30 varieties.)—Silver Medal.

Azariah Ross, Nyack, N. J., for the second best specimen of apples—Diploma.

Sullivan Bates, Bellingham, Mass., for fine specimen of cultivated cranberries—Diploma.

A. D. Maintain, Ravenswood, L. I., for the best cauliflowers—Diploma.

Elias Hicks, Rockaway, L. I., for the best pumpkin, 170 pounds—Diploma.

D. Paine, Albany, N. Y., for the second best pumpkin, 140 pounds—Diploma.

Notes of the Month.

DECEMBER.

As the period draws nigh when the great Match comes off at Augusta, a more intense interest is awakened among Turfmen. Our correspondence gives token that there is very general betting in different parts of the country, though not in heavy sums. A friend in Charleston saw the "Old White-nose" as he passed through that city. *Boston* reached Charleston on the 7th inst., in safety, having escaped accident during the most perilous portion of his journey—from Wilmington, N. C., to Charleston. The day following he arrived in safety at Augusta, by the railroad. There is an unpleasant *on dit* in one of our letters in regard to *Gano*; some appearance of a curb is hinted at, though it is not such as to interfere with his daily work. In other respects he is in the finest condition. There is not enough on the result in this neighborhood to authorize us to "quote the odds." We shall hear on the subject from "a special messenger," who has already gone on for us to see and report the race.

Death of Luzborough.—A letter from one of our travelling correspondents dated Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2d., informs us that this valuable imported horse died on the 17th of October at the residence of HICKMAN LEWIS, Esq., of Limestone Co., Ala. He was carried off by inflammation of the bowels. *Luzborough* was foaled in 1820, and imported from England in August, 1832, by a company of gentlemen in Virginia. His racing career in England was long and brilliant; he covered three years in that country, and his stock ran successfully. He made his first season in this country at Hicksford, Va., and from the commencement of his career, his own performances and those of his get, the character of the stock, &c., &c., have been a constant theme for disputation in the pages of the Turf Register. At one time he stood so high in reputation, as to be advertised at \$200 the season. Had he been the sire only of *Picton* and of *Portsmouth*, he would have deserved well at the hands of breeders; but upon reference to the winners of the few past years, we find that in addition to these, his most distinguished sons, he has got a very large number of winners. If we are not in error, the Calendar of last year gives him nearly thirty winners, and of the year previous, nearly twenty. We regret therefore for the sake of the Turf, not less than for his owners, the death of so valuable an animal.

SALES OF STOCK.—Maj. MARSHALL has sold his b. f. by *Industry*, dam by *Rattler*, 3 yrs., which won the Purse at Mile heats, during the races at Maysville, Ky., to Messrs. FOX & GREER, for \$2000.

Capt. THOS. WINSTON, of La Grange, Tenn., has bought from G. Bumpas, his ch. f. by *Stockholder*, dam by *Sir Archy*, 2 yrs. old. Price \$1000.

The well known promising br. c. *Allen Brown*, 4 yrs., by Imp. *Luzborough*, dam by Imp. *Eagle*, was bought lately at public sale by N. L. LONO, Esq., of Columbia, Tenn., for \$2000 cash.

RACE COURSES AND JOCKEY CLUBS.—*The Hampton Course.*—A meeting is to be held on this superb course at Augusta, Ga., on the 3rd Tuesday of December.

Mr. W. J. STRATTON has disposed of his interest in the *Beechland Course* at Maysville, Ky., to Mr. R. COOPER.

A new Jockey Club has been organized among the citizens of Harrison Co., Va., and a meeting was held at Clarksville, on the 29th ult.

A new Jockey Club is about being got up at that old and popular course, (Beach Bottom,) Brook Co. Va. It is owned by SAMUEL McCORD, Esq. of that place, and the soil is admirably adapted, being composed of a sandy loam, which the heaviest rain will not affect in the space of two hours.

NAMES CLAIMED.—The name of *Fanny Elssler* is claimed by J. PRESCOTT HALL, Esq., of this city, for his Own Sister to Clara Howard—a b. f. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt, 3 yrs. This fine filly is in training in Laird's stable, and has been nominated in several stakes.

J. C. BURGWYN, Esq., of Roanoke, N. C., that of *Occoneechee* for his br. b. c., 4 yrs. old Spring of 1840; by Henry (competitor of Eclipse), out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse—Lady of the Lake by Hickory—Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Spread Eagle. He is to make his first race this Fall at the Silver Hill Course, Northampton County, N. C. Also, that of *Menie* for his ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, out of Fanti by Henry, and she out of Janette (own sister to Sir Charles), 2 yrs. old.

Capt. R. F. STOCKTON, of Princeton, N. J., claims the name of *Kate Nickleby* for his br. f., 3 years old, by Imp. Trustee out of Imp. Lady Mostyn by Teniers.

JNO. S. BRIEN, Esq., of Vicksburg, Miss., that of *Nick Davis* for his b. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Delight, 2 years old. Also that of *Thornhill*, for his ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Pickle, 2 yrs., both purchased at the sale of the blood stock of the late JAMES JACKSON, of Florence, Ala.

W. H. BODDIE, of Mount Pleasant, Tennessee, that of *Anna Thaxter*, for his yearling ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder. Also that of *Lady Lyndhurst*, for his yearling ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.

J. B. KENDALL, Esq., of Baltimore, Md. claims the following names:—

1. *William Shaw* for his b. c. foaled in March last, by Drone, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna. 2. *Rosetta*, ch. f. 2 yrs. old, by Drone, out of Ecarté by Eclipse. 3. *John A. Goode*, br. c. foaled in June last, by Imp. Priam, out of Medora by John Richards. 4. *Vezation*, ch. c., foaled in April last, by Imp. Emancipation, out of Bothereation by Sir Charles. 5. *Alfio*, ch. c., foaled in May last, by Drone, dam by Eclipse. 6. *Ellen Lyon*, ch. f., foaled in April last, by Drone, out of Ecarté by Eclipse. 7. *Jane Shaw*, ch. f., 2 years old, by Drone, out of Betsy Goode by Mons. Tonson. 8. *Tom Wakefield*, ch. c., yearling, by Drone, dam by Eclipse.

S. LAIRD, Esq., of Colts Neck, N. J., claims the name of *Cæsar* for his yearling ch. c. by Mingo, out of Jane Maria by Henry.

THOMAS VAN SWEARINGEN, Esq., of Lexington, Ky., claims the following names:—1. *Majesty* for a bay colt, 2 yrs. old, by Eclipse, out of Grey Maria, Darnley's dam. 2. *Sultana*, bay filly, 1 yr., by Woodpecker, out of Grey Maria. 3. *Heroine*, ch. f., 2 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Gohanna. 4. *Letty*, br. f., 2 yrs., by Mucklejohn, out of Floranthe. 5. *Ida*, ch. f., 1 yr., by Woodpecker, out of Floranthe. 6. *Hussar*, b. c., sucking, by Sir Leslie, out of Floranthe.

JAMES BURNEY, Esq., of Palmer's Springs, Va., claims the following names:—That of *Lady Warren* for his ch. f., 4 years old, by Imp. Luzborough out of Catherine Warren. That of *Hornet*, for a ch. c., 3 years old, by Imp. Felt, dam by Contest. That of *Mary Palmer*, for a b. f., 2 years old, by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Contest. That of *David L. Swain*, for a ch. c., 1 year old, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Contest. That of *O. K.*, for a b. c., 1 year old next Spring, by Benbow, dam by Contest. That of *Badluck*, for a ch. c., 4 years old, by Timoleon, dam by Arab. That of *Janette Seymour*, for a ch. f., 4 years old, by Timoleon, dam by Thaddeus. That of *Oddity*, for a ch. c., 2 years old, by Carolinian, dam by Eclipse. That of *Orange-bud*, for a ch. f., 1 year old next Spring, by Imp. Priam, dam by Washington.

HENRY SHACKLETT, Esq., of Palmyra, Missouri, claims the name of *Little Betty* for a b. f. dropped Spring of 1839, by Ivanhoe, out of Miss Mercer by Sir Dudley. Also that of *Cuff*, for a bl. c. dropped spring 1840, by African (by Imp. Valentine,) out of Miss Mercer. Also that of *Mississippi* for a b. c., dropped spring 1839, by Ohio, out of Lady Pest by Carolinian. Also that of *Bob Layton*, for a ch. c., dropped Spring 1840, by Sir Dudley, out of Lady Pest. The latter is a very large and handsome colt, of fine promise, and is engaged in a produce stake at St. Louis; sixteen subscribers at \$500 each; to run Fall of 1843. Also in a stake at Palmyra, to run the same Fall; four subscribers at \$200 each. He is also matched to run the Fall of 1842 in Arkansas, with Mr. Safford's colt, the same age, by Flagellator, for \$500 a side.

Imported *Autocrat* will remain at his present stand in Clarksville, Tenn., the approaching season. His stock have distinguished themselves highly this year in the Middle and Northern sections of the Racing portion of the country. *Sam Houston*, particularly, made some brilliant races.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of RODERICK M. MCGREGOR, Esq., of near Upper Marlbro', Prince George's County, Maryland.

No. 1. PROPHET, bl. h., 7 years old spring 1840, by Industry, dam by Vanguard, grand dam by Thornton's Medley, g. g. dam by Dr. Thornton's Mercury, g. g. g. dam by Mr. Walter Bowie's Sportsman, g. g. g. dam by Cragg's Sweeper, g. g. g. g. dam by Dr. Hamilton's Imp. Figure, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Dr. Hamilton's Imp. Dove, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Othello, g. g. g. g. g. dam Col. Tasker's Imp. Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian.

No. 2. NEN HAZZARD, ch. c., 4 years old, by Imp. Autocrat out of Ellen by Tuckahoe. For extended pedigree of Ellen see American Turf Register, vol. 6, page 630, extended pedigree of T. F. Bowie's "Abbe Rattler," who came out of Ellen.

No. 3. MARY WILLETT, ch. m., bred by the late Col. Joseph N. Burch, and got by his young Escape (alias Rappahannock,) out of Susan by Edelin's Medley, grand dam Brown Nancy by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. dam by Imp. Venetian, g. g. g. dam by Dr. Hamilton's Don Carlos, g. g. g. dam by Ranger, imported by Dr. Hamilton, g. g. g. g. dam Stella out of Imp. Selima by the Godolphin Arabian.

No. 4. ELLEN DOUGLASS, b. m., 8 years old, bred by T. F. Bowie, Esq., by Imp. Apparition out of Venus by Baden's Cupid Oscar, grand dam by Thornton's Medley, g. g. dam by Dr. Thornton's Mercury, (see pedigree of No. 1, and pedigree at length of Venus, Am. Turf Reg., vol. 4, page 603.

No. 5. FANNY FROLIC, ch. m., 4 yrs. old, out of No. 3, by Burch's Gimcrack, (he by Thornton's Rattler out of Susan, the dam of No. 3.)—stinted to Duane.

No. 6. PAUL JONES, ch. c., 2 years old, by Prophet out of No. 3.

No. 7. PEGGY BRUCE, b. f., one year old, by Imp. Priam out of Ellen Douglas.

No. 8. GIFT, ch. f. 6 months old, by Prophet out of No. 3.

RODERICK M. MCGREGOR.
Upper Marlbro', Aug. 28th, 1840.

Blood Stock of WYATT CARDWELL, Esq., of Charlotte Court House, Va.

No. 1. OMARIAH, b. m., bred by the

late Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, and foaled in 1833; was got by Gascoigne, out of Friendless by Gracchus—Miss Tudor by Hyperion—Logania by Imp. Medley—Dandridge's Fearnought—out of a thorough-bred Maryland mare.

Her Produce.

1840. Ch. c. *Libetus*, by Imp. Rowton.

No. 2. GALLERINA, ch. m., bred by the trustee of the late Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, foaled in 1834; got by Gascoigne, out of Amy Robsart by Gracchus—Imp. mare Lady Bunbury by Trumpator—Theopha by Highflyer—Plaything by Matchem—Vixen by Regulus—Hutton's Spot—Fox-Cub—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins—Hutton's Grey Barb—Byerly Turk.

Her Produce.

1840. Ch. f. *Porsenna*, by Imp. Rowton.

No. 3. VERUBANIA, b. m., bred by the trustee of the late Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke foaled in 1835; she is a blood bay, very highly formed, with a star on her forehead, 15 hands 1 inch high, and was purchased by Mr. William H. Clay in 1836. She was got by Topaz, out of Aura by Roanoke—Amy Robsart by Gracchus—Imp. Lady Bunbury by Trumpator—Theopha by Highflyer—Plaything by Matchem—Vixen by Regulus—Hutton's Spot—Fox-Cub—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins—Hutton's Grey Barb—Byerly Turk.

Her Produce.

1840. Ch. f. *Verhetta*, by Imp. Rowton.

[Mr. Wm. H. Clay.]

WYATT CARDWELL.

Charlotte C. H., Va., Oct. 3, 1840.

List of Blood Stock bred by the Compiler of "The American Race Turf Register, Sportsman's Herald, and General Stud Book."

No. 1. CAMELEON, dark brown mare, very well formed, finely shaped, and handsomely marked; she is 15 hands high, and was foaled in 1823. She was got by Virginian (son of Sir Archy),—Imp. Dion—Imp. Druid—Imp. Shark—Imp. Medley—Imp. Fearnought—Imp. Janus—Imp. Kenilikhan (son of Pearson's Partner)—Imp. Valiant—Imp. Blazella by Blaze—Imp. Jenny Cameron by Cuddy (a son of Fox)—Miss Belvoir by Grey Grantham—Paget

Turk—Betty Percival by the Leedes Arabian—Spanker.

Her Produce.

1829. Br. c. *First Fruits*, by Roanoke. [Mr. Saml. W. Pattillo.]
 1830. Not put to horse.
 1831. Gr. c. *Suzarion*, by Winter's Arabian. [S. W. Pattillo.]
 1832. Not put to horse.
 1833. Gr. c. *Champignon*, by Silverheels. [P. N. Edgar, Esq.]
 1834. Not put to horse.
 1835. B. f. *Elpenicé*, by Imp. Hedgford. [P. N. Edgar, Esq.]
 1836. Missed to Carolinian.
 1837. B. c. *Espartero*, by Goliah. [R. J. Gaines, Esq.]
 1838. B. f. *Morisca*, by Goliah. [R. J. Gaines, Esq.] Dead.
 1839. B. f. *Appoluni*, by Lexington. [Col. Wm. McCargo.] Dead.
 Cameleon died in June, 1839.

Description of Elpenicé.—She is a very well-formed mare, with an excellent eye and countenance; a blood bay, with a star on her forehead, and a small portion of white, interspersed with black spots, on one fore and hind foot; nearly or quite sixteen hands high, with good shoulders, back, loin, &c., and an excellent set of limbs; she is rather plain in the rump, taking after the Orville stock, and has crosses, on her sire's side, of the following imported horses, viz.: Coronet, Priam, Sarpedon, Riddlesworth, Luzborough, Tranby, Rowton, Philip, Leviathan, Margrave, Merman, etc. etc.

WYATT CARDWELL.

Charlotte C. H., Va., Oct. 3, 1840.

Pedigree of CECILIA, and Blood Stock of JOHN E. BREATHITT, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn.

DEAR SIR: I take the liberty of enclosing you the certificate of Gen. A. J. Davie, of the blood of a chesnut mare, purchased by my father, Dr. Edward Breathitt, now deceased. The mare, *Cecilia*, died several years since.

[CERTIFICATE.]

I certify that the chesnut mare, *CECILIA*, purchased and owned by Dr. Breathitt, of Franklin, Tennessee, was bred by me, and foaled in 1813. She was got by Sir Archy, out of Castania by Imp. Arcaduke, out of the Imp. mare Castianira, the dam of Sir Archy, imported with her to Peter Randolph, of Davidson County, Tennessee, at whose sale Dr. Breathitt purchased her.

October, 1825.

A. J. DAVIE.

Her Produce.

1825. *Sally Walker*, by Madison.
 1828. *Wyoming*, by Stockholder.
 1830. *Fair Star*, by Timoleon [sold].

1832. *Paulina*, by Stockholder.

1834. *Eliza Jane*, by Sir Richard.

Eliza Jane is in foal to Imp. Belshazzar.

Paulina's Produce.

1836. *Stockborough*, by Imp. Luzboro'.
 1838. B. c. by Imp. Luzbero' [dead].
 1840. B. f. *Pauline*, by Imp. Belshazzar.
 Paulina is now in foal to Imp. Leviathan.
 JOHN E. BREATHITT.
Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 30, 1840.

Blood Stock of CHAS. N. MERIWETHER and JAS. McCURE, Esqrs., of Clarksville, Tenn.

No. 1. *FRAXINELLA*, ch. m., about 15½ hands high, foaled in 1822; was got by Virginian, dam by Imp. Diomed—Symme's Wildair—Mark Anthony—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Shark—Imp. Sober John—Imp. Primrose, who was got by the Wyville Belgrade Turk—Lord D'Arcy's Woodcock—Barb horse, out of a Barb mare. Vide Eng. Racing Calendar for 1746.

Her Produce.

1834. March. *Virginia Overton*, by Imp. Leviathan—[sold for \$2700.]
 1835. April. *Gladiator*, by Cock of the Rock—[died a yearling].
 1836. April. *Montgomery*, by Imp. Luzborough.
 1837. May. *Young Fraxinella*, by Imp. Autocrat.
 1838. May. *Miss Wilkins*, by Imp. Autocrat.
 1839. June. *Hickman*, by Imp. Autocrat.
 1840. May 1. *Robinson*, by Eclipse.
 Young Fraxinella won a Sweepstakes this Spring over the Woodlawn Course, six subs. at \$200 each—two paid forfeit.
 Old Fraxinella is now in foal to Terror, own brother to Shark and Black Maria.
 JAS. McCURE.
 CHAS. N. MERIWETHER.
Clarksville, Tenn., Nov. 6, 1840.

Addition to the Stock of JOHN A. JONES, Esq., of Milledgeville, Ga.

- No. 1. *Bay Colt*, foaled 3d of April, 1840, by Upton, out of Sally Hughes.
 No. 2. *Bay Filly*, foaled 21st May, 1840, by Upton, out of Carolina.

JOHN A. JONES.

Milledgeville, Nov., 1840.

Pedigree of LAUNCELOT (English).—Bred by Marquis of Westminster, got by Camel, out of Banter by Master Henry—Boadicea by Alexander—Brunette by Amaranthus—Mayfly by Matchem, etc. [See Am. T. R., p. 604.]

THE LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON RAILWAY STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with £50 added; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 10lb.—5, 9st. 2lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 5lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Winners once in the present year to carry 2lb extra. The winner to be sold for £150 if demanded, &c. Heats, once round and a distance. Seventeen subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Mulatto or Starch, out of Young Petuaria by Rainbow, 3 yrs.....	Natt.	1	1
Mr. Moss's bl. c. Ascanius, by Priam, 4 yrs.....		-	2
Mr. Turner's ch. g. Sir Felix, by Blacklock or Langar, aged.....		-	-
Mr. Whittington's br. c. Falklandicus, by Falcon, 4 yrs.....		-	-
Mr. W. M. Stanley's ch. h. Willesden, by Velocipede, 6 yrs.....		-	-
Mr. Shepherd's b. f. Tenebrosa, by The Saddler, 3 yrs.....		-	-
Mr. Tooke's b. c. Ishmaelite, by Ishmael, out of Medea, 3 yrs.....		-	-
Mr. Parr's ch. h. Malton, by Humphrey Clinker, 5 yrs.....		-	-
Mr. Daniel's b. g. The Unknown, by Emilius, aged.....		-	-
Mr. Land's br. m. Lady Essex, 6 yrs.....		-	-
Mr. Langridge's Crichton, by Shakspeare, out of Birthday by Blucher, 5 yrs.....		-	-
Mr. Edmunds' Shrewton Lass (late Jessy), by The Colonel, 5 yrs.....		-	-
Mr. Owsley's b. h. Capulet, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs.....		2	dr
Mr. Douglas's ch. f. Lady Bounce, by Count Porro, 3 yrs.....			dist.
Capt. Ridge's b. c. by Ganthorpe, 3 yrs.....			dist.

Three to 1 agst. Tenebrosa, 5 to 1 agst. Malton, 5 to 1 agst. Willesden, and 6 to 1 agst. the winner. After the first heat, even on the winner, and 7 to 2 agst. Tenebrosa.

The winner was claimed.

THE STRAWBERRY HILL STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses that never won a Plate or Stakes of the value of £50; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5 and upwards, 8st. 12lb. Heats, one mile and a quarter. Ten subs.

Mr. Hedden's <i>Appleton Lass</i> , by St. Nicholas, out of Van by Ivanhoe, 3 yrs....	Francis.	1	-	1
Mr. Scott's br. c. by Bustard, out of Venus, 3 yrs.....		-	1	2
Mr. Whittington's b. m. Falklandica, by Falcon, 6 yrs.....		-	2	-
Mr. Falcorer's Sister to Professor, by Wiseacre, 4 yrs.....		2	-	-
Mr. Greville's b. c. Lyster, by Rowton, 3 yrs.....		-	-	-
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. by Sultan, out of Lyne, 3 yrs.....		-	-	-
Mr. T. Hussey's Red Rose, by Rubini, 3 yrs.....		3	-	dr
Mr. Moss's b. f. Fanatic, 3 yrs.....		-	-	dr
Mr. Owsley's ch. m. Victoria, by Ranvilles, half-bred, aged.....		-	-	dr

Two to 1 agst. Lyster, 5 to 2 agst. Appleton Lass, and 4 to 1 agst. Red Rose. After the first heat, 5 to 2 agst. Appleton Lass, and 6 to 1 agst. the Bustard colt. After the second heat, 5 to 4 on Appleton Lass, and 3 to 1 agst. the Bustard colt.

THURSDAY, June 6—HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.—4, 9st. 1lb.—5, 9st. 11lb.—6 and aged, 10st. 2lb. The winner to be sold for £500 if demanded, &c. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Rory O'More</i> , by Langar, dam by Whisker, 3 yrs.....	Natt.	1	1
Sir G. Heathcote's br. f. Larnaca, by Chateau Margaux, 4 yrs.....		-	2
Mr. Dockeray's b. c. Guardsman, by Waterloo, 4 yrs.....		-	-
Mr. Balchin's b. g. Munchausen, by Merchant, 4 yrs.....		-	-
Mr. Land's Lottery, aged.....		-	-
Mr. White's Baronet, by The Earl, out of Fair Helen, 4 yrs.....		-	-
Capt. Ridge's gr. h., 5 yrs.....		-	-
Mr. V. King's Ruby, by Reveller, 3 yrs.....		2	dr

Six to 4 on Rory O'More, 4 to 1 agst. Ruby, and 6 to 1 agst. Guardsman. After the first heat, 2 to 1 on Rory O'More, and 7 to 1 agst. Larnaca.

THE PALACE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred; 11st. 7lb. each. Gentlemen riders, those in cocked hats allowed 7lb. The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, once round. Thirteen subs.

Mr. Webber's b. g. <i>Harold</i> , by Master Henry, aged.....	Capt. Becher.	-	1	1
Mr. Theobald's b. m. Pauline, aged.....		1	-	2
Mr. Barker's br. m. Betsey, aged.....		-	2	-
Mr. Nightingale's b. m. Ada, aged.....		-	-	-
Mr. Owsley's ch. m. Victoria, by Ranvilles, aged.....		2	-	dr
Mr. Goodman's Weathercock.....		-	-	dr
Mr. Matthews' ch. m. Countess, by Sailor, 6 yrs.....		-	-	dr
Mr. Coleman's b. m. Victoria.....		-	-	dr
Mr. J. Mason's Fitkins, aged.....		-	-	dr
Mr. Robertson's b. m. Why-not, aged.....		-	-	dr

Six to 4 agst. Harold, and 2 to 1 agst. Pauline. After the 2d heat, 6 to 4 agst. Pauline, and 4 to 1 agst. Harold. After the second heat, 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Harold.

THE HURST PLATE of £50, in specie, given by the Proprietors of the Course; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 7lb.—5, 9st. 1lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Falconer's b. f. <i>Slender</i> , by Longwaist, dam by Soothsayer, out of Miss Eliza Teazle, 4 yrs.....	Wakefield.	-	1	1
Mr. Bond's ch. m. Voluptuary, by Reveller, 5 yrs.....		1	-	-
Mr. Munro's b. g. Bravo, by Flexible, aged.....		3	2	2
Mr. Owsley's b. h. Capulet, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs.....		-	3	-
Mr. Turner's gr. g. Jim Crow, 5 yrs.....		2	-	-
Mr. Wickham's b. c. Primus, by Scipio, 4 yrs.....		-	-	dr
Mr. Balchin's b. f. Lady Agnes, by Cain, 4 yrs.....		-	-	dr
Mr. Moss's Ascanius, by Priam, 4 yrs.....		-	-	dr

Mr. Coleman's Chemist, by Zinganee, 4 yrs.....	-	dr
Mr. May's b. m. Candia, by Sultan, 5 yrs.....	-	dr
Mr. Tooke's Ishmaelite, by Ismael, 3 yrs.....	-	dr
Mr. Hussey's Red Rose, by Rubini, out of Sweetbriar, 3 yrs.....	-	dr

Four to 1 agst. Jim Crow, 5 to 1 agst. Chemist, 7 to 1 agst. Voluptuary, and 7 to 1 agst. Slender. After the first heat, 6 to 4 agst. Voluptuary, 6 to 1 agst. Slender, and 6 to 1 agst. Jim Crow. After the second heat, 5 to 2 on Slender.

FRIDAY, June 7—THE CONSOLATION CUP STAKES (Handicap) of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added, for the beaten horses. Once round and a distance. Seven subs.

Mr. Coleman's ch. c. <i>Chemist</i> , by Zinganee, out of Oxygen by Emilius, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb.....	Coleman.	1	2	1
Mr. Balchin's Munchausen, by Merchant, 4 yrs. 7st.....		2	1	2
Mr. Falconer's Sister to Professor, by Wiseacre, 4 yrs. 8st.....		-	-	3
Mr. Scott's br. c. by Bustard, 3 yrs. 7st.....		-	-	dr
Mr. Langridge's Shrewton Lass (late Jessy), by The Colonel, 5 yrs. 8st. 5lb.....		-	-	dist.

THE FERRY STAKES of 8 sovs. each, with 25 added; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 7lb.—5, 9st. 1 lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 5lb. The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c. Once round. Four subs.

Mr. Coleman's ch. c. <i>Chemist</i> , by Zinganee, out of Oxygen by Emilius, 4 yrs.....	W. Coleman.	1
Mr. Parr's ch. c. Malton, by Humphrey Clinker, 4 yrs.....		2
Mr. Drew's b. m. Victoire, 6 yrs.....		3

HURDLE RACE, with a Purse added; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Robertson's <i>Cigar</i> , 11st. 7lb.....	Marton.	1	1
Beating Mr. Lord's Lottery, 12st., and Mr. Box's Peasdorf, 11st. 7lb.			

MATCH for 100 sovs., h. ft., 12st. each, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Box's Peasdorf.....	Owner.	1
Mr. Lord's Lottery.....		2

NEWTON.

WEDNESDAY, June 5—THE TRIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 7lb.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 2lb. One mile and a quarter. Seven subs.

Lord Eglington's b. g. <i>The Potentate</i> , by Langar, out of Giovanni's dam by Don Juan, aged.....	Lye.	1
Mr. Ogden's br. c. Harpurhey, by Voltaire, 4 yrs.....		2
Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta, 3 yrs.....		3
Mr. Buckley's ch. c. Tom, by Muley, 4 yrs.....		4
Lord Stanley's br. f. Velocity, by Velocipede, 3 yrs.....		5
Six to 4 agst. The Potentate.		

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 20 added, for 3 yr. old fillies, 8st. 3lb. One mile and a quarter. Seven subs.

Lord Stanley's ch. f. <i>Imogene</i> , by Langar, dam by Whisker.....	Lye.	1
Mr. Smith's br. f. Margaret, by Margrave, out of Sister to Memnon.....		2
Gen. Sharpe's ch. f. Vacillation, by Emilius, out of Variation.....		3
Six to 4 on Imogene.		

A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., the gift of the Lord of the Manor, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. The winner of a Cup at Chester or Manchester this year to carry 4lb. extra. Two miles and a distance. Thirty-five subs., six of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Lord Westminster's br. h. <i>Cardinal Puff</i> , by Pantaloon, out of Puff by Waterloo, 5 yrs. 9st. 2lb.—4lb. extra.....	Darling.	1
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. Zillah, by Reveller, out of Morisca, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.....		2
Mr. Ogden's b. c. St. Leonard, by St. Nicholas, 4 yrs. 7st.....		3

The following were not placed:

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, by Voltaire, 5 yrs. 8st. 9lb.	Mr. Ramsay's b. f. Fairy Queen, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.
Capt. Houstoun's ch. h. Silenus, by Reveller, aged, 8st. 2lb.	Mr. Painter's ch. f. Angela, by Emancipation, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lb.
Mr. Fowler's ch. c. Gilbert Gurney, by Muley, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb.	

Eleven to 5 agst. Cardinal Puff, 3 to 1 agst. Zillah, 4 to 1 agst. Cowboy, and 7 to 1 agst. Gilbert Gurney.

A PLATE of 60 gs., for horses that never won £50; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5 and upwards, 8st. 10lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Two mile heats.

Mr. John Scott's b. c. by Langar, out of Trinket, 3 yrs.....	G. Whitehouse.	6	1	1
Mr. Worthington's ch. f. by Recovery, dam by Bustard, 3 yrs.....		1	3	2
Gen. Sharpe's ch. f. Vacillation, by Emilius, out of Variation, 3 yrs.....		5	5	3
Sir W. Scott's b. c. by Beagle, out of Pastora, 4 yrs.....		4	2	dr
Mr. Tempest's br. c. John Doe, by Pantaloon, 4 yrs.....		2	6	dr
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Papineau, by Emancipation, 3 yrs.....		3	4	dr
Mr. Thompson's b. g. Fitz, by Fitzdictor, 3 yrs.....				dist.

THURSDAY, June 6—THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. One mile and three quarters. Seven subs.

Lord Eglington's br. c. <i>Malvalio</i> , by Liverpool, out of Comedy by Comus.....	Lye.	1
Lord Westminster's ch. c. The Recorder, by Langar.....		2
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Apothecary, by Physician, out of Dairymaid.....		3

The following were not placed:

Lord Stanley's br. f. Velocity, by Velocipede, | Lord Stanley's ch. f. Imogene, by Langar, dam
out of Harriet. | by Whisker.

Five to 4 agst. Apothecary, 3 to 1 agst. Imogene, and 4 to 1 agst. Malvolio.

THE GOLBORNE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 1lb. The Golborne Course. Eleven subs.

Mr. Fowler's b. f. *Lalla Rookh*, by Defence, out of Leila by Waterloo..... Darling. 1
Mr. Meiklam's bl. c. by The Mole, out of Marianne by Malek..... 2
Sir T. Stanley's b. f. by Battledore, dam by Catton, out of Melrose..... 3

The following were not placed:

Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Tuly, by The Tulip, out of Zara by Camel. | Mr. King's b. c. The Alderman, by Abbas Mirza,
Mr. J. Whitworth's br. f. by Liverpool, out of Jubilee. | out of Honeymoon.
Lord Stanley's ch. f. by Velocipede, out of Roseleaf.
Mr. T. Walters' ch. f. The Rose. |

Five to 4 on Lalla Rookh.

THE BOROUGH CUP, value 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 3lb.—4. 8st. 2lb.—5. 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. The winner of a Cup or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs., or of one Stake to that amount in 1839, before starting, to carry 4lb. extra, and maiden 4 yr. olds and upwards at starting to be allowed 5lb. One mile and a half. Twelve subs.

Mr. Denham's b. c. *Compensation*, by Emancipation, dam by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb..... G. Whitehouse. 1
Mr. Ramsay's bl. h. The Doctor, by Dr. Syntax, 5 yrs. 9st..... 2
Lord Westminster's br. h. Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon, 5 yrs. 9st..... 3

Even on Cardinal Puff, 2 to 1 agst. The Doctor, and 4 to 1 agst. Compensation.

A PLATE of 60 gs.; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 8lb.—4, 8st. 5lb. Fillies and geldings allowed 3lb. A winner of a Plate this year before starting to carry 3lb.; of two Plates, a Gold Cup, or Her Majesty's Plate, 5lb. extra. Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Ogden's b. c. *St. Leonard*, by St. Nicholas, out of Ione by Peirse, 4 yrs..... Bond. 1 3 1
Mr. J. Scott's b. c. by Langar, out of Trinket, 3 yrs..... 5 1 2
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Northenden, by Battledore, 4 yrs..... 4 2 3
Mr. Buckley's ch. c. Tom, by Muley, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
Mr. Jones's ch. c. Sam Slick, by Cain, 3 yrs..... 3 dr

FRIDAY, June 7—THE SHRIGLEY CUP, value 100 sovs., given by William Turner, Esq., M.P., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. The winner of the Manchester Cup, the Lord of the Manor's Cup, or the Borough Cup, to carry 3lb. extra. The owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the Stakes. One mile and a half. Thirty-three subs., nine of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Holker's ch. m. *Maid of Monton*, by Recovery, out of Cinderella by Walton, 5 yrs. 8st..... Templeman. 1
Mr. Denham's b. c. *Compensation*, by Emancipation, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb. |..... 2
Lord Miltown's ch. c. Lepreuchaun, by Skylark or Zealot, 3 yrs. 5st. 7lb..... 3

The following were not placed:

Lord Westminster's ch. c. Sir Ralph, by Pantaloon, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb. | Lord Eglinton's b. f. Bellona, by Beagle, 4 yrs.
Mr. J. Bradley's b. h. Exorable, by Memnon, | 7st. 5lb.
6 yrs. 7st. 7lb. | Mr. Ogden's br. c. Harpurhey, by Voltaire, 4
Mr. F. R. Price's br. g. Captain Pops, by Priam, | yrs. 7st.
4 yrs. 7st. 5lb. | Lord Miltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, by Sir Hercules, 6st.

Five to 4 agst. Compensation, 7 to 2 agst. Bellona, 6 to 1 agst. Captain Pops, 7 to 1 agst. Sir Ralph, and 10 to 1 agst. Maid of Monton.

THE ST. HELEN'S PURSE of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, h. ft.; 2 yr. olds, 6st. 7lb.—3, 8st. 10lb. Fillies allowed 3lb. The winner of the Golborne or St. Leger on Thursday to carry 4lb. extra. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. Golborne Course. Ten subs.

Mr. Meiklam's bl. c. by The Mole, out of Marianne by Malek, 2 yrs..... Cotton. 1
Lord Stanley's br. c. Charlatan, by Physician, 3 yrs..... 2
Mr. Buckley's ch. f. Lillie, by Muley, 3 yrs..... 3

The following were not placed:

Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, by Liverpool, | Lord Westminster's ch. c. The Recorder, by
3 yrs. (3lb. extra.) | Langar, out of Laura, 3 yrs.
Mr. Fowler's b. g. Lepidus, by Emilius, 3 yrs. | Mr. Smith's br. f. Margaret, by Margrave, 3 yrs.

Even on Malvolio, 4 to 1 agst. The Recorder, 4 to 1 agst. Margaret, and 6 to 1 agst. the winner.

THE WARRINGTON PURSE of 50 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each. One mile and a distance. Ten subs.

Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta by Amadis, 3 yrs. 6st. 3lb..... Clarke. 1
Mr. Holker's ch. m. Maid of Monton, by Recovery, 5 yrs. 7st. 12lb..... 2
Lord Miltown's ch. c. Lepreuchaun, by Skylark or Zealot, 3 yrs. 5st. 7lb..... 3

The following were not placed:

Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. Zillah, by Reveller, | Mr. Fowler's ch. c. Gilbert Gurney, by Mu-
out of Morisca, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. | ley, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb.
Mr. Jones's ch. c. Sam Slick, by Cain, 3 y. 6st. |

Even on Maid of Monton, 3 to 1 agst. Zillah, and 4 to 1 agst. Gilbert Gurney.

A PLATE of 60 gs. ; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 7lb.—4, 8st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner of a Plate this year before starting to carry 3lb ; of two Plates, a Gold Cup, or Her Majesty's Plate, 5lb extra. Two mile heats.

Lord Eglington's b. g. <i>The Potentate</i> , by Langar, out of Giovanni's dam by Don Juan, aged, 9st. 2lb.....	Lye.	1	1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Catherina</i> , by Whisker, aged, 8st. 11lb.....		3	2
Mr. Dixon's b. h. <i>Anvil</i> , by Gaberlunzie, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb.....		2	3

CURRAGH JUNE MEETING.

MONDAY, June 10—THE KIRWAN STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. The second horse to save his stake. Post on the Flat. Fourteen subs.

Mr. G. Graydon's b. c. <i>Roscius</i> , by Turcoman, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.....	1
Mr. White's c. by Picton, out of Eel, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb.....	2
Mr. Fortescue's c. by Damian, 4 yrs. 7st. 11 lb.....	3

The following were not placed :

Mr. Knox's ch. c. <i>George</i> , by Roller, 4 yrs. 9st.	Lord Miltown's b. f. <i>Medea</i> , by Drone, out of Pasta, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb.
Mr. Watt's br. c. M.P., by Blacklock, 4 yrs. 8st. 11lb.	Mr. Hutchins' ch. c. by Vestris, out of Polygar mare, 3 yrs. 7st.
Col. Westenra's b. c. <i>Wirrestrew</i> , by Drone, out of Vat, 3 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added. Heats, one mile and a quarter on the Peel Course. Eleven subs.

Mr. Graydon's ch. c. <i>Clinker</i> , by Turcoman, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb.....	2	1	1
Mr. Barry's gr. h. <i>Arthur</i> , 6 yrs. 9st. 11 lb.....	-	-	2
Col. Westenra's b. f. <i>Blush</i> , by Young Blacklock, out of Kiss, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.....	1	2	3
Capt. Thomas's Changeling, aged, 8st. 11 lb.....	-	-	-
Mr. O'Reilly's br. c. <i>Croughpatrick</i> , by Dunkellin, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb.....	-	-	-
Mr. Fitzpatrick's b. m. <i>Waitstill</i> , by Marston, aged, 9st.....	-	-	dist.
Mr. St. George's ch. h. <i>Barebones</i> , by Recordon, aged, 8st. 7lb.....			dist.

TUESDAY, June 11—HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs. ; 3 yr. olds 9st. 2lb.—4, 11st.—5, 11st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 12st. Mares and geldings allowed 5lb. Four miles.

Mr. St. George's b. f. <i>Cadot</i> (late Heather-bell,) by Blacklock, 3 yrs.....	1
Mr. Montgomery's br. c. <i>Salute</i> , Brother to The Colonel, 4 yrs.....	2

The following were not placed :

Mr. Hutchins' ch. c. by Vestris, 3 yrs.	Mr. Watt's b. c. <i>Claret</i> , by Alcaston, 3 yrs.
Mr. O'Reilly's ch. c. Dr. O'Toole, 4 yrs.	Major Hay's br. c. M.P., by Blacklock, 4 yrs.

THE HALVERSTOWN STAKES of 25 sovs., 15 ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.—The winner of this race not to be considered as carrying additional weight for any other race. Anglesea Post. Six subs.

Col. Westenra's ch. f. <i>Crimson</i> , by Drone, out of Kiss by Waxy Pope.....	1
Mr. Maher's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Napoleon's dam.....	2
Mr. Watts' b. f. by Skylark, out of Zillah.....	3
Mr. Pottinger's ch. c. by Zealot, out of Zoe.....	4

WEDNESDAY, June 12—THE RENEWAL OF THE O'DARBY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added, for 3 yr. olds, colts, 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. One mile and a half. Four subs.

Mr. Watt's br. c. <i>Clone</i> , by Philip or Alcaston.....	1
Col. Westenra's b. c. <i>Marauder</i>	2

CHALLENGE OF THE KIRWAN STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 5 ft. Post on the Flat.

Mr. G. Graydon's b. c. <i>Roscius</i> , 3 yrs. 7st. 8lb.....	1
Mr. Knox's ch. c. <i>George</i> , by Roller, 4 yrs. 9st.....	2

THURSDAY, June 13—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 25 added. The second horse to save his Stake. Conolly's Mile.

Mr. Fortescue's c. by Damian, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb.....	1
Mr. Digby's b. c. <i>Reichstadt</i> , by Napoleon, 5 yrs. 8st. 4lb.....	2
Col. Westenra's b. f. <i>Blush</i> , by Young Blacklock, 4 yrs. 8st. 11 lb.....	3

The following were not placed :

Mr. Holmes' ch. h. by Napoleon, 5 yrs. 9st. 6lb.	Mr. Nowlan's c. by Skylark, 4 yrs. 7st. 11 lb.
Mr. Watt's b. c. <i>Claret</i> , by Alcaston, out of Duchess, 3 yrs. 7st. 11 lb.	Mr. L. Duffy's b. c. <i>Tom-tit</i> , 3 yrs. 7st. 11 lb.

FRIDAY, June 14—HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs., for horses, &c. ; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 7lb.—4, 8st. 3lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st. ; mares and geldings allowed 5lb. Three miles.

Mr. St. George's b. c. <i>Roscius</i> , 3 yrs.....	1
Mr. L. White's c. by Picton, out of Eel, 4 yrs.....	2
Mr. Montgomery's br. c. <i>Salute</i> , brother to The Colonel, 4 yrs.....	3

The following were not placed :

Mr. Fitzpatrick's b. m. <i>Waitstill</i> , aged.	Mr. Murphy's ch. c. by Napoleon, 3 yrs.
Mr. Watt's ch. c. <i>Bryan</i> , 3 yrs.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added. Conolly's Mile.

Mr. Maher's c. by Damian, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.....	1
Mr. Digby's b. h. <i>Reichstadt</i> , by Napoleon, 5 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....	2
Lord Howth's b. c. <i>The Cob</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.....	3
Col. Westenra's b. c. <i>Wirrestrew</i> , by Drone, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb.....	4

B A T H .

WEDNESDAY, June 12—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. Untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb.; both, 5lb. One mile. Twenty-three subs.

Fulwar Craven's b. f. <i>Deception</i> , by Defence—Lady Stumps by Tramp, 8st. 4lb.....	Trenn.	1
Mr. Wreford's b. c. <i>Westonian</i> , by Camel, 8st. 7lb.....		2
Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. <i>Science</i> , by Defence, out of Maldonia, 8st. 1lb.....		3

Mr. Day claimed the Stakes on the ground that *Deception* and *Westonian* went on the wrong side of a post; and Mr. Wreford also objected to the pedigree of *Deception*, but has since withdrawn it.

THE SOMERSETSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 50 added. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake, and the winner to pay 20 sovs. to the Judge. Two miles and a distance Forty-eight subs., thirty-six of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Isaac Day's br. h. <i>Caravan</i> , by Camel—Wings by The Flyer, 5 yrs. 9st. 1lb....	A. Pavis.	1
Mr. W. Trenn's ch. h. <i>Barnacles</i> , by Cain, 6 yrs. 8st.....		2

The following were not placed:

Capt. Williamson's br. h. <i>Mervan</i> , by Shakspeare, 5 yrs. 7st. 11 lb.	Mr. Kent's Hazard, by Lapwing, out of Zoe, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb.
Mr. Sadler's b. c. <i>Dart</i> , by Defence, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.	Mr. Bagnall's b. f. <i>Lauretta</i> , by Dr. Faustus, 4 yrs. 6st. 2lb.
Capt. Lamb's br. h. <i>Gardham</i> , by Falcon, 5 yrs. 7st.	

Six to 4 on *Caravan*.

MATCH for 50 sovs., two miles and a distance.

Mr. John Haddy's b. g. <i>Woodman</i> , by Astbury, aged, 7st. 7lb.....	Connelly.	1
Mr. Adam's b. m. <i>Mantua</i> , by Cardinal Puff, 8st. 7lb.....		2

THE KELSTON PARK STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 20 added, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 4lb. A winner once to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb. extra. The produce of untried horses and mares allowed 4lb. The straight half-mile. Six subs.

Mr. Etwall's b. c. <i>Hill Coolie</i> , by Mulatto, dam by Figaro, 8st. 3lb.....	J. Day.	1
Mr. Harris's b. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Jack Tar, out of Kittums, 8st. 3lb.....		2

FOAL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. Those by stallions or out of mares that never bred a winner allowed 3lb.; if both, 6lb. The straight half-mile. Foursubs.

Mr. Sadler's ch. c. *Petulant*, by Defence, out of Pet by Gainsborough, 8st. 1lb... walked over.

THURSDAY, June 13—THE ORIGINAL FIVE SOVEREIGNS STAKES, with 50 added, for horses that never won £100 at any one time before the day of naming: 3 yr. olds, 7st. 7lb.—4, 8st. 7lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner of £100 at any one time previous to the day of starting to carry 5lb. extra. Two miles and a distance. Eight subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. c. <i>Dart</i> , by Defence, out of Cinderella by Gaberlunzie, 3 yrs.....	Mann.	1
Fulwar Craven's <i>Doucaster</i> , by Bustard, 5 yrs.....		*

* Broke down.

A PLATE of £50, given by the Members for the County. Heats, one mile and a half.

Capt. Lamb's b. h. <i>Gardham</i> , by Falcon—Muta by Tramp, 5 yrs. 8st. 5lb ..	Whitehouse.	1	1
Mr. John Haddy's b. g. <i>Woodman</i> , by Astbury, aged, half-bred, 8st. 2lb.....		4	2
Fulwar Craven's <i>I-wish-you-may-get-it</i> , by Defence, 4 yrs. 9st. 4lb.....		2	3
Mr. Bagnall's <i>Lauretta</i> , 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.....		3	4

A PLATE of 50 sovs., given by the Members for the City, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; 3 yr. olds 7st. 7lb., and 4, 8st. 10lb. Mile heats. Three subs.

Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. <i>Science</i> , by Defence, out of Maldonia by Fungus, 3 yrs...	Pavis.	2	1	1
Mr. W. Tucker's <i>Lucretia</i> , by Doctor Faustus, out of Victoria's dam, 4 yrs.....		1	2	2

A HURDLE RACE SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with — added; 11st. each. Thorough-bred horses to carry 7lb. extra. A winner of a Hurdle Race to carry 7lb. extra. Heats, one mile and a half and a distance, with three leaps in each heat.

Mr. John Haddy's b. g. <i>Woodman</i> , by Astbury, aged.....	Mr. Powell.	1	1
Mr. John Newcombe's <i>Cannon-ball</i>		2	dr
Mr. Adam's <i>Jester</i> , aged.....		3	dr

KNIGHTON.

TUESDAY, June 18—THE BOROUGH STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by R. Price, Esq., M.P. for the Borough, for horses that never won. Heats, once round and the long length. Four subs.

Mr. J. J. Bristow's b. c. <i>Whirlwind</i> , by Cardinal Puff—Mary by Friday, 4 yrs. 8st. Cheswas.	1	1
Sir C. Cockerell's ch. g. <i>Refugee</i> , by Exile—Rachael Ruysch, 6 yrs. 6st. 9lb. (carried 7st.)	2	2
Mr. Gough's b. m. <i>Needle</i> , aged, 8st. 11 lb.....	3	3

THE STANAGE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added. Heats, once round and the long length. Five subs.

Mr. Heape's gr. m. <i>Eaglet</i> , by Falcon, out of Justitia by Cervantes, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb. Pierce.	1	1
Mr. Walmsley's b. g. <i>Catamaran</i> , by Strephon, aged, 9st. 4lb.....	-	2
Mr. B. Davies' b. m. <i>Merry Lass</i> , by Dr. Faustus, out of Minna, 5 yrs. 8st. 11lb.....	2	3
Mr. J. Davies' ch. m. <i>Latona</i> , by Wamba, aged, 9st. 4lb.....	-	-

THE WHIP STAKES did not fill.

WEDNESDAY, June 19—THE TALLY-HO STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses that have been regularly hunted during the last season. To be ridden by Gentlemen or Farmers. Heats, once round and the long length, over five hurdles in each heat. Five subs.

Mr. T. Brewer's ch. g. <i>Talisman</i> , aged, 12st.	Mr. Morgan.	2	1	1
Mr. Vever's b. g. by Maresfield, 12st.		1	2	2
Mr. Lowe's bl. g. St. John, 6 yrs. 12st., half-bred.				dist.

A FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added. Two mile heats.

Mr. Gough's bl. g. <i>Pilot</i> , by Cripple, (half-bred), aged, 8st. 8lb.	Pigeon.	1	1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Catherina</i> , by Whisker, aged, 10st.		2	2
Mr. Box's b. m. Peasdorf, 6 yrs. 8st. 6lb.		3	3

THE RADNORSHIRE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by Walter Wilkins, Esq., M.P., if not walked over for. Heats, once round and a distance. Four subs.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. *Catherina*, by Whisker, out of Alecto by Filho da Puta, aged. walked over.

THE TOWN SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 15 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for horses that never won 25 sovs. at any one time. The last horse to pay the second horse's stake. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. J. J. Bristow's b. c. <i>Whirlwind</i> , by Cardinal Puff, out of Mary by Friday, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	Cheswas	1	1
Mr. Smythie's ch. g. by Eastgrove, dam by Cælebs, 4 yrs. 8st., half-bred.		—	2
Mr. Lowe's bl. g. Sir John, 6 yrs. 9st., half-bred.		2	—
Mr. Gough's b. m. Needle, aged, 9st. 7lb.		—	—
Mr. Shepherd's bl. g. Fifer, aged, 9st.		—	—
Mr. Tranter's b. g. by King of Diamonds, 6 yrs. 9st., half-bred.		—	—
Mr. Polter's b. f. by Wamba, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb., half-bred.			fell.

HIPPODROME.

MONDAY, June 17—THE WATERLOO PLATE of 100 sovs., free for any horse. The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats.

Mr. V. King's br. h. <i>Ruby</i> , by Reveiler, out of Turquoise by Selim, 5 yrs. 9st. 5lb.	Sly.	1	2	1
Mr. W. Scott's b. f. Fame, by Margrave, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.		2	1	2
Mr. Munro's b. g. Bravo, by Flexible, 6 yrs. 9st. 1lb.		3	3	3
Mr. Dockeray's b. h. Matadore, by Picton, aged, 9st. 2lb.		—	—	dr
Mr. Turner's ch. g. Sir Felix, by Blacklock or Langar, aged, 8st. 13lb.		—	—	dr
Mr. Owsley's b. h. Capulet, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs. 8st. 11 lb.		—	—	dr
Mr. Faulconer's b. f. Slender, by Longwaist, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb.		—	—	dr

THE OLYMPIC STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Proprietors of the Hippodrome. Two mile heats, over the Steeple-chase Course. Nine subs.

Mr. Armstrong's br. g. <i>Colverstown</i> , by Philip the First, 6 yrs. 11st. 7lb.	J. Mason.	3	1	1
Mr. Power's b. g. Irishman, 10st. 11 lb.		4	2	2
Mr. Whittington's b. m. Catherine, aged, 11st.		2	—	3
Mr. Goodman's ch. g. Weathercock, aged, 11st. 5lb. (fell).		1	—	dist.
Mr. Wood's ch. g. Brother to Jerry, 6 yrs. 11st.		5	—	dr
Mr. Thomas's b. g. Napoleon, by Napoleon, aged, 10st. 7lb.		6	—	dr
Lord Miltown's gr. h. Argirio, by Roller or Drone, aged, 11st.			—	dist.

THE NOTTING BARN STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 15 added by William St. Quentin, Esq., for all ages. The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c. Mile heats. Six subs.

Mr. Hebdens's ch. f. <i>Appleton Lass</i> , by St. Nicholas, out of Van by Ivanhoe, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.	Natt.	1	2
Mr. White's b. f. Susan, by Alpheus (Son of Sultan), out of Leopoldine, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.		—	3
Mr. Owsley's ch. m. Victoria, by Ranvilles, aged, 8st. 7lb.		3	3
Mr. Balchin's b. f. Lady Agnes, by Cain, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.		5	4
Mr. Turner's gr. g. Jim Crow, by Gustavus, 5 yrs. 9st.		4	5

The winner was claimed.

WEDNESDAY, June 19—THE HIPPODROME FREE HANDICAP of 100 sovs. Two miles.

Lord Miltown's gr. h. <i>Argirio</i> , by Roller or Drone, aged, 7st. 10lb.	S. Mann.	1
Mr. J. Garrard's b. h. Cornborough, by Tramp, 5 yrs. 8st. 5lb.		2
Mr. Turner's gr. g. Jim Crow, by Gustavus, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb.		3

The following were not placed:

Mr. Munro's b. g. Bravo, by Flexible, 6 yrs. 8st. 13lb.	Mr. Turner's ch. g. Sir Felix, by Blacklock or Langar, aged, 8st.
Mr. Dockeray's Guardsman, by Waterloo, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	Mr. White's b. f. Susan, by Alpheus, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.
Mr. Lucas's b. m. Talebearer, by Incubus, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	Mr. Taylor's b. g. Random, 6 yrs. 7st. 12lb.

THE BUTTERFLY STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Proprietors of the Hippodrome, and 10 by the winner of the Waterloo Plate. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Mile heats. Ten subs.

Mr. Turner's b. f. <i>Maid-of-the-Mill</i> , by Partisan, out of Coquette by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.	Mr. Simmonds.	1	1
Mr. Lucas's b. m. Talebearer, by Incubus, 5 yrs. 8st. 8lb.		—	2
Mr. Dockeray's b. c. Lyster, by Rowton, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.		—	3
Mr. V. King's br. c. Harmodius, 3 yrs. 7st. 1lb.		2	—
Mr. Owsley's ch. m. Victoria, by Ranvilles, aged, 8st. 7lb.		—	—
Mr. Bacon's b. f. Maid of Kent, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb.		—	—
Mr. Scott's br. g. Prince Nicholas, by Sir Hercules, out of Butterfly's dam, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb.		—	—
Mr. Smith's gr. c. Baronet, by The Earl, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.		—	—
Mr. Balchin's b. f. Lady Agnes, by Cain, 4 yrs. 8st.		3	dr
Mr. Faulconer's gr. f. Sister to Professor, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.		4	dr

THE OLYMPIC STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added. Two mile heats over the Steeple-chase Course.

Mr. Power's b. g. <i>Irishman</i> , 11st. 9lb.....	Murray.	2	1	1
Mr. Mason's b. g. <i>Filkins</i> , 12st.....		1	dist.	
Mr. Roper's b. m. <i>Bustle</i> , 12st.....			dist.	

BIBURY CLUB.

WEDNESDAY, June 19—A PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds.—Last mile. Fourteen subs.

Mr. Bygg's b. c. <i>Arrian</i> , by Actæon, out of Whisk by Whisker, 8st. 4lb.....	J. Day, Jun.	1
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. <i>Chilson</i> , by Fungus, out of Ruby, 8st. 4lb.....		2
Mr. Fox's b. c. <i>Taunton</i> , by Lambtonian, out of Deposit, 8st. 7lb.....		3

Even betting on Arrian, and 6 to 4 agst. Taunton.

A HANDICAP PLATE of £50, ent. 2 sovs. each, to go to the second horse. One mile.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. <i>Vale of Belvoir</i> , by Langar, out of Lady Emmeline by Young Phantom, 3 yrs. 10st.....	Col. Bouverie.	1
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The following were not placed:

Sir E. Baker's b. c. <i>Montezuma</i> , by Merchant, 3 yrs. 10st. 5lb.....	Mr. Hervey's gr. c. <i>Master Eady</i> , 4 yrs. 9st. 12lb.
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Five to 2 on Montezuma.

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., with 50 added by the Club, for 2 yr. olds colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. The winner to give three dozen of Champagne to the Club. T.Y.C. Six subs.

Mr. Etwall's b. c. <i>Hill Coolie</i> , by Mulatto.....	J. Day, jun.	1
Mr. Bygg's ch. c. <i>Thessalus</i> , by Sir Hercules, out of Miss Badsley.....		2
Mr. W. Ley's ch. f. by Glencoe, out of Mandoline by Waxy.....		3

Five to 2 on Hill Coolie.

A FREE PLATE of 50 sovs.; 3 yr. olds, 9st. 10lb —4, 10st. 8lb.—5, 11st. 2lb.—6 and aged, 11st. 7lb. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. Three quarters of a mile.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. h. <i>Merrythought</i> , by The Colonel, out of Pinions, 5 yrs....	Lord Wilton.	1
Capt. Gardnor's br. c. <i>Ochiltree</i> , by Gaterlunzie, 4 yrs.....		2

The following were not placed:

Capt. Pettat's b. h. <i>Caliph</i> , by Sultan, aged.	Mr. Hervey's gr. c. <i>Master Eady</i> , 4 yrs.
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Five to 4 each agst. Ochiltree and Caliph.

THE BIBURY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added by the Club. Two miles. Twenty-seven subs., eleven of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Herbert's b. g. <i>Arctic</i> , by Brutandorf (half-bred), 6 yrs. 11st. 8lb.....	Col. Bouverie.	1
Capt. Gardnor's b. c. <i>Bandboy</i> , by Trumpeter, 4 yrs. 10st. 2lb.....		2
Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. <i>Dædalus</i> , by Buzzard, 4 yrs. 10st. 12lb.....		3

The following were not placed:

Mr. Etwall's b. h. <i>Alumnus</i> , by Saracen, out of Trial, 6 yrs. 12st. 3lb.....	Mr. W. Ley's gr. c. by Priam, out of Speculator's dam, 3 yrs. 9st. 10lb.
Capt. Lamb's Gardham, by Falcon, 5 yrs. 11st.	

Two to 1 agst. Dædalus, 5 to 2 agst. Alumnus, and 8 to 1 agst. Gardham.

THURSDAY, June 20—MATCH for 200 sovs., h. ft., both 4 yr. olds, 10st. 7lb. each. Two miles.

Mr. Fairlie's ch. c. <i>The Hydra</i> , by Sir Hercules, out of Zebra by Partisan....	Capt. Pettat.	1
Capt. Lamb's ch. c. <i>Nimrod</i> , by Musquito, out of Suke.....		2

Two to 1 on The Hydra.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb One mile and a quarter. Four subs.

Mr. Bygg's b. c. <i>Arrian</i> , by Actæon, out of Whisk by Whisker.....	J. Day, jun.	1
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. f. <i>Alexandrina</i> , by The Saddler.....		2

Even betting.

THE CUP STAKES of 25 sovs each, and 10 ft. if declared, &c., with 100 added by the Club.—Last mile and a half. Ten subs., six of whom paid 10 sovs. each.

Mr. W. Ley's gr. h. <i>Pocket Hercules</i> , by St. Nicholas, out of Fickle by Smolensko, 5 yrs. 10st. 9lb.....	J. Bayly.	0	1
Capt. Lamb's Gardham, by Falcon, out of Mute. 5 yrs. 11st.....	Gen. Gilbert.	0	2
Duke of Richmond's <i>Vale of Belvoir</i> , by Langar, 3 yrs. 10st. 4lb.....		3	
Mr. Osbaldeston's gr. f. <i>Miss Etty</i> , by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 9st. 10lb.....		4	

Eleven to 8 agst. Pocket Hercules, and 2 to 1 agst. Vale of Belvoir. After the dead heat, 6 to 4 on Gardham.

THE RACING STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Club, for 3 yr. olds. One mile and a half. Four subs.

Capt. Williamson's br. c. <i>Melbourne</i> , by Emilius, out of Mistrule, 8st. 7lb.....	Natt.	1
Mr. W. Ley's gr. c. by Priam, out of Speculator's dam. 8st. 10lb.....		2

Two to 1 on Melbourne.

THE ANDOVER STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages. Last mile. Fouteen subs.

Capt. Pettat's b. h. <i>Caliph</i> , by Sultan, out of Variety (Miller of Mansfield's dam) by Selim or Soothsayer, aged, 11st. 5lb.....	Owner.	1
Sir E. Baker's <i>Montezuma</i> , by Merchant, 3 yrs. 10st. 9lb.....		2

The following were not placed:

Gen. Grosvenor's Merrythought, by The Colonel, 5 yrs. 11st. 9lb.	Mr. Osbaldeston's Alexandrina, by The Sadler, 3 yrs. 9st. 12lb.
Capt. Gardnor's Ochiltree, by Gaberlunzie, 4 yrs. 10st. 1lb.	Two to 1 on Alexandrina, and 5 to 2 agst. Montezuma.

A FREE PLATE of £50, for the horses which had started at this Meeting and not won. One mile.

Mr. Etwall's b. h. <i>Alumnus</i> , by Saracen, out of Zeal by Partisan, 6 yrs. 13st.	Mr. J. Bayly.	1
Capt. Lamb's Gardham, by Falcon, 5 yrs. 11st.		2
Capt. Gardnor's Bandboy, by Trumpeter, 4 yrs. 11st. 4lb.		3

Even on *Alumnus*.

☞ The second heat for the Cup was run between the Andover Stakes and the Free Plate.

BUXTON.

WEDNESDAY, June 19—A GOLD CUP, value 100 gs., given by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. The winner of a Cup at Newton to carry 3lb. extra. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. Twice round and a distance. Fifteen subs., six of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Copeland's br. h. <i>King Cole</i> , by Memnon—Baroness by Leopold, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	Marlow.	1
Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, by Malek, 5 yrs. 8st. 3lb.		2
Mr. Wood's br. h. Red Rover, by Lottery, aged, 8st.		3

The following were not placed:

Mr. Holker's ch. m. The Maid of Monton, by Recovery, 5 yrs. 7st. 8lb. (carried 3lb. extra.)	Mr. Dawson's ch. f. Primefit, by Actæon, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lb.
Mr. Ogden's br. c. St. Leonard, by St. Nicholas, 4 yrs. 7st. 3lb.	Mr. Buckley's ch. c. Charley, Brother to Tom, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb.

Five to 2 agst. King Cole, 3 to 1 agst. Primefit, 5 to 1 agst. Red Rover, 6 to 1 agst. Modesty, and 8 to 1 agst. The Maid of Monton.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 3lb., fillies 8st.—Winners once before starting to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb. extra. T.Y.C., about half a mile. Three subs.

Mr. Lacey's b. c. <i>Adbolton</i> , by Colwick, out of Catherina by Walton.	Frost.	1
Mr. T. Walter's ch. c. Solomon Bennett, by Recovery, out of Clinton's dam.		2

Five to 4 on the winner.

THURSDAY, June 20—THE BUXTON PLATE of 50 sovs., for horses that never won that value. 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4. 8st. 6lb.—5. 8st, 10lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 12lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Heats, twice round.

Mr. Tunnally's ch. f. <i>Petty Larceny</i> , by Pickpocket, out of Compensation's dam by Bruntandorf, 3 yrs.	Whitehouse.	1	1
Mr. Frost's br. f. Viola, by Filho da Puta, out of Moselle, 3 yrs.		—	2
Mr. Worthington's ch. f. by Recovery, dam by Bustard, 3 yrs.		2	3
Mr. Marlow's b. g. Clitheroe, by Tramp, out of Despatch, aged.		—	—
Mr. Holland's b. f. by Sir John, dam by Anticipation, 3 yrs.		bolt.	

Five to 4 on *Petty Larceny*.

STOCKBRIDGE.

THURSDAY, June 20—THE PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. One mile and a half. Twenty-eight subs.

Fulwar Craven's b. f. *Deception*, by Defence—Lady Stumps by Tramp, 8st. 4lb.. walked over.

MATCH for 100 sovs., h. ft., 8st. 7lb. each, one mile and a half.

Capt. Lamb's f. by Defence, out of Feltona.	rec'd ft.
From Capt. Williamson's c. (dead) by Defence, out of his Whisker mare.	

FRIDAY, June 21—THE THRUXTON STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by W. Etall, Esq., Steward. Goodwood Cup weights. Three miles. Twelve subs.

Duke of Richmond's ch. f. <i>Confusionée</i> , by Emilius, out of Young Maniac by Tramp, 3 yrs. 6st. 6lb.	Wm. Day.	1
Mr. Sadler's Diamond, by Defence, out of Euryone, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.		2
Mr. Etwall's b. h. <i>Alumnus</i> , by Saracen, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb.		3
Mr. Wreford's bl. f. by Camel, out of Stockwell Lass's dam, 3 yrs. 6st. 6lb.		4

Even on *Alumnus*.

THE STOCKBRIDGE STAKES (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each. One mile. Seven subs.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. h. <i>Merrythought</i> , by The Colonel, out of Pinions, 5 yrs. 9st.	Connelly.	1
Mr. Etwall's b. h. <i>Alumnus</i> , by Saracen, 6 yrs. 10st. 8lb.		2
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Specimen, by Rowton, out of Emiliana, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.		3
Mr. S. Herbert's b. f. Caracole, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.		4
Mr. Wreford's ch. f. Wasp, by Bedlamite, 3 yrs. 8st.		5

Six to 4 agst. *Alumnus*, and 3 to 1 agst. *Merrythought*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 9lb., fillies 8st. 6lb. T.Y.C. Six subs.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. <i>Diploma</i> , by Plenipotentiary, out of Icaria by The Flyer.	Connelly.	1
Lord George Bentinck's br. f. Sal-volatile, by Augustus.		2

Six to 5 on *Sal-volatile*.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

MONDAY, June 24—THE CRAYEN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Town; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. One mile. Six subs.

Mr. Orde's b. m. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Dr. Syntax—Tomboy's dam by Ardrossan, 6 yrs. Cartwright.	1
Mr. S. King's br. f. Juvenile, by Jerry, out of Jubilee, 3 yrs.	2

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. Two miles. Six subs.

Mr. Heseltine's gr. c. <i>Bolus</i> , by Physician, dam by Comus, 8st. 1 lb.	Heseltine.	1
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, by Priam, 8st. 1 lb.		2
Mr. Orde's b. c. Johnny Boy, by Jerry, 8st. 4lb.		3

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st.; all allowed 3lb. T.Y.C., three quarters of a mile. Seven subs.

Mr. Meiklam's br. f. <i>Remedy</i> , by Physician, out of Snowball by Prime Minister. Templeman.	1
Mr. Jaques' b. f. Interlude, by Physician, out of Comedy.	2
Mr. C. M. St. Paul's b. f. Calypso, by Liverpool, dam by Orville, out of Arbutus's dam.	3
Mr. Blakelock's b. f. Hygeia, by Physician, out of Black Diamond's dam.	4

A MAIDEN PLATE of £50; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5 and upwards, 8st. 10lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Lambert's br. f. <i>Thero</i> , by Leonardo, out of Cherub by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.	Clarke.	1	1
Mr. Shafto's b. c. by Physician, dam by Whitworth, 3 yrs.		5	2
Mr. Sailes' ch. c. Fifty-six, by Medoro, out of Hydrogen, 3 yrs.		2	3
Sir C. Monck's Castella, by Chateau Margaux, out of Twinkle, aged.		3	4
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's b. g. Priamides, by Priam, 3 yrs.		4	dr

TUESDAY, June 25—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. old fillies, 8st. each. One mile.

Mr. T. Walker's b. f. <i>Number Three</i> , by Jerry, out of Gin by Juniper.	Heseltine.	1
Duke of Cleveland's b. f. Eliza, by Physician, out of Matilda.		2
Mr. S. King's b. f. Tivy, by Langar, out of Tesane.		3
Lord Eglinton's b. f. Lais, by Corinthian.		4
Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. Eborina, by Langar, dam by Blacklock, out of Jerry's dam.		5
Mr. Haworth's b. f. Fair Louisa, by Voltaire, out of Minna.		6

THE TYRO STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Town, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. T.Y.C., three quarters of a mile. Eight subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. f. by Physician, out of Matilda by Comus.	Lye.	1
Mr. Blakelock's ch. f. by Curtius, out of Fancy.		2
Mr. Attwood's b. c. Avicenna, by Physician or Leonardo.		3
Mr. Ramshay's br. c. Naworth, by Liverpool, out of Lent's dam by Emilius.		4
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Doctor Caius, by Physician, out of Rectitude.		5
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer, out of Emilia.		6

THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Town, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 1 lb. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. St. Leger Course, once round. Nine subs.

Mr. Stephenson's b. c. <i>Lightfoot</i> , by Velocipede—Voltaire's dam by Phantom.	J. Holmes.	1
Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta.		2
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, by Priam.		3
Mr. Orde's b. c. Johnny-boy, by Jerry.		4

Two and 3 to 1 on Lightfoot.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.—4, 9st. 2lb.—5, 10st.—6 and aged, 10st. 5lb. Three miles.

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Cetus, out of Pucelle by Muley, 3 yrs.	Lye.	1
Mr. Bell's b. f. La Sage Femme, by Physician or Gainsborough, 3 yrs.		2
Mr. Stephenson's b. c. by Physician, out of Fisher Lass, 3 yrs.		3
Mr. S. King's br. f. Juvenile, by Jerry, 3 yrs.		4
Mr. Haworth's b. f. Fair Louisa, by Voltaire, yrs.		5
Mr. Walker's b. f. Sweet Jessy, by Jerry, 3 yrs.		6

WEDNESDAY, June 26—THE NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE of 100 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake, and the winner to pay 5 gs. to the Judge. Two miles. Twenty-six subs., five of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Lord Eglinton's br. h. <i>St. Bennett</i> , by Catton—Darioletta by Amadis, 5 yrs. 8st. 8lb.	Lye.	1
Mr. Stephenson's b. c. Lightfoot, by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb. (carried 7st. 1 lb.)		2
Mr. Robertson's ch. g. Olympic, by Reveller, aged, 8st.		3
Mr. Attwood's b. f. Armelle, by Physician, 3 yrs. 6st. 3lb.		4
Lord Kelburne's br. c. by Jerry, dam by Ardrossan, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb.		5

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. T.Y.C., three quarters of a mile. Fourteen subs.

Mr. Jaques' b. f. <i>Interlude</i> , by Physician, out of Comedy by Comus.	Templeman.	1
Mr. C. M. St. Paul's b. f. Calypso, by Liverpool.		2
Mr. Attwood's b. c. Avicenna, by Physician or Leonardo.		3
Col Crawford's br. c. Shark, by Priam, out of Mermaid.		4

THE CORPORATION PLATE of 60 gs., given by the Corporation of Newcastle, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 3lb.—5 and upwards, 8st. 10lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The owner of the second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the stakes Two mile heats. Eighteen subs.

Capt. Wraether's gr. c. <i>Hackfall</i> , by Actæon, dam by Comus, 4 yrs.	Oates.	3	1	1
Lord Kelburne's ch. f. Impertinence, by Actæon, 4 yrs.		1	3	3
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's gr. g. Pyramid, by Falcon, 5 yrs.		5	4	2
Mr. Bell's br. h. Swainby, by Waverley, 6 yrs.		4	2	dr
Mr. Wood's b. f. Lady Fanny, by Humphrey Clinker, 4 yrs.		2	dr	

THURSDAY, June 27—THE GOLD CUP, or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie, for all ages. The owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovs. from the Fund. Two miles. Eighteen subs.

Mr. Orde's b. m. *Bee's-wing*, by Dr. Syntax, dam by Ardrossan, 6 yrs. 9st. 11lb. Cartwright. 1
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. *Zoroaster*, by Priam, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb. 2

THE MEMBERS PLATE OF £50 ; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 3lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st.—mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Fairlie's gr. g. *Pyramid*, by Falcon, out of Sister to Memnon by Whisker, 5 yrs. Cartwright. 4 1 1
Mr. Stephenson's b. c. by Physician, out of Fisher Lass, 3 yrs. 1 2 2
Mr. R. Watson's br. f. Little Bird, Sister to The Bard, 4 yrs. 2 dr
Lord Eglinton's ch. f. *Lais*, by Corinthian, 3 yrs. 3 dr

THE ROYAL VICTORIA WHIP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 15 added by the Guards and Coachmen of the Mail and Turf Hotel Coach Offices, and their friends ; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 3lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. Mares and geldings allowed, 3lb. A winner during the week to carry 3lb. extra. Horses having started twice during the week and not won, allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Mile heats. Seven subs.

Mr. Wascoc's br. h. *Swainby*, by Waverley, dam by Octavian, 6 yrs. Livesey. 5 1 1
Lord Eglinton's b. g. *Uriah*, by Priam, 3 yrs. 1 4 3
Mr. Shafto's b. c. by Physician, dam by Whitworth, 3 yrs. 3 5 2
Mr. Fairlie's b. g. *Priamides*, by Priam, 3 yrs. 2 3 dr
Mr. W. Lonsdale's b. f. *Queen Mab*, by Jerry, 3 yrs. 4 2 dr

SWEETSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with a Purse added, for Hunters. Gentlemen riders. Two miles. Eight subs.

Capt. Richardson's b. g. *Centurion*, by Emilius, out of Miss Maltby by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs. 12st. 10lb. Owner. 1
Capt. Richardson's b. g. *Deceiver*, by Paulowitz, aged, 12st. 2
Mr. E. H. Watts' br. g. Donald Caird, by Mozart, 6 yrs. 12st. 3
Mr. Simpson's b. g. *Aggravator*, by Palmerin, aged, 12st. 4
Mr. Fairlie's br. h. *Valentine*, by Lottery, 6 yrs. 12st. 5
Mr. R. Crawford's b. m. *Norna*, by Guerilla, aged, 12st. 6
Mr. Humble's bl. g. *Black Heddon*, 5 yrs. 11st. 7lb. 7

FRIDAY, June 28—THE INNKEEPERS' PLATE, added to a Handicap Plate of 3 gs. each. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Lamb's br. h. *Swainby*, by Waverley, dam by Octavian, 6 yrs. 9st. 2lb. Livesey. 3 1 1
Capt. Richardson's b. g. *Centurion*, by Emilius, 6 yrs. 9st. 2lb. 1 2 2
Mr. R. Watson's b. f. Little Bird, by Waverley, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb. 4 3 3
Mr. King's br. f. *Juvenile*, by Jerry, 3 yrs. 7st. 2 dr

THE HACK STAKES, from the last turn.

Mr. N. G. Lambert's ch. c. *Trefoil*, aged, 12st. 10lb. Owner. 1
Beating four others.

LUDLOW.

WEDNESDAY, June 26—THE LUDFORD STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 40 added, 30 by Lieut.-Col. Salwey, one of the Members for the Borough, and 10 from the Fund. Once round and a distance. Six subs., two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. *Isaac*, by Figaro, out of Jack Spigot's dam by Sorcerer, aged, 9st. Darling. 1
Mr. Fowler's ch. f. *Concordia*, by Emancipation, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb. 2

A PLATE OF £50, given by the Earl of Powis, for horses that never won more than £50 before the day of entrance. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. T. Walters' ch. m. *The Fairy*, by Shrigley, dam by Filho, 5 yrs. 8st. 6lb. 2 3 1 1
Capt. Davies' b. m. *Merry-Lass*, by Dr. Faustus, 5 yrs. 8st. 6lb. 1 2 3 2
Mr. Edwards' br. c. by Buzzard, out of Rosary, 4 yrs. 8st. 3 1 2 3
Mr. T. James's b. c. *Scroggins* (late Hannibal), by Sir Hercules, out of Pintail, 4 y. 8st. 5 4 4
Mr. Finton's b. g. *No Bob*, 6 yrs. 8st. 11lb. 4 5 5

THE OAKLEY PARK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 given by the Hon. R. H. Clive, for half-bred hunters. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Price's ch. c. *Freeman*, by Emancipation, out of Sister to Countess, 4 yrs. 10st. 12lb. 1 1
Mr. W. Jones's b. h. Bolivar, by Tramp, aged, 1 st. 2
Mr. Collett's d. m. Duenna, by Reveller, aged, 11st. 1 lb. 2 3
Mr. George's b. c. Tippoos, by The Tutor, out of Acco by Manfred, 3 yrs. 9st. 7lb. 3
Lord Powis na. b. g. by Master Henry, dam by Aladdin, 6 yrs. 11st. 9lb. —
Mr. Vever's b. g. Charity by Woodman, aged, 11st. 11 lb. —
Mr. Hawkes' bl. c. Sarcophagus, by Belzoni, 4 yrs. 10st. 12lb. —
Mr. Sutton's br. m. Peasdorf, 6 yrs. 11st. 9lb. —
Mr. Stephenson's ch. g. *True-Blue*, by Jujube, aged, 11st. 11 lb. —

THURSDAY, June 27—THE GOLD CUP, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added if not walked over for. Twice round, starting at the Chair. Five subs.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. *Isaac*, by Figaro, out of Jack Spigot's dam by Sorcerer, aged, 9st. walked over.

SWEETSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 50 added—20 by the Steward and 30 from the Fund—for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C., about half a mile and 200 yards.

Mr. W. Foster's b. f. by Olympus, out of Miniature by Teniers. 1
Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. *Negus*, by Bedlamite, out of Lady Fanny by St. Nicholas. 2
Mr. Edge's ch. c. Brother to Dulcimer, by Muley. 3
Mr. Calcott's ch. c. Cork, by Priam, out of Calmia by Magistrate. 4
Mr. Hawkes' b. or br. f. *Lady Flora*, by Priam or Zinganee, dam by Conductor. 5

THE BOROUGH STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added—10 by the Steward and 10 from the Fund. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, once round and a distance. Seven subs.

Mr. Smith's ch. c. <i>The Pedlar</i> , by Belzoni, out of Effie by Catton, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	4	1	1
Mr. Walter's b. c. Spelter, by Merchant, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb.	1	4	3
Mr. Ackers' na. b. f. Nell, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb.	5	3	2
Mr. Hawkes' bl. c. Sarcophagus, by Belzoni, 4 yrs. 8st.	2	2	dr
Mr. George's b. c. Tippoo, by The Tutor, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb.	3	dr	

THE SOUTH SHROPSHIRE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the members for that division of the County, for horses that have been regularly hunted with any pack of Foxhounds. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. Heats, with four leaps over hurdles in each heat. Four subs.

Mr. Bosley's br. g. <i>Rambler</i> , by Reveller, out of Sylph by Spectre, aged, 12st.	2	1	1
Mr. Careless's b. g. Powick, by Henwick, 5 yrs. 11st. 7lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Williams' ch. g. Daisy-cutter, aged, 12st.	3	3	dr

DONCASTER.

MONDAY, Sept. 16—THE FITZWILLIAM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st. One mile and a half Four subs.

Mr. Orde's b. m. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Dr. Syntax—Tom Boy's dam by Ardrossan, 6 yrs. Cartwright.	1
Mr. Howard's b. f. Antigua, 3 yrs.	2
Mr. Bowes' ch. h. Epirus, 5 yrs.	3
Mr. Osbaldiston's br. f. Alexandria, 3 yrs.	4

Seven to 2 on Bee's-wing.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added by the Corporation. St. Leger Course. Four subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. <i>Kremlin</i> , by Sultan, out of Francesca by Partisan, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.	Benson.	1
Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Industry, 4 yrs. 7st. 9lb.		2

Thirteen to 8 on Kremlin.

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Racing Club. Red-House in. Twenty-one subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. <i>Launcelot</i> , Brother to Touchstone, by Camel, out of Banter by Master Henry.	W. Scott.	1
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer, out of Emilia.		2
Mr. Osbaldiston's ch. f. by Belshazzar, dam (foaled in 1831) by Whalebone, grandam by Frolic, out of Camel's dam.		3

The following were not placed:

Mr. Jaques' b. f. Interlude, by Physician, out of Comedy.	-
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Brother to Euclid, by Emilius, out of Maria.	-
Lord Eglington's b. c. Doctor Caius, by Physician, out of Rectitude.	-
Mr. Blakelock's ch. f. by Curtius, out of Fancy by Osmond.	-
Mr. Orde's b. f. Queen Bee, by Liverpool, out of Tomboy's dam.	-
Five to 4 agst. Launcelot, 4 to 1 agst. Queen Bee, 5 to 1 agst. Brother to Euclid, and 7 to 1 agst. Interlude.	-

THE QUEEN'S PLATE of 100 gs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 9lb.—4, 9st.—5, 9st. 9lb.—6 and aged, 10st. Four miles.

Lord Westminster's br. h. <i>Cardinal Puff</i> , by Pantaloon, out of Puff by Waterloo, 5 yrs.	walked over.
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TUESDAY, Sept. 17—THE TWO-YEAR-OLD PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. Red-House in. Four subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. <i>Launcelot</i> , Brother to Touchstone, by Camel.	walked over.
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THE CLEVELAND STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 50 sovs. added by the Corporation. One mile. Sixteen subs., three of whom declared.

Lord Eglington's ch. f. <i>Opera</i> , Sister to Burletta, by Actæon, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	T. Lye.	1
Mr. Denham's b. c. Compensation, by Emancipation, dam by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 8st.		2
Mr. Tilburn's bl. c. Master Allen, by Alteruter, dam by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb.		3

Three to 1 on Compensation.

THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. The owner of the 2d horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes. St. Leger Course. One hundred and seven subs.

Major Yarburgh's b. c. CHARLES XII., by Voltaire, out of Wagtail (Laurel's dam) by Prime Minister.	W. Scott.	0	1
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. EUCLID, by Emilius, out of Maria by Whisker—her dam Gibside Fairy by Hermes.	P. Conolly.	0	2

The following were not placed:

Col. Cradock's b. c. The Provost, by The Saddler, out of Rebecca.	S. Templeman.	-
Mr. Jaques' b. c. Malvolio, by Liverpool, out of Comedy.	T. Lye.	-
Col. Cranford's b. f. Dolphin, by Priam, out of Mermaid.	J. Holmes.	-
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Bloomsbury, by Mulatto, out of Arcot Lass.	S. Rogers.	-
Mr. Clark's br. c. Dragsman, by St. Nicholas, out of Olive-leaf.	Macdonald.	-
Mr. Dixon's b. c. Illius, Brother to The Flyer, by Sir Hercules, out of Zebra.	S. Day.	-
Mr. Wormald's gr. c. Bolus, by Physician, dam by Comus.	Heseltine.	-
Ld. Westminster's ch. c. The Lord Mayor, by Pantaloon—Honeymoon by Filho.	G. Nelson.	-
Lord Lichfield's bl. c. The Corsair, by Sir Hercules—Gulnare by Smolensko.	John Day.	-
Mr. Allen's br. c. Fitz-Ambo, by The Saddler or Tramp—Nerissa by Woful.	Marson.	-
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Easingwold, by Mulatto, out of Eve by Lottery.	Cartwright.	-
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry, out of Purity by Octavian.	G. Calloway.	-

Six to 4 on Charles XII., 6 to 1 agst. Bloomsbury, 10 to 1 agst. Malvolio, 13 to 1 agst. Euclid, 30 to 1 agst. The Provost, 35 to 1 agst. Easingwold, 40 to 1 agst. The Lord Mayor, and 40 to 1 agst. The Corsair. After the dead heat, the betting began at 6 to 4 on Charles XII., and finished at 6 to 5 on Euclid.

THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the Corporation, for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; maiden horses allowed 5lb., and the winner of the St. Leger to carry 2lb. extra. One mile and a half. Five subs.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. *Lanercost*, by Liverpool, out of Otis by Bustard Cartwright. 1
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Alzira, by Voltaire, out of Matilda 2
Lanercost the favorite.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—THE FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. One mile and a half. Seven subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *Sleight of Hand*, by Pantaloon, out of Decoy by Filho. walked over.

THE DONCASTER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 9lb.—6 and aged, 9st. Two miles. Seven subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. *Kremlin*, by Sultan, out of Francesca by Partisan, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb. T. Lye. 1
Lord Westminster's br. h. Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon, 5 yrs. 2
Five to 4 on Kremlin.

THE SELLING STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Corporation; 3 yr. olds 6st. 12lb.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 7lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 10lb. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. St. Leger Course. Five subs.

Mr. Etty's br. c. *The Quack*, by Physician, dam by Tramp or Grey Walton, 3 yrs. T. Lye. 1
Mr. Smith's br. f. Memento, by Voltaire, out of Amulet, 3 yrs. 2
Lord Chesterfield's br. f. by Priam, out of Rowton's dam, 4 yrs. 3
Mr. S. King's b. f. Tivy, by Langar, out of Tesane, 3 yrs. 4

Six to 4 on Memento, and 5 to 2 agst. The Quack.

THE CORPORATION PLATE of 60 sovs.; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.—4, 7st. 12lb.—5, 8st. 5lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 12lb. Mares allowed 3lb. The owner of the second horse to receive 15 guineas. Two mile heats.

Lord Eglinton's ch. f. *Opera*, Sister to Burletta, by Actæon, 4 yrs. T. Lye. 1 3 1
Mr. Milner's br. c. Humphrey, by Sandbeck, out of Oceana, 4 yrs. 3 1 2
Mr. Golden's ch. c. The Diver, by Robin Hood, out of Lillah, 3 yrs. 4 2 dr
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Priam, out of Mayflower, 3 yrs. (half-bred) 2 dr

Six to 4 on Opera. After the first heat, 2 to 1 on Opera, and 3 to 1 agst. Humphrey. After the second heat, 6 to 4 on Opera.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—THE THREE-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. St. Leger Course. Fifteen subs.

Mr. Bowes' b. c. *Epidaurus*, by Langar, out of Olympia by Sir Oliver W. Scott. 1
Lord Lichfield's bl. c. The Corsair, by Sir Hercules, out of Gulnare 2
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Bloomsbury, by Mulatto, out of Arcot Lass 3

Seven to 4 on Bloomsbury, 3 to 1 agst. Epidaurus, and 6 to 1 agst. The Corsair.

THE GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; the winner of the St. Leger to carry 5lb. extra. St. Leger Course. Five subs.

Lord Westminster's ch. c. *The Lord Mayor*, by Pantaloon, out of Honeymoon W. Scott. 1
Col. Cradock's br. c. The Provost, by The Saddler, out of Rebecca 2
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Kremlin, by Sultan, out of Francesca 3

Five to 4 on The Provost, and 6 to 4 agst. Kremlin.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 20 sovs. each, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C. Twenty-five subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. *Brother to Euclid*, by Emilius, out of Maria by Whisker .. T. Lye. 1
Lord Westminster's br. c. Launcelet, Brother to Touchstone, by Camel 2
Mr. Howard's ch. c. Fitzroy, by Belshazzar, out of Ellen by Starch 3

The following were not placed:

Mr. Parkin's br. c. Naworth, by Liverpool, dam by Emilius, out of Surprise -
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam -
Mr. Bell's b. f. by Gainsborough, out of Golden-drop's dam -
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer, out of Emilia by Abjer -
Mr. St. Paul's b. f. Calypso, by Liverpool, out of Galewood's dam -
Mr. Bowes' br. c. Black Beck, by Mulatto, out of Emma -
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. by Belshazzar, dam by Whalebone, out of Frolic -

Five to 2 agst. Launcelet, 7 to 2 agst. the Langar c., 5 to 1 agst. Naworth, 6 to 1 agst. Fitzroy, 7 to 1 agst. Black Beck, 8 to 1 agst. the Retainer c., and 20 to 1 agst. Bro. to Euclid.

THE CUP, value 400 gs., given by the Stewards, with 50 sovs. in specie added by the Corporation; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 3lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. The winner of the St. Leger to carry 3lb. extra. To start at the Red House, and run once round to the Ending-post, about two miles and five furlongs.

Major Yarburgh's b. c. CHARLES XII., by Voltaire, out of Wagtail (Laurel's dam) by Prime Minister, 3 yrs. T. Lye. 1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost, by Liverpool, out of Otis, 4 yrs. 2
Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, dam by Ardrossan, 6 yrs. 3
Mr. Denham's b. c. Compensation, by Emancipation, dam by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 4

Eleven to 8 on Charles XII., 10 to 6 agst. Bee's-wing, 7 to 1 agst. Lanercost, and 20 to 1 agst. Compensation.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—**THE HORNBY STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 1lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. Two miles. Four subs.
Lord Westminster's br. h. *Cardinal Puff*, by Pantaloon—Puff by Waterloo, 5 yrs. W. Scott. 1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. *Easingwold*, 3 yrs. 2

Cardinal Puff was the favorite.

THE SCARBOROUGH STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. One mile. Nineteen subs.
Col. Cradock's br. c. *The Provost*, by The Saddler—Rebecca by Lottery. S. Templeman. 1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. *Malvolio*. 2
Major Yarburgh's bl. f. *Lollypop*. 3

Eleven to 8 on *Malvolio*, and 2 to 1 agst. *The Provost*.

THE PARK-HILL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for fillies, 8st. 4lb. each. St. Leger Course. Fifteen subs.
**Mr. Bowes' ch. f. Mirkleton Maid, by Velocipede, out of Maid of Lune by Whisker W. Scott. 1
Col. Crauford's b. f. *Dolphin*. 2
Mr. Smith's br. f. *Margaret*. 3
Mr. G. Clark's ch. f. *Imogene*. 4
Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Reel*. 5**

Six to 4 agst. *Dolphin*, and 5 to 2 agst. *Margaret*.

THE TOWN PLATE of 100 sovs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.—4, 8st. 7lb.—5, 9st.—6 and aged, 9st. 3lb.—maiden colts allowed 2lb., and maiden fillies 3lb. The second to receive 18 guineas. Two mile heats.

Lord Eglinton's ch. f. *Opera*, Sister to Burletta, by Actæon, 4 yrs. T. Lye. 4 1 0 1
Mr. Smith's br. f. *Memento*, 3 yrs. 1 2 3 3
Mr. Milner's br. c. *Humphrey*, 4 yrs. 2 4 0 2
Mr. S. King's br. f. *Juvenile*, 3 yrs. 3 3 4 dr

Two to 1 on *Opera*, and 4 to 1 agst. *Memento*. After the first heat, 5 to 2 on *Opera*, and 3 to 1 agst. *Humphrey*. After the second heat, 5 to 2 on *Opera*, and 7 to 2 agst. *Humphrey*. After the dead heat, 5 to 4 on *Humphrey*.

CARLISLE.

TUESDAY, July 2—**THE CORBY CASTLE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, with 25 added by P. H. Howard, Esq., M.P. for the City, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. About three quarters of a mile.

**Mr. Parkins' br. c. Naworth, by Liverpool, dam by Emilius, out of Surprise by Scud. H. Edwards. 1
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce. 2
Mr. Briskham's ch. f. *Vermilion*, by Bedlamite, dam by Blacklock. 3**

MAIDEN PLATE of £50, for horses of all ages. Two mile heats.

**Mr. Wilkins' ch. c. Clem-o'-the-Clough, by Corinthian, out of Abraham Newland's dam, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb. Lye. 4 1 1
Mr. Attwood's b. c. by Argantes, out of Fatality, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. 1 2 3
Col. Cradock's b. c. *Messmate*, by Liverpool, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. 2 3 2
Mr. Thompson's b. f. by Liverpool, dam by Wanton, out of Lady of the Swale, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. 3 dr**

THE CUP STAKES of 10 gs. each, for horses of all ages. Two miles and a quarter. Five subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Cetus, out of Pucelle by Muley, 3 yrs. 7st. walked over.

WEDNESDAY, July 3—**THE TRADESMEN'S CUP** of 70 sovs. added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. Two miles. Seven subs., one of whom paid 5 sovs. ft.

Capt. Wrather's gr. c. *Hackfall*, by Actæon, dam by Comus, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb. W. Oates. 1
Mr. Robertson's ch. g. *Olympic*, by Reveller, aged, 8st. 8lb. 2
Lord Eglinton's ch. f. *Opera*, by Actæon, 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb. 3
Mr. Wauchope's ch. c. *Suleiman*, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb. 4

THE CUMBERLAND HURDLE STAKES of one guinea each, with 5 sovs. added: 12st. each. Once round and a distance. Four subs.

Mr. W. Jackson's br. g. *Frodsham* (late *Polyanthus*), aged. walked over.

THE HACK STAKES, with 5 sovs. added, Mile heats.

Mr. Hodgson's b. g. *Bay Doctor*. 1 1
Mr. Jackson's br. g. *Frodsham* (late *Polyanthus*).
Mr. Robinson's b. m. *Barton Lass*.
Mr. M'Cutcheon's b. f. *Poster*.

THURSDAY, July 4—**HER MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100 gs. Four miles.

Mr. Robertson's ch. g. *Olympic*, by Reveller—Whizgig by Rubens, aged, 10st. Macdonald. 1
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Cetus, out of Pucelle, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb. 2

THE INNKEEPERS' PLATE of £50; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 7lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 12lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb., and horses that never won £50 in Plate or Stake before the day of starting, allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats.

Mr. J. O. Fairlie's gr. g. *Pyramid*, by Falcon, out of Sister to Memnon by Whisker, 5 yrs. T. Lye. 4 1 1
Mr. Metcalf's b. f. *Speedwell*, by Physician, 4 yrs. 1 3 4
Mr. Wascoe's br. h. *Swaiby*, by Waverley, 6 yrs. 3 2 2
Mr. H. Johnstone's ch. m. *Lightning*, by Drone, 6 yrs. 2 4 2

CHELTENHAM.

TUESDAY, July 2—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. About a mile and a quarter. Four subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. f. *Science*, by Defence, out of Maldonia by Fungus, 8st. Pavis. 1
Mr. Bristow's br. f. Margaret, by Dr. Faustus, out of Dinah, 8st. 2

THE PRESTBURY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Fund; 3 yr. olds 7st.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 9lb.—6, 9st.—and aged, 9st. 3lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Sadler's ch. h. *Delusion*, by Defence, out of Artichoke by Skim, 5 yrs. Darling. 1
Mr. Bristow's b. c. Whirlwind, by Cardinal Puff, 4 yrs. 2
Mr. P. Pryse's gr. f. by Fungus, dam by Rubens, out of Undine, 3 yrs. carried 4lb. extra. 3

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. The winner of the Somersetshire Stakes to carry 5lb. extra. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake, and the winner to pay 20 sovs. to the Judge. About two miles. Fifty-seven subs., thirty-eight of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. E. Griffith's ch. h. *Lugwardine*, by Bobadil, out of Sylph, 5 yrs. 8st. Chapple. 1
Mr. V. Dolphin's ch. h. The Skater, by Velocipede, 6 yrs. 7st. 8lb. 2

The following were not placed:

Mr. Fowler's br. h. Heron, by Bustard, 6 yrs. Lord Exeter's ch. g. Adrian, by Sultan, 5 yrs.
8st. 12lb. 7st. 8lb.
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, by Hostage, Lord Palmerston's b. c. Ashfield, by Defence,
aged, 8st. 10lb. 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb.
Mr. Meiklam's b. f. Modesty, by Malek, 5 yrs.
8st. 2lb.

Two to 1 agst. Heron, 5 to 2 agst. The Skater, 5 to 1 agst. Zohrab, 8 to 1 agst. Modesty, and 10 and 12 to 1 agst. Lugwardine.

THE CHELTENHAM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added from the Fund. Gentlemen riders. Two miles. Eight subs.

Capt. Lamb's br. h. *Gardham*, by Falcon—Muta by Tramp, 5 yrs. 11st. 2lb. W. M'Donough. 1
Mr. Collett's d. m. Duenna, by Reveller, aged, 10st. 9lb. 2
Mr. Stevens' b. m. Talebearer, by Incubus, 5 yrs. 10st. 10lb. 3
Capt. Pettat's br. g. Don Sebastian, by Adventurer, aged, 10st. 9lb. 4

THE SOUTHAM STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund, for horses that never won £100 at any one time before the day of naming. Two miles. Eight subs.

Mr. Bristow's ch. f. *Susannah*, Sister to Doctor Slop, by Dr. Faustus, out of Mary by Friday, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb. Chapple. 1
Mr. W. Hervey's gr. c. Master Eady, by Doctor Eady, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb. 2

WEDNESDAY, July 3—THE SHERBORNE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages. One mile. Eight subs.

Mr. Sadler's ch. h. *Delusion*, by Defence, out of Artichoke by Skim, 5 yrs. 9st. 4lb. Darling. 1
Lord Palmerston's b. c. Ashfield, by Defence, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb. 2
Mr. Bristow's Whirlwind, by Cardinal Puff, 4 yrs. 8st. 3
Mr. Tomes' b. f. Eliza, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs. 8st. 4
Mr. Bristow's b. c. Alzdorf, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs. 7st. 12lb. 5

MATCH for 50 sovs., h. ft., 10st. each, Two miles.

Mr. V. Stanton's br. g. *Salverton*, aged. Darling. 1
Mr. Glover's b. m. Maid-of-all-Work, 5 yrs. 2

THE TRADESMEN AND INNKEEPERS' CUP of 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. Goodwood Cup weights and conditions. Two miles and a half. Eighteen subs.

Mr. Ferguson's ch. h. *Harkaway*, by Economist, dam by Nabocklish, 5 yrs. 9st. 4lb. Calloway. 1
Mr. I. Day's br. h. Caravan, by Camel, 5 yrs. 9st. 11 lb. 2
Lord George Bentinck's gr. c. Grey Momus, by Comus, 4 yrs. 9st. 4lb. 3

Thirteen to 8 agst. Harkaway, 5 to 2 agst. Caravan, and 5 to 1 agst. Grey Momus.

THE SCUPRY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added, for any horse. Gentlemen riders. Heats, the last half-mile. Four subs.

Mr. Sadler's ch. h. *Delusion*, by Defence—Artichoke by Skim, 5 yrs. 12st. Mr. W. Sadler. 1 1
Mr. Collett's d. m. Duenna, by Reveller, aged, 10st. 12lb. 2 2
Mr. I. Day's Hucker, by Tramp, 5 yrs. 11st. 3 3

THE VICTORIA STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Ladies of Cheltenham, for the beaten horses of the week. The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs., and the third 5 sovs. out of the stakes. Two miles.

Mr. J. O. Fairlie's br. g. *Zohrab*, by Lottery—Elizabeth by Walton, aged, 9st. 7lb. Cartwright. 1
Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, by Malek, 5 yrs. 9st. 2lb. 2
Lord Exeter's ch. g. Adrian, by Sultan, 5 yrs. 7st. 12lb. 3
Mr. Bristow's b. c. Alzdorf, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb. (carried 6st. 12lb.) 4

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 9—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds. The New T.Y.C.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *All-fours*, by Augustus, out of Mysie by Quiz, 8st. 7lb. Robinson. 1
Mr. King's b. c. Concor, Brother to Osprey, by Buzzard, 7st. 4lb. 2
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Egotist, by Emilius, 7st. 9lb. 3

The following were not placed:

Mr. Rayner's ch. f. Minima, by Rowton, 8st. 7lb.	Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Shortwaist, dam by
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Reveller, out of Amima,	Bobadil, out of Christabel, 6st. 12lb.
7st.	

Ten to 6 agst. Minima, 3 to 1 agst. All-fours, and 6 to 1 agst. Egotist.

MATCH for 100 sovs., h. ft. New T.Y.C.

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. <i>Merganser</i> , by Merchant, out of Shoveller by Scud, 8st. 10lb.	Connelly.	1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Express, by Reveller, 7st. 13lb.		2
Even betting.		

THE JULY STAKES, a subscription of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb. New T.Y.C. Twenty-three subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. <i>Crucifix</i> , by Priam, out of Carmelite's dam by Octavian. J. Day, Jr.	1
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Currency, by St. Patrick, out of Oxygen	2
Mr. Knight's br. c. by Buzzard, out of Margaret by Wrangler	3
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan, out of Palais Royal	4

The following were not placed:

Lord Exeter's b. c. Stamboul, by Reveller, out of Galata.	Lord Orford's b. c. by Clearwell, out of Petulance.
Lord Albemarle's Cambyases, by Camel, out of Antiope.	Six to 5 on Crucifix, 7 to 2 agst. Currency, and 5 to 1 agst. Stamboul.

WEDNESDAY, July 10—MATCH for 40 sovs., T.Y.C.

Mr. Byng's ch. c. <i>Garryowen</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Excitement (foaled in 1833) by Emilius, out of Bee-in-a-Bonnet, 2 yrs. 9st. 12lb. (carried 7st.)	Pavis.	1
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Egotist, by Emilius, 3 yrs. 9st. 7lb.		2
Eleven to 8 on Garryowen.		

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. Last half of Ab. M. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Seven subs.

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. <i>Sister to Montezuma</i> , by Merchant—Mandoline by Waxy	Connelly.	1
Lord Tavistock's ch. f. Lucy, by Glencoe, out of Lucy Kemble		2
Col. Peel's ch. f. by Veleciped, out of Malibran		3

The following were not placed:

Mr. Bond's ch. f. by Glencoe, out of Moorhen.	Mr. Rayner's br. f. Ten-pound-note, by Augustus or Taurus.
Mr. R. Stephenson's b. c. by Camel, dam by Sultan, grandam by The Napoleon Arabian.	

Six to 5 agst. Ten-pound-note, and 3 to 1 agst. Lucy.

FIFTY POUNDS; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 11 lb.—4, 8st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. D.I.

Mr. Pettit's b. c. *St. Francis*, by St. Patrick, out of Surprise by Scud, 4 yrs. walked over.

THURSDAY, July 11—THE TOWN PLATE of £50, for 3 yr. olds, colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. Last mile and a distance of B.C.

Lord Lynedock's ch. f. <i>Retamosa</i> , by Reveller, out of Mandane by Sultan	T. Stephenson.	1
Mr. Wilson's b. f. Louisa, by Mulatto, out of Yorkshire Lass		2
Mr. Greville's b. c. Rory O'More, by Langar, dam by Whisker		3

Seven to 4 on Rory O'More, and 5 to 2 agst. Louisa.

THE BUXTON STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds. T.Y.C. Three subs.

Lord Tavistock's b. c. <i>King of the Peak</i> , by Taurus, out of Plaything, 8st. 4lb.	Robinson.	1
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Lifey, by Jerry, out of Dublin, 8st. 1lb.		2

Four to 1 on King of the Peak.

MATCH for 300 sovs., h. ft., A.F.

Mr. Greville's br. f. Morella, by Emilius, out of Mustard by Merlin, 4 yrs. 8st. 8lb.	Natt.	0
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. <i>Merganser</i> , by Merchant, 3 yrs. 8st.	Connelly.	0
Eleven to 8 on Morella.		

THE CHESTERFIELD STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. The last half of B.M. The winner of the July Stakes to carry 9lb., and the second horse 4lb. extra. Twenty-five subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. <i>Crucifix</i> , by Priam, out of Carmelite's dam by Octavian (carried 9lb. extra)	J. Day.	1
Lord Albemarle's ch. f. Iris, by Cain		2
Mr. Knight's br. c. by Buzzard, out of Margaret by Wrangler		3

The following were not placed:

Lord Exeter's b. c. Hellespont, by Reveller, out of Marmora.	Capt. Williamson's ch. f. Darkness, by Glencoe, out of Fanny.
Lord Exeter's b. c. Stamboul, by Reveller.	Mr. Greville's ch. f. Trojana, by Priam, out of Whimsey.
Lord Albemarle's ch. c. The Orphan, by Actæon, out of Clansman's dam.	Mr. Watt's b. f. by Belshazzar, out of Fanchon.

There was a false start, when all the above ran the course through, Iris coming in first, and Crucifix second. Mr. Prince's gr. c. Merle, by Clearwell, out of Mischance by Merlin, was also brought to the post, but was restive and did not get off; he was then drawn.

Seven to 4 on Crucifix, 3 to 1 agst. Mr. Watt's filly, and 10 to 1 agst. Iris. After the false start, 2 to 1 agst. Crucifix, and 5 to 2 agst. Iris.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. To start at the starting post of B.M., and run to the end of New T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's b. h. <i>Corban</i> , by Sultan—Miss Cantley by Stamford, 5 yrs. 7st. 10lb.	S. Mann.	1
Mr. Watt's b. c. Dash, by Humphrey Clinker, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb.		2

Lord Tavistock's gr. g. Gimcrack, by Stumps, 4 yrs. 7st. 3lb., paid.

II Glmcrack was brought on the ground to start, and was the favorite; but he met with an accident, and all bets about him were declared off.

TEN BURY.

THURSDAY, July 11—A HURDLE RACE of 3 sovs. each, with 10 added by the Fund. Heats, once round and a distance, with three leaps.

Mr. Jones' <i>Kitty</i> , by Fungus, dam by Middleton, 4 yrs. 10st. 6lb.....	Saunders.	1	1
Mr. Hughes' b. g. by Wamba, aged, 11st. 4lb.....		2	2
Mr. Smith's b. m. by Henwick, aged, 11st. 4lb.....		3	dr

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added by the Members and Gentlemen of West Worestershire, for horses that never won more than £50 at any one time. Two mile heats.

Mr. T. Walters' ch. m. <i>The Fairy</i> , by Shrigley, dam by Filho, 5 yrs. 9st.....	Hardy.	3	1	1
Mr. Moss's b. f. Frailty, by Filho, out of Virginia, 4 yrs. 8st. 1lb.....		1	2	2
Mr. Winnington na. ch. c. Graduate, Brother to The Student, by The Tutor, 3 yrs. 7st.		2	3	dr

THE ALL-AGED STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Town. Two mile heats. Six subs.

Mr. Walmsley's b. g. <i>Catamaran</i> , by Strephon, out of Niagara by Blacklock, aged, 8st. 12lb.....	Wadlow.	4	1	1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, by Whisker, aged, 9st. 1lb.....		1	4	2
Capt. Lamò's b. m. <i>Kitty Cockle</i> , 5 yrs. 8st. 8lb.....		2	2	dr
Mr. Moss's br. c. Ascanius, by Priam, 4 yrs. 8st.....		3	3	dr

THE HACK STAKES of 2 sovs. each, with 10 added. Heats, starting at the distance chair and going once round.

Mr. Price's b. g. <i>Solicitor</i> , by Harvey, aged, 11st. 4lb.....	Wadlow.	3	1	1
Mr. Seaborn's b. g. Jewstone, aged, 11st. 4lb.....		1	2	2
Mr. Patrick's br. m. by Flexible, aged, 11st. 4lb.....		1	3	dr
Mr. Roberts' b. m. Creeping Jane, aged, 11st. 4lb.....		4		dr

LIVERPOOL JULY MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 16—THE CROXTETH STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 8lb.—4, 6st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 9lb.—6 and aged, 9st. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Once round. Nine subs.

Mr. Ramsay's bl. h. <i>The Doctor</i> , by Dr. Syntax, dam by Lottery, 5 yrs.....	Cartwright.	1		
Fulwar Craven's b. f. Deception, by Defence, 3 yrs. carried 4lb. extra.....		2		
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Apothecary, by Physician, 3 yrs. carried 2lb. extra.....		3		
Col. Syngé's b. c. Troy, by Priam, 3 yrs.....		4		
Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Wonder, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs.....		5		

Twenty-one to 20 on Deception, and 20 to 12 agst. The Doctor.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. Two miles. Nine subs.
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's ch. c. *Ginger Blue*, by Recovery, out of Miss Patrick by Walton, 8st. 3lb.....
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Aeronaut, by Velocipede, 8st. 6lb.—broke down.....
Six to 4 on Aeronaut.

MATCH for 150 sovs. 100 ft., both 2 yrs.

Lord Stanley's bl. f. <i>Hayden</i> , by Tomboy, out of Rochana, 8st.....	T. Lye.	1		
Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Princess Elizabeth, by Dr. Syntax, out of Queen Bess, 8st. 2lb.....		2		

THE MERSEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C.
Lord Stanley's br. c. *De Clifford*, by Recovery, out of Baroness by Leopold.....
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Brother to Euclid, by Emilius, out of Maria by Whisker.....

The following were not placed:

Mr. Parkin's b. c. Broadwath, by Liverpool, dam by Albany, grandam by Tiresias, out of Turban's dam by Hambletonian.	Mr. Fowler's b. c. Mogul, by Saracen, out of Minikin.
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Six to 4 agst. the Maria colt, 2 to 1 agst. Mogul, and 5 to 2 agst. Broadwath.

A MAIDEN PLATE of £70; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5 and upwards, 8st. 12lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Plate. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. M'Donough's gr. c. <i>The Friar</i> , by Drone, 4 yrs.....	G. Calloway.	1	7	-	1
Mr. Attwood's b. c. Cleanteas, by Argantes, 3 yrs.....		7	1	-	-
Mr. Etty's br. c. The Quack, by Physician, 3 yrs.....		6	6	0	2
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. by Priam, out of Rowton's dam, 4 yrs.....		9	8	3	-
Mr. Arrowsmith's b. c. Troy, by Priam, 3 yrs.....		3	3	0	dr
Mr. R. Walker's b. c. Kirkdale, by Liverpool, 4 yrs.....		4	4	-	dr
Mr. W. Clarke's ch. c. by Recovery, out of Primrose, 4 yrs.....		8	5	dist.	
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Papineau, by Emancipation, 3 yrs.....		5	2	dist.	
Mr. Loy's b. c. by Liverpool, out of White Rose, 3 yrs.....		2		dr	

WEDNESDAY, July 17—THE SEFTON STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old fillies, 8st. 4lb. Once round. Seven subs.

Mr. Allen's b. f. <i>Antigua</i> , by Mulatto, out of Alice by Langar.....	J. Marson.	1		
Lord Derby's br. f. Velocity, by Velocipede.....		2		
Col. Syngé's b. f. The Heather Bell, by Young Blacklock or Alcaston, out of Sylph.....		3		
Duke of Cleveland's b. f. Eliza, by Physician.....		4		

Six to 4 agst. Velocity.

A FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. Once round and a distance. Five subs.

Mr. Mostyn's br. c. *Papineau*, by Emancipation, out of Archduchess..... walked over.

THE TRADESMAN'S CUP, or Piece of Plate, value 200 sovs., with 100 given from the Racing Fund, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 30 sovs. to the Judge. Two miles. Seventy subs., forty-seven of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Major Yarbrough's b. c. **CHARLES XII.**, by Voltaire, out of Wagtail (Laurel's dam) by Prime Minister, 3 yrs. 6st. 6lb. G. Francis. 1
Lord Eglinton's br. h. **St. Bennett**, by Catton, 5 yrs. 8st. 5lb. 2

The following were not placed:

Mr. Bowes' ch. h. Epirus , by Langar, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb.	Mr. Fowler's ch. c. Gilbert Gurney , by Muley, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.
Mr. Fowler's br. h. Heron , by Bustard, 6 yrs. 8st. 11lb.	Capt. Healey's ch. g. Van Buren , by Velocipede, 5 yrs. 7st. 6lb.
Mr. Hoselline's br. h. Slasling Harry , by Voltaire, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	Mr. Cooke's ch. m. Rachael , by Muley, 5 yrs. 7st. 6lb.
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy , by Voltaire, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	Mr. Allen's b. c. Percy , by Margrave, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lb.
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost , 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb.	Mr. Ogden's b. c. Harpurhey , by Voltaire, 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb.
Mr. Copeland's b. h. King Cole , by Memnon, 6 yrs. 8st. 6lb.	Lord Miltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen , by Sir Hercules, 5 yrs. 6st. 6lb.
Mr. Denham's b. c. Compensation , by Emancipation, 4 yrs. 8st.	Mr. Brown's b. c. Hopeful , 4 yrs. 6st. 6lb., carried 6st. 8lb.

Five to 2 agst. **St. Bennett**, 5 to 1 agst. **Charles XII.**, 5 to 1 agst. **Lanercost**, 10 to 1 agst. **Epirus**, 10 to 1 agst. **Compensation**, and 10 to 1 agst. **Cowboy**.

THE DERBY HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each, with 80 added by the Earl of Derby. One mile. Eighteen subs.

Lord Eglinton's b. f. **Bellona**, by Beagle, out of Bella by Benningbrough, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb. Lye. 1
Mr. Ogden's br. c. **Harpurhey**, by Voltaire, 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb. 2
Capt. Healey's ch. g. **Van Buren**, by Velocipede, 5 yrs. 8st. 3

The following were not placed:

Lord Eglinton's br. g. St. Andrew , by Priam, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb.	Mr. Attwood's b. f. Armelle , by Physician, 3 yrs. 6st.
Mr. F. R. Price's br. g. Captain Pops , 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	Lord Miltown's ch. c. Lepreuchaun , by Skylark or Zealot, 3 yrs. 5st. 8lb., carried 5st. 11lb.
Mr. Critchley's b. h. His Grace , by Cadland, 5 yrs. 7st. 6lb.	Five to 2 agst. Captain Pops , and 5 to 2 agst. Bellona .

THE LADIES' PURSE of 60 sovs.; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.—4, 7st. 12lb.—5, 8st. 6lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 10lb.—mares and geldings allowed 2lb. A winner once before starting to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb. extra. Heats, once round.

Lord Eglinton's b. g. **The Potentate**, by Langar, aged, 8st. 13lb. Lye. 1 1
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. **The Drone**, by Pantaloon, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb. 3 2
Mr. Loy's b. c. by Liverpool, out of White-Rose, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb. 2 3
Mr. Keivan's ch. h. **Ludford**, by Wamba, aged, 9st. 1lb. 4 4

THURSDAY, July 18—**THE LIVERPOOL ST. LEGER** of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft., with 50 added, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 8lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The winner of the Riddlesworth or 2000 gs. Stakes at Newmarket, or Derby at Epsom, to carry 7lb. extra; the Tuesday's Riddesworth, 1000 gs., or Oaks, 5lb.; of the York Derby, Chester Produce, Dee, or Palatine Stakes, the Manchester or Newton St. Leger, 3lb.; of any two of the above, 2lb. in addition to the highest weight attached to either of such two; horses that have started twice and not won, or that have started and not been placed in any of the above stakes at York, Chester, Manchester, or Newton, to be allowed 3lb.: and such allowance to be deducted from extra weights, if any. The owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stake. A mile and three quarters. Fourteen subs.

Mr. Bowes' b. c. **Hetman Platoff**, by Brutandorf, out of Sharpset's dam, 8st. 8lb. H. Edwards. 1
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. **Kremlin**, by Sultan, out of Francesca, 8st. 8lb. 2
Mr. Fowler's br. c. **Profligate**, by Emancipation, out of Billingsgate, 8st. 8lb. 3
Lord Miltown's b. f. **Medea**, by Drone, out of Pasta, 8st. 3lb. 4
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. **Zoroaster**, by Priam, 8st. 8lb. 5

Even on Hetman Platoff, 3 to 1 agst. **Kremlin**, and 7 to 2 agst. **Profligate**.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., 30 sovs. to be added if three horses start; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. Winners once before starting to carry 3lb. extra. Horses having started twice and not won, allowed 3lb. T.Y.C. Seven subs.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. **Rabbitcatcher**, by Birdcatcher, out of Lena's dam, 8st. 7lb. Templeman 1
Lord Stanley's ch. f. by Velocipede, out of Roseleaf, 8st. 1lb. 2
Six to 4 on **Rabbitcatcher**.

THE HOOTON STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 100 added; 4 yr. olds, 8st. 5lb.—5, 8st. 12lb. 6 and aged, 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; maidens at the time of starting allowed, 4 yr. olds, 3lb.; 5, 5lb.; 6 and aged, 8lb. A winner in 1839 once to carry 3lb.; twice 5lb. extra. Twice round. Ten subs.

Mr. Ramsay's bl. h. **The Doctor**, by Dr. Syntax, 5 yrs. 9st. 3lb. J. Cartwright. 1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. **Lanercost**, by Liverpool, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb. 2

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.—4, 9st. 11lb.—5, 9st. 11lb.—6 and aged, 10st. 2lb. Two mile heats.

Lord Eglinton's b. g. **The Potentate**, aged. walked over.

FRIDAY, July 19—**THE KNOWSLEY DINNER STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 6lb.; fillies 8st. 2lb. Once round. Ten subs.

Lord Stanley's b. c. **Charlatan**, by Physician, dam by Soothsayer. T. Lye. 1
Lord Westminster's b. c. **Wayward**, by The Saddler, out of Flighty. 2
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. **Hugh Lupus**, by Priam, out of Her Highness. 3
Two to 1 on **Wayward**.

THE STAND CUP, value 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. Once round and a distance. Twenty-six subs.

Mr. Denham's b. c. *Compensation*, by Emancipation, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.----- G. Whitehouse. 1
 Lord Miltown's ch. m. *Cruiseen*, by Sir Hercules, 5 yrs. 6st. 13lb.----- 2
 Mr. Holker's ch. m. *The Maid of Monton*, by Recovery, 5 yrs. 8st. 4lb.----- 3

The following were not placed:

Mr. Ogden's Harpurhey, by Voltaire, 4 yrs. 7st. Lord Stanley's br. f. *Velocity*, by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb.
 Mr. F. R. Price's br. g. Capt. Pops, by Priam, Three to 1 agst. *Compensation*, 3 to 1 agst. Maid of Monton, 7 to 2 agst. Harpurhey, and 5 to 1 agst. *Cruiseen*.

THE GROSVENOR STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 50 added; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.—and 4, 8st. 10lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; and 4 yr. olds, being maidens at the time of nomination, allowed 3lb. The winner of the St. Leger to carry 3lb. extra. One mile and three quarters. Sixteen subs.

Mr. W. Ramsay's b. c. *Lanercost*, by Liverpool, out of Otis, 4 yrs.----- Cartwright. 1
 Mr. Allen's b. f. *Antigua*, by Mulatto, 3 yrs.----- 2
 Five to 1 on *Lanercost*.

THE STANLEY STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added; 2 yr. olds, 6st. 12lb., and 3, 9st. 2lb.; geldings allowed 2lb. T.Y.C. Three subs.

Lord Stanley's bl. f. *Hoyden*, by Tomboy, out of Rocbana, 3 yrs.----- walked over.

THE SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 70 added; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. Winners once to carry 3lb.; twice, 6lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes. Heats, once round.

Mr. Etty's br. c. *The Quack*, by Physician, dam by Tramp or Grey Walton, 3 yrs. 7st. Lye. 1 1
 Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. *The Lady Abbess*, by St. Nicholas, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb.----- 3 2
 Lord Miltown's ch. c. *Leprechaun*, by Skylark or Zealot, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb.----- 2 3
 Mr. Dixon's b. h. *Anvil*, by Gaberlunzie, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb.----- 4 4

EDINBURGH—MUSSELBURGH COURSE.

On TUESDAY, July 23, Mr. Robertson's ch. g. *Olympic*, by Reveller, out of Whizgig, aged, 10st. 2lb., walked over for Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., Two mile heats.

Mr. Dyson's br. g. *The Colonel* won the Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for Hunters, 11st. each, One mile and a half, beating Duenna, Irish Bard, Dust, and Gustavus.

On WEDNESDAY, July 24, for Fifty Sovereigns given by the Duke of Buccleuch, Two miles, Mr. Fairlie's br. g. *Zohrab*, by Lottery, out of Elizabeth, aged, 10st., beat Sunbeam, Madame St. Clair, and Berwickshire.

Mr. Ramsay's ch. g. *Nubion*, by Sultan, out of Variety, 4 yrs. 8st. 12lb, won the Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages. heats, one mile and a half, beating, in two heats, *Zohrab*, Mr. Graham's ch. f. by Vanish, Collington (late Doctor), Kirtle, and Mr. Alexander's ch. f. by Corinthian.

WINCHESTER.

On TUESDAY, July 23, for the Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, the New Mile, 12 subs., Mr. Wreford's b. c. *Westonian*, by Camel, out of Margellina, 8st. 7lb. beat Clarion and Deceit.

For the Hampshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5, &c., with 50 added, the 2d horse to save his stake, Two miles and a distance, 21 subs., 15 of whom declared; Duke of Richmond's ch. f. *Confusionée*, by Emilius, 3 yrs. 5st. 10lb., beat The Skater, Dormouse, Dart, and Clarion.

For Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., Two mile heats, Mr. Isaac Day's br. h. *Caravan*, by Camel, 5 yrs., 9st. 11 lb., beat Mr. Etwall's Sister to Recruit, Deceit, and Isabella, in two heats.

On WEDNESDAY, July 24, Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Glencoe, out of Margellina, walked over for the Winton Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., three quarters of a mile, three subs.

Mr. Herbert's b. g. *Arctic*, by Brutandorf, 6 yrs., 8st. 11 lb., won the City Members' Plate of 50 sovs., two mile heats, beating Ashfield, Pocket Hercules, and Slender, in two heats.

Mr. W. Wyndham's br. f. *Camarilla*, by Camel, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb., won the Forced Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, three quarters of a mile, six subs.; beating Hill Coolie, Clasp, Dart, and March First.

Mr. W. Sadler's ch. f. *Specimen*, by Rowton, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb., beat The Skater, Recruit, and Isabella, for the Forced Handicap of 3 sovs. each, 25 added, one mile, 9 subs.

LANCASTER.

WEDNESDAY, July 24—SEVENTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the Borough, added to the Cup Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each. Two miles and a distance. Six subs.

Lord Eglinton's b. g. *The Potentate*, by Langar, out of Giovanni's dam, aged, 9st. 10lb. Lye. 1
 Mr. Greene's br. g. *Memorial*, by Corinthian, out of Bella by Beningbrough, 3 yrs. 6st. 6lb.----- 2

A MAIDEN PLATE of £50, the gift of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. Two mile heats.
 Mr. Attwood's b. c. *Cleanthes*, by Argantes, out of Erminia, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb. Oates. - 2 1 1
 Sir J. Boswell's b. f. Anna Maria, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.----- - 1 2 2

Mr. Loy's b. c. by Liverpool, out of White-Rose by Comus, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.----- 1 - -

Mr. Pilling's b. f. by Medoro, out of Florance, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.----- - 3 3

Mr. W. H. Hornby's ch. g. Achilles, by Actæon, 4 yrs. 7st. 11lb.----- 2 - -

THURSDAY, July 25—HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs. Two mile heats.

Lord Eglinton's b. g. *The Potentate*, by Langar, aged, 10st. 2lb.----- walked over.

GOODWOOD.

TUESDAY, July 30—**THE CRAVEN STAKES** of 10 sovs. each; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 12lb. One mile and a quarter. Eleven subs.
 Mr. Bowes' ch. h. *Epirus*, by Langar, out of Olympia by Sir Oliver, 5 yrs. W. Scott. 1
 Duke of Richmond's b. h. Mus, by Bizarre, 6 yrs. 2
 Lord Albemarle's ch. c. Domino, by Mameluke, 3 yrs. 3
 Mr. Isaac Day's br. h. Caravan, by Camel, 5 yrs. 4
 Six to 4 agst. Epirus, 6 to 4 agst. Caravan, and 5 to 1 agst. Mus.

SWEEPSTAKES of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for 4 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. The Queen's Plate Course, about three miles and three quarters. Twenty-one subs.
 Lord George Bentinck's ch. c. *D'Egville*, by The Colonel, out of Varennes. W. Day. 1
 Lord George Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, Brother to Muley Moloch. 2
 Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Caroline Elvina, by Tramp. 3
 Six to 5 agst. Ratsbane, 6 to 4 agst. D'Egville, and 6 to 1 agst. Caroline Elvina.

THE LAVANT STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes, or either of the Two-year-old Stakes at Ascot, to carry 5lb. extra. Half-a-mile. Fifteen subs.
 Lord George Bentinck's b. f. *Crucifix*, by Priam, out of Octaviana, 8st. 8lb. J. Day. 1
 Lord Lichfield's b. f. Firefly, Sister to Phosphorus, 8st. 3lb. 2
 Lord Albemarle's b. c. Exit, by Vanish, 8st. 7lb. 3
 Four to 1 on Crucifix.

THE DRAWING-ROOM STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with a Bonus by an independent subscription of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. The winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 8lb.; the second for either, 4lb. extra. The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 25 sovs. to the Judge. Once round the Drawing-Room Stakes Course. Twenty-four subscribers to the Sweepstakes and twenty-five to the Bonus.

Fulwar Craven's b. f. *Deception*, by Defence, out of Lady Stumps, 8st. 10lb. Trenn. 1
 Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Merganser, by Merchant. 2
 Lord Exeter's b. c. Bosphorus, by Reveller. 3
 Col. Anson's b. c. Nickleby, by Jerry. 4
 Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Glenlivet, by Cetus or Rowton. 5
 Duke of Richmond's b. f. Reel, by Camel. 6
 Six to 4 on Deception, and 4 to 1 agst. Merganser.

THE INNKEEPERS' PLATE of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 7lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 10lb. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, T.Y.C.

Duke of Richmond's ch. c. *Tamburini*, by Rubini, out of Conciliation, 3 yrs. Rogers. 1 4 1
 Mr. Mew's b. f. Myopes, by Chat, Margaux, out of Vicarage, 4 yrs. - 1 3
 Capt. Gardnor's br. c. Ochiltree, by Gaberlunzie, 4 yrs. 3 2 2
 Sir D. Baird's The Morning Star (late Oswald), by Conductor, aged. 2 3 dr
 Mr. Tucker's b. f. Lucretia, by Dr. Faustus, half-bred, 4 yrs. - 5 dr
 Mr. May's ch. h. Zadig, 6 yrs. - dr
 Mr. Balchin's Lady Agnes, by Cain, 4 yrs. - dr

Two to 1 agst. Ochiltree, 5 to 2 agst. The Morning Star. After the first heat, 2 to 1 agst. Tamburini, 5 to 2 agst. Myopes, 4 to 1 agst. The Morning Star. After the second heat, 7 to 4 on Myopes, 3 to 1 agst. Tamburini, and 4 to 1 agst. Ochiltree.

WEDNESDAY, July 31—**A PLATE** of £50; 2 yr. olds, 5st. 7lb.—3, 7st. 9lb.—4, 8st. 7lb.—5 and upwards, 8st. 10lb. The winner to be sold for 60 sovs. if demanded, &c. T.Y.C.
 Mr. Forth's b. f. by Frederick, out of Cetus, 2 yrs. Bell. 1
 Mr. Osbaldeston's Miss Etty, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 2
 Capt. Gardnor's br. c. Shuffler, by Reveller, out of Scurry, 4 yrs. 3
 Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Felo-de-se, by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 4

The following were not placed:

Mr. Mew's b. f. Myopes, by Chat, Margaux, 4 y. | Mr. Balchin's b. f. Lady Agnes, by Cain, 4 yrs.
 Mr. Tribe's b. c. Roostan, 3 yrs. | Mr. Jones's Kitty, by Fungus, 4 yrs.

Three to 1 agst. Myopes, 3 to 1 agst. Roostan, and 7 to 2 agst. Miss Etty.

The winner was claimed.

THE GOODWOOD STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes. Cup Course. One hundred and twenty-eight subscribers, eighty-three of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Fulwar Craven's ch. h. *Barnacles*, by Cain, dam by Bourbon, 6 yrs. 8st. 11lb. Connolly. 1
 Mr. Greville's br. f. Morella, by Emilius, 4 yrs. 6st. 10lb. 2
 Duke of Richmond's ch. f. Confusionée, by Emilius, 3 yrs. 5st. 10lb. 3

The following were not placed:

Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, by Catton, 5 yrs. 9st.	Fulwar Craven's I-wish-you-may-get-it, 4 yrs 6st. 12lb.
Capt. Williamson's br. h. Mervan, by Shakspeare, 5 yrs. 8st. 5lb.	Mr. J. Garrard's Cornborough, by Tramp, 5 yrs. 6st. 10lb.
Capt. Lamb's ch. h. Chit-chat, by Velocipede, 5 yrs. 8st.	Mr. Meiklam's b. g. Wee Willie, by Liverpool, 4 yrs. 6st. 10lb.
Mr. V. King's br. h. Ruby, by Reveller, 5 yrs. 8st.	Lord Westminster's ch. c. The Lord Mayor, by Pantaloon, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.
Lord Jersey's Joannina, by Priam, 4 yrs. 6st. 13lb.	Mr. M'Donough's gr. c. The Friar, by Drone, 4 yrs. 6st. 7lb. (carried 6st. 11 lb.)
Duke of Richmond's Hooghley, by The Colonel, 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb.	Mr. Hornsby's ch. f. Romania, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 6st. 4lb.
Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, by Tranby, 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb.	

Three to 1 agst. Confusionée, 9 to 2 agst. The Lord Mayor, 12 to 1 agst. St. Bennett, 14 to 1 agst. Romania, 15 to 1 agst. I-am-not-aware, 16 to 1 agst. Barnacles, 16 to 1 agst. Joannina, 20 to 1 agst. Morella, and 22 to 1 agst. The Friar.

THE MEMBERS' PLATE of £50, with £50 added by the Ladies, and £10 from the Fund for the second horse; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 7lb.—5, 9st.—6 and aged, 9st. 4lb. The winner to be sold for 350 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, once round.

Mr. King's ch. h. <i>Jack-in-the-Green</i> , by Lamplighter—Camarine's dam, 6 yrs..	Wheeler.	1	1
Duke of Richmond's <i>The Carrier</i> , by The Saddler, 3 yrs.....		3	2
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Specimen, by Rowton, 3 yrs.....		2	3
Mr. Monk's ch. c. Nominee, by St. Patrick, 3 yrs.....		4	dr

Two to 1 agst. Jack-in-the-Green; and, after the first heat, high odds on him.

THE QUEEN'S PLATE of 100 gs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.—4, 9st. 2lb.—5, 9st. 13lb.—6 and aged, 10st. 4lb. About three miles and five furlongs.

Mr. Isaac Day's <i>Caravan</i> , by Camel, out of Wings by The Flyer, 5 yrs.....	Pavis.	1
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Beggarman, by Zinganee, 4 yrs.....		2
Lord Lichfield's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Wings, 3 yrs.....		3

Five to 1 on Caravan.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with the City Plate of 100 sovs. added if three horses start; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 9lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 12lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes. Mile heats. Six subs.

Mr. Bowes' ch. h. <i>Epirus</i> , by Langar, out of Olympia by Sir Oliver, 5 yrs....	H. Edwards.	1	1
Mr. Balchin's Launchaway, by Tarrate, 4 yrs.....		2	2

THURSDAY, Aug. 1—**THE MOLECOMB STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. A winner before starting (Matches and Handicaps excepted) to carry 5lb. extra; the winner of the Lavant Stakes to carry 7lb. extra; no horse to carry more than 7lb. extra. T.Y.C. Eighteen subs.

Lord George Bentinck's b. f. <i>Crucifix</i> , by Friam, out of Octaviana, 8st. 11 lb.....	J. Day.	1
Mr. Sadler's ch. c. Defendant, by Defence, 8st. 7lb.....		2
Lord Albemarle's ch. f. Iris, by Cain, 8st. 9lb.....		3

Four to 1 on Crucifix, 6 to 1 agst. Defendant, and 7 to 1 agst. Iris.

THE RACING STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds. The New Mile. Fifteen subs.

Mr. Wreford's b. c. <i>Westonian</i> , by Camel, out of Margellina, 8st. 7lb.....	J. Day.	1
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Merganser, by Merchant, 8st. 4lb.....		2

The following were not placed:

Duke of Richmond's b. f. Reel, by Camel, 8st. 7lb.....	Col. G. Wyndham's b. c. by Nimrod (by Whalebone) or Gaberlanzie, out of Harpalyce, 8st 7lb.
Lord Lichfield's bl. c. The Corsair, by Sir Hercules, 8st. 13lb.	Mr. Bowes' b.c. Epidauros, by Langar, 8st. 7lb.

Seven to 4 agst. Epidauros, 5 to 2 agst. Westonian, 4 to 1 agst. Merganser, and 5 to 1 agst. The Corsair.

THE GOODWOOD CUP, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 100 added from the Racing Fund. The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes. Cup Course. Forty-six subs.

Mr. Ferguson's ch. h. <i>Harkaway</i> , by Economist, 6 yrs. 9st. 4lb.....	Calloway.	1
Mr. Dixon's b. c. Hyllus, by Sir Hercules, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.....		2
Fulwar Craven's b. f. Deception, by Defence, 3 yrs. 8st. 3lb.....		3
Mr. Ramsay's bl. h. The Doctor, by Dr. Syntax, 5 yrs. 9st. 2lb.....		4
Mr. Bowes' ch. h. Epirus, by Langar, 5 yrs. 9st. 4lb.....		5
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Beggarman, by Zinganee, 4 yrs. 8st. 1 lb.....		6
Lord Exeter's b. c. Bosphorus, by Reveller, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.....		7
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Alemdar, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.....		8
Lord Westminster's br. c. Richard Roe, by Panlaloan, 4 yrs. 8st. 1 lb.....		9

Even on Harkaway, 2 to 1 agst. Deception, 10 to 1 agst. The Doctor, and 20 to 1 agst. Hyllus.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S PLATE of 100 sovs. Last mile.

Mr. S. Herbert's b. c. <i>Clarion</i> , by Sultan, out of Clara, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....	Percy.	1
Mr. Shelley's ch. c. Tawney Owl, by Buzzard, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.....		2
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Glenlivat, by Cetus or Rowton, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb.....		3
Mr. Garrard's Cornborough, by Tramp, 5 yrs. 8st.....		4
Lord Albemarle's Domino, by Mameluke, 3 yrs. 7st.....		5
Capt. Williamson's br. f. The Drama, by Emilius, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb.....		6

Five to 2 agst. Glenlivat, 7 to 2 agst. Clarion, and 4 to 1 agst. The Drama.

THE ANGLESEY STAKES of 15 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. To be ridden by Officers of the Army or Navy, or by Members or Sons of Members of White's, Brooke's, Boodle's, the Jockey Club, Goodwood, Heaton Park, or Bibury Clubs. The New Mile. Thirteen subs.

Lord Eglinton's br. h. <i>St. Bennett</i> , by Catton, out of Dorioletta by Amadis, 5 yrs. 12st. 12lb.....	Mr. J. Villiers.	1
Sir D. Baird's <i>The Morning Star</i> (late Oswald), by Conductor, aged, 11st. 2lb.....		2
Capt. Gardnor's Bandboy, by Trumpeter, 4 yrs. 10st. 2lb.....		3

The following were not placed:

Lord March's Guava, by The Colonel, 4 yrs. 10st. 2lb.....	Duke of Richmond's Hooghley, by The Colonel, 4 yrs. 10st. 7lb.
Mr. Simpson's Aggravator, by Palmerin, half-bred, aged, 11st. 7lb.	Five to 2 agst. St. Bennett, 3 to 1 agst. The Morning Star, and 5 to 1 agst. Bandboy.

FRIDAY, Aug. 2—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft. if declared, &c., with 100 added by T. Thornhill, Esq. Craven Course. Eleven subs., six of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Duke of Richmond's ch. c. <i>Confusionée</i> , by Emilius, 3 yrs. 6st.	Howlett.	1
Capt. Gardner's b. c. Bandboy, by Trumpeter, 4 yrs. 7st.		2
Mr. Shelley's ch. c. Tawney Owl, by Buzzard, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.		3
Mr. Forth's b. h. Emprise, by Emilius, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb.		4

Five to 4 on *Confusionée*, 3 to 1 agst. Tawney Owl, and 6 to 1 agst. Emprise.

A FREE CUP value 150 sovs., the gift of Sir John Gerard, Bart., for 3 and 4 yr. olds (Handicap).

Any number of horses the property of the same person allowed to start. T.Y.C.

Mr. Dixon's b. c. <i>Camellino</i> , by Camel, out of Maria, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb.	Natt.	1
Lord Lichfield's bl. c. The Corsair, by Sir Hercules, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb.		2
Mr. Balchin's b. f. Launchaway, by Tarrare, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.		3

The following were not placed:

Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. Canace, by Cain, out of Busk, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb.	Duke of Richmond's br. c. The Currier, by The Saddler, 3 yrs. 5st. 10lb.
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Glenlivat, by Cetus or Rowton, 3 yrs. 6st. 6lb.	Capt. Gardner's b. c. by Rowton, out of Bustle, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.
Duke of Richmond's br. f. Quadroon, by Mulatto, out of Mustee's dam, 3 yrs. 6st.	Mr. Shelley's ch. c. Tawney Owl, by Buzzard, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.

Two to 1 agst. *Camellino*, 4 to 1 agst. *Glenlivat*, 5 to 1 agst. The Corsair, and 5 to 1 agst. Bustle colt.

THE HARKAWAY CUP, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, by subscription of 15 sovs. each (Handicap). Craven Stakes Course. Twenty-seven subs.

Lord Eglinton's b. f. Bellona, by Beagle, out of Bella, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.	Lye.	1
Lord Lichfield's bl. c. The Corsair, by Sir Hercules, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb.		0
Duke of Richmond's ch. f. <i>Confusionée</i> , by Emilius, 3 yrs. 6st. 6lb.		0

The following were not placed:

Lord Westminster's ch. c. The Lord Mayor, by Pantaloon, 3 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, by Muley 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb.
Mr. R. Bell's b. m. Miss Eliza, by Humphrey Clinker, 5 yrs. 7st. 10lb.	Mr. S. Herbert's b. c. Clarion, by Sultan, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb.
Lord Exeter's b. c. Bosphorus, by Reveller, 3 yrs. 7st. 11b.	Duke of Richmond's b. h. Mus, by Bizarre, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb.

There was a false start, when Fulwar Craven's br. f. I-wish-you-may-get-it, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.; Lord Jersey's ch. c. Ilderim, 3 yrs. 7st. 1 lb.; and the above horses, with the exception of The Corsair, who did not get off, and Clarion, who bolted, ran the course through. The Lord Mayor and Bellona running a dead heat, and Ratsbane being third. When it was declared a false start, I-wish-you-may-get-it and Ilderim were drawn.

Two to 1 agst. Bellona, 4 to 1 agst. The Lord Mayor, 5 to 1 agst. Ratsbane, and 5 to 1 agst. Mus. After the false start, 6 to 4 on Bellona and The Lord Mayor agst. The Field, 4 to 1 agst. Ratsbane, and 5 to 1 agst. Clarion.

THE MARCH STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. if declared, &c. To be ridden by Members of the Goodwood Club. Heats, the last three quarters of a mile of the Drawing-room Stakes Course. Twenty-seven subs., nineteen of whom paid 5 sovs. each, to be divided between the first and second horses.

Lord March's br. f. <i>Guava</i> , by The Colonel, out of Gulnare, 4 yrs. 10st. 1 lb.	Ld. March.	4	1	1
Duke of Richmond's b. f. Reel, by Camel, 3 yrs. 9st. 8lb.			1	3
Mr. S. Herbert's b. g. Arctic, by Brutandorf, 6 yrs. 12st. 8lb.			2	2 dr
Capt. Gardner's br. c. Shuffler, by Reveller, out of Scurry, 4 yrs. 9st. 12lb.			3	dr

Guava walked over for the third heat, and Lord March and the Duke of Richmond divided the Stakes.—Five to 4 agst. Reel; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on her.

POST MATCH of 300 sovs., h. ft., each subscriber to name three and bring one to the post, 8st. 7lb. each, Cup Course.

Duke of Richmond's ch. c. *Hooghley*, by The Colonel, rec'd 100 sovs. from the Duke of Portland.

WORCESTER.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 7—**THE WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 20 added. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. Two miles. Seventeen subs., nine of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. <i>Isaac</i> , by Figaro, out of Jack Spigot's dam, aged, 8st. 10lb.	Darling.	1
Mrs. Massey's b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb.		2
Mr. Meiklam's br. g. Wee Willie, by Liverpool, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb.		3

The following were not placed:

Lord Warwick's b. c. Melodrame, by Brutandorf, out of Melody, 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb.	Mr. Flintoff's ch. c. Bilboa, 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb.
	Mr. Collett's b. c. The Dean, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 25 added, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C.

Mr. Fowler's b. f. <i>Lalla Rookh</i> , by Defence, out of Leila	Darling.	1
Mr. W. Hervey's b. f. Kate Nickleby, by Cain		2
Mr. B. Collett's ch. c. Cork, by Priam, out of Kalmia		3
Mr. Bristow's bl. c. Janus, by Waverley, out of Dinah		4

THE CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. Two mile heats.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. <i>Isaac</i> , by Figaro, out of Jack Spigot's dam, aged, 9st. 6lb.	Darling.	1	1
Mr. Walsley's b. g. Catamaran, aged, 9st. 4lb.		3	2
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, by Whisker, aged, 9st. 4lb.		2	3
Capt. Lamb's ch. c. Own Brother to Nimrod, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.—bolted			dist.

THURSDAY, Aug. 8—THE MALVERN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for 2 and 3 yr. olds. The Five-furlong Course. Five subs.

Mr. Collett's b. c. *The Dean*, by Voltaire, out of Trampina, 3 yrs. 8st. 10lb. Whitehouse. 1
Mr. Painter's ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Tintoretto, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb. 2

The following were not placed:

Capt. Lamb's br. c. Brother to Enterprise, by Mr. Taylor's f. Rosetta, by Stumps, 3 y. 8st. 7lb. Belzoni, 2 yrs. 6st. 8lb. | Mr. Fowler's b. f. Lalla Rookh, 2 yrs. 6st. 9lb.

☐ Lalla Rookh came in first, but in consequence of her running on the wrong side of a post, the Stakes were given to The Dean.

THE SEVERN STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 13lb.—6, 9st. 3lb.—and aged, 9st. 4lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. A mile and a quarter. Fifteen subs.

Mr. M'Donough's gr. c. *The Friar*, by Drone, 4 yrs. 1
Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. Saul, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs. 2
Mr. Collins' ch. c. Springfield, by Winterfield, 3 yrs. 3

The following were not placed:

Mr. Bristow's ch. f. Susannah, by Dr. Faustus, | Captain Lamb's br. h. Gardham, by Falcon, 3 yrs. 5 yrs.

THE GOLD CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for all ages. Three miles. Nine subs.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. *Isaac*, by Figaro, out of Jack Spigot's dam, aged, 9st. 4lb. 1
Mr. Meiklam's Modesty, by Malek, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb. 2

Match for 100 sovs., half a mile.

Mr. Collett's gr. g. *Bonny Boy*, aged, 12st. 1
Mr. Hawkes' b. g. John Jolly, 4 yrs. 8st. 2

A PLATE of £50, given by the Members for the Western Division of the County, for horses bred in the County, and which had never won before the 1st of May last, and *bona fide* the property of an Elector of the said County. Three mile heats.

Mr. Price's ch. c. *Freeman*, by Emancipation, half-bred, 4 yrs. 9st. 11lb. Darling. 1 1
Mr. Taylor's f. Rosetta, by Stumps, 3 yrs. 8st. 11lb. 2 dr
Mr. Darling's ch. c. The Nile, by Belzoni, 3 yrs. 9st. 3 dr

Match for 50 sovs., 30 ft., half a mile.

Mr. Collett's d. m. *Duenna*, by Reveller, aged, 14st. rec'd ft.
From Mr. G. Hawkes' b. g. John Jolly, 4 yrs. a feather.

BRIGHTON.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 7—THE BRIGHTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 100 added by the Town. The winner of the Goodwood, Hampshire, Somersetshire, or Cheltenham Stakes, to carry 7lb.; of any two, 14lb. extra. The New Course. Thirty-four subs., twenty-one of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Shelley's ch. c. *Tawney Owl*, by Buzzard, out of Stately, 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb. Wakefield. 1

The following were not placed:

Lord George Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, by Mr. Balchin's b. m. Slang, by Grimaldi, aged, 8st. 8st. Muley, 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb.
Mr. King's Ruby, by Reveller, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb. | Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, by Merchant, 3 yrs. 8st. 12lb. (who fell.)
Lord Jersey's Joannina, by Priam, 4 y. 7st. 7lb.

☐ For this race Ratsbane came in first, Ruby second, Joannina third, and Tawney Owl fifth; but the rider of Tawney Owl claimed the Stake on the ground that the first four horses went on the wrong side of a post, and after investigation the Stakes were awarded by the Stewards to Tawney Owl.

Five to 4 agst. Merganser, 3 to 1 agst. Ratsbane, and 5 to 1 agst. Ruby.

THE PAVILION STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 yr. olds. T.Y.C. Four subs.

Lord Albemarle's ch. f. *Iris*, by Cain, out of Elizabeth, 8st. 10lb. E. Edwards. 1
Mr. Shelley's ch. f. Adah, by Rubini or Cain, out of Sultana by Selim, 8st. 5lb. 2
Nine to 2 on Iris.

THE TOWN PLATE of £50, added to a subscription of 3 sovs. each; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 7lb.—4, 8st. 7lb.—5, 8st. 13lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 2lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c. The second horse to receive 10 sovs. Mile heats.

Mr. Balchin's b. f. *Launchaway*, by Tarrare, dam by Waxy, 4 yrs. Wakefield. 1 1
Mr. Hornsby's ch. f. Romania, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 2 2
Capt. Pettat's Caliph, by Sultan, aged. 3 dr

THE TRADESMEN'S PLATE of 50 sovs., added to a subscription of 3 sovs. each: 3 yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 13lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 2lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. Heats, T.Y.C.

Capt. Pettat's *Caliph*, by Sultan, out of Variety, aged. Chapple. 1 1
Mr. Shelley's ch. f. Olio, by Reveller, 4 yrs. 3 2
Mr. Monk's ch. c. Nominee, by St. Patrick, 3 yrs. 2 dr

THURSDAY, Aug. 8—HER MAJESTY'S GOLD CUP, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each. The Old Course. Seven subs.

Mr. V. King's *Ruby*, by Reveller, out of Turquoise, 5 yrs. 9st. 5lb. Sly. 1
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Carolina, by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb. 2
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Merganser, by Merchant, 3 yrs. 7st. 8lb. 3
Mr. Theobald's b. g. The Mayor, by Camel, out of Lodoiska by Sir Roger, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb. 4

Even on Carolina, and 6 to 4 agst. Merganser.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., for horses the property of Officers of the Twelfth Lancers. Heats, T.Y.C. Six subs.
Won by Mr. Clifton's *Banker* (Mr. Delaval Gray), beating three others.

A PLATE of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 12lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Heats, three quarters of a mile.

Capt. Pettat's <i>Caliph</i> , by Sultan, out of Variety.....	Chapple.	1	1
Mr. Shelley's <i>Olio</i> , by Reveller, 4 yrs.....		3	2
Mr. Armstrong's <i>Abelard</i> , 3 yrs. bolted.....		2	dist.

FRIDAY, Aug. 9.—MATCH for 50 sovs., h. ft., T.Y.C.
Mr. Clifton's br. h. *Banker*, 12st., beat Mr. Munro's b. h. *Confederate*. 9st. 7lb.

THE SUSSEX PLATE of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each. The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, the New Course. Five subs.

Mr. Hornsby's ch. f. <i>Romania</i> , by Sultan, out of Ramona, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb. Owner.....	1	0	3	1
Mr. Monk's Nominee, by St. Patrick, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb.—bolted.....	4	0	1	dist.
Mr. Balchin's <i>Slang</i> , by Grimaldi, ag'd, 9st. 5lb.....	2	3	2	dr
Mr. Armstrong's <i>Abelard</i> , 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb.....	3			dr

The Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., heats, half a mile, was won by Mr. Morant's *Morgiana*, beating six others.

NEWCASTLE.

THURSDAY, Aug. 8.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for 3 yr. olds. Twice round. Four subs.

Mr. Buckley's ch. c. <i>Charley</i> , by Muley, out of Prima Donna, 8st. 6lb.....	M. Jones.	1
Mr. Frost's bl. f. by Gambol, dam by Magistrate, 8st.....		2
Mr. Powell's ch. c. Allen, by Exile, 8st. 3lb.....		3

THE NEWCASTLE CUP, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by W. H. Miller, Esq., Member for the Borough, for all ages. Twice round and a distance. Four subs.

Lord Eglinton's b. g. <i>The Potentate</i> , by Langar, out of Giovanni's dam, aged, 9st. 4lb. Lye.....	1
Mr. E. Buckley's ch. f. Lillie, by Muley, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.....	2

THE LADIES' PURSE of 30 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for all ages. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Dawson's ch. f. <i>Primefit</i> , by Actæon, out of Chat, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb.....	T. Lye.	4	-	1	1
Mr. Ogden's b. c. St. Leonard, by St. Nicholas, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....		5	1	2	2
Mr. E. Buckley's ch. c. Charley, by Muley, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....		1	-	3	dr
Mr. Walters' br. h. Goldhurst, by Confederate, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb.....		3	-	4	
Mr. Moss's ch. m. Maid Marian, by Robin Hood, 5 yrs. 6st. 4lb.....		2	2	dr	

FRIDAY, Aug. 9.—A MAIDEN PLATE of 50 sovs., given by Spencer Horsey de Horsey, Esq., Member for the Borough. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Frost's br. f. <i>Viola</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Moselle, 3 yrs., 6st. 11 lb.....	B. Bond.	1	1
Mr. W. Saunders' ch. c. Sir John Cockle, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.....		2	2
Mr. Simpson's ch. c. by Recovery, dam by Swiss, 3 yrs. 7st.....		3	3

A HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. James' ch. g. <i>Derryane</i> , aged, 11st. 8lb.....	Dawson.	1	1
Mr. L. Bradford's b. g. Tearaway, aged, 11st. 8lb.....		2	2

WOLVERHAMPTON.

MONDAY, Aug. 12.—THE TRIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Once round and a distance, about a mile and a quarter.

Lord Chesterfield's br. f. <i>Industry</i> , by Priam—Arachne by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs.....	Firbeck.	1
Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. Saul, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs.....		2
Lord Stanley's br. c. Charlatan, by Physician, 3 yrs.....		3

Five to 4 on Industry, and 4 to 1 agst. Saul.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. Three subs.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. by Langar, out of Kalmia, 8st.....		walked over.
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THE WOLVERHAMPTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. The winner to pay 20 sovs. towards the expenses of the Course. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Twice round and a distance. Forty-six subs., twenty-six of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Duke of Richmond's ch. f. <i>Confusionée</i> , by Emilius, out of Y. Maniac, 3 yrs. 5st. 7lb. Howlett.....	1
Lord George Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, by Muley, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.....	2

The following were not placed:

Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, by Langar, aged, 9st.	Captain Macquarrie's Magpie, by Young Blacklock, 5 yrs. 7st. 4lb.
Mr. Griffith's ch. h. Lugwardine, by Bobadil, 5 yrs. 8st.	Lord Warwick's b. c. Melodrame, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 7st.
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. Picotee, by Teniers, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.	Lord Miltoyn's ch. m. Cruiskeen, by Sir Hercules, 5 yrs. 6st. 3lb.
Capt. Taylor's b. c. Chatterer, 3 yrs. 6st.	

Five to 2 agst. Confusionée, 5 to 2 agst. Magpie, 3 to 1 agst. The Potentate, 5 to 1 agst. Cruiskeen, 6 to 1 agst. Ratsbane, and 8 to 1 agst. Chatterer.

THE LADIES' PURSE of 50 sovs. for maiden horses. Heats, once round and a distance.

Capt. Lamb's b. c. <i>Speed</i> , by Physician, 3 yrs. 7st. Whitehouse.	1	1
Mr. Painter's ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Tintoretto, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb.	-	2
Mr. Handley's ch. f. Taglioni, by Recovery, dam by Bustard, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb.	2	-
Mr. Tempest's br. c. John Doe, by Pantaloon, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.	-	-
Mr. Saunders' ch. c. Sir John Cockle, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.	-	-
Mr. Skerratt's b. m. by Zinganez, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	-	-
Mr. Roberts' ch. f. by Irish Blacklock, out of Annie by Wanderer, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb.	-	-
Mr. Moss's br. f. Miss Foote, by Pantaloon, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb.	-	-
Mr. Taylor's br. f. Rosetta, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb.	-	dr

THE BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE of 60 sovs., for horses of all ages. The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. G. Dawson's ch. f. <i>Primfit</i> , by Actæon, out of Chat, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. Lye.	-	1	1
Mr. Copeland's b. c. Chantilly, by Langar, 4 yrs. 7st. 3lb.	1	-	-
Mr. Critchley's b. h. His Grace, 5 yrs. 8st. 11lb.	-	-	2
Mr. Walmsley's b. g. Catamaran, aged, 9st. 4lb.	-	2	-
Col. Anson's b. c. Boz, by Jerry, 3 yrs. 7st.	-	-	-
Mr. Buckley's ch. f. Lillie, by Muley, 3 yrs. 7st.	2	dr	-

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred. Heats, once round, starting from the Stand, and coming in at the Winning Chair.

Mr. Wheelodon's b. c. <i>Cracksman</i> , by Pickpocket, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb. G. Whitehouse.	-	1	1
Mr. Collett's d. m. Duenna, by Reveller, aged, 10st. 11lb.	1	-	2
Sir J. Boswell's br. f. by Physician, out of Meretrix, 3 yrs. 8st. 4lb.	-	-	3
Mr. Lagar's br. m. by Silkworm, out of Betty, 6 yrs. 10st. 3lb.	-	2	dr
Col. Anson's b. c. by Advance, out of President, 4 yrs. 9st. 5lb.	2	dr	-
Mr. Mence's b. f. Isabella, by Belzoni, 3 yrs. 8st. 5lb.	-	dr	-

TUESDAY, Aug. 13—THE WOLVERHAMPTON ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. One mile and three quarters. Eight subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. <i>Kremlin</i> , by Sultan, out of Francesca. Lye.	1
Mr. Fowler's br. c. Profligate, by Emancipation.	2
Mr. Collett's b. c. The Dean, by Voltaire.	3

THE CHILLINGTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. Three quarters of a mile. Seven subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. by Emilius, out of Maria. Lye.	1
Mr. Fowler's br. c. Mogul, by Saracen.	2

The following were not placed:

Mr. R. J. Mostyn's ch. c. Honor Bright, by The Tulip, out of Sprig by Whisker.	Col. Anson's b. c. Nicholas, Brother to Nickleby, by Jerry.
Mr. Walters' b. f. by Olympus, out of Miniatore by Teniers.	Mr. Billington's b. c. Snoozer, by Muley.

THE CLEVELAND CUP of 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, the surplus in specie, for horses of all ages. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. Three miles. Thirteen subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. <i>Kremlin</i> , by Sultan, out of Francesca, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb. Lye.	1
Mr. Ferguson's ch. h. Harkaway, by Economist, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb.	2

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14—THE WROTTESLEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for 3 and 4 yr. olds. A winner in the present year to carry 3lb. extra; the winner of the St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra. Once round, starting at the Stand. Four subs.

Mr. Fowler's br. c. <i>Profligate</i> , by Emancipation, out of Billingsgate, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb. Dodgson.	1
Lord Stanley's br. c. Charlatan, by Physician, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb.	2
Mr. Copeland's gr. c. Vertumnus, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. Once round, starting at the Stand. Six subs.

Mr. T. Walters' ch. c. <i>Sir Mark</i> , by Cetus, dam by Blacklock. Marlew.	1
Capt. Lamb's br. c. <i>Speed</i> , by Physician.	2
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. by Langar, out of Kalmia.	3

THE HOLYOAKE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with the Stand Purse of 50 sovs. added. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Twice round and a distance. Thirty-seven subs., twenty-two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Duke of Richmond's <i>Confusionée</i> , by Emilius, out of Young Maniac, 3 yrs. 6st. Howlett.	1
Lord George Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, by Muley, 4 yrs. 7st. 9lb.	2
Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, by Catton, 5 yrs. 9st.	3

The following were not placed:

Mr. Bowes' ch. h. Epirus, by Langar, 5 yrs. 8st. 11lb.	Mr. Dawson's ch. f. Primefit, by Actæon, 4 yrs. 6st. 10lb.
Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, by Tramp, aged, 7st. 12lb.	Lord Miltown's ch. c. Leprenchaun, by Skylark or Zealot, 3 yrs. 5st. 4lb.
Capt. Lamb's b. m. Miss Kitty Cockle, by Cadland, 5 yrs. 7st.	

Five to 4 on *Confusionée*.

THE HIMLEY PARK STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for the beaten horses; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 9lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 12lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb. A winner of £50 in the present year to carry 2lb.; of two of £50 or one of £100, 5lb.; of three or more, 8lb. extra. Heats, once round from the Stand. Five subs.

Capt. Taylor's b. c. <i>Chatterer</i> , by Physician or Jerry, out of Cade, 3 yrs. Birbeck.	3	1	1
Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. Saul, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs.	1	2	2
Lord George Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, by Muley, 4 yrs.	2	3	dr

CHELMSFORD.

TUESDAY, Aug. 13—HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs. Two mile heats.

Mr. Pettit's b. c. <i>St. Francis</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Surprise, 4 yrs. 9st. 1 lb.	Pettit.	1	1
Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. <i>Dædalus</i> , by Buzzard, 4 yrs. 9st. 1 lb.		2	2
Mr. Palmer's b. h. <i>Carbine</i> , by Lottery, 5 yrs. 9st. 1 lb.		3	dr

THE STEWARDS' PLATE of 50 sovs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 7lb.—5, 9st. 1 lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 5lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. A winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1839, to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; of three, 7lb. extra. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, to start from the distance post and run once round.

Count Demidoff's b. f. <i>Disagreeable</i> , by Agreeable, out of Green Leighton's dam, 3 yrs.	Cotton.	1	2	1
Mr. T. Hussey's b. f. <i>Red Rose</i> , by Rubini, 3 yrs.		2	1	2
Mr. Munro's b. g. <i>Bravo</i> , by Flexible, 6 yrs.		3	3	dr
Mr. W. B. Smith's Baronet, by The Earl, 4 yrs.		4	dr	

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Members for the County. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, the New Mile. Nine subs.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. h. <i>Merrythought</i> , by The Colonel, out of Pinions, 5 y. 9st.	Boyce.	1	1
Mr. Faulconer's b. f. <i>Slender</i> , by Longwaist, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.		8	2
Mr. White's b. f. <i>Bucella</i> , by Sir Benjamin, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.		5	3
Sir J. Tyrrell's b. m. <i>Myrtle</i> , by Cadiz, 6 yrs. 9st.		3	4
Mr. Bishop's ch. m. <i>The Thurton Lass</i> , 5 yrs. 8st. 11 lb.		2	5
Lord Pavistock's gr. g. <i>Gimcrack</i> , by Stumps, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.		6	6
Mr. King's Condor, by Buzzard, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.		4	dr
Mr. Scott's ch. f. by Langar, out of Candia's dam, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.		7	dr

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14—THE CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c. Three miles. Seven subs.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. h. <i>Merrythought</i> , by The Colonel, out of Pinions, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb.	Boyce.	1	
Count Demidoff's b. f. <i>Disagreeable</i> , by Agreeable, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.		2	
Mr. Hussey's b. f. <i>Red Rose</i> , by Rubini, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.		3	

THE TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs. The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Faulconer's b. f. <i>Slender</i> , by Longwaist, dam by Soothsayer, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb.		1	1
Sir J. Tyrrell's b. m. <i>Myrtle</i> , by Cadiz, 6 yrs. 9st. 2lb.		3	2
Mr. Munro's b. g. <i>Bravo</i> , by Flexible, 6 yrs. 9st. 5lb.		4	3
Lord Tavistock's gr. g. <i>Gimcrack</i> , by Stumps, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.		2	dr

SALISBURY.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. One mile and a half. Twelve subs.

Mr. Herbert's b. c. <i>Clarion</i> , by Sultan, out of Clara by Filho da Puta, 8st. 4lb.	Connelly.	1	
Mr. Wreford's b. c. <i>Westonian</i> , by Camel, 8st. 7lb.		2	

THE WILTSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added by the County Members for the Southern Division of Wilts if three horses start. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Two miles. Twenty subs., fourteen of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Fulwar Craven's b. f. <i>Deception</i> , by Defence—Lady Stumps by Tramp, 3 yrs. 8st.	Trenn.	1	
Mr. Sadler's b. c. <i>Dart</i> , by Defence, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.		2	

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., with the City Bowl and 30 sovs. added, for all ages. Mile heats. Six subs.

Mr. Oliver's ro. m. <i>Bodice</i> , by Whalebone—Miss Craven's dam, aged, 9st. 5lb.	Connelly.	1	1
Mr. Wreford's Wasp, by Bedlamite, 3 yrs. 8st. 1 lb.		2	2
Mr. Legg's Stickler, aged, 8st. 9lb.		5	3
Mr. W. Sadler's Specimen, by Rowton, 3 yrs. 7st. 11 lb.		4	4
Mr. Lane's Squire Western, by The Colonel, 4 yrs. 8st.		3	5

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs. Three miles.

Mr. Isaac Day's br. h. <i>Caravan</i> , by Camel, out of Wings by The Flyer, 5 yrs. 9st. 6lb.	Pavis.	1	
Fulwar Craven's b. f. <i>Deception</i> , by Defence, 3 yrs. 7st. 13lb.		2	
Mr. Sadler's b. f. <i>Deceit</i> , by Defence, 3 yrs. 7st. 13lb.		-	

☞ In running, Deception and Deceit bolted, the latter pulled up, Deception turned round and went on and made good running to the end.

THURSDAY, Aug. 15—THE STAND PLATE, value 100 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake, and the winner to pay 10 sovs. to the Race Fund. Two miles. Ten subs., six of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Herbert's b. g. <i>Arctic</i> , by Brutandorf, dam by Knowsley, 6 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	Connelly.	1	
Sir E. Baker's b. c. <i>Montezuma</i> , Brother to Munchausen, by Merchant, 3 yrs. 7st.		2	
Mr. Sadler's b. c. <i>Dart</i> , by Defence, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb.		3	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with the City Members' Plate of £50 if three horses start. The Stand Course, a mile and three quarters. Six subs.

Mr. W. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Specimen</i> , by Rowton, 3 yrs.		walked over.
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THE CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages. Cup Course, about two miles. Six subs.

Fulwar Craven's b. f. <i>Deception</i> , by Defence, out of Lady Stumps, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.—carried 7st. 1 lb.	W. Day.	1	
Mr. S. Herbert's b. c. <i>Clarion</i> , 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.		2	

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds. Three subs

Capt. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Darkness</i> , by Glencoe		walked over
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THE SCURRY HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages. T.Y.C. Eight subs.

Mr. Herbert's b. f. <i>Caracole</i> , by Brutandorf, out of Miss Fox, 3 yrs. 7st. 8lb.....	S. Mann.	1
Sir E. Baker's b. c. Montezuma, by Merchant, 3 yrs. 8st. 6lb.....		2
Mr. Etwall's b. c. Hill Coolie, by Mulatto, 2 yrs. 6st. 6lb.....		3
Mr. Percival's br. c. Ochiltree, by Gaberlunzie, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb.....		4
Mr. Wyndham's Camarilla, by Camel, 3 yrs. 8st. 9lb.....		5
Mr. Fox's ch. f. Tabitha, by Velocipede, out of Torelli, 2 yrs. 6st. 6lb.....		bolt.

DEVON AND EXETER.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14—THE DEVONSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Once round the Old Course. Twenty-eight subs., twenty-one of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. W. Ley's gr. c. <i>Vasa</i> , by Priam, out of Speculator's dam, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb.....	Rice.	1
Mr. King's Jack-in-the-Green, by Lamplighter, 6 yrs. 9st. 10lb.....		2
Gen. Gilbert's Passport, by Firman, out of Prosody, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.....		3
Jack-in-the-Green the favorite.		

THE LADIES' PURSE of 25 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., for horses of all denominations. Gentlemen riders. Mile heats. Five subs.

Lord Palmerston's b. c. <i>Ashfield</i> , by Defence, out of Biondetta, 4 yrs. 9st. 10lb.....	Cowley.	1	1
Capt. Williams' Sledmere, by Comus, half-bred, 6 yrs. 9st. 8lb.....		2	2

THURSDAY, Aug. 15—THE CITY MEMBERS' PLATE (Handicap) of £50. Heats, one mile over the New Course.

Mr. W. Ley's gr. h. <i>Pocket Hercules</i> , by St. Nicholas—Smolensko, 5 y. 9st. 7lb..	Cowley.	1	1
Lord Palmerston's b. f. Clasp, by Young Haphazard, 3 yrs. 7st.....		2	dr

Gen. Gilbert's ch. c. *Passport*, by Firman, out of Prosody, 4 yrs., walked over for the Home Stakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., Two mile heats, 11 subs.

THE COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of £50. Heats, once round and a distance, over the Old Course.

Gen. Gilbert's ch. c. <i>Passport</i> , by Firman, out of Prosody, 4 yrs. 9st. 10lb.....	Cowley.	0	2	1	1
Capt. Williams' Sledmere, by Comus, half-bred, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb.....		3	3	2	dr
Sir J. H. Y. Buller's br. f. Wolverine, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.....		0	1		dr

SWANSEA.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14—THE GLAMORGANSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. Two miles. Six subs., two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Bristow's b. c. <i>Alzdorf</i> , by Brutandorf—Ridotto by Reveller, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb...	Morgan.	1
Mr. Gough's b. c. Bay Hampton, by Zinganee, 4 yrs. 9st.....		2

Mr. Thomas's b. m. *The Howdy*, by Actæon, 5 yrs. 10st. 6lb., won the Welter Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, once round, beating b. g. Pilot by Dr. Syntax, and Mr. Gough's b. m. Needle.

Mr. Bristow's b. c. *Alzdorf* walked over for the Principality Stakes of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., Mile heats, four subs.

On THURSDAY, Aug. 15, for the Tradesmens' Plate of 40 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, Two mile heats, Mr. Bagnall's b. f. *Lauretta*, by Dr. Faustus, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb., beat Mr. Thomas's b. m. *The Howdy*, Mr. Gough's Pilot, and Mr. Henderson's Greedy Sam, at two heats.

Mr. Gough's b. c. *Bay Hampton*, by Zinganee, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb., won a Forced Handicap of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added, beating, at two heats, Mr. Bagnall's *Lauretta* and Mr. Henderson's b. m. by Dr. Faustus.

BURNLEY.

THURSDAY, Aug. 15—THE TRADESMEN'S CUP of 60 gs. in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 7 sovs. each. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. About two miles and a half. Six subs.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Catharina</i> , by Whisker, out of Alecto, aged, 8st. 11 lb.....	W. Pearce.	1
Mr. Speed's ch. c. Aimwell, by Actæon, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....		2
Three others started.		

The Selling Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, heats, twice round and a distance, 8 subs., was won by Mr. Cradock's ch. c. *Auckland*, by Grey Viscount, out of Maid of Oaks, 3 yrs. 7st., at three heats, beating Viola, Mr. Clarke's b. f. by Recovery, Abraham Cowley, Erin-gobragh, and Miss Fanny.

FRIDAY, Aug. 16—THE LANCASHIRE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. Twice round and a distance. Nine subs.

Mr. Worthington's b. c. <i>Northenden</i> , by Battledore, dam by Filho-da-Putá, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb....		1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, by Whisker, out of Alecto, aged, 8st. 11 lb.....		2
Mr. Huxley's b. g. Defence, by Teniers, 6 yrs. 8st. 9lb.....		3
Eaglet and Aimwell were not placed.		

A FREE PLATE of 50 sovs. The winner to pay 10 sovs., towards the expenses of the Course. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Worthington's b. c. <i>Northenden</i> , by Battledore, dam by Filho-da-Putá, 4 y. 8st. 4lb.....		2	1	1
Mr. Lund's b. m. Columbine, by Harlequin, 5 yrs. 8st. 9lb.....		1	3	3
Mr. Cradock's ch. c. Auckland, by Grey Viscount, out of Maid of Oaks, 3 yrs. 7st.....		3	2	2
Mr. Clarke's b. f. by Recovery, out of Sally Barlow, 3yrs. 6st. 11lb.....		4		dr

RIPON.

On MONDAY, Aug. 19, for the Silver Cup, value £50, with 20 added, Two miles, Mr. H. Wormald's ch. g. *Fieschi*, by Velocipede, out of Mopsa, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb., beat Bumblekite, Garland, Clem-o'-the-Clough, Mazurka, and Prescription.

Mr. W. Kirby's br. c. *Muckle Fun* (late Item), by Waverley, out of Catgut by Comus or Juniper, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb., won, at two heats, the Fifty Pounds given by the Right Hon. Sir Edward Sugden and Thos. Pemberton, Esq., Two mile heats, beating Mr. Shaftoe's b. c. by Physician and six others.

On THURSDAY, Aug. 20, for the Selling Stakes of Seven subs. at 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, One mile and a half, Mr. Stephenson's b. c. by Physician, out of Fisher Lass by Osmond, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb., beat Lord Eglinton's b. g. Uriah, by Priam, and three others.

Mr. W. Kirby's br. c. *Muckle Fun* won the Fifty Pounds given by the members of the Corporation, at three Two-mile heats, beating Cleanthes and two others.

OXFORD.

TUESDAY, Aug. 20—THE OXFORDSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. Two miles. Thirty-two subs., twenty of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. <i>Isaac</i> , by Figaro, out of Jack Spigot's dam by Sorcerer, aged, 6st. 5lb.....	1
Mr. Coleman's b. h. Calmuck, by Zinganee, 6 yrs. 9st. 2lb.....	2
Mr. Rawlinson's b. m. Reliance, by Fungus, aged, 6st. 9lb.....	3
Mr. I. Day's br. h. Caravan, by Camel, 5 yrs. 9st. 11 lb.....	4

Tell-tale was brought to the post, but would not start.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 50 added from the Fund, for 2 and 3 yr. olds. Three quarters of a Mile. Five subs.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. by Emilius, out of Wild Duck by Whisker, 2 yrs. 7st.....	Chapple.	1
Mr. Sadler's ch. c. Petulant, by Defence, out of Pet, 2 yrs. 7st.....		2
Capt. Lamb's b. c. Brother to Enterprise, by Belzoni, out of Emmeline by Waxy, 2 yrs. 7st.		3
Mr. I. Day's b. f. Canace, by Cain, out of Busk, 3 yrs. 9st. 4lb.....		4

A PLATE of £50, given by the County Members. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's b. f. Science, by Defence, out of Maldonia by Fungus, 3 yrs. 7st....	Pavis.	3	1	1
Mr. W. Sadler's ch. f. Specimen, by Rowton, 3 yrs. 7st.....		1	2	2
Mr. Coleman's b. g. The Stag, by Actæon, aged, 9st. 2lb.....		2	3	dr

Three others started.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21—THE CUP, value 120 sovs. in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for all ages. Two miles and a quarter. Twelve subs.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. <i>Isaac</i> , by Figaro, aged, 9st. 9lb.....	Darling.	1
Mr. Coleman's b. h. Calmuck, by Zinganee, 6 yrs. 9st. 5lb.....		2

Tell-tale, Caravan, and The Skater also started.

Mr. Sadler's ch. c. *Petulant*, by Defence, out of Pet by Gainsborough, 2 yrs. 5st. 7lb., won a Handicap Plate of £50, One mile, beating Tell-tale, Red Rose, Canace, Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Shortwaist, and Magna Charta.

For the City Members' Plate of 50 sovs., Mr. I. Day's b. f. Science, by Defence, 3 yrs. 7st., beat Huckster, Specimen, The Stag, and Magna Charta.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.

TUESDAY, Aug. 20—THE BRETRY CUP, or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs., given by the Earl of Chesterfield, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Once round and a distance. Sixteen subs., five of whom paid only five sovs. each.

Mr. Ogden's br. c. <i>Harpurhey</i> , by Voltaire, out of Sarah by Tramp, 4 yrs. 7st..	Whitehouse.	1
Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Industry, by Priam, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb.....		2
Mr. Blake's b. h. Normanby, by Economist, 6 yrs. 8st.....		3
Mr. M'Donough's gr. c. The Friar, by Drone, 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....		4

Industry the favorite, who nearly fell down twice.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21—THE CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund. Twice round and a distance. Four subs.

Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Industry, by Priam, out of Arachne, 4 yrs. 8st.....	Birbeck.	1
Mr. Ogden's br. c. Harpurhey, by Voltaire, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb.....		2

Six to 4 on Industry.

Mr. Frost's bl. f. *Gambollett*, by Gambol, dam by Magistrate. 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb., won, at two heats of two miles and a distance, the Anglesey Plate of 50 sovs., beating Boz, Advance, and Agricola.

Gambollett also won 35 sovs. on Tuesday, beating M'Donough's ch. c. by Y. Blacklock, & Boz.,

DOVE-HOUSE MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21—THE DOVE-HOUSE HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., and 3 only if declared, &c., with 50 added. About two miles. Twenty subs., three of whom paid only 3 sovs. each.

Mr. Curwen's b. f. <i>Isabella</i> , by Medoro, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lb.....	S. Mann.	1
Mr. Garrard's b. h. Cornborough, by Tramp, 5 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....		2

Five others started.

THE HARROW STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added. Heats, once round and a distance. Nine subs.

Capt. Becher's b. f. <i>Pelisse</i> , by Hussar, dam by Childe Harold, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb.....	-	-	1	1
Mr. Balchin's b. m. Slang, by Grimaldi, aged, 9st. 1lb.....	-	-	1	2
Capt. Gardner's b. c. by Rowton, out of Bustle, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb.....	1	2	3	dr

Five others started.

BLANDFORD.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21—THE DORSETSHIRE GOLD CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each. The winner to be sold for 500 gs. if demanded, &c. Two miles and a distance. Ten subs.

Lord George Bentinck's b. c. *Ratsbane*, by Muley, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb..... walked over.

A PLATE of £50, for all ages. Two mile heats.

Mr. S. Herbert's b. c. *Clarion*, by Sultan—Clara, 3 yrs. 8st. 10lb. (6lb. extra). P. Connelly. 1 1

Mr. Percival's br. c. *Ochiltree*, by Gaberlunzie, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb..... 2 dr

Mr. Lane's ch. c. Squire Western, by The Colonel, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb..... 3 dr

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all ages. Two mile heats. Eight subs.

Lord Villiers' b. f. *Joannina*, by Priam, out of Joanna, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb..... W. Day. 1 1

Mr. King's b. m. Elizabeth, by St. Patrick, 6 yrs. 8st. 11lb..... 2 2

THURSDAY, Aug. 22—THE DORSETSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Two miles. Twelve subs., five of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Herbert's b. g. *Arctic*, by Brutandorf, dam by Knowsley, 6 yrs. 8st. 7lb..... Connelly. 1

Mr. Herbert's b. c. *Clarion*, by Sultan, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb..... 2

Capt. Williamson's b. f. *The Drama*, by Emilius, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb..... 3

Lord George Bentinck's b. c. *Ratsbane*, by Muley, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb..... 4

Mr. Herbert declared to win with *Arctic* before starting.

THE MEMBERS' PLATE of £50. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Lord Villiers' b. f. *Joannina*, by Priam—Joanna by Sultan, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb..... W. Day. 1 1

Mr. Herbert's Caracole, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.—bolted..... dist.

HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added. Mile heats. Six subs.

Capt. Williamson's br. f. *The Drama*, by Emilius, out of Farce, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. W. Day. 4 1 1

Mr. Percival's b. c. *Ochiltree*, by Gaberlunzie, 4 yrs. 8st..... 3 2 2

Mr. Herbert's Caracole, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs. 8st. 5lb..... 1 3 dr

Mr. Lane's Squire Western, by The Colonel, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb..... 2 4 dr

LEOMINSTER.

On WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21, The Ladies' Plate of £50, Two mile heats, was won by Mr. Hervey's gr. c. *Master Eady*, by Dr. Eady, dam by Buckfoot, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb., at three heats, beating Mr. Sharratt's b. m. by Zinganee, and four others.

The Herefordshire Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the County Members, heats, about a mile and a quarter, 3 subs., was won by Mr. Page's br. f. *Miss Foote*, by Pantaloon, out of Eliza by Smolensko, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb., beating Capt. Lamb's br. h. Gardham, by Falcon, out of Muta, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb., at two heats.

On THURSDAY, Aug. 22, for a Plate of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of four subs. at 5 sovs. each. Two mile heats, Mr. Walmesley's b. g. *Catamaran*, by Strephon, aged, 9st. 4lb., beat Mr. Sharratt's b. m. by Zinganee, out of Effie, 5 yrs. 8st. 9lb., at two heats.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21—THE MANOR STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 45 added. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Turner's gr. g. *Jim Crow*, by Gustavus out of Emma, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb.... H. May. 2 1 1

Mr. White's ch. c. *Ilahman*, by Dr. Eady, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb..... 1 4 3

Mr. Shelley's ch. f. *Olio*, by Reveller, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb..... 3 2 2

Mr. Smith's bl. g. *Black Prince*, by Voltaire out of Dispatch, aged, 8st. 6lb..... 4 3 4

THE VISITORS' STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added.—The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake.—Heats, a mile and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. Bacon's b. f. *Maid of Kent*, by Reveller out of Aline, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb..... Higgins 1 1

Mr. J. Herring's ch. g. *Jim Crow*, by Zinganee, aged, 8st. 8lb..... 2 2

Three others started.

On THURSDAY, Aug. 22, for the Tunbridge Wells Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 45 added; heats, two miles and a distance, four subs., Mr. Turner's ch. g. *Sir Felix*, by Blacklock or Langer, dam by Abjer, aged, 9st. 3lb., beat *Olio* and *Maid of Kent* at two heats.

YORK AUGUST MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., for 3 yr. old fillies, 8st. 2lb. One mile and a half. Eight subs.

Mr. Bell's b. f. *La Sage Femme*, by Physician or Gainsbro'—Golden-drop's dam.. Heseltine. 1

Mr. King's b. f. *Juvenile*, by Jerry, out of Jubilee by Catton..... 2

Mr. Howard's b. f. *Antigua*, by Mulatto, out of Alice by Langer..... 3

Mr. J. Peck's b. f. by Clinker, out of Selina by Fitz-Teazle..... 4

Seven to 4 on Antigua, 2 to 1 agst. *La Sage Femme*, 3 to 1 agst. *Selima* filly, and 5 to 1 agst. *Juvenile*.

HER MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100 gs. Two miles.

Mr. Orde's b. m. *Bee's-wing*, by Dr. Syntax, out of Tomboy's dam by Ardrossan, 6 yrs. 9st. 7lb..... J. Holmes. 1

Mr. Robinson's b. h. Melbourne, by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Cervantes, 5 yrs. 9st. 4lb.. 2

Mr. Bowes' ch. h. Epirus, by Langer, 5 yrs. 9st. 4lb..... 3

Mr. Milner's b. c. Humphrey, by Sandbeck, 4 yrs. 8st. 12lb..... 4

THE HORNEY STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds. T.Y.C. Two subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *Launcelot*, Brother to Touchstone, by Camel, out of Banter, 8st. 5lb..... rec'd ft.

THURSDAY, Aug. 22—THE WILTON STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds. T.Y.C. Four subs.

Mr. Howard's ch. c. *Fitzroy*, by Belshazzar, out of Ellen by Starch, 8st. Marson. 1
Mr. Meiklam's bl. c. by The Mole, out of Marianne by Malek, 8st. 2
Duke of Cleveland's b. f. Sister to Eliza, by Physician, out of Matilda by Comus, 8st. 2lb. 3

⏏ An objection was made against Fitzroy on the ground that he had carried 2lb. short of his weight, having claimed 5lb. allowance instead of 3lb., Belshazzar not having been an untried horse at the time when the nomination for the Wilton Stakes took place.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 2 and 3 yr. olds. T.Y.C.

Mr. Allen's b. f. *Antigua*, by Mulatto, out of Alice by Langar, 3 yrs. 8st. 6lb. Marson. 1
Mr. Singleton's ch. c. St. Maurice, by Huntington (by Gambol), d. by Magistrate, 2 y. 6st. 4lb. 2
Mr. J. Peck's b. f. by Clinker, out of Selina by Fitz-Teazle, 3 yrs. 8st. 6lb. 3
Mr. J. Gray's b. f. Light-saddle, by The Saddler, out of Sister to Chancellor by Minos, 2 yrs. 6st. 8lb. (carried 4lb. extra) 4
Mr. Attwood's bl. or gr. f. by Ariosto, dam by his Grey Arabian, 2 yrs. 6st. 4lb. 5
Five to 2 on Antigua.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. Two miles. Six subs.

Major Yarbrough's br. f. *Lollypop*, by Starch or Voltaire, out of Belinda, 8st. 2lb. Holmes. 1
Mr. Bowes' ch. f. Mickleton Maid, by Velocipede, out of Maid of Lune by Whisker, 7st. 13lb. 2
Mr. Dawson's br. f. Sweet Jessie, by Jerry, out of Prodigious by Caleb Quotem, 8st. 2lb. 3
Seven to 4 on Mickleton Maid, and in running 2 and 3 to 1 on her.

FRIDAY, Aug. 23—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds. T.Y.C. Ten subs.

Mr. Parkin's br. c. *Naworth*, by Liverpool, dam (foaled in 1828) by Emilius, out of Surprise by Scud, 8st. 5lb. H. Edwards. 1
Mr. Bowes' b. c. by Memnon Junior, out of Henrietta, 8st. 5lb. 2
Mr. Meiklam's b. f. Remedy, by Physician, out of Snowball by Prime Minister, 8st. 2lb. 3
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce, 8st. 5lb. 4
Mr. Cookson's b. f. Sister to Lanercost, by Liverpool, out of Otis, 8st. 2lb. 5
Two to 1 agst. Naworth, 2 to 1 agst. Memnon Junior c., and 4 to 1 agst. Remedy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for 3 yr. olds. A mile and a quarter. Twelve subs.

Mr. Bowes' b. c. *Hetman Platoff*, by Brutandorf, out of Don John's dam, 8st. 5lb. W. Scott. 1
Col. Cookson's b. c. Doctor Oliver, by Physician, out of Catalina, 8st. 5lb. 2
Seven and 8 to 1 on Hetman Platoff.

THE CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. Heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Robinson's b. h. *Melbourne*, by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Cervantes, 5 yrs. 8st. 5lb. Templeman. 1 1
Mr. Tilburn's bl. c. Master Allen, by Alteruter, dam by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb. 3 2
Col. Thompson's b. f. Mazurka, by Margrave, dam by Blacklock, 3 yrs. 10st. 2 dr
Four to 1, and, after the first heat, 7 to 1 on Melbourne.

PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, AND CORNWALL.

On WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21, Mr. C. Trelawny's b. f. by Hindostan, out of Frederica, 7st. 13lb., walked over for the Produce Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 10 added, for 3 yr. olds, one mile, 5 subs.

THE SALTRAM STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Once round and a distance. Thirty-nine subs., twenty-seven of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Treen's ch. h. *Barnacles*, by Cain, dam by Bourbon, out of Tubosa, 6 yrs. 8st. 12lb. Hall. 1
Mr. W. Ley's gr. h. Pocket Hercules, by St. Nicholas, 5 yrs. 8st. 6lb. 2

THE PLYMOUTH PLATE of 70 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. W. Ley's gr. g. *Vasa*, by Gustavus—Marrowfat by Orville, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb. Rice. 1 1
Mr. King's ch. h. Jack-in-the-Green, by Lamplighter, out of Camarine's dam, 6 yrs. 10st. 2 dr

On THURSDAY, Aug. 22, Mr. Ley's gr. h. *Pocket Hercules* won the Ladies' Plate of 40 sovs. at two heats, once round, beating Passport and St. Patrick.

Mr. W. Ley's gr. g. *Vasa* walked over for Her Majesty's Gold Shield, Three mile heats.

PAISLEY.

THURSDAY, Aug. 22—THE PAISLEY ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added, for 3 yr. olds. One mile and three quarters. Three subs.

Mr. Smith's b. c. by Margrave, out of Lady Fractions by Comus, 8st. 6lb. Noble. 1
Mr. Graham's ch. f. Whippity Stourie, by Vanish, out of Tiara, 8st. 3lb. 2
Two to 1 on the winner.

THE PAISLEY CHAMPION STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the Committee, for the produce of mares covered in 1836, and foaled in Scotland. Three quarters of a mile. Four subs.

Mr. Inglis' b. f. *Lady Crainshaws*, by Contest, out of Lady Esaby, 8st. 3lb. Cartwright. 1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. by Liverpool, out of Queen Bathsheba, 8st. 6lb. 2
Five to 4 on Lady Crainshaws.

THE GLASGOW CUP of 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. Two miles. Eighteen subs., six of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Lord Eglinton's b. f. *Bellona*, by Beagle, out of Bella by Beningbrough, 4 yrs. 7st. 3lb. Oates. 1
Mr. Sandiland's ch. g. Nubian, by Sultan, out of Variety, 4 yrs. 5st. 8lb. 2
Ten to 1 on Bellona.

THE BURGH MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 gs., given by A. Hustie, Esq. M.P. Two mile heats.
 Mr. Fairlie's br. g. *Zohrab*, by Lottery, out of Elizabeth, aged, 9st. Cartwright. 1 1
 Mr. Merry's br. m. *Florentia*, by Jerry, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb. 3 2
 Mr. Wauchope's ch. f. *Kirtle*, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. 2 dr

THE PAISLEY CUP of 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each. Heats, one mile and a quarter. Five subs.

Mr. Ramsay's ch. m. *Sunbeam*, by Vanish, out of Ultima, 6 yrs. 9st. 1 lb. Cartwright. 1 1
 Mr. Wauchope's ch. c. *Suleiman*, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb. 3 2
 Lord Eglinton's b. g. *The Potentate*, by Langar, out of Giovanni's dam, aged—fell. 2 dist.
 Potentate agst. the field.

FRIDAY, Aug. 23—THE SILVER BELLS, given by the Town Council of Paisley, with 100 added.

Twice round and a distance.

Lord Eglinton's b. g. *The Potentate*, by Langar—Giovanni's dam by Don John, aged, 8st. 12lb. 1
 Mr. Ramsay's ch. m. *Sunbeam*, by Vanish, out of Ultima by Bourbon, 6 yrs. 8st. 12lb. 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 30 added, for 2 yr. olds. Three quarters of a mile. Four subs.

Mr. Ramsay's br. f. *Martha Lynn*, by Mulatto, out of Leda, 8st. 2lb. Cartwright. 1
 Mr. Merry's b. c. *Lanner*, by Velocipede, out of Cotillon, 8st. 5lb. 2
 Lord Eglinton's br. c. by Liverpool, out of Queen Bathsheba, 8st. 5lb. 3

STOURBRIDGE.

MONDAY, Aug. 26—SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses that never won a Plate or Stakes of £50 value. Six subs.

Mr. Moss's b. f. *Frailty*, by Filho da Puta, out of Virginia, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb. Marlow. 1 1
 Mr. Barlow's b. m. *Industry*, half-bred, 5 yrs. 7st. 13lb. 2 3 2
 Mr. Hughes' b. m. *Mary Wood*, half-bred, sister to Woodman, 5 yrs. 7st. 13lb. 1 2 dr
 Two others started.

A PURSE of 50 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. Two miles. Five subs.

Mr. B. Collett's b. c. *The Dean*, by Voltaire, out of Trampina, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. Whitehouse. 1
 Mr. Moss's ch. m. *Maid Marian*, by Robin Hood, 6 yrs. 7st. 12lb. 2
 Mr. Fowler's br. f. *Prudence*, by Emancipation, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb. 3
 Mr. Bradley's b. h. *Exorable*, by Memnon, 6 yrs. 8st. 12lb. 4

Mr. Ogden's br. c. *Harpurhey* won the Stand Purse of 50 sovs. at three heats, a mile and a quarter, beating Normanby by Economist, and Ascanius by Priam.

Mr. Jackson's b. c. *Wings* won the Town Plate of 50 sovs. at two heats of two miles, beating Viola, Jim Crow, and Chantilly.

On TUESDAY, Aug. 27, for the Ladies Purse of 30 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, Two mile heats, six subs., Mr. Fowler's br. f. *Prudence*, by Emancipation, out of Billingsgate, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb., beat Gambollett, St. Leonard by St. Nicholas, and Tubalcain, at three heats.

The Cup Stakes of 10 sovs. each, three miles, 7 subs., was won by Mr. Collett's br. c. *The Dean*, beating St. Leonard and Kitty Cockle.

The Himley Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added, heats, a mile and a quarter, 7 subs., was won by Mr. Ogden's br. c. *Harpurhey* at three heats, beating Normanby, and two others.

IPSWICH.

TUESDAY, Aug. 27—HER MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100 gs. Two mile heats.

Mr. Pettit's b. c. *St. Francis*, by St. Patrick, out of Surprise by Scud, 4 yrs. 9st. 11lb. 1' 1'
 Mr. Clarke's b. c. *Resurrection*, by Young Phantom, 6 yrs. 10st. 12lb. 2 dr

THE COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, two miles.

Mr. Rogers' b. c. *Peon*, by Lapdog, out of Nina by Selim, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. Pettit. 1 1
 Mr. Sandiford's b. c. *Oliver Twist*, by Roller, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb. 2 2
 Mr. Clarke's b. g. *Resurrection*, by Young Phantom, 6 yrs. 9st. 1lb. dist.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 28—THE TOWN MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, two miles.

Mr. Rogers' b. c. *Peon*, by Lapdog, out of Nina by Selim, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. Pettit. 1 1
 Mr. W. Edwards' b. f. *Disagreeable*, by Agreeable, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb. 2 2
 Mr. Sandiford's b. c. *Oliver Twist*, by Roller, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb. 3 dr

EGHAM.

TUESDAY, Aug. 27—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each. h. ft., for 2 yr. olds. Half a mile.

Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. *Sophocles*, by Laurel, out of Bertha by Reveller, 8st. 7lb. Chapple. 1
 Lord Albemarle's b. f. *Clove*, by Cain, out of Perfume, 8st. 4lb. 2
 Mr. G. Bulkeley's b. or br. f. by Emilius, out of Christabel by Woful, 8st. 4lb. 3

THE GOLD CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each. The winner to be sold for 600 sovs. if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Two miles. Twelve subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. *Valaincourt*, by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 7st. Chapple. 1
 Duke of Richmond's b. h. *Mus*, 6 yrs. 9st. 3lb. 2
 Capt. Gardnor's ch. h. *Toothill*, 6 yrs. 9st. 3lb. 3

A PLATE of £40, given by the Members for the Western Division of the County of Surrey, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's b. f. <i>Deceit</i> , Sister to Defender, by Defence, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb.....	Chapple.	1	6	1
Capt. Williamson's br. f. <i>The Drama</i> , by Emilius, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb.....		5	1	2
Mr. Turner's br. f. <i>Isabella</i> , 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.....		2	7	2
Mr. Monk's ch. c. <i>Nominee</i> , by St. Patrick, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....		4	5	4
Mr. Webb's ch. h. <i>Willesden</i> , by Velocipede, 6 yrs. 9st. 3lb.....		8	8	5
Mr. Smith's ch. c. <i>Caligula</i> , by Augustus, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb.....		9	9	6
Mr. Munro's b. g. <i>Bravo</i> , by Flexible, 6 yrs. 9st.....		3	3	dr
Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. <i>Science</i> , by Defence, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb.....		6	2	dr
Mr. Messer's b. g. <i>Doctor Wynn</i> , by Mameluke, out of Corinna, 5 yrs. 8st. 11 lb.....		7	4	dr

THE RUNNEYMED STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, three quarters of a mile. Eight subs.

Mr. W. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Specimen</i> , by Rowton—Emiliana, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb....	Chapple.	2	1	1
Mr. Turner's b. f. <i>Maid-of-the-Mill</i> , by Partisan, out of Coquette, 4 yrs. 8st. 1 lb.....		1	3	2
Mr. Goodman's bl. c. <i>Pluto</i> , by Actæon, out of Christabel by Woful, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb.....		2	1	3

Four others started.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 28.—SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 25 added, for 2 and 3 yr. olds. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. Half a mile. Four subs.

Mr. Alpin's b. c. by Laurel, out of Dew-drop by Defence, 2 yrs. 7st.....	Wakefield.	1		
Mr. Sadler's b. f. <i>Fairing</i> , by Defence, out of Folly by Middleton, 2 yrs. 6st. 11 lb.....		2		

THE SURREY AND MIDDLESEX STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. Two miles and a distance. Twenty subs., eleven of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Duke of Richmond's b. h. <i>Mus</i> , by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, 6 yrs. 8st. 9lb.....	Rogers.	1		
Mr. Shelley's ch. c. <i>Tawney Owl</i> , by Buzzard, 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb.—carried 7lb. extra.....		2		
Mr. Faulconer's b. f. <i>Slender</i> , by Longwaist, 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb.....		3		
Capt. Gardner's ch. f. <i>Io</i> , by Taurus, 3 yrs. 5st. 12lb.....		4		
Mr. Dockeray's b. c. <i>Guardeman</i> , by Waterloo, 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb.....		5		

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. *Carolina*, by Velocipede, walked over for the Produce Sweepstakes of two subs. at 50 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, New Mile.

THE ANKERWYCKE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. Mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's b. f. <i>Deceit</i> , by Defence, dam by Selim, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb.....	Mann.	1	1	
Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. <i>Science</i> , by Defence, 3 yrs. 7st. 1 lb.....		1	2	
Mr. Brick's ch. m. <i>Latona</i> , by Wamba, aged, 8st. 12lb.....		2	3	

Seven others started.

THURSDAY, Aug. 29.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 yr. olds. Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. G. Bulkeley's br. f. by Emilius, out of Christabel, 8st. 2lb.....	Butler.	1		
Lord Albemarle's b. f. <i>Clove</i> , by Cain, out of Perfume, 8st. 5lb.—carried 3lb. extra.....		2		
Mr. Firth's b. f. <i>Wilderness</i> , by Camel, out of Xarifa by Moses, 8st. 2lb.....		3		
Mr. Dockeray's gr. f. by Young Wanderer, out of Grey Agnes by President, 8st. 2lb.....		4		

Six to 4 on Wilderness, 3 to 1 agst. *Clove*, and 4 to 1 agst. the winner.

THE SUNNINGHILL STAKES (Handicap) of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Three quarters of a mile. Seven subs.

Capt. Gardner's ch. f. <i>Io</i> , by Taurus, out of Arethissa by Quiz, 3 yrs. 7st. 8lb.....	Pavis.	1		
Mr. Bond's ch. m. <i>Voluptuary</i> , by Reveller, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb.....		2		
Mr. Goodman's bl. c. <i>Pluto</i> , by Actæon, 3 yrs. 7st. 1 lb.....		3		
Mr. Corbet's b. f. <i>Jenny Jones</i> , by Sir Hercules, 3 yrs. 7st. 12lb.....		4		
Mr. King's b. c. <i>Munchausen</i> , by Merchant, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb.....		5		

Two to 1 agst. *Io*, 3 to 1 agst. *Voluptuary*, and 3 to 1 agst. *Jenny Jones*.

THE QUEEN'S PLATE of 100g. Two miles and a distance.

Mr. J. Day's br. h. <i>Caravan</i> , by Camel—Wings by The Flyer, 5 yrs. 9st. 11 lb.....	Pavis.	1		
Sir G. Heathcote's bl. c. <i>Oroonoko</i> , by Camel, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.....		2		
Mr. W. Scott's b. f. <i>Fame</i> , by Margrave, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.....		3		
Mr. J. Sadler's b. f. <i>Deceit</i> , by Defence, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.....		4		
Duke of Richmond's br. h. <i>Mus</i> , by Bizarre, 6 yrs. 10st. 12lb.....		5		
Mr. Corbet's br. f. <i>Jenny Jones</i> , by Sir Hercules, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.....		6		

Even on Caravan, 3 to 1 agst. *Oroonoko*, 4 to 1 agst. *Deceit*, and 5 to 1 agst. *Mus*.

THE EGHAM STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 35 added: The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, one mile and a half.

Captain Gardner's b. c. <i>Bandboy</i> , by Trumpeter, out of Count Robinson's dam, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb.....	Pavis.	5	1	1
Mr. Balchin's ch. f. <i>Launchaway</i> , by Tarrare, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.....		1	5	dr
Mr. Lucas's gr. h. <i>Tell-tale</i> , by Swap, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb.....		2	2	dr
Mr. Aylmer's b. m. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Priam, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb.....		4	3	dr
Mr. T. Hussey's b. f. <i>Red Rose</i> , by Rubini, 3 yrs. 6st. 6lb.....		3	4	dr

Cassandra withdrew her Stake after the second heat.

First heat, even on Launchaway, 3 to 1 agst. *Bandboy*, and 3 to 1 agst. *Tell-tale*. Second heat, 6 to 4 on Launchaway, and 3 to 1 agst. *Bandboy*.

HEREFORD.

WEDNESDAY, August 28.—THE HEREFORDSHIRE STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added. About two miles and a distance. Six subs., two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Captain Lamb's br. h. <i>Gardham</i> , by Falcon, out of Muta by Tramp, 5 yrs. 7st. 9lb....	Moon.	1		
Mr. Gough's b. c. <i>Bay Hampton</i> , by Zinganee, 4 yrs. 7st 6lb.....		2		
Mr. Bristow's b. c. <i>Alzdorf</i> , by Brutandorf, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb.....		3		

THURSDAY, Aug. 29.—SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. About two miles and a half. Six subs., three of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.
 Captain Lamb's br. h. *Gardham*, by Falcon, 5 yrs. 7st. 10lb.—4lb. extra..... Moon. 1
 Mr. Gough's b. c. Hampton, by Zinganee, 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb..... 2

CANTERBURY.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 28.—HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. Two mile heats.
 Mr. Hornsby's ch. f. *Romania*, by Sultan—Ramona by Whisker, 4 yrs. 9st. 6lb. Hornsby. 1 1
 Mr. Aumont's b. h. Mr. Waggs, by Langar, 6 yrs. 10st. 3lb..... 2 2
 THE BRIDGE PLATE of 50 sovs. The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, one mile and a distance.
 Mr. Bacon's b. f. *Maid of Kent*, by Reveller, out of Aline, 4 yrs. 8st. 8lb. Higgins. 5 1 1
 Mr. Faulconer's b. f. March First, by St. Nicholas, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb..... 1 2 2
 Mr. Turner's ch. g. Sir Felix, by Blacklock or Langar, aged, 9st. 7lb..... 3 4 3
 Mr. Hornsby's br. f. Tenebrosa, by The Saddler, 3 yrs. 7st 1 lb..... 2 3 dr
 Mr. Minter's br. m. Actress, by Vicar, dam by Harpator, 5 yrs. 8st. 11lb.—bolted.... 4 dist.

THURSDAY, Aug. 29.—A GOLD CUP of 60gs. given by the City of Canterbury, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each. The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats.

Mr. C. Hornsby's ch. f. *Romania*, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb..... Hornsby. 1 1
 Mr. Turner's gr. g. Jim Crow, by Gustavus, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb..... 2 2
 Mr. Faulconer's br. f. March First, by St. Nicholas, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb..... 3 dr
 THE BARHAM DOWN PLATE of 50 sovs. The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, one mile and a distance
 Mr. Bacon's b. f. *Maid of Kent*, by Reveller, out of Aline, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb. Higgins. 5 1 1
 Mr. Finch's b. c. Brockhampton, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb..... 1 2 2
 Mr. Hall's br. h. Captain Rock, 5 yrs. 8st 11 lb..... 4 3 dr
 Mr. Scott's ch. f. by Langar, out of Candia's dam, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb..... 2 4 dr
 Mr. Hornsby's br. f. Tenebrosa, by The Saddler, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb..... 3 dr.
 Mr. Leith's ch. g. Cottager, aged, 9st.—bolted..... dist.

NORTHAMPTON.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 28.—HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. Three miles.

Duke of Richmond's ch. f. *Confusion*, by Emilius, out of Y. Maniac, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb. W. Day. 1
 General Grosvenor's ch. c. *Dædalus*, by Buzzard, 4 yrs. 9st. 11b..... 2
 Mr. Dewey's ch. c. Kensington, by Reveller, 4 yrs. 9st. 1 lb..... 3
 Mr. Colman's b. h. Calmuck, by Zinganee, 6 yrs. 10st..... 4

THURSDAY, Aug. 29.—THE CUP STAKES, by subscription of 10 sovs. each. Twice round. Thirteen subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. *Ratsbane*, Bro. to Muley Moloch, by Muley, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. W. Day. 1
 Mr. V. King's Ruby, by Reveller, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb..... 2
 Mr. J. Davis' b. f. Little Rosa, by Belzoni, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.—bolted..... -

Mr. B. Drage's b. c. *Johannes*, by Reveller out of Joanna, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb. walked over for the Northampton Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., Two miles, five subs., one of whom paid only 5 sovs.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., with 50 added; heats, once round and a distance; six subs.—won at three heats by Lord George Bentinck's b. c. *Ratsbane*, by Muley, out of Nancy, 4 yrs. 9st. (W. Day), beating Mr. Garrard's Cornborough, by Triamp; and Mr. Drage's Johannes, by Reveller.

WEYMOUTH.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 28.—THE WEYMOUTH STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. About two miles. Seven subs., four of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Herbert's b. g. *Arctic*, h.-b., by Brutandorf, dam by Knowsley, 6 yrs. 8st. 2lb. Conelly. 1
 Lord Villiers' b. f. Joannina, by Priam, 4 yrs. 7st..... 2

A PLATE of 50 sovs., given by the Members for the Borough, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats.

Mr. Herbert's b. f. *Caracole*, Sister to Carnaby, by Brutandorf, out of Miss Fox, 3 yrs. 7st. 13lb..... Conelly. 1 1
 Mr. Percival's br. c. Ochiltree, by Gaberlunzie, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb..... 2 dr
 Mr. Squib's b. m. Susanne, by Figaro, out of Effie Deans by Ashton, aged, 9st. 2lb..... 3 dr

On THURSDAY, Aug. 29, Fulwar Craven's b. f. *Deception*, by Defence, out of Lady Stumps, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb., walked over for Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs., Two mile heats.

TIVERTON.

THURSDAY, Aug. 29.—THE MEMBERS' PLATE of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for all ages. Heats, twice round.

Mr. W. Ley's gr. g. *Vasa*, by Gustavus—Marrowfat by Orville, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. Horsley. 1 1
 Lord Palmerston's b. c. Ashfield, by Defence, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb..... 3 2
 Mr. Oliver's ro. m. Bodice, by Whalebone, aged, 9st. 2lb..... 2 dr

FRIDAY, Aug. 30.—THE TIVERTON STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., and only 3 if declared, &c. Heats, twice round. Fourteen subs., eight of whom paid only 3 sovs. each.

Mr. W. Ley's gr. c. by Priam, out of Speculator's dam, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb..... Horsley. 1 1
 Lord Palmerston's b. c. Ashfield, by Defence, 4 yrs. 8st..... 2 dr
 Match for 25 sovs., h. ft.—Mr. Downe's *Norna*, 11st. 9lb. (Owner), beat Mr. Fearnie's br. f. Caustic, 10st.

A Purse of 8 sovs., for the beaten gallows—won in three heats by Mr. Carlisle's *Blue-bell*, beating four others.

STOCKTON.

THURSDAY, Aug. 29.—THE CLARET STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added for the second horse, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 3lb., fillies 8st. The winner to give four dozen of claret. To start at the Blue Post, seven furlongs. Nineteen subs.

Mr. Jacques' b. f. <i>Interlude</i> , by Physician, out of Comedy by Comus, g. d. by Star. Holmes.	1
Mr. Bell's b. f. <i>La Femme Sage</i> , by Gainsborough, out of La Sage Femme's dam.	2
Mr. Bowes' b. c. <i>Middleham</i> , by Memnon Junior, out of Amulet.	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for 3 and 4 yr. olds. One mile and a half. Five subs.

Sir C. Monk's b. f. <i>Garland</i> , by Langar—Twinkle by Walton, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.	Heseltine.	1
Mr. Bowes' ch. f. <i>Mickleton Maid</i> , by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.		2
Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.		3

THE THIRSK STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added by John Bell, Esq., for 2 yr. olds. T.Y.C., six furlongs. Six subs.

Mr. Shepherd's b. c. <i>Viceroy</i> , by Voltaire, out of Valentine by Soothsayer, 8st. 4lb. Marson.	1
Mr. Kirby's b. f. by Liverpool, out of Dirmid's dam, 8st.	2
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce, 8st. 4lb.	3

Two others started.

FRIDAY, Aug. 30.—THE GOLD CUP of 100 sovs. value, by subscription of 10 sovs. each. Twice round. Ten subs.

Mr. Orde's b. m. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Dr. Syntax, out of Tounboy's dam, 6 yrs. 9st. 7lb. Cartwright.	1
Mr. Loy's b. c. <i>Ararat</i> , by Liverpool, out of White Rose by Comus, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb.	2

THE LONDONDERRY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. 1 lb. A mile and a half. Six subs.

Mr. J. Smith's br. f. by Voltaire, out of Amulet by Jerry, grandam Emilia by Abjer.	1
Lord Eglinton's b. g. <i>Uriah</i> , by Priam, out of Queen Bathsheba.	2
Mr. Shafto's b. c. by Physician, dam by Whitworth.	3
Mr. Attwood's ch. g. <i>Antisthenes</i> , by Callisthenes, dam by Deceiver.	4

THE CLEVELAND STAKES of 20 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. 1 lb. Rather more than half a mile. Five subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. f. <i>Laura</i> , Sister to Eliza, by Physician, out of Matilda. Cartwright.	1
Mr. Parkin's b. c. <i>Broadwath</i> , by Liverpool, dam by Albany.	2
Lord Londonderry's br. f. <i>Venus de Medicis</i> , by Voltaire.	3

SATURDAY, Aug. 31.—THE ALL-AGED STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added by J. Bowes, Esq., M. P. The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Stakes. About two miles. Five subs.

Mr. J. Smith's br. f. by Voltaire, out of Amulet by Jerry, 3 yrs. 6st. 11 lb.	Cartwright.	1
Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta, 3 yrs. 6st. 11 lb.		2
Mr. King's b. f. <i>Tivy</i> , by Langar, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb.		3
Mr. Loy's b. c. <i>Ararat</i> , by Liverpool, 3 yrs. 7st.		4

CURRAGH SEPTEMBER MEETING.

MONDAY, Sept. 2.—THE ANGLESEY PRODUCE STAKES (renewed) of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Club, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. The winner to give three dozen of Champagne to the Club. Anglesey Post. Twenty-seven subs.

Mr. Maher's b. c. <i>Johany</i> , by Elvas, out of Perdita by Langar, g. dam Delenda by Gohanna.	1
Mr. Watts' ch. c. by Blacklock, out of Spermaceti.	2
Mr. T. Burke's b. c. by Skylark, dam by Master Robert, out of Guiccioli by Bob Booty.	3
Colonel Westenra's br. f. <i>Welfare</i> , by Priam, out of Vat.	4
Lord Milntown's b. f. <i>Zelmyra</i> , by Drone, out of Pasta.	5

Six others started.

TUESDAY, Sept. 3.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., for 2 yr. olds. Anglesey Post. Seven subs.

Mr. Watts' ch. c. by Blacklock, out of Spermaceti by Whalebone, 8st. 4lb.	Mocken.	1
Lord Milntown's b. f. <i>Zelmyra</i> , by Drone, out of Pasta, 8st. 4lb.		2
Mr. O'Reilly's gr. c. by Philip the First or Drone, out of Crim Con by Sir Hercules, 8st. 1lb.		3

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4.—THE WELLINGTON STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 if declared, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Three yr. old Course. Fourteen subs., six of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Holmes' b. f. <i>Mustard</i> , by Philip the First, out of Vinegar, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb.	1
Mr. Graydon's b. c. <i>Roscius</i> , by Turcoman, out of Miss Foote, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb.	2
Mr. White's c. by Picton, out of Eel, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.	3

Two others started.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs. Four miles.

Maj. Hay's br. c. M. P., by Young Blacklock, out of Wegenkorb by Partisan, 4 yrs. 11st.	1
Mr. Graydon's ch. c. by Philip, out of Castrella, 3 yrs. 9st. 9lb.	2

Four others started.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5.—THE COLUMN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds. Six subs., five of whom, including the winner, were engaged against each other for the further sum of 25 sovs. each.

Col. Westenra's b. f. <i>Welfare</i> , by Priam, out of Vat by Lagar, grandam Wire, 8st. 4lb.	1
Mr. Watts' b. f. by Skylark, out of Zillah, 8st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Maher's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of the Huntsman's mare, 8st. 4lb.	3
Mr. Holmes' b. c. <i>Mudlark</i> , by Skylark, out of Vinegar, 8st. 2lb.	4

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. Two miles.

Mr. Harrison's ch. c. by Recovery, out of Taglioni by Whisker, grandam by Catton.	1
Mr. Holmes' br. f. <i>Mustard</i> , by Philip, out of Vinegar.	2
Mr. T. Kelly's b. c. <i>Eclipse</i> , by Vestris.	3
Mr. Gannon's b. c. <i>Hazard</i> , by Lapwing, out of Zoe.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 25 added, for 2 yr. old fillies. Connelly's Mile.
Six subs.

Col. Westenra's b. f. <i>Welfare</i> , by Priam, out of Vat, 8st.....	1
Mr. Osborne's b. f. by Turcoman, out of Pleiad, 8st.....	2

FRIDAY, Sept. 6.—**HER MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs. for mares. Four miles.

Mr. Graydon's b. f. <i>Alba</i> , Sister to Corsair, by Dandy, out of Beresina, 4 yrs. 9st. 4lb.....	1
Mr. Holmes' br. f. Mustard, by Philip, out of Vinegar, 3 yrs. 8st.....	2
Mr. Davis' b. f. Romp, by Reveller, out of Calista, 3 yrs. 8st.....	3
Mr. Fitzpatrick's b. m. Waitstill, by Alcaston, aged, 10st.....	4

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Anglesey Post.

Lord Howth's f. by Philip, out of Barefoot's dam by Dandy, grandam Moll Anthony, 8st....	1
Mr. Watt's gr. c. Jack-the-Giant-Killer, 7st. 11lb.....	2
Lord Howth's c. by Philip, out of Sally, 8st. 4lb.....	3

Two others started.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Connelly's Mile. Six subs.

Lord Howth's b. c. <i>Claret</i> , by Alcaston, out of Duchess, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb.....	1
Lord Miltown's ch. c. Lepreuchaun, by Skylark or Zealot, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb.....	2
Mr. L. Whittle's br. h. Prince, by Figaro, 8st. 10lb.....	3

The Clock by Napoleon, and King of Kelton by Priam, also started.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7.—**A PLATE** of 100gs. given by His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Four miles.

Mr. Graydon's br. f. <i>Cadot</i> (late Heather-bell), by Blacklock or Alcaston—Sylph, 3 yrs. 6st.	1
Maj. Hay's br. c. M. P., by Blacklock, 4 yrs. 7st. 11lb.....	2

Three others started.

THIRD CLASS OF THE STEWARD STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 25 added, for 2 yr. old fillies. Anglesey Post. Six subs.

Lord Miltown's b. f. <i>Zelmyra</i> , own Sister to Argirio,* 8st. 3lb.....	1
Col. Westenra's ch. f. Crimson, by Drone, out of Kiss, 8st. 3lb.....	2

Mr. Ferguson's b. f. by Turcoman, out of Harkaway's dam, 8st. 3lb..... 3
* *Zelmyra* was so entered, and was objected to as improperly described, she being by Drone, out of Pasta by Catton, grandam by Luck's-all; and Argirio being by Roller or Drone, out of Pasta.

THE CORINTHIAN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 25 added. Gentlemen Riders. Heats, the Peel Course.

Mr. Whittle's b. h. <i>Prince</i> , by Figaro, aged, 13st.....	1	1
Mr. Magill's ch. c. King of Kelton, by Priam, out of Mundig's dam, 3 yrs. 11st. 9lb.....	2	dr
Lord Howth's ch. h. The Clock, by Napoleon, 5 yrs. 12st. 13lb.....	3	dr
Mr. Montgomery's ch. c. Cromaboo, 3 yrs. 11st. 2lb.....	4	dr
Mr. Power's ch. m. by Distingué, out of Lillias, 5 yrs. 10st 4lb.....		dist.

WARWICK.

TUESDAY, Sept. 3.—**THE GUY PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. One mile. Thirteen subs.

Mr. Bristow's ch. f. <i>Susanna</i> , by Dr. Faustus, out of Mary by Friday, 8st. 4lb.....	Chapple.	1
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Chilson, by Fungus, 8st. 4lb.....		2
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. by Langar, out of Kalmia, 8st. 4lb.....		3
Mr. Cooke's ch. f. Romaika, by Rowton, out of Katherine, 8st. 11lb.....		4

Six to 4 on Chilson.

THE LEAMINGTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 if declared, &c., with 100 added by the Town of Leamington. Two miles. Seventy-four subs., forty-five of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Collins' gr. g. <i>Isaac</i> , by Figaro—Jack Spigot's dam by Sorcerer, aged, 8st. 3lb. Darling.	1
Mr. Treen's ch. h. Barnacles, by Cain, 6 yrs. 8st. 5lb.....	2
Mr. Copeland's b. h. King Cole, by Memnon, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb.....	3
Mr. Griffith's ch. h. Lugwardine, by Bobadil, 5 yrs. 7st. 13lb.....	4

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Warwick's b. c. Melodrame, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.; and Mr. W. Denham's b. f. Query, by Emancipation, 4 yrs. 6st. 7lb.—carried 6st. 12lb.

Six to 4 agst. Barnacles, 5 to 2 agst. Isaac, 7 to 1 agst. King Cole, and 7 to 1 agst. Lugwardine.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County. Two mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's ch. c. <i>Tamburini</i> , by Rubini, out of Conciliation, 3 yrs. 7st. 12lb.....	Pavis.	1	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, by Muley, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb.....		3	2
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Piccotee, by Teniers, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb.....		2	dr

Six to 4 on Ratsbane for both heats.

THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added, for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Once round and a distance. Three subs.

Mr. Collett's br. c. <i>The Dean</i> , by Voltaire—Trampina by Tramp, 8st. 2lb.....	Whitehouse.	1
Mr. Fowler's br. c. Profligate, by Emancipation, 8st. 2lb.....		2

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. T. Y. C. Five subs.

Mr. T. Critchley's bl. c. <i>Dunstan</i> , by St. Nicholas, out of Aglaia by Fyldener. Whitehouse.	1
Mr. Flintoff's br. c. The Plover, by Muley, out of Young Mignonette.....	2

Four to 1 on Dunstan.

THE WARWICK CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each. Four miles. Fifteen subs.
 Duke of Richmond's ch. f. *Confusionée*, by Young Emilius, out of Young Maniac by Tramp,
 3 yrs. 6st. 3lb. Howlett. 1
 Mr. W. Collins' gr. g. Isaac, by Figaro, aged, 9st. 3lb. 2
 Mr. I. Day's br. h. Caravan, by Camel, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb. 3
 Eleven to 8 on *Confusionée*, 2 to 1 agst. Isaac, and 5 to 1 agst. Caravan.

A PLATE of £50, given by the Members for the Borough, for horses that never won more than £50 at any one time before starting for this Plate. Two mile heats.

Lord Brooke's ch. f. *Petty Larceny*, by Pickpocket, out of Compensation's dam, 3 yrs.
 7st. 1lb. Whitehouse. 1 1
 Mr. T. Walters' ch. m. The Fairy, by Shrigley, dam by Filho, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb. - 2
 Mr. Cavendish's b. f. Isabella, by Belzoni, 3 yrs. 7st. 1lb. 2 -
 Mr. W. Hervey's gr. c. Master Eady, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb. - -
 Mr. Tomes' b. f. Eliza, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs. 8st. 1lb. - -
 Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. Canace, by Cain, out of Busk, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb. - dr

THURSDAY, Sept. 5.—THE CASTLE PARK STAKES of 10 sovs. each. One mile. Five subs.
 Mr. Collett's br. c. *The Dean*, by Voltaire, out of Trampina, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb. Whitehouse. 1
 Mr. Fowler's br. c. Profligate, by Emancipation, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb. 2
 Lord Warwick's ch. f. *Petty Larceny*, by Pickpocket, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb. 3

THE STAND STAKES (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added by the Committee. Two miles. Five subs.

Mr. Collins' gr. g. *Isaac*, by Figaro, aged, 8st. 10lb. Darling. 1
 Mr. Buckley's ch. f. Lillie, by Muley, 3 yrs. 6st. —carried 6st. 5lb. 2
 Mr. Bristow's ch. f. Susanna, by Dr. Faustus, 3 yrs. 6st. 3

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. Two mile heats.

Mr. Isaac Day's br. h. *Caravan*, by Camel, 5 yrs. 10st. Pavis. 1 1
 Duke of Richmond's ch. f. *Confusionée*, by Emilius, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb. 3 2
 Mr. Collins' gr. g. Isaac, by Figaro, aged, 10st. 3lb. 2 dr
 Twelve to 10 on *Confusionée*, 5 to 2 agst. Isaac, and 3 to 1 agst. Caravan. After the first heat, 5 to 4 on *Confusionée*.

THE TOWN PLATE of £50, for all ages. Two mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's ch. c. *Tamburini*, by Rubini, out of Conciliation, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb. Pavis. - 1 1
 Lord Geo. Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, by Muley, 4 yrs. 8st. 13lb. 1 4 2
 Mr. Collins' b. f. Query, by Emancipation, 4 yrs. 8st. 11 lb. - 2 3
 Lord Warwick's b. c. Melodrame, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 8st. 8lb. 2 3 dr
 Mr. Holloway's ch. f. Magna Charta, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb. - dr

MORPETH.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4.—THE BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE of £50, for maiden horses, &c. Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Dawson's br. c. *Vengeance*, by St. Nicholas, out of Zirza, 4 yrs. 8st. Weatherell. 1 1
 Mr. Catton's br. c. Gangrene, by Sandbeck, 4 yrs. 8st. 6 2
 Mr. Crawford's b. m. Norna, by Guerilla, aged (half-bred), 8st. 7lb. 2 3
 Mr. Robertson's b. c. Little Bo-peep, by William IV., 3 yrs. 5st. 12lb. 4 4
 Mr. Lambert's bl. f. by Doctor Syntax, out of Jessy, 4 yrs. 8st. 3 dr
 Mr. Walker's b. c. Manfred, by Muley, 4 yrs. 8st. 5 dr

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added. Heats, one mile and a half. Five subs.

Capt. Richardson's b. g. *Centurion*, by Emilius, out of Miss Maltby, 6 yrs. 8st. 12lb. 1 1
 Mr. Braithwaite's b. g. Uriah, by Priam, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. 2 2

THURSDAY, Sept. 5.—THE GENTLEMEN'S SUBSCRIPTION PLATE of £50. Two mile heats.

Captain Richardson's b. g. *Centurion*, by Emilius, out of Miss Maltby, 8st. 10lb. 1 1
 Mr. Clark's ch. c. Auckland, by Grey Viscount, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb. 3 2
 Mr. Dawson's br. c. Vengeance, by St. Nicholas, 4 yrs. 8st. 2 dr

HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added. Gentlemen Riders. Heats, one mile and a half. Four subs.

Lord Leveson's br. g. *Donald Caird*, by Mozart, 6 yrs. 12st. 1 1
 Mr. Binney's br. h. Smedley Lely, by Peter Lely, aged, 12st. 3 2
 Capt. Richardson's b. g. *Centurion*, by Emilius, 6 yrs. 12st. 2 dr

RICHMOND.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4.—THE MEMBERS' PLATE of £70, given by the Members of the Borough. Two mile heats.

Mr. Bowes' ch. f. *Mickleton Maid*, by Velocipede, out of Maid of Lune by Whisker, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb. Francis. - 1 1
 Mr. Arrowsmith's br. c. Troy, by Priam, 3 yrs. 7st. 1 -
 Sir J. Boswell's b. f. Anna Maria, by Huntingdon, 3 yrs. 8st. 11lb. 2 2 -
 Col. Cradock's b. c. Messmate, by Liverpool, 3 yrs. 7st. - 2
 Mr. Gill's ch. c. by Recovery, dam by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs. 7st. - -
 Mr. Brown's b. h. Benedict, by Peter Lely (half-bred), 6 yrs. 8st. 12lb. - dr.

THE DUNDAS STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Earl of Zetland, for 2 and 3 yr. olds. From the Grey Stone in. Six subs.

Mr. Bowes' b. c. by Memnon Junior, out of Henrietta by Jerry, 2 yrs. 6st. 8lb. Francis. 1
 Mr. Jacques' b. f. Interlude, by Physician, 2 yrs. 6st. 5lb. 2

Four others started.

Mr. Orde's b. m. *Bee's-wing*, by Doctor Syntax, out of Tomboy's dam, 6 yrs. 9st. 2lb., walked over for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., by subscription of 10gs. each. Once round and a distance. Eight subs.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. From the Grey Stone in. Three subs.

Mr. Jaques' b. f. <i>Interlude</i> , by Physician, out of Comedy by Comus.....	Holmes.	1
Mr. Parkin's b. c. Broadwath, by Liverpool, dam by Albany.....		2
Col. Cradock's b. c. Gallypot, by Physician, dam by Whisker, out of Voltaire's dam.....		3

THE CORPORATION PLATE of £50, given by the Corporation of Richmond. Two mile heats.
 Mr. Marson's br. c. *Humphrey*, by Sandbeck—Oceana, 4 yrs. 5st. 3lb. J. Marson. - 1 1
 Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb. 1 - 3
 Mr. Dawson's b. c. The Blue Pill, by Physician, 3 yrs. 7st. - 2
 Sir C. Monk's b. f. Garland, by Langar, 4 yrs. 8st. 2 2 dr
 Mr. Attwood's b. c. Cleanthes, by Argantes, 3 yrs. 7st. - - dr

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs., for mares. Three miles.

Mr. Orde's b. m. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Dr. Syntax, out of Tomboy's dam, 6 yrs. 9st. 5lb.	Holmes.	1
Mr. Bowes' ch. f. Mickleton Maid, by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.		2

WESTERN MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 3 yr. olds. Two miles. Eight subs.

Lord Eglinton's ch. f. *Lais*, by Corinthian, out of Rectitude, 7st. 12lb. walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 500 sovs. each, h.ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 3lb., fillies 8st. Three quarters of a mile. Four subs.

Lord Eglinton's b. c. <i>Doctor Caius</i> , by Physician, out of Rectitude	Lye.	1
Sir J. Boswell's ch. f. Queen Anne, Sister to General Chassé, by Actæon—Hambletonia...		2
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer, out of Emelia by Abjer.....		3

Match for 100 sovs., h. ft., 8st. 3lb. each, two miles.—Sir J. Boswell's b. g. *Constantine*, by Beagle, out of Hambletonia by Stamford, 4 yrs. (Halloway), beat Lord Kelburne's br. c. by Jerry, dam by Ardrossan, 4 yrs.

THE GOLD CUP of 100gs. value, the surplus in specie, by subscription of 10gs. each, for all ages. The winner to pay 10 sovs. to the Judge. Two miles. Eighteen subs.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. <i>Lanercost</i> , by Liverpool, out of Otis, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.	Cartwright.	1
Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, by Catton, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb.		2
Mr. Ramsay's ch. m. Sunbeam, by Vanish, 6 yrs. 8st. 13lb.		3
Lord Kelburne's ch. f. Impertinence, by Actæon, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.		4

A PLATE of 50 sovs., for all ages. Two mile heats.

Lord Eglinton's b. g. <i>The Potentate</i> , by Langar—Giovanni's dam, aged, 9st. 6lb.	Lye.	1 1
Mr. Ramsay's ch. m. Sunbeam, by Vanish, 6 yrs. 9st. 6lb.		2 2

On **THURSDAY, Sept. 5**, Lord Eglinton's b. g. *The Potentate*, by Langar, aged, walked over for the Eglinton Gold Cup, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for all ages. To be ridden by Members of a Hunting or Racing Club in Scotland. Two miles. Three subs.

Match, for 50 sovs., T. Y. C. Sir J. Boswell's b. f. *Magdalen*, by Physician, out of Meretrix by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs. 8st. 11lb., beat Lord Eglinton's br. c. by Liverpool, out of Queen Bathsheba by Prime Minister, 2 yrs. 7st.

A PLATE of 50 sovs., for all ages. Heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. J. Sandiland's ch. g. <i>Nubian</i> , by Sultan, out of Variety, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.	Cartwright.	1 1
Lord Eglinton's b. g. <i>The Potentate</i> , by Langar, aged, 9st. 2lb.		2 dr

FRIDAY, Sept. 6—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 50 added by the Meeting for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 3lb., fillies 8st. Three quarters of a mile. Eight subs.

Mr. Ramsay's b. f. <i>Lady Crainshaus</i> , by Contest, out of Lady Easyby.....	Cartwright.	1
Mr. Sandiland's br. c. by Liverpool, out of Queen Bathsheba.....		2

SOUTHAMPTON.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5.—THE SOUTHAMPTON STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 50 added from the Fund. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Two miles. Fifteen subs., eleven of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Herbert's b. g. <i>Arctic</i> , by Brutandorf, dam by Knowsley, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	Connelly.	1
Mr. Sadler's b. f. Deceit, by Defence, 3 yrs. 6st. 8lb. (fell).....		2

A PLATE of 30 sovs., given by the Ladies of Southampton, added to a Sweepstakes of 13 sovs. each, for horses that never won £50 at any one time (Matches excepted). The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Drew's <i>Young Forester</i> , by Merman, 4 yrs. h.-b., carried 7st. 12lb.	Crickmere.	- 1 1
Mr. Smith's ch. c. Caligula, by Augustus, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.		1 3 2
Mr. Isaac Day's b. m. Ayesha, by Sultan, 6 yrs. 8st. 11lb.		2 2 dr
Mr. Lane's ch. c. Squire Western, by The Colonel. 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.		3 4 dr

Three others started.

THE SHIRLEY STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 30 added from the Fund. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. The last half mile.

Mr. Herbert's b. f. <i>Caracole</i> , by Brutandorf, out of Miss Fox, 3 yrs. 8st. 13lb.	Connelly.	1
Mr. Rathbone's b. f. Carlotta, by Frederick, out of Cestus, 2 yrs. 6st. 11lb.		2
Hill Coolie, Mr. Alpin's b. c. by Laurel, Fairing, and The Currier, also started. The winner was claimed.		

A PLATE of £50, given by the Members for the Southern Division of the County, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, once round and a distance. Four subs.

Mr. Etwall's ch. f. <i>Primefit</i> , by Actæon, out of Chat by Quiz, 4 yrs. 8st. 8lb.	J. Day.	1 1
Mr. Isaac Day's b. m. Ayesha, by Sultan, 6 yrs. 9st. 1 lb.		2 dr
Duke of Richmond's br. c. The Currier, by The Saddler, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb.		3 dr

FRIDAY, Sept. 6.—THE GOLD CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added. Goodwood Cup weights. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two miles.
 Mr. Etwall's ch. f. *Primefit*, by Actæon, out of Chat by Quiz, 4 yrs. 8st. 11lb. J. Day. 1
 Mr. Lucas' gr. h. Tell-tale, by Swap, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb. 2
 Deceit and The Currier also started.

A PLATE of £50, given by the Members for the Town, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Heats, once round and a distance. Five subs.
 Mr. Etwall's ch. f. *Primefit*, by Actæon, out of Chat by Quiz, 4 yrs. 9st. 1 lb. J. Day. 1 1
 Mr. W. Sadler's Specimen, by Rowton, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. 2 2
 Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by The Saddler, 3 yrs. 6st. 11 lb. 3 dr

ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5.—A PLATE of £50, given by the Members for the Western Division of the County of Kent, for horses that never won a Plate or Sweepstakes. Mile heats.
 Mr. Goodman's bl. c. *Pluto*, by Actæon, out of Christabel, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. Mann. 0 1 1
 Mr. Faulconer's gr. f. Sister to Professor, by Wiseacre, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. 0 2 3
 Mr. Dockeray's b. c. Lyster, by Rowton, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. - - 2
 Mr. Finch's b. c. Brockhampton, by Priam, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb. - 3 4
 Seven others started.

THE ROCKINGHAM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Heats, a mile and a half. Six subs.
 Mr. Shelley's br. f. *The Drama*, by Emilius—Farce, 3 yrs. carried 7st. 4lb. Wakefield. 1 1
 Mr. Faulconer's br. f. March First, by St. Nicholas, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. 2 2

THE ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM MEMBERS' PLATE of £50. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats.
 Mr. Faulconer's b. f. *Slender*, by Longwaist, d. by Soothsayer, 4 y. 8st. 4lb. F. Butler. 2 1 3 1
 Mr. Munro's b. g. Bravo, by Flexible, 6 yrs. 9st. 1 lb. 4 2 1 2
 Mr. Turner's gr. g. Jim Crow, by Gustavus, 5 yrs. 8st. 11 lb. 3 3 2
 Mr. May's b. m. Bertha, aged, 9st. 1 lb. 5 4 4
 Mr. Gairard's b. h. Cornborough, by Tramp, 5 yrs. 9st. 1 5 dr.

FRIDAY, Sept. 6.—THE GOLD CUP, by subscription of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added from the Fund. The winner to be sold for £200 if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Two mile heats. Seven subs.
 Mr. Turner's b. f. *Isabella*, by Medoro, dam by Figaro—Cora, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. S. Mann. 1 3 1
 Mr. Balchin's b. m. Slang, by Grimaldi, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb. 3 1 2
 Mr. Hornsby's ch. f. Romania, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb. 4 2 dr
 Mr. Shelley's br. f. The Drama, by Emilius, 3 yrs.—carried 7st. 3lb. 2 dr.
 Mr. Bacon's b. f. Maid of Kent, by Reveller, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.—fell dist.

THE WEST KENT STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added from the Fund. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Two miles. Nine subs., five of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.
 Mr. Shelley's ch. c. *Tawney Owl*, by Buzzard, out of Stately, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. Wakefield. 1
 Mr. Monck's ch. c. Nominee, by St. Patrick, 3 yrs. 5st. 10lb. 2
 Mr. Dockeray's b. c. Brush, by Beagle, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb. 3

LICHFIELD.

TUESDAY, Sept. 10.—THE STAFFORDSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 50 added. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Two miles. Twenty five subs., sixteen of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.
 Lord Milton's ch. m. *Cruiskeen*, by Sir Hercules—Brandy Bet, 5 yrs. 6st. Neptune Stag. 1
 Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, by Malek, 7st. 12lb. 2
 Mr. Herbert's b. g. Arctic, by Brutandorf, 6 yrs. 8st. 4lb. 3
 Clarion by Sultan, Prudence by Emancipation, King Cole, and Maid Marian, also started.

THE QUEEN'S PLATE of 100 gs. Two mile heats.
 Mr. S. Herbert's b. c. *Clarion*, by Sultan, out of Clari, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb. Connely. 1 1
 Mr. E. Buckley's ch. c. Charley, by Muley, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb. 2 2
 Mr. Calloway's br. h. Goshawk, by Falcon, 5 yrs. 10st. 3lb. 3 3

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11.—THE GOLD CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for all ages. Three miles. Twelve subs.
 Mr. T. Walters' br. h. *King Cole*, by Memnon, out of Baroness, 6 yrs. 9st. 2lb. Marlow. 1
 Mr. Fowler's br. c. Profligate, by Emancipation, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. 2
 Mr. T. Walters' b. c. Chantilly, by Langar, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. 3

THE CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. for all ages. Two mile heats.
 Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. *Saul*, by Bedlamite, out of Cis, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb. Whitehouse. 1 1
 Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, by Malek, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb. 3 2
 Mr. Jackson's b. c. Wings, by Skylark, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb. 2 dr

LEICESTER.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11.—HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. Three times round.
 Mr. Tomes' gr. g. *Isaac*, by Figaro—Jack Spigot's dam by Sorcerer, aged, 10st. Darling. 1
 Mr. Wood's b. f. by Norton, 3 yrs. 7st. 11 lb. 2
 Mr. Wildman's b. f. Pandora, by Olympus (half-bred), 4 yrs. 9st. 11lb. 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Heats, twice round.

Duke of Rutland's br. f. <i>Revoke</i> , by Camel—The Odd Trick, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. R. Pettit.	1	1
Mr. V. King's br. h. Ruby, by Reveller, 5 yrs. 9st. 2lb.	2	2
Mr. Tomes' b. f. Eliza, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs. 8st. 1 lb.	5	3
Mr. Owsley's b. h. Capulet, by Young Phantom, 5 yrs. 8st. 9lb.	3	dr
Mr. Collins' b. f. Query, by Emancipation, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb.	4	dr

THURSDAY, Sept. 12.—A **GOLD CUP** of 100 sovs. value, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for all ages. Three times round. Ten subs.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. <i>Isaac</i> , by Figaro, out of Jack Spigot's dam, aged, 9st. 4lb. Darling.	1	
Duke of Rutland's br. f. <i>Revoke</i> , by Camel, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.	2	
Mr. V. King's br. h. Ruby, by Reveller, 5 yrs. 9st. 1 lb.	3	

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, twice round.

Mr. Collins' b. f. <i>Query</i> , by Emancipation, out of Miniature, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb. Darling.	1	1
Mr. White's b. f. Susan, by Alpheus, 3 yrs. 6st. 3lb.	2	2
Mr. Drage's b. c. Johannes, by Reveller, out of Joannina, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.	3	3

ABINGDON.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11.—**FOAL STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. One mile. Three subs.

Mr. I. Day's br. f. <i>Canace</i> , by Cain, out of Busk by Whalebone, 8st. 1 lb. W. Day.	1	
Mr. J. Matthews' ch. c. Sam Weller, by Firman, out of Margaret by Pyramus, 8st. 6lb.	2	

THE CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each. The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. About two miles and a half. Thirteen subs.

Duke of Richmond's ch. f. <i>Confusionée</i> , by Emilius—Y. Maniac, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb. Howlett.	1	
Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, by Rubini, out of Conciliation, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb.—carried 7st.	2	
Lord George Bentinck's Ratsbane, by Muley, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	3	

Two to 1 on *Confusionée*, and 10 to 3 agst. Tamburini.

THE HOLME PARK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, the Abingdon Course. Ten subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. f. <i>Science</i> , by Defence, out of Maldonia, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb. Pavis.	5	1	1
Capt. Pettat's b. h. Caliph, by Sultan, aged, 8st. 12lb.	1	4	2
Mr. Lucas' gr. h. Tell-tale, by Swap, 6 yrs. 8st. 12lb.	4	2	dr
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Specimen, by Rowton, 3 yrs. carried 6st. 13lb.	3	3	dr
Mr. Pryse Pryse's gr. f. by Fungus, dam by Rubens, out of Undine, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.	2		dr

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. A mile. Five subs.

Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. *Chilson*, by Fungus, out of Ruby by Rubens, 6st. 4lb. walked over.

THURSDAY, Sept. 12.—**THE MARCHAM PARK STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added by Thomas Duffield, Esq., M. P. for the Borough. Two miles. Twenty-three subs., eighteen of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Lord Jersey's b. f. <i>Joannina</i> , by Priam, out of Joanna by Sultan, 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb. Pavis.	1	
Duke of Richmond's <i>Confusionée</i> , by Emilius, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.	2	
Mr. Foster's Bellissima, Sister to Nike (half-bred), 7st.	3	

Four to 1 on *Confusionée*.

THE BEAR WOOD STAKES (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added, for all ages. The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, about a mile and a half. Eleven subs.

Capt. Pettat's b. h. <i>Caliph</i> , by Sultan, out of Variety, aged, 9st. Chapple.	1	4	1
Mr. J. Stevens' Young Forester, 5 yrs. 8st.	4	1	2
Mr. Sadler's Specimen, by Rowton, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb.	3	2	3
Mr. Pryse Pryse's gr. f. by Fungus, dam by Rubens, 3 yrs. 6st. 8lb.	2	3	dr

THE PUSEY HORN STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two miles. Fifteen subs.

Mr. Hussey's b. f. <i>Red Rose</i> , by Rubini, out of Sweetbriar, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb. Howlett.	1	
Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. <i>Science</i> , by Defence, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.—carried 7st. 7lb.	2	
Mr. Bristow's ch. f. Susanna, by Reveller, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.	3	
Mr. Sadler's b. f. Deceit, by Defence, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.	4	

Mr. Etwall's b. c. *Hill Coolie*, by Mulatto, dam by Figaro, walked over for The Buckland Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds. Three quarters of a mile. Three subs.

THE CELERITY HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added. Heats, T. Y. C.

Mr. Foster's ch. f. <i>Bellissima</i> , by Bizarre, 4 yrs. 9st. Mr. Sadler.	4	1	1
Mr. Etwall's b. c. Hill Coolie, by Mulatto, 2 yrs. 5st. 7lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Isaac Day's b. f. <i>Canace</i> , by Cain, 3 yrs. 7st.	3	4	3
Sir D. Baird's br. g. The Morning Star, by Conductor, aged, 8st. 10lb.	5	3	dr
Mr. Weguelin's b. f. Isabella, by Oppidan, 3 yrs. 7st.	2	5	dr

HOWTH PARK.

THURSDAY, Sept. 12.—**THE STAND CUP**, value 150 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Twenty-three subs.

Mr. O'Connor Henchy's b. c. <i>Claret</i> , by Turcoman, 3 yrs. 9st. 13lb.	1	
Mr. Montgomery's br. c. Salute, Brother to The Colonel, by Alcaston—Zillah, 4 yrs. 11st.	2	
Mr. H. Browne's b. h. Pilgrick, 5 yrs. 11st. 8lb.	3	

Friar, M. P. by Blacklock, and King of Kelton by Priam, also started.

On **FRIDAY, Sept. 13**, Mr. Magill's ch. c. *King of Kelton*, by Priam, 3 yrs. 10st. 6lb. won, at two heats, The St. Lawrence Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 40 added; Heats, one mile and a quarter; Eight subs.; beating Hazard, Revenge, and Pietro.

MONDAY, Sept. 16—THE CITIZENS' PLATE of 60 sovs. in specie, 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Heats, once round. Seven subs.

Lord Howth's b. h. <i>Little Clown</i> , by Johnny Raw, dam by Bellerophon, 11st.....	4	1	1
Mr. Magill's ch. c. King of Kelton, by Priam, 10st. 4lb.....	1	4	3
Mr. Brown's b. h. Pilgrarick, 11st. 10lb.....	5	2	2
Mr. White's b. h. Vernal, by Actæon, 11st. 7lb.....	3	5	4
Maj. Hay's br. c. M. P., by Blacklock, 11st. 13lb.....	2	3	dr

ISLE OF THANET.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—THE RAMSGATE PLATE of £40, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats.

Mr. Holmes' b. m. <i>Slang</i> , by Young Grimaldi, aged, 9st. 4lb.....	-	1	1
Mr. Faulconer's b. f. Slender, by Longwaist, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....	1	3	2
Mr. Bacon's b. f. Maid of Kent, by Reveller, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....	-	-	3
Mr. Dockera's b. c. Lyster, by Rowton, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.....	-	2	4
Capt. Gardnor's c. by Reveller, out of Scurry, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.....	2	-	-

THE POWELL STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats.

Mr. Simmond's ch. h. <i>Cadland</i> , aged, 10st. 3lb.....	Owner.	4	1	1
Mr. Clifton's ch. h. by Whalebone, 10st. 13lb.....		2	2	2

Sir Elix and Susan Watch also started.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—THE MARGATE STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added. The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats.

Mr. Faulconer's b. f. <i>Slender</i> , by Longwaist, dam by Soothsayer, 4 yrs. 8st. 8lb....	3	2	1	1
Mr. Turner's gr. g. Jim Crow, by Gustavus, 5 yrs. 9st.....	4	1	2	2
Mr. Brick's m. c. Latona, by Wamba, aged, 9st. 3lb.....	1	3	3	dr
Mr. Hornby's br. f. Tenebrosa, by The Saddler, out of Gipsiana, 3 yrs. 7st. 1lb....	2	4	dr	

SHREWSBURY.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—THE TANKERVILLE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 25 added by the Race Committee. Two miles. Sixteen subs., six of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Griffith's ch. h. <i>Lugwardine</i> , by Bobadil—Sylph by Spectre, 5 yrs. 8st. 6lb.....	Chapple.	1	
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, by Voltaire, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb.....		2	
Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, by Malek, 3 yrs. 7st. 12lb.....		3	
Mr. Collett's b. f. Query, by Emancipation, 4 yrs. 6st. 10lb.....		4	
Mr. F. R. Price's br. g. Capt. Pops, by Priam, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb.....		5	
Mr. Ogden's bl. c. Black Prince, by Voltaire, 4 yrs. 6st. 8lb.....		6	

THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. A mile and a quarter. Three subs.

Lord Stanley's b. f. <i>Velocity</i> , by Velocipede, out of Harriet by Filho da Puta.....	Jones.	1
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Apothecary, by Physician.....		2

THE INNKEEPERS' PURSE of £25, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Heats, a mile and a quarter. Five subs.

Mr. Holker's ch. m. <i>Maid of Monton</i> , by Recovery—Cinderella, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb....	Clarke.	1	1
Mr. Blake's br. h. Normanby, by Economist, 6 yrs. 9st.....		4	2
Mrs. Massey's b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.....		3	3
Mr. Collett's br. c. The Dean, by Voltaire, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.....		2	dr

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—THE GOLD CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Three miles. Fourteen subs.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. <i>Isaac</i> , by Figaro, out of Jack Spigot's dam, aged, 8st. 12lb.....	Darling.	1
Mr. I. Day's br. h. Caravan, by Camel, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb.....		2

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Race Committee, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Heats, once round and a distance.

Lord Stanley's b. f. <i>Velocity</i> , by Velocipede, out of Harriet, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb Dodgson.	3	1	1
Mr. Holker's ch. m. Maid of Monton, by Recovery, out of Cinderella, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	1	3	2
Mr. F. R. Price's br. g. Capt. Pops, by Priam, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb.....	2	3	2

A PLATE of 60 sovs., given by the Members for the Borough of Shrewsbury, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Catherina</i> , by Whisker, out of Alecto, aged, 8st. 11lb..	Hopwood.	1	-	1
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Northenden, by Battledore, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....		-	1	2
Mr. Collett's br. c. The Dean, by Voltaire, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....		2	2	dr

Two others started.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs. Three miles.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. <i>Isaac</i> , by Figaro—Jack Spigot's dam by Sorcerer, aged, 10st....	Darling.	1
Mr. Griffith's ch. h. Lugwardine, by Bobadil, 5 yrs. 9st. 9lb.....		2
Mrs. Massey's b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, 3 yrs. 7st. 11 lb.....		3

Caravan by Camel, and Query by Emancipation, also started.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Race Committee, for horses that have run at this Meeting. Heats, once round. Four subs.

Mr. Collett's br. c. <i>The Dean</i> , by Voltaire—Trampina, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb....	Whitehouse.	1	2	1
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Northenden, by Battledore, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.....		3	1	2
Mr. Blake's br. h. Normanby, by Economist, 6 yrs. 8st. 5lb.....		2	3	3

THE COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 60 sovs. Weights as for the Borough Members' Plate. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Meiklam's b. m. <i>Modesty</i> , by Malek, dam by Champignon, 5 yrs.....	Whitehouse.	1	1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Catherina</i> , by Whisker, aged.....		-	2
Mr. Griffith's ch. h. Lugwardine, by Bobadil, 5 yrs.....		2	-

Query, Barboni, and Rachel also started.

OSWESTRY.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24—A Cup, value 50 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. if declared, &c. A mile and a half. Ten subs., five of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Holker's ch. m. *Maid of Monton*, by Recovery, out of Cinderella, 5 yrs. 8st. Clarke. 1
Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. Saul, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb. 2
Cowboy, Isaac, and St. Leonard, also started.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. *Isaac*, by Figaro, out of Jack Spigot's dam, aged, 8st., walked over for Shropshire Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., heats, a mile and a half, 7 subs., five of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Tomes' gr. g. *Isaac*, by Figaro, aged, 8st. 13lb., won the North Shropshire County Members' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, for 3 yr. olds and upwards, heats, a mile and a half, five subs., at three heats, beating Apothecary and Wee Willie.

On WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25, for the Oswestry Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for 3 and 4 yr. olds, a mile and a half, 5 subs., Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. *Saul*, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs., beat The Drone and Northenden.

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. *Cowboy*, by Voltaire, out of Dairymaid, won a Gold Cup in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, two miles and a quarter, 10 subs., beating Modesty and Maid of Monton.

Cowboy also won the Town Subscription Plate of £50, a mile and a half, beating Query.

BEDFORD.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs. Three miles.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. *Mendizabal*, by Merlin or Merchant, 6 yrs. 10st. Connelly. 1
Mr. W. Scott's b. f. Fame, by Margrave, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb. 2
Mr. Webber's b. g. Harold, by Master Henry, aged, 10st. 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c. Three quarters of a mile. Eight subs.

Mr. W. Key's br. f. *Marialva*, by Gambol, out of Miss Middleton W. Cotton. 1
Lord Tavistock's b. f. Lucy, by Glencoe, out of Lucy Kemble 2
Mr. Hussey's ch. f. Roxana, Sister to Red Rose 3

Runt by Plenipotentiary, Mr. Aplin's b. c. by Laurel, out of Dewdrop; and Miss Romer by Merchant, also started.

A PURSE of £50, given by the Duke of Bedford, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. Two miles.

Mr. Corbet's br. f. *Jenny Jones*, by Sir Hercules, out of Minstrel S. Mann. 1
Lord Tavistock's ch. c. All-fours, by Augustus, out of Mysie 2
Mr. Drage's b. c. Johannes, by Reveller, out of Joanna 3
Mr. T. Hussey's b. f. Red Rose, by Rubini, out of Sweetbriar 4

THE WOBURN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats. Eight subs.

Lord Albemarle's b. f. *Barcarolle*, by Emilius—Bravura, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb. E. Edwards. 1 1
Mr. V. King's br. h. Ruby, by Reveller, 5 yrs. 9st. 2 2
Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Shortwaist, dam by Bobadil, 3 yrs. 7st. 3 dr
Mr. T. Hussey's b. f. Red Rose, by Rubini, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb. 4 dr

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—THE BEDFORDSHIRE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added for 3 yr. olds and upwards. The winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, two miles and a half. Five subs.

Mr. Corbet's br. f. *Jenny Jones*, by Sir Hercules, out of Minstrel, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb. S. Mann. 1 F
Mr. W. Scott's b. f. Fame, by Margrave, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. 2 2
Mr. V. King's br. h. Ruby, by Reveller, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb. 3 dr

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. The winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, once round and a distance. Five subs.

Mr. Theobald's ch. c. *Caligula*, by Augustus, out of Cinderella by Merlin, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. Connelly. 1 I
broke down
Mr. S. Smith's ch. c. Hahneinan, by Dr. Eady, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. 2 2
Mr. Drew's ch. c. Kensington, by Reveller, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. 3 3
Lord Tavistock's gr. c. Gimcrack, by Stumps, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. 4 dr

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., with 20 added. The winner to be sold for 99 sovs. if demanded, &c. Once round and a distance. Six subs.

Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Shortwaist, dam by Bobadil, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb. S. Ling. 1
Four others started—the winner was claimed.

BRECONSHIRE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—THE SOUTH WALES PRODUCE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 2lb., fillies 8st. Two miles. Six subs.

Capt. B. Davies' ch. f. *Caraguata*, by Wamba, out of Clematis walked over.

THE LADIES' PLATE, a Splendid Silver Tea Service, value 50 sovs., for horses of all ages. Two mile heats.

Mr. Walmsley's b. g. *Catamaran*, by Strephon, aged, 9st. 10lb. Wadlow. 4 1 F
Mr. Darling's ch. c. The Nile, by Belzoni, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb. 1 3 dr
Mr. Gough's b. c. Bay Hampton, by Zinganee, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. 3 2 dr
Capt. B. Davies' b. m. Merry Lass, by Dr. Faustus, out of Mima, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb. 2 4 dr

On THURSDAY, Sept. 26, Mr. Walmsley's *Catamaran* won the Members' Purse of 50 sovs at two heats, twice round and a distance, beating The Nile.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—THE EGLINTON STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds. T.Y.C. Seven subs.

Mr. Meiklam's br. f. <i>Remedy</i> , by Physician, out of Snowball, 8st. 2lb	Darling.	1
Col. Synge's b. c. <i>Polydorus</i> , by Priam, out of Rose by Waverley, 8st. 7lb		2
Lord Stanley's b. f. <i>Betsey Austin</i> , by Mulatto, out of Mysinda by Lottery, 8st. 5lb		3
Mr. Speed's b. c. by Muley, dam by Longwaist, out of Duchess by Walton, 8st. 7lb		4

Six to 4 on *Remedy*, and 3 to 1 agst. the Muley colt.

THE PALATINE STAKES, a Handicap of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 200 added by the Members of the Palatine Club, for horses of all ages. Two miles. Twenty subs.

Mr. H. Robinson's br. h. <i>Melbourne</i> , by Humphrey Clinker, 5 yrs. 8st. 6lb	Marson.	1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. <i>Lanercost</i> , by Liverpool, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb		2
Lord Miltown's b. f. <i>Medea</i> , by Drone, 3 yrs. 5st. 10lb		3
Mr. Bell's b. f. <i>La Sage Femme</i> , by Physician or Gainsborough, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb		4
Mr. Graydon's ch. c. <i>Clinker</i> , by Turcoman, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb.—carried 6st. 9lb		5

Five to 2 on *Lanercost*, and 6 to 1 agst. *Melbourne*.

MATCH for 500 sovs., h. ft., T.Y.C.

Mr. Fowler's b. f. <i>Lalla Rookh</i> , by Defence, out of Leila by Waterloo, 2 yrs. 8st.	Darling.	1
Sir J. Boswell's ch. f. <i>Queen Anne</i> , by Actæon, out of Hambletonia, 2 yrs. 7st. 7lb		2

Two to 1 on *Lalla Rookh*.

Lord Eglinton's ch. g. *Zoroaster*, by Priam, out of Spaewife, 8st. 7lb., walked over for the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, a mile and a quarter, 8 subs.

THE SELLING STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Speed's ch. c. <i>Aimwell</i> , by Actæon, out of Henrietta, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb	M. Jones.	-	1	1
Lord Stanley's br. c. <i>Charlatan</i> , by Physician, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb		1	-	3
Mr. Clarke's ch. c. by Recovery, out of The Nab, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb		3	3	-
Mr. Dawson's b. c. <i>The Blue Pill</i> , 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb		-	-	2
Mr. Clarke's ch. c. <i>Auckland</i> , by Grey Viscount, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb		-	2	-
Mr. Dickson's b. h. <i>Anvil</i> , by Gaberlunzie, 4 yrs. 8st. 12lb		2	-	-

The winner was claimed.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—THE WILTON STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., with 50 added, for 2 and 3 yr. olds. T.Y.C.

Mr. Heseltine's b. f. <i>The Shadow</i> , by The Saddler—Slashing Harry's dam, 3 yrs. 9st. 2lb		1
Lord Stanley's ch. f. by Velocipede, out of Rose-leaf, 2 yrs. 7st. 2lb		2
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. <i>Zoroaster</i> , by Priam, 3 yrs. 9st. 4lb		3

THE STEWARDS' CUP, value 200 sovs., the surplus in specie, by subscription of 20 sovs. each with 100 added, for all ages. Two miles and a half. Ten subs.

Mr. Bell's b. f. <i>La Sage Femme</i> , by Physician or Gainsborough, out of Golden Drop's dam by Whisker, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb	Frances.	1
Lord Eglinton's b. c. <i>Malvolio</i> , by Liverpool, 3 yrs. 7st		2
Mr. Stephenson's b. c. <i>Lightfoot</i> , by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 7st		3

Six to 4 on *Malvolio*.

THE ORMSKIRK PURSE of 50 sovs., added to a subscription of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Once round. Five subs.

Mr. Robinson's br. h. <i>Melbourne</i> , by Humphrey Clinker, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb	Marsen.	1
Lord Stanley's br. f. <i>Velocity</i> , by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb		2

Five to 2 on *Melbourne*.

FRIDAY, Sept. 27—THE KNOWSLEY STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. One mile. Three subs.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. <i>Rabbitcatcher</i> , by Birdcatcher, dam by Tramp	Templeman.	1
Lord Stanley's b. f. <i>Betsey Austin</i> , by Mulatto, out of Mysinda		2

Three to 1 on *Rabbitcatcher*.

THE HEATON PARK STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 100 added. Once round and a distance. Twenty-five subs., five of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Lord Miltown's ch. m. <i>Cruiskeen</i> , by Sir Hercules, out of Brandy Bet, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb	Stag.	1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. <i>Lanercost</i> , by Liverpool, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb		2
Lord Eglinton's br. h. <i>St. Bennett</i> , by Catton, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb		3

Six others started.

Ten to 6 agst. *Lanercost* and 4 to 1 agst. *Cruiskeen*.

THE MEGGERNIE CASTLE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Earl of Sefton, for all ages. The owner of the last horse to pay 5 sovs. to the owner of the second horse. To start from the Bridge Turn and run in. Five subs.

Mr. Whitelock's b. c. <i>Dr. Grainger</i> , by Physician, dam by Malek, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb	Marson.	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. <i>Shark</i> , by Priam, 2 yrs. 6st. 4lb		2
Lord Stanley's br. c. <i>Charlatan</i> , by Physician, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb		3
Sir J. Boswell's b. f. <i>Magdalen</i> , by Physician, 3 yrs. 8st. 5lb		4

Two to 1 on *Charlatan* and 3 to 1 agst. *Shark*.

Mr. Fowler's *Lalla Rookh* won a Match for 200 sovs., beating Sir J. Boswell's ch. f. *Queen Ann*, 8st. 4lb. each, T.Y.C.

THE OPTION STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. The winner to be sold for £150 if demanded, &c., with the option of not being sold for less than £200, £250, or £300; carrying, if for £200, 5lb.; for £250, 10lb.; and for £300, 14lb. extra. Heats, a mile and a quarter. Five subs.

Mr. Speed's ch. c. <i>Aimwell</i> , by Actæon, out of Henrietta, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb	M. Jones.	2	1	1
Mr. Moss's ch. m. <i>Maid Marian</i> , by Robia Hood, 5 yrs. 8st. 9lb		1	3	2
Mr. Dawson's b. c. <i>The Blue Pill</i> , 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb		3	2	3

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—THE TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs., for all ages. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, twice round.

Mr. Dockeray's b. c. <i>Guardsman</i> , by Waterloo—Windfall by Reveller, 4 y. 8st. 13lb.	4	2	1	1
Capt. Gardner's b. c. by Reveller, out of Scurry, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb.	1	4	3	2
Mr. Holmes' b. m. <i>Slang</i> , by Grimaldi, aged, 9st. 5lb.	0	1	2	3
Mr. Shelley's b. f. <i>The Drama</i> , by Emilius, 3 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	0	3	dr	

SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added from the Fund, for all ages. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Heats, a mile and a half. Six subs.

Mr. Dockeray's b. c. <i>Lyster</i> , by Rowton—Margaret by Ramsey, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb.	5	1	2	1
Mr. Brick's ch. m. <i>Latona</i> , by Wamba, aged, 8st. 11lb.	1	2	3	2
Mr. Balchin's b. g. <i>Munchausen</i> , by Merchant, dam by Phantom, 4 yrs. 8st.	3	4	1	dist.
Mr. Monk's ch. c. <i>Nominee</i> , by St. Patrick, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.	4	3	dr	
Mr. Clifton's ch. h. <i>Whalebone</i> , by Merchant—Black Daphne, 5 yrs. 9st. 6lb.	2	5	dr	

Mr. Munchausen came in first for the fourth heat, but a charge of running against Lyster having been proved against him, the heat was adjudged to Lyster.

FRIDAY, Sept. 27—A PLATE of £50. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, twice round.

Mr. Dockeray's b. c. <i>Lyster</i> , by Rowton, out of Margaret, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb.	1	3	4
Mr. Monk's ch. c. <i>Nominee</i> , by St. Patrick, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.	4	1	2
Mr. Turner's gr. g. <i>Jim Crow</i> , by Gustavus, 5 yrs. 9st. 2lb.	3	2	3
Mr. Armstrong's ch. c. <i>Abelard</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.	2	4	dr

THE ST. LEONARD PLATE of 50 sovs. The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, a mile and a half.

Capt. Gardner's br. c. by Reveller, out of Scurry, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb.	1	-	1
Mr. Turner's ch. g. <i>Sir Felix</i> , by Blacklock or Langar, aged, 9st. 8lb.	-	1	-

Four others started.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. T.Y.C.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. <i>All-fours</i> , by Augustus, out of Mysie by Quiz, 3 yrs. 8st. E. Edwards.	1
Mr. Wilson's b. f. <i>Louisa</i> , by Mulatto, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.	2
Duke of Portland's b. g. <i>St. Peray</i> , by St. Patrick, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	3

Three others started.—Three to 1 agst. All-fours and 3 to 1 agst. St. Peray.

THE BUCKENHAM STAKES of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1836. Each subscriber to name three mares, one to the Post. T.Y.C. Five subs.

Mr. Wreford's b. c. <i>Wardan</i> , by Glencoe, out of Margellina by Whisker, 8st. 7lb.	J. Day.	1
Col. Peel's b. c. <i>St. Swithin</i> , by Velocipede or St. Nicholas, out of Fille de Joie, 8st. 7lb.		2

Four to 1 on the winner.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. A.F. Nineteen subs.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Euclid</i> , by Emilius, out of Maria by Whisker.	Connelly.	0	1
Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Æther</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Pastille by Rubens.	J. Day.	0	2
Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Bosphorus</i> , by Reveller, out of Marmora.		3	
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. <i>Ephemerion</i> , by Emilius, out of Mercy.		4	

Four to 1 on Euclid. After the dead heat, 2 to 1.

THE HOPEFUL STAKES of 40 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb. The owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes. The last half of Ab. M. Twenty-nine subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. <i>Crucifix</i> , by Priam, out of Octaviana by Octavian, 9st. J. Day, jun.	1
Lord Lyndedoch's b. c. <i>Jeffy</i> , by Jerry, out of Mandane, 8st. 10lb.	2
Lord Geo. Bentinck's ch. c. <i>Capote</i> , by Velocipede out of Mantilla, 8st. 7lb.	3

Seven others started.—Five to 2 on Crucifix.

SWEEPSTAKES of 150 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1837. T.Y.C. Six subs: Lord Tavistock's f. by Glencoe, out of Frolicsome by Frolic, 8st. 4lb., walked over, and Col. Peel's ch. f. by Actæon, out of Electress, 8st. 4lb., withdrew her Stake. Lord Tavistock and Col. Peel divided the forfeits.

On WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2, Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. *Mendizabal*, by Merlin or Merchant, dam by Phantom, 6 yrs. 7st., walked over for £50, D.I.

THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. D.I. Fourteen subs.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Montreal</i> , by Langar, out of Legend by Merlin.	Stephenson.	1
Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Æther</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Pastille.		2
Mr. Watt's b. f. <i>Cara</i> , by Belshazzar, out of Fanchon.		3
Duke of Rutland's b. c. <i>Flambeau</i> , by Taurus, dam by Orville.		4
Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Bosphorus</i> , by Reveller, out of Marmora.		5
Mr. Forth's ch. c. <i>Top-gallant</i> , by Taurus, out of Tontine.		6

Seven to 4 agst. Montreal, 7 to 4 agst. Cara, and 3 to 1 agst. Flambeau.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—THE TOWN PLATE of £50, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. D.I.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Euclid</i> , by Emilius, out of Maria by Whisker.	Connelly.	1
Mr. Robinson's ch. c. by Buzzard, out of Bamboo's dam.		2

High odds on Euclid.

THE RUTLAND STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The Turn of the Lands In. Twelve subs.

Mr. Wreford's b. c. <i>Wardan</i> , by Glencoe, out of Margellina, 3lb. extra.	W. Day.	1
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Currency</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Oxygen by Emilius.		2

Four others started.—Six to 4 on Currency and 2 to 1 agst. the winner.

THE QUEEN'S PLATE of 100 gs., for 3 yr. olds and upwards. R.C.

Mr. W. Scott's b. f. <i>Fame</i> , by Margrave, out of Consul's dam by Cerberus, 3 y. 9st. 2lb. Natt.	1
Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. Mendizabal, by Merlin or Merchant, 6 yrs. 11st. 4lb.	2
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Alemdar, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 10st. 7lb.	3
Mr. Worrall's b. c. Antler, by Partisan or Lapdog, 3 yrs. 9st. 2lb.	4
Mr. Corbet's br. f. Jenny Jones, by Sir Hercules, 3 yrs. 9st. 2lb.	5

Eleven to 8 on Mendizabal, 4 to 1 agst. Jenny Jones, and 5 to 1 agst. Antler.

Lord Lichfield's bl. c. *The Corsair*, by Sir Hercules, out of Gulnare by Smolensko, walked over for the Post Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., R.M., each subscriber to name three; one to the post; 3 subs.

Lord George Bentinck's b. f. *Crucifix*, by Priam, out of Octaviana, 8st. 7lb., walked over for a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., T.Y.C., 4 subs.

WREXHAM.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1—A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., the remainder in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for all ages. Thrice round. Fourteen subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. <i>Cowboy</i> , by Voltaire, out of Dairymaid, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	Templeman.	1
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. Zillah, by Reveller, 4 yrs. 8st. 1lb.		2

Six to 4 on Cowboy.

THE WYNNSTAY PLATE, value 50s. sovs., the gift of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart., for all ages.—Mile heats.

Mr. F. R. Price's br. g. <i>Captain Pops</i> , by Priam, out of Valve, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb.	—	1	2	1
Lord Stanley's br. f. Velocity, by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.	—	3	1	2
Mr. Jones' b. f. Volusia, by Pantaloon, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb.	—	1	—	dr

Three others started.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—THE WYNNSTAY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. Twice round and a distance. Seven subs., three of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. Zillah, by Reveller, out of Morisca by Morisco, 4 yrs. 8st.	1
Mr. Walters' ch. c. Sir Mark, by Cetus, 3 yrs. 6st.	2

Six to 4 on Sir Mark.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. if declared, &c., with 20 added. Two mile heats. Five subs., two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. <i>The Lady Abess</i> , by St. Nicholas, out of Neva, 3 yrs. 6st.	3	1	1
Mr. Roberts' ch. f. Lady Sarah, by Irish Blacklock, out of Annie, 3 yrs. a feather.	1	3	2
Mr. Meiklam's b. g. Wee Willie, 4 yrs. 7st. 11 lb.	2	2	dr

THE TOWN PLATE, value 50 sovs., for all ages. Two mile heats.

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. <i>Cowboy</i> , by Voltaire, out of Dairymaid, 5 yrs. 9st. 2lb.	Templeman.	1	1
Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, by Malek, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb.	—	2	
Mr. Hornby's br. h. Valentine, by Lottery, 6 yrs. 9st. 5lb.	—	—	—
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Northenden, by Battledore, 4 yrs. 8st. 11 lb.	—	—	—

ROYAL CALEDONIAN FIFE HUNT.—CUPAR COURSE.

For all the Plates and Stakes given by the Fife Hunt and Town of Cupar, a winner during the present year of 50 sovs. (Matches, Hunters' Stakes, and Yeomanry Stakes excepted) to carry 3 lb.; or two 50 sovs., a Gold Cup, Queen's Plate, or 100 sovs. in Plate or Stakes, 5 lb. extra.—The Cupar Course is about a mile round.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1—THE CALEDONIAN ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Caledonian Hunt, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. One mile and three quarters. Four subs.

Lord Eglinton's br. c. <i>Malvolio</i> , by Liverpool, out of Comedy by Comus.	Lye.	1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Easingwold, by Mulatto, out of Eve.		2
Mr. Wauchope's b. f. Madame St. Clair, by Filho.		3

THE GOLD CUP of 100 sovs. in specie, the gift of J. Balfour, Esq., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., and 4 only if declared, &c. Twice round. Eleven subs., four of whom paid only 4 sovs. each.

Mr. Ramsay's bl. h. <i>The Doctor</i> , by Dr. Syntax, dam by Lottery, 5 yrs. 9st. 5lb.	Cartwright.	1
Mr. W. Melville na. ch. g. Coronation, late Enoch, by Cain, 4 yrs. 7st.		2

THE FIFE HUNT PLATE of £60, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Fairlie's gr. g. <i>Pyramid</i> , by Falcon, 5 yrs. 9st. 11 lb.	Lye.	4	1	1
Lord Dunmore's br. c. Aladdin, by Young Blacklock, out of Annie, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	—	1	4	2
Mr. Johnston's ch. m. Lightning, by Drone, 5 yrs. 9st. 1 lb.	—	3	2	dr
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Suleiman, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	—	2	3	dr

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—THE CALEDONIAN CUP, value 100 gs., for Scotch-bred horses. Three miles.

Mr. J. Laing's ch. g. <i>Birthday</i> , by Percy, out of Mystery, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	Lye.	1
Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Constantine, by Beagle, 4 yrs. 8st.		2
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. by Percy, out of Cranberry's dam by Stamford, 3 yrs. 7st.		3

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Caledonian Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Twice round.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. <i>Lanercost</i> , by Liverpool, out of Otis by Bustard, 4 yrs.	Cartwright.	1
Lord Eglinton's b. f. Bellona, by Beagle, 4 yrs.		2

A PLATE of 50 sovs., given by the Caledonian Hunt, for horses of all ages which never won £50. Heats, once round and a distance.

Sir J. Boswell's b. f. <i>Anna Maria</i> , by Huntington, out of Marion, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.	Lye.	2	1	1
Mr. Graham's ch. f. Whippet Stourie, by Vanish, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.	—	1	2	2

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—THE WHIP, given by the Duke of Buccleuch, with 50 sovs. added, for all ages. Twice round.

Mr. Ramsay's bl. h. *The Doctor*, by Dr. Syntax, dam by Lottery, 5 yrs. 8st. 11 lb. walked over.

PLATE of £50, given by the Caledonian Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., for all ages. Twice round and a distance.

Lord Eglinton's br. c. *Malvolio*, by Liverpool, out of Comedy, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb..... Lye. 1
Mr. Ramsay's bl. h. The Doctor, by Dr. Syntax, 5 yrs. 8st. 8lb..... 2

PLATE of £50, given by the Fife Hunt, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Heats, twice round.

Sir J. Boswell's b. f. *Anna Maria*, by Huntington, out of Marion, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb..... 3 1 1
Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Lais, by Corinthian, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb..... 1 3 2
Mr. Johnston's ch. m. Lightning, by Drone, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb..... 2 2 dr

PLATE of £50, given by the Town of Cupar, for Scotch-bred horses. Heats, twice round.
Sir J. Boswell's b. g. *Constantine*, by Beagle, out of Gen. Chassé's dam, 4 yrs. 8st. 8lb. 1 - 1
Three others started.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4.—HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs. Four miles.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. *Lanercost*, by Liverpool, out of Otis by Bastard, 4 yrs. 9st. Cartwright. 1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, by Liverpool, out of Comedy by Comus, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb..... 2

A PLATE of £50, given by the Fife Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for 4 yr. olds and upwards. Gentlemen riders, Members of Fox-hunting or Racing Clubs. Once round and a distance.

Lord Dunmore's br. c. *Aladdin*, by Y. Blacklock, out of Annie, 4 yrs. 11st. 9lb.. Capt. Riatt. 1
Mr. Ramsay's br. h. Brother to Macarius, 5 yrs. 12st. 4lb..... 2
Mr. Morris's b. m. Lady Louisa, aged, 12st. 5lb..... 3

A PLATE of £50, given by the Caledonian Hunt, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Heats, once round.

Mr. Fairlie's gr. g. *Pyramid*, by Falcon, out of a Sister to Memnon, 5 yrs. 8st. 8lb.. Lye. 1 1
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Suleiman, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb..... 2 2

PLATE of £60, given by the Fife Hunt, for the beaten horses of the first three days. The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Plate. Heats, once round.

Lord Eglinton's b. f. *Bellona*, by Beagle—Bella by Benningbrough, 4 yrs. 8st.... Lye. 3 1 1
Lord Dunmore's Aladdin, by Young Blacklock, out of Annie, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb..... 1 2 2
Mr. Ramsay's c. Easingwold, by Mulatto, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb..... 2 3 dr

CHESTERFIELD.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2.—PLATE of 60 gs., for horses that never won the value of £50 before the day of naming. Two mile heats.

Mr. Haworth's b. f. *Fair Louisa*, by Voltaire, out of Minna, 3 yrs. 7st..... Oates. 1 1
Three others started..

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. The winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two miles. Six subs.

Lord Normanby's b. m. *Gipsev*, by Sir Hercules, 6 yrs. 8st. 12lb..... Taylor. 1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, by Whisker, aged, 8st. 12lb..... 2
Mr. R. Watson's b. f. Little Bird, by Waverley, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb..... 3
Mr. Frost's bl. f. Gambolette, by Gambol, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb..... 4

THURSDAY, Oct. 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Once round and a distance.

Mr. Smith's b. f. *Margaret*, by Margrave, out of Sister to Memnon, 3 yrs. 7st..... 0
Mr. King's b. f. Tivy, by Langar, out of Tesane by Whisker, 3 yrs. 7st..... 0
Mr. Frost's b. f. Viola, by Filho, 3 yrs. 7st..... 3

After the dead heat Tivy walked over.

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 100 added, for all ages. The owner of the second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the Stakes. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Haworth's b. f. *Fair Louisa*, by Voltaire, out of Minna, 3 yrs. 6st. 3lb.. W. Marson. 1 1
Mr. Milner's b. c. Humphrey, by Sandbeck, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb..... 3 2
Mr. Shaffo's b. c. by Physician, dam by Whitworth, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb..... 2 3

Three others started.

A HANDICAP PLATE of 60 sovs., for all ages. The owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs. Heats, once round.

Mr. Smith's b. f. *Margaret*, by Margrave, out of Pyramid's dam, 3 yrs. 7st..... 1 1
Mr. R. Watson's b. f. Little Bird, by Waverley, 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb..... 3 2
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, by Whisker, aged, 8st. 10lb..... 2 dr
Mr. Milner's b. c. Humphrey, by Sandbeck, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. (broke a blood-vessel)..... dist.

RUGELEY.

THURSDAY, Oct. 2.—THE BEAUDESERT STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added. Twice round and a distance. Three subs.

Mr. Fowler's b. f. *Prudence*, by Emancipation, out of Billingsgate by Filho, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.. 1
Lord Warwick's ch. f. Petty Larceny, by Pickpocket, 3 yrs. 7st..... 2
Six to 4 on Petty Larceny.

SWEEPSTAKES of 6 sovs. each, with 20 added. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, once round and a distance. Five subs.

Mr. Fowler's br. f. *Prudence*, by Emancipation out of Billingsgate by Filho, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb..... Dodgson. - 1 1
Mr. Moss's br. c. Ascanius, by Priam, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb..... - 2 2
Mr. Painter's ch. m. Patroness, by Patron, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb..... 1 3 dist.
Mr. Walters' b. c. Chantilly, by Langar, out of Trinket, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb..... 2 dr

II—In running for the third heat, Patroness broke her leg, and was immediately shot.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4.—THE RUGELEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added. Heats, twice round.

Mrs. Massey's b. g. *Tubalcain*, by Cain, out of Mermaid, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb..... Whitehouse 1 1
Mr. Fowler's br. c. Profligate, by Emancipation out of Billingsgate, 3 yrs. 7st. 1lb..... 2 2
Mr. W. Saunders' br. m. Kitty Cockle, by Cadland, out of Maid of Mansfield, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb..... 3 3

HOLYWELL HUNT.

On TUESDAY, Oct. 8, for the Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, Two miles, Five subs., Mr. Mostyn's b. c. *Papineau*, by Emancipation, out of Archduchess, 8st. 2lb., walked over.

THE MOSTYN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. The Mostyn Mile. Twenty-three subs.

Lord Westminster's ch. c. <i>The Lord Mayor</i> , by Pantaloon—Honeymoon, 3 y. 7st. 5lb. Francis.	1
Mr. F. R. Price's br. g. Captain Pops, by Priam, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.	2
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb.	3
Mr. Holker's ch. m. Maid of Monton, by Recovery, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb.	4
Mr. Mostyn's Hugh Lupus, by Priam, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb.	5

THE CHAMPADNE STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The last half mile. Three subs.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. <i>Rabbitcatcher</i> , by Birdcatcher, dam by Tramp.	1
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Tuly, by Tulip, out of Zara.	2

For the Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb., a mile and a half, four subs., Mr. Mostyn's b. c. *Papineau*, by Emancipation, out of Archduchess, walked over.

THE PENGWERN STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.—3 yr. olds, 7st. 5lb., and four, 8st. 9lb. A mile and three-quarters. Five subs.

Mr. F. R. Price's br. f. <i>Lady Abbess</i> , by St. Nicholas—Neva by Cervantes, 3 yrs. Connelly.	1
Lord Westminster's ch. c. Sir Ralph, by Pantaloon, 4 yrs.	2
Mr. Mostyn's Hugh Lupus, by Priam, 3 yrs.	3

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—THE MOSTYN HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 3 only if declared, &c., with 100 added by the Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn. Two miles. Fifteen subs., eleven of whom only paid 5 sovs. each.

Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. <i>Captain Pops</i> , by Priam, out of Valve, 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb.	Stag. 1
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Picotee, by Teniers, 4 yrs. 8st. 12lb.	2
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, by Voltaire, 5 yrs. 8st. 9lb.	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., 2 yr. olds 7st., three 9st., fillies allowed 2lb. T. Y. C.

Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. <i>Tuly</i> , by The Tulip, out of Zara by Camel, 2 yrs.	Stag. 1
Lord Stanley's br. c. Chailatan, by Physician, 3 yrs.	2
Mr. Mostyn's ch. c. Bedalian, by Revolution, out of L'Hirondelle, 2 yrs.	3

THE HOLYWELL HUNT PLATE, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Club, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Three miles. Three subs.

Lord Westminster's ch. c. <i>Sir Ralph</i> , by Pantaloon—Basilisk, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb.	Templeman. 1
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. Picotee, by Teniers, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb.	2

For the Hokee Pokee Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added. Lord Stanley's br. c. *Chailatan*, by Physician, dam by Soothsayer, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb., beat Volusia, The Wonder, and Hugh Lupus by Priam.

KNUTSFORD.

On WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9, for the Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 3lb., fillies 8st., about half a mile, Lord Stanley's ro. c. *De Clifford*, by Recovery, out of Baroness by Leopold, beat Snoozer, and Mr. Flintoff's b. f. by Colwick, out of Ultima.

THE CUP, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 70 added by the Town, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Two miles and a distance. Seven subs.

Mr. Fowler's br. c. <i>Profligate</i> , by Emancipation, out of Billingsgate, 3 yrs. 7st.	Dodgson. 1
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Apothecary, by Physician, 3 yrs. 7st.	2
Fulwar Craven's br. c. The Quack, by Physician, 3 yrs. 7st.	3

On THURSDAY, Oct. 10, for the Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 3lb., fillies 8st., Two miles, three subs., Mr. Fowler's br. c. *Profligate*, by Emancipation, out of Billingsgate, beat The Quack.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. *Catherina*, by Whisker, out of Alecto, aged, 8st. 13lb., won the Ladies' Purse of 50 sovs., for 3 yr. olds, at four heats of two miles and a distance, beating Wings, Imogene, Aimwell, Charley, St. Leonard, Modesty, and Virgin.

NOTTINGHAM.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—A CUP, or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Twice round and a distance. Twelve subs., three of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Robinson's b. h. <i>Melbourne</i> , by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Cervantes, 5 yrs. 9st. Oates.	1
Mr. Collett's br. c. The Dean, by Voltaire, out of Trampina by Tramp, 3 yrs. 6st. 11 lb.	2

⚡ This race was run for twice, in consequence of the horses having been started from the wrong place in the first race; Melbourne came in first, The Dean second.

King Cole by Memnon, Epirus by Langar, Industry by Priam, Saul by Bedlamite, and Lollipop by Starch or Voltaire, also started for the first race.

A PLATE of £50. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. F. King's b. f. <i>Tivy</i> , by Langar, out of Tesane by Whisker, 3 yrs. 7st.	Oates. 1
Mr. Skerratt's b. m. by Zingane, out of Effie, 5 yrs. 8st. 3lb.	2

Four others started, and the winner was claimed.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—A PLATE of £50, for all ages. Heats, two miles and a half.

Mrs. Massey's b. g. <i>Tubalcain</i> , by Cain, out of Mermaid by Merlin, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.	1
Mr. Walters' b. h. King Cole, by Memnon, 6 yrs. 9st. 7lb.	3
Lord Normanby's b. m. Gipsy, by Sir Hercules, 6 yrs. 9st. 4lb.	4
Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Industry, by Priam, out of Arachne, 4 yrs. 8st. 8lb.	2

YORK OCTOBER MEETING.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—THE YORK OCTOBER RACE CLUB STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added by the Club, for horses of all denominations. Gentlemen Riders. Two miles. Four subs.

Mr. Simpson's b. g. *Aggravator*, by Palmerin, aged, 11st. 8lb. Owner. 1
Mr. H. Mann's b. g. Mundig, by Catton, aged, 11st. 2
SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. T. Y. C.

Col. Cradock's b. c. *Gallipot*, by Physician, dam by Whisker, out of Voltaire's dam. Nelson. 1
Capt. Elmsall's br. c. Bob Peel, by Medoro, dam by Young Phantom, grandam by Canillies 2
Mr. Briskham's ch. f. Vermilion, by Bedlamite. 3
Mr. J. Shepherd's b. c. Viceroy, by Voltaire. 4

Five others started.

HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with a superb Silver Tea-Service value £60 added by the Ladies of York and its vicinity, free for any horse. The owner of the second horse to receive £10 out of the Stakes. Heats, one mile and a quarter. Eleven subs.

Mr. Allen's b. c. *Quid*, by Tramp or Clinker—Young Medora, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb. Lye. 8 1 1
Mr. Smith's br. f. Margaret, by Margrave, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb. 1 5 3
Mr. Heseltine's b. f. The Shadow, by The Saddler, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb. 5 3 2
Mr. Bell's bl. c. Bumblekite, by Gainsborough, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb. 7 6 4
Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta by Amadis, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb. 6 2 dt
Mr. Loy's b. c. Ararat, by Liverpool, 3 yrs. 7st. 2 4 dr
Col. Cradock's gr. c. The Cripple, by Physician, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb. 3 dr
Mr. Rowley's br. f. by Starch, dam by Tinker, grandam by Acarius, 3 yrs. 6st. 3lb. 4 dr

On SATURDAY, Oct. 12, Mr. Shepherd's b. c. *Viceroy*, by Voltaire, out of Valentine by Soothsayer, 2 yrs. 6st. 10lb., won the All-Aged Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for 2 yr. olds and upwards, one mile and a quarter, eight subs., beating The Shadow, Marnaduke, Navigator, Vermilion, and St. Maurice.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, Oct. 14—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. T. Y. C.

Lord Miltown's b. f. *Medea*, by Drone, out of Pasta, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb. Stag. 1
Mr. Rayner's ch. f. Minima, by Rowton, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. 2
Lord Exeter's b. g. Corban, by Sultan, 5 yrs. 7st. 11lb. 3
Mr. Worrall's b. c. Antler, by Partisan or Lapdog, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb. 4
Lord Stradbroke's b. g. Fifer, by The Colonel, 5 yrs. 9st. 7lb. 5
Five to 4 agst. Fifer, 4 to 1 agst. Minima, 4 to 1 agst. Antler, and 5 to 1 agst. Medea.

THE GARDEN STAKES of 100 sovs. each. T. M. M.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. *Flambeau*, by Taurus, out of Armadillo, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb. Stag. 1
Lord Exeter's ch. g. Adrian, by Sultan, 5 yrs. 7st. 2
Col. Peel's b. c. I-am-not-aware, by Tranby, 4 yrs. 7st. 3
Six to 4 agst. Adrian, 2 to 1 agst. Flambeau, and 3 to 1 agst. I-am-not-aware.

FIFTY POUNDS, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. A. F.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Æther*, by St. Patrick, out of Pastille, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb. Natt. 1
Col. Peel's br. c. Ion, by Cain, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb. 2
Six to 4 on Æther.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—FIFTY POUNDS, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb. T. Y. C.

Mr. Wrexford's b. c. *Wardan*, by Glencoe, out of Margellina, Sister to Memnon, J. Day. 1
Mr. Bowes's b. c. Richmond, by Memnon Junior, out of Henrietta 2
Lord Lynedoch's br. c. Jeffy, by Jerry, out of Mandane 3
Stamboul, St. Swithin, Little Wonder, Gloxinia by Glencoe, Miss Betsey, Assassin, and Mr. Combe's ch. c. by Actæon, also started.—Five to 4 on Wardan, and 5 to 2 agst. Jeffy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Town Racing Fund, for 2 yr. olds 7st. —3, 9st. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. T. Y. C. Nine subs.

Mr. W. Edwards's ch. f. *Remnant*, by Cain, out of Burden, 2 yrs. Cotton. 0
Mr. Sadler's b. f. Caracole, by Brutandorf, out of Miss Fox by Glowworm, 3 yrs. 0
Retamosa, Miss Hawk, Trojana by Priam, Mr. Howe's b. c. by Recovery, Negus, and Scintilla, also started.

After the dead heat, Remnant walked over, and Mr. Edwards and Mr. Sadler divided the Stakes. Two to 1 agst. Caracole, and 3 to 1 agst. Retamosa.

THE CLEARWELL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb. T. Y. C. Twenty-nine subs.

Lord Geo. Bentinck's b. f. *Crucifix*, by Priam, out of Octaviana, 7lb. extra. J. Day, Jr. 1
General Yates's b. c. Gibraltar, Brother to Tarick, by Muley, out of Young Sweetpea 2
Lord Geo. Bentinck's ch. c. Capote, by Velocipede, out of Mantilla 3
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Sultan, out of Marinella. 4
Mr. Greville's ch. c. Perseus, by Emilius, out of Victoire. 5
Lord Albemarle's b. f. Spangle, by Cæsus, out of Variella. 6
Five to 1 on Crucifix, and 10 to 1 agst. Gibraltar.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. A. F. Six subs.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Montreal*, by Langar, out of Legend by Merlin, 7st. 7lb. Paris. 1
Lord Exeter's b. c. Bosphorus, by Reveller, 6st. 10lb. 2
Duke of Rutland's b. c. Flambeau, by Taurus, 7st. 3

Six to 4 on Montreal, 10 to 6 agst. Flambeau, and 6 to 1 agst. Bosphorus.
SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, 2 yr. olds 7st. 3lb.—3, 9st. Fillies allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c. T. Y. C.

Mr. Fyson's ch. f. by Augustus, out of Amoret by Abjer, 2 yrs. Natt. 1
Lord Lichfield's ch. f. Sister to Hector, by Priam, 3 yrs. 2
Mr. Etwall's b. c. Hill Coolie, by Mulatto, 2 yrs. 3
Mr. Shelley's ch. f. Adah, by Rubini or Cain, 2 yrs. 4
Five to 4 on Hill Coolie.

THE CÆSAREWITCH STAKES, a Free Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with £300 added, the gift of His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Cæsarewitch. To start at the starting post of the T. M. M. and run to the end of the Flat. The owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes. Twenty-six subs.

Lord Miltown's ch. m. *Cruiskeen*, by Sirdiercules, out of Brandy Bet, 5 yrs. 6st. 6lb. Stag. 1
Mr. Bowes' ch. f. Mickleton Maid, by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 5st. 10lb. 2
Mr. Wilson's ch. h. Quicksilver, by Velocipede, 5 yrs. 7st. 40lb. 3
Quo Minus by Zingane, Merrythought, Polydorus by Priam, Vicuna, Joannina by Priam, Primefit, and Science, also started.

Three to 1 agst. *Cruiskeen*, 3 to 1 agst. *Science*, 4 to 1 agst. *Mickleton Maid*, 6 to 1 agst. *Quo Minus*, 7 to 1 agst. *Joannina*, and 10 to 1 agst. *Quicksilver*.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—**HANDICAP PLATE** of £100, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. A. F.
Col. Peel's b.c. by Longwaist, out of Herod's dam, 3 yrs. 5st. 12lb., carried 6st. 2lb. Cotton. 1
Lord Miltown's b. f. Medea, by Drone, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb. 2
Mr. Rush's ch. g. Obelisk, late Perkins, by Jenkins, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb. 3
Mr. Wilson's b. f. Louisa, by Mulatto, 3 yrs. 7st. 4
Lord Lichfield's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Wings, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb. 5
Mr. Shelley's b. f. The Drama, by Emilius, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb. 6

Cruiskeen, *Romania*, and *Primefit*, were drawn.—Five to 2 agst. *Louisa*, 4 to 1 agst. the *Wings* colt, 4 to 1 agst. *The Drama*, and 4 to 1 agst. *Medea*.

Match for 100 sovs., h. ft., 8st. 4lb. each, T. Y. C.—Mr. Greville's ch. c. *Protrus*, by Cetus, out of Peggy by Bourbon, beat Lord Stradbroke's b. c. *Algy*, by Jerry, out of *Louisa* by Orville.—Five to 2 on *Algy*.

THE TOWN PLATE of £50, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. T. M. M. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Etwall's ch. f. *Primefit*, by Actæon, out of Chat, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. J. Day. 1
Lord Exeter's ch. g. Adrian, by Sultan, 5 yrs. 8st. 11lb. 2
Mr. Shackel's b. f. Caracole, by Brutandori, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. 3
Mr. Shelley's br. f. The Drama, by Emilius, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. 4
Mr. Hornsby's ch. f. *Romania*, by Sultan, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. 5

Even on *Primefit*, 7 to 2 agst. *Romania*, 4 to 1 agst. *Caracole*, and 6 to 1 agst. *Adrian*

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Town Racing Fund, for 2 yr. olds. T. Y. C.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. *Trojana*, by Priam, out of Whimsey by Partisan, 7st. 13lb. Natt. 1
Mr. Worrall's b. f. Maid of Ipswich, by Agreeable, out of Birthday by Blucher, 8st. 7lb. 2
Mr. Pettit's b. f. Miss Romer, by Merchant, 7st. 7lb. 3
Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Negus, by Bedlamite, 7st. 9lb. 4

Ten Pound Note, Mr. Fyson's ch. f. by Augustus, and Col. Peel's ch. f. by Velocipede, also started.

Six to 5 agst. *Negus*, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 agst. *Trojana*, and 4 to 1 agst. *Miss Romer*.

THE PRENDERGAST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb. T. Y. C. Twenty-five subs.

Lord Geo. Bentinck's b. f. *Crucifix*, by Priam, out of Octaviana by Octavian. J. Day. 1
Col. Anson's b. c. Nicholas, Brother to Nickleby, by Jerry, out of Olive. 0
Lord Geo. Bentinck's ch. c. Capote, by Velocipede, out of Mantilla. 0

Five to 1 on *Crucifix*.

THE WHIP was not challenged for in this Meeting.

CURRAGH OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, Oct. 14—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. Connelly's Mile. Six subs.

Mr. Disney's b. c. *Humming Bird*, by Skylark, dam by Master Robert, 8st. 1lb. 1
Mr. Maher's br. c. by Skylark or Lapwing, out of Helen. 8st. 1lb. 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. old fillies. Anglesey Post. Five subs.

Col. Western's br. f. *Welfare*, by Priam, out of Vat, 8st. 2lb. 1
Mr. Watt's b. f. by Skylark, out of Zillah, 7st. 11lb. 2

Match for 200 sovs., h. ft., 8st. each, one mile and a quarter on the Peel Course. Lord Howth's b. c. *Claret*, by Alcaston, out of Duchess, rec'd ft. from Mr. O'C. Henchy's Burlesque.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—**THE KIRWAN STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. The second horse to receive back his Stake. Red Post. Twelve subs., five of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Maj. Hay's ch. c. *Retriever*, by Recovery, out of Tagioni, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb. 1
Lord Rossmore's b. f. Alba, by Dandy, out of Beresina, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. 2
Mr. Holmes' b. f. Mustard, by Philip, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. 3
Mr. Watt's br. c. Monasterorris, by Young Blacklock, dam by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb. 4
Mr. Maher's c. by Picton, out of Eel, 4 yrs. 8st. 8lb. 5

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 25 added, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. Connelly's Mile. Six subs.

Mr. Knox's b. c. *May-boy*, by Skylark or Roller, out of Guiccioli, 8st. 4lb. 1
Mr. Maher's br. c. by Lapwing or Skylark, out of Helen, 8st. 1lb. 2

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—**HER MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs., for 2 yr. olds and upwards. Three miles.

Mr. Graydon's b. f. *Alba*, Sister to Corsair, by Dandy, out of Beresina, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb. 1
Mr. Davis' b. f. Romp, by Reveller, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb. 2
Mr. Smyth's ch. c. by Philip, King of Kelton by Priam, Tetotum, Eclipse, Jack the Giant Killer, Rust, and Bastard, also started.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added. Connelly's Mile.

Lord Howth's b. h. *The Clown*, by Johnny Raw, dam by Bellerophon, 6 yrs. 9st. 2lb. 1
Col. Western's ch. f. *Crimson*, by Drone, 2 yrs. 7st. 3lb. 2

Two others started.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—**THE RUSSBOROUGH STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 yr. olds. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Connolly's Mile. Six subs.

Mr. Maher's b. c. by Lapwing or Skylark, out of Helen, 8st. 11lb.	1
Mr. Watt's b. or br. f. by Skylark, out of Zillah, 7st. 12lb.	2
Mr. J. Mansfield's f. by Lapwing, dam by Humphrey Clunker, 7st. 10lb.	3

THE ROSSMORE FREE HANDICAP of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 100 added by the Club, and 50 by Lord Rossmore. Rossmore Post, one mile and a half on the Peel Course. Eleven subs.

Maj. Hay's ch. c. <i>Retriever</i> , by Recovery, out of Taghioni, 3 yrs. 9st. 2lb.	1
Lord Howth's b. c. Claret, by Alcaston, out of Duchess, 3 yrs. 8st. 5lb.	2
Mr. St. George's ch. h. Barebones, by Recordon, aged, 8st. 5lb.	3
Mr. Graydon's b. f. Heather Bell, by Young Blacklock or Alcaston, out of Sylph, 3 yrs. 8st. 6lb.	4

CORINTHIAN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 25 added. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Heats, Peel Course. Six subs.

Mr. Magill's ch. c. <i>King of Kelton</i> , by Priam, out of Mundig's dam, 3 yrs. 11st. 10lb.	4	-	1	1
Mr. Mitchell's br. g. Welcome, 5 yrs. 11st. 11lb.	3	1	2	2
Mr. Fitzgerald's b. c. Cromaboo, 3 yrs. 10st. 10lb.	1	2	4	dr
Mr. Burgh's b. m. Lady Clare, aged, 11st. 11lb.	5	-	3	dr
Lord Howth's b. c. by Picton, out of Eel, 4 yrs. 12st. 4lb.	2	3	dr	

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—**THE ROYAL WHIP**, presented by His late Majesty to the Turf Club, with 100gs. added annually by Her Majesty, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Four miles.

Maj. Hay's ch. c. <i>Retriever</i> , by Recovery, out of Taghioni, 3 yrs. 9st. 11lb.	1
Mr. Graydon's b. f. Alba, Sister to Corsair, out of Beresina, 4 yrs. 11st. 1lb.	2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 25 added. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. One mile and a quarter on the Peel Course.

Mr. Watt's br. c. <i>Monasterorris</i> , by Young Blacklock, dam by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	1
Lord Howth's b. h. The Clown, 6 yrs. 9st. 7lb.	2
Mr. St. George's ch. h. Barebones, by Recordon, aged, 9st. 7lb.	3

Four others started.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—**CHALLENGE OF THE ROSSMORE FREE HANDICAP** of 25 sovs. each. Rossmore Post.

Lord Howth's b. c. <i>Claret</i> , by Alcaston, out of Duchess, 3 yrs. 8st. 5lb.	walked over.
Maj. Hay's ch. c. <i>Retriever</i> , by Recovery, out of Taghioni, 3 yrs. 9st. 8lb.	paid.

PACOT STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 40 added, for 2 yr. olds. The winner to give three dozen of Champagne to the Club. Anglesey Post. Fifteen subs.

Mr. Maher's b. c. <i>Johnny</i> , by Elvas, out of Perdita, 8st. 3lb.	1
Mr. Karey's b. c. Humming Bird, by Skylark, dam by Master Robert, 8st. 1lb.	2
Mr. Knox's b. c. May-boy, by Skylark or Roller, out of Guiccioli, 8st. 7lb.	3

SECOND CLASS OF THE CORINTHIAN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 25 added. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Heats, Peel Course. Eight subs.

Mr. Holmes' br. f. <i>Mustard</i> , by Philip, out of Vinegar, 3 yrs. 11st. 4lb.	1	1
Mr. Walsh's b. c. by Picton, out of Eel, 4 yrs. 11st. 10lb.	-	2
Mr. Montgomery's br. c. Clone, by Philip or Alcaston, out of Nutmaid, 3 yrs. 11st. 13lb.	2	-
Mr. Magill's ch. c. King of Kelton, by Priam, 3 yrs. 11st. 10lb.	-	3
Mr. Fitzgerald's b. c. Cromaboo, 3 yrs. 10st. 6lb.	3	-

THE GOLD CUP and PEEL CUP were both resigned this Meeting to Major Hay.

BIRMINGHAM AND SOLIHULL.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—**THE BIRMINGHAM STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, twice round. Six subs.

Mr. Fowler's br. f. <i>Prudence</i> , by Emancipation, out of Billingsgate, 4 yrs. 8st.	1	1
Mr. Frost's br. f. Viola, by Filho, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.	3	2
Mr. Moss' ch. m. Maid Marian, by Robin Hood, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	2	3

A WHIP, given by W. H. B. I. Wilson, Esq., Steward. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Carter's <i>Bucelle</i> , by Sir Benjamin, 9st. 5lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Moss' Maid Marian, by Robin Hood, 5 yrs. 10st. 8lb.	1	2	dr

Four others started.

KELSO.

On **TUESDAY, Oct. 15**, Mr. Ramsay's br. c. *Lanercost*, by Liverpool, out of Otis, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb., won the Berwickshire Gold Cup of 150gs., the surplus in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, for 3 yr. olds, two miles and a half, eight subs., beating Zohrab and Bellona.

The Duke of Roxburgh's Plate or Cup, value 50gs., for 3 yr. olds and upwards, the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c., was won by Sir J. Boswell's ch. m. *Burletta*, by Actaon, out of Comedy, aged, 8st. 8lb., in three heats of a mile and a half, beating Aladdin, Little Bo peep, The Potentate, and Highland Mary.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—**THE LADIES PLATE** of 100gs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. Two miles and a half. Fourteen subs., eight of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Fairlie's br. g. <i>Zohrab</i> , by Lottery, out of Elizabeth, aged, 9st. 2lb.	Wetherell.	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, by Liverpool, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb.		2
Mr. Robertson's Olympic, by Reveller, aged, 9st. 1lb.		3
Lord Dunmore's Aladdin, by Young Blacklock, out of Annie, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb.		4
Mr. Robertson's Berwickshire, by Partisan, 6 yrs. 8st. 3lb.		5
Mr. Wauchope na. ch. m. Lightning, by Drone, 5 yrs. 7st. 8lb.		6

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded, &c. Three miles.—Won by Mr. Fairlie's gr. g. *Pyramid*, by Falcon, out of Sister to Memnon, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb., beating Suleiman, and Edgar by Shakspeare.

A Plate of £50, given by the Town and Neighborhood of Kelso, for all ages. Two mile heats.—Won in two heats by Mr. Fairlie's br. g. *Zohrab*, by Lottery, out of Elizabeth, aged, 8st. 8lb., beating Tweedside and Ithland Mary.

A Whip, given by Lord F. Fitzclarence, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, 3 ft. Three quarters of a mile. Four subs.—Won by Mr. G. Sandiland's *Nubian*, Brother to Circassian, by Sultan, out of Variety, 4 yrs. 8st., beating Berwickshire.

Fifty Pounds, given by Lord John Scott, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., free for all ages. Two miles. Six subs.—Won by Lord Eglinton's *Bellona*, by Beagle, out of Bella, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb., beating Olympic, Burletta, and Aladdin.

WELSHPOOL.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—THE BOROUGH STAKES of 25 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each. Two mile heats.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Catherina</i> , by Whisker, out of Alecto, aged, 9st. 4lb....	Hopwood.	1	3	1
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Northenden, by Battledore, 4 yrs. 8st. 1lb.....		2	1	3
Mr. Walmsley's b. g. Catamaran, by Strephon, aged, 9st. 4lb.....		3	2	2

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—THE INNKEEPERS' PURSE of 25 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each. Heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Catherina</i> , by Whisker, out of Alecto, aged, 9st. 8lb....	Hopwood.	3	1	1
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Northenden, by Battledore, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb.....		1	2	2
Mr. Walmsley's b. g. Catamaran, by Strephon, aged, 9st. 8lb.....		2	dr.	

DUMFRIES.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie. Two miles. Eleven subs.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. <i>Lanercost</i> , by Liverpool, out of Otis, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.....	W. Noble.	1
Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, by Catton, out of Darioletta, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb.....		2

FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, given by the Southern Meeting. Heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Dawson's ch. c. <i>Clem-o'-the-Clough</i> , by Corinthian, out of Rachel by Amadis, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.....	G. Noble.	3	1	1
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, by Priam, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.....		1	2	2
Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Constantine, by Beagle, 4 yrs. 8st. 11lb.....		2	dr.	

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—A PLATE of £50, given by His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh. Two miles.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. <i>Lanercost</i> , by Liverpool, out of Otis by Bustard, 4 yrs. 8st. 11lb. Noble.	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, by Liverpool, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb.....	2

A PLATE of £50, given by the Marquis of Queensbury, Lord Lieutenant of the County, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for all ages. Two miles. Five subs.

Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, by Catton, out of Darioletta, 5 yrs. 9st. 3lb.. Cartwright.	1
Sir J. Boswell's b. f. Anna Maria, by Huntingdon, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.....	2

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Southern Meeting, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 3lb. fillies 8st. Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Alexander's br. c. by Young Blacklock, out of Theresa by The Moslem.....	Noble.	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Shark, by Priam, out of Mermad.....		2
Sir J. Boswell's br. f. Miss Nick, by Satan, out of Window Shut by Jerry.....		3

NORTHALLERTON.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 10 added, for 2 yr. olds. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. T. Y. C.

Mr. J. Gill's b. c. <i>Resolution</i> , by Physician, dam (foaled Dec. 30, 1828) by Whisker, out of Swiss's dam by Shuttle, 8st. 5lb.....	Oates.	1
Col. Cradock's b. c. Gallipot, by Physician, dam by Whisker, out of Voltaire's dam, 8st. 3lb.		2
Duke of Cleveland's b. f. Laura, Sister to Eliza, by Physician, 8st. 5lb.....		3

The Town Plate of £50, for maiden horses, &c. 3 yr. olds and upwards, two mile heats, was won by Mr. Shafto's b. c. by Physician, out of Little Johnny Myers's dam by Whitworth, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb., in three heats, beating Ararat by Liverpool. Bumblekite by Gainsbro', Armelle by Physician, Centipede by Velocipede, Orelia by St. Nicholas, and Sister to Petrel by Corinthian.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—A GOLD CUP, value 100gs., by a subscription of 10gs. each, the surplus (if any) in specie, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Two miles. Seven subs.

Col. Cradock's br. c. <i>The Provost</i> , by The Saddler, out of Rebecca, 3 yrs. 7st.....	Oates.	1
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Kremlin, by Sultan, 3 yrs. 7st. 5lb., carried 5 lb. extra.....		2

The following also started:—Dolphin by Priam, La Sage Femme by Physician or Gainsborough, Abraham Newland by Malek, and Fair Louisa by Voltaire.—Five to 4 on The Provost.

A PLATE of £50, given by the Gentlemen in the Vicinity of Northallerton, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. Two mile heats.

Mr. Heseltine's br. f. <i>The Shadow</i> , by The Saddler—Ariette, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb....	Oates.	3	1	1
Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....		1	3	2
Mr. Haworth's b. f. Fair Louisa, by Voltaire, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....		4	2	3
Mr. Clark's ch. c. Auckland, by Grey Viscount, 3 yrs. 7st.....		2	4	4

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—A SILVER CUP, value £50, by a subscription of 5 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards that never won any Cup or Stakes of the value of 100 sovs. at any one time before the day of naming. Two mile heats. Ten subs.

Col. Craufurd's b. f. <i>Dolphin</i> , by Priam, out of Mermad, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....	Francis.	1	1
Mr. Shafto's b. c. by Physician, dam by Whitworth, 3 yrs. 7st.....		-	2
Mr. Wormald's ch. g. Centipede, by Velocipede, 4 yrs. 8st. 1lb.....		-	3
Col. Cradock's gr. c. The Cripple, by Physician, 3 yrs. 7st.....		2	-
Mr. Smith's br. f. Memento, by Voltaire, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....		3	dr

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. One mile. Six subs.

Mr. Bell's b. f. <i>La Femme Sage</i> , by Physician or Gainsborough—Golden Drops... Hescitine.	1
Mr. Blakelock's ch. f. by Curtius, out of Fancy by Osmond.....	2
SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for 2 and 3 yr. olds. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. One mile. Four subs.	
Mr. Howard's b. c. <i>Quid</i> , by Tramp or Clinker—Young Medora, 3 yrs. 8st. 10lb....	Marson. 1
Mr. Bell's b. f. <i>La Sage Femme</i> , by Physician or Gainsborough, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb.....	2
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce, 2 yrs. 6st. 8lb.....	3
Mr. Osburne's b. f. Sister to Anna Maria, by Huntingdon, 2 yrs. 6st. 5lb.....	4

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY, Oct. 28.—THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. The last mile and a distance of B. C. Fifty-five subs., twenty-one of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. <i>Lanercost</i> , by Liverpool, out of Otis, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb.....	M. Noble. 1
Mr. Bowes' b. c. Hetman Platoff, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs. 7st. 12lb.....	2
Mr. Bowes' ch. f. Mickleton Maid, by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 8st. 12lb.....	3
The following also started:—Quicksilver by Velocipede, Bosphorus by Reveller, Scamander by Priam, Cara by Belshazzar, Opera by Actæon, Roscius by Turcoman, Mr. Forth's ch. f. by Merchant, Revoke by Camel, and Science by Defence.	
Nine to 4 agst. Mickleton Maid, 5 to 2 agst. Hetman Platoff, 9 to 2 agst. Lanercost, 8 to 1 agst. Opera, and 12 to 1 agst. Science.	

THE CRITERION STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 yr. olds. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. From the Turn of the Lands in. Forty-four subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Crucifix, by Priam, out of Octaviana by Octavian, 9st. J. Day, jun. 0	
Gen. Yates' b. c. Gibraltar, Brother to Mountaineer, by Muley—Y. Sweetpea, 8st. 7lb. Nat. 0	
The following also started:—Pocahontas by Glencoe, Brother to Alemdar by Sultan, Grey Milton by Comus, Capote by Velocipede, Olive-branch by Plenipotentiary, Mr. Wadson's colt by Buzzard, and Col. Peel's ro. c. by Augustus.	

After the dead heat, Crucifix walked over, and Lord G. Bentinck and Gen. Yates divided the Stakes.

Three to 1 on Crucifix, 8 to 1 agst. Gibraltar, and 10 to 1 agst. Grey Milton.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. D. M.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. <i>Flambeau</i> , by Taurus, out of Flame's dam, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb. Robinson.	1
Col. Peel's b. c. I-am-not-aware, by Tranby, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....	2
Lord Miltown's b. f. Medea, by Drone, 3 yrs. 8st. 4lb.....	3
Mr. Graydon's br. c. Roscius, by Turcoman, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb., paid.	
Five to 4 on Flambeau.	

Match for 100 sovs., h. ft., A. F. Col. Anson's br. c. Zimmerman, by Starch, rec'd ft. from Lord Lichfield's bl. c. Vernon, by Laurel—8st. 7lb., each.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29.—Match for 25 sovs., 10 ft., both 2 yr. olds; First half of Ab. M. Mr. Byng's ch. c. *Garryowen*, by St. Patrick, out of Excitement by Emilius, 8st. 7lb., beat Mr. Gréville's ch. f. Trojana, by Priam, 8st. 5lb.

Fifteen to 8 on Garryowen.

FIFTY POUNDS, for 2 yr. olds and upwards. The winner with his engagements to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c. Last three miles of B. C.

Lord Geo. Bentinck's b. f. <i>Sal Volatile</i> , by Augustus, out of Volage, 2 yrs. 4st. 4lb. Howlett.	1
Mr. T. Hussey's b. f. Roxana, by Rubini, 2 yrs. a feather.....	2
Mr. Pettit's b. f. Miss Romer, by Merchant, 2 yrs. a feather.....	3
Lord Albemarle's b. c. Cambyse, by Camel, 2 yrs. a feather.....	4
Lord Exeter's ch. g. Adrian, by Sultan, 5 yrs. 9st. 3lb.....	5
Lord Stradbroke's b. c. Algy, by Jerry, 2 yrs. a feather.....	6
Five to 2 agst. Adrian, 5 to 2 agst. Cambyse, and 7 to 2 agst. Sal Volatile.	

HANDICAP PLATE of £100, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. D. I.

Lord Lichfield's ch. c. <i>Feather</i> , by Actæon, out of Wings, 3 yrs. a feather.....	Howlett. 1
Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. Mendizabel, by Merlin or Merchant, 6 yrs. 9st.....	2
Lord Jersey's b. f. Joannina, by Priam, 4 yrs. 7st. 1lb.....	3
Duke of Portland's b. g. St. Peray, by St. Patrick, out of Mercy, 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....	4
Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Opera, by Actæon, 4 yrs. 7st. 1lb.....	5
Lord Exeter's ch. g. Adrian, by Sultan, 5 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....	6

The following were drawn:—Lanercost by Liverpool, Cruiskeen by Sir Hercules, Quicksilver by Velocipede, and Cara by Belshazzar.

Five to 2 agst. Joannina, 4 to 1 agst. Opera, 4 to 1 agst. Feather, 9 to 2 agst. Mendizabel, and 5 to 1 agst. St. Peray.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30.—SUBSCRIPTION PLATE of £50, for 2 yr. olds 6st. 7lb.—3, 8st. 10lb. The winner to be sold for £350 if demanded, &c. T. Y. C.

Mr. Dixon's b. c. <i>Camellino</i> , by Camel, out of Maria by Waterloo, 3 yrs.....	Natt. 1
Mr. Sigsworth's b. c. Muleter, by Viator, dam by Muley, 2 yrs.....	2
Mr. Worrall's b. f. Maid of Ipswich, by Agreeable, 2 yrs.....	3
Remnant by Cain, Stamboul by Reveller, and Mist by Vanish, also started.—Seven to 4 on Camellino.	

Match for 100 sovs. each, First half of Ab. M. Lord Geo. Bentinck's ch. c. *Capote*, by Velocipede, out of Mantilla by Sultan, 2 yrs. 7st. 4lb., beat Lord Miltown's b. f. Medea, by Drone, 3 yrs. 8st. 4lb.—Five to 4 on Capote.

The Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Ether*, by St. Patrick, out of Pastille by Rubens, 3 yrs. 8st., won the Handicap Plate of £50, for 3 yr. olds and upwards, A. F., beating Quo Minus by Zingane, Roscius by Turcoman, Antler by Partisan or Lapdog, Mickleton Maid by Velocipede, and Dey of Algiers by Priam.—Five to 2 agst. Ether, 5 to 2 agst. Dey of Algiers, 9 to 2 agst. Quo Minus, and 11 to 2 agst. Mickleton Maid.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C. Four subs.

Mr. Greville's ch. c. *Proteus*, by Cetus, out of Peggy by Bourbon..... Natt. 1
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan, out of Palais Royal..... 2
Six to 5 on Proteus.

SUBSCRIPTION HANDICAP PLATE of £50, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. D. I.

Lord Jersey's b. f. *Joannina*, by Priam, out of Joanna by Sultan, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb. Robinson. 1
Mr. Shelley's br. f. *The Drama*, by Emilius, 3 yrs. 6st..... 2
Lord Exeter's ch. g. *Adrian*, by Sultan, 5 yrs. 7st..... 3
Lord Lichfield's ch. c. *Feather*, by Actæon, 3 yrs. 6st. 8lb..... 4
Duke of Rutland's b. f. *Revoke*, by Camel, 3 yrs. 7st..... 5
Duke of Portland's b. g. *St. Peray*, by St. Patrick, out of Mercy, 4 yrs. 7st. 9lb..... 6
Two to 1 agst. Feather, 3 to 1 agst. Joannina, 5 to 1 agst. St. Peray, 5 to 1 agst. The Drama, and 5 to 1 agst. Revoke.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. Ab. M. Nine-teen subs.

Lord Geo. Bentinck's ch. c. *Capote*, by Velocipede, out of Mantilla by Sultan..... W. Day. 1
Lord Geo. Bentinck's gr. c. Grey Milton, Brother to Grey Monus, by Comus..... 2
Mr. Wadeson's br. c. by Buzzard, out of Margaret..... 3
Mr. Greville's ch. c. Proteus, by Cetus, out of Peggy..... 4
Five to 1 on Lord George Bentinck's two.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 2 and 3 yr. olds. The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c. T. Y. C.

Mr. J. Rogers' br. f. *Miss Hawk*, by Buzzard, out of Mervinia, 3 yrs. 8st. 10lb..... Rogers. 1
Mr. Pettit's b. f. Miss Romer, by Merchant, 2 yrs. 6st. 12lb..... 2
Lord Lynedoch's ch. f. Retamosa, by Reveler, 3 yrs. 8st. 10lb..... 3
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan, Miss Betsy by Plenipotentiary, and Sister to Hector by Priam, also started.

Five to 4 agst. Retamosa, and 3 to 1 agst. Miss Hawk.—The winner was claimed.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1—THE AUDLEY END STAKES of 30 sovs. each, and only 10 if declared, &c. A. E. C. Nine subs.

Col. Peel's br. c. *The Dey of Algiers*, by Priam, out of Tamworth's dam, 3 yrs. 7st. Pavis. 1
Lord Jersey's b. f. Joannina, by Priam, out of Joanna by Sultan, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb..... 2
Lord Lichfield's ch. c. Feather, by Actæon, 3 yrs. 6st..... 3
Duke of Rutland's b. f. Revoke, and Lord Exeter's ch. g. Adrian, paid.

The following paid only 10 sovs. ft.:—Lord Miltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, Lord Exeter's b. c. Bosphorus, and Duke of Portland's b. g. St. Peray.

Six to 4 on Joannina, 2 to 1 agst. The Dey of Algiers, and 4 to 1 agst. Feather.

Match for 25 sovs., 10 ft., D. M. Col. Peel's ro. c. by Augustus, out of Constantia by Camel, grandam Miss Craven's dam, 2 yrs. 7st., beat Mr. Shelley's br. f. The Drama, by Eminus, 3 yrs. 8st.—Two to 1 on the Constantia colt.

Match for 50 sovs., h. ft., First Half of Ab. M. Mr. Greville's ch. f. *Trojana*, by Priam, out of Whimsey by Partisan, 2 yrs. 7st. 4lb., beat Lord Lichfield's ch. f. Sister to Hector, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb.—Eleven to 8 on Trojana.

Match for 50 sovs., h. ft., D. M. Mr. Bowes' ch. f. *Nicholton Maid*, by Velocipede, out of Maid of Lune by Whisker, 7st. 13lb., beat Col. Peel's br. c. The Dey of Algiers, by Priam, 8st. 7lb.—Three to 1 on The Dey of Algiers.

THE NURSERY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds. D. M. Eight subs.

Mr. W. Edwards' b. c. *Assassin*, by Taurus, out of Sneaker by Camel, 6st. 10lb..... Cotton. 1
Mr. Robertson's b. c. Little Wonder, by Muley, out of Lacerta, 7st. 4lb..... 2

The following also started:—Nicholas by Jerry, Ten-pound Mule by Augustus or Taurus, Garryowen by St. Patrick, Col. Peel's ro. c. by Augustus, Raymond by Mulatto, and Miss Romer by Merchant.

Two to 1 agst. Garryowen, 3 to 1 agst. Assassin, 4 to 1 agst. Little Wonder, and 4 to 1 agst. Nicholas.

Match for 100 sovs., h. ft., T. Y. C. Lord Exeter's b. c. *Bosphorus*, by Reveler, out of Marmora by Sultan, grandam Miss Catton, 7st. 4lb., beat Mr. Dixon's b. c. Camellino, by Camel, 8st. 7lb.—both 3 yrs.—Five to 4 on Camellino.

Match for 25 sovs., 8st. 7lb., D. M. Duke of Rutland's b. c. *Flambeau*, by Taurus, out of Flame's dam by Orville, grandam Lucorta, beat Duke of Portland's br. c. Polydorus, by Priam, out of Tragedy.—Five to 2 on Flambeau.

Match for 30 sovs., 10 ft., First Half of Ab. M. Lord George Bentinck's ch. c. *Capote*, by Velocipede, out of Mantilla, Sister to Green Mantle, 8st. 7lb., beat Col. Peel's ch. f. by Velocipede, out of Malibran, 7st. 3lb.—Eleven to 8 on Capote.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb. The winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded, &c. First Half of Ab. M. Five subs.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. *Negus*, by Bedlamite, out of Lady Fanny by St. Nicholas..... Nat. 1
Mr. Rayner's b. f. Miss Betsy, by Plenipotentiary..... 2
Col. Peel's b. f. by The Colonel, out of Mary Ann..... 3
Five to 4 agst. Negus, and 6 to 4 agst. The Colonel filly.

Match for 100 sovs., h. ft., First Half of Ab. M. Lord George Bentinck's br. f. *Sal Valatile*, by Augustus, out of Volage by Waverley, 2 yrs. 7st., rec'd ft. from Lord Lichfield's ch. f. Sister to Hector, by Priam, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2—Match for 50 sovs., h. ft., First Half of Ab. M. Lord George Bentinck's br. f. *Sal Valatile*, by Augustus, 8st. 7lb., agst. Col. Peel's filly by Velocipede, out of Malibran, 7st. 6lb.—Off by consent.

Match for 100 sovs., h. ft., T. Y. C. Lord George Bentinck's ch. c. *Capote*, by Velocipede, out of Mantilla, 2 yrs. 7st. 2lb., rec'd 40 sovs. ft. from Mr. Graydon's br. c. Roscius, by Turcoman, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb.

STAFFORD.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22—SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Fowler's br. f. <i>Prudence</i> , by Emancipation, out of Billingsgate by Filho, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb.....	Calloway.	5	1	1
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Northenden, by Battledore, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb.....		1	2	2
Mr. Collins' b. f. Query, by Emancipation, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb.....		2	3	dr
Mr. Knox's ch. c. George, by Roller, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....		3	-	dr
Mr. Turner's gr. g. Jim Crow, by Gustavus, 5 yrs. 9st.....		4	-	dr

SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages. Heats, a mile and a distance. Ten subscribers.

Mr. Martin's b. f. <i>Juvenile</i> , by Jerry, out of Jubilee, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb... Arthur, Sen.	6	5	1	1
Mr. Collett's b. f. Tivy, by Langar, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb.....	1	0	3	4
Mr. Moss' bl. c. Ascanius, by Priam, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb.....	4	0	2	2
Mr. Skerrat's b. f. by Zingane, out of Effie, 4 yrs. 8st. 11lb.....	-	4	-	3

Five others started.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Heats, a mile and a half. Ten subs.

Mr. Fowler's br. f. <i>Prudence</i> , by Emancipation, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb.....	Calloway.	1	1
Mr. Moss' br. f. Frailty, by Filho, out of Virginia, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.....		-	2
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Northenden, by Battledore, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb.....		3	3

Jim Crow, St. Leonard, Bustle, and Query by Emancipation, also started.

INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages. Two mile heats. Four subs.

Baron De Sternberg's b. f. <i>Thero</i> , by Leonardo, out of Chernub, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....	1	2	1
Mr. Aglionby's b. f. Sister to Petrel, 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.....	3	1	2
Mr. Catton's br. c. Gangrene, by Sandbeck, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....	2	dr.	

A Hurdle Race of 3 sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses that never won a Hurdle Race or Steeple Chase; 12st. each; heats, a mile and a distance, with four leaps over hurdles four feet high; five subs.—won at two heats by Mr. Humble's *Black Heddon*, beating Gangrene, Exchange, and Peacock.

RUTHIN HUNT.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—THE TOWN CUP (Handicap) of £50, for horses not thorough-bred. Mile heats.

Mr. Hughes' b. m. <i>Mary Wood</i> , by Astbury, 5 yrs. 9st. 7lb.....	2	1	1
Mr. W. Jones' Bolivar, by Tramp, aged, 10st. 5lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Boote's b. m. by Sir Edward, 5 yrs. 9st.....	3	3	dr

TARPORLEY HUNT.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added: twice round; three subs.—won by Mr. J. S. Barry's *Consul*, by Napoleon, 5 yrs. 11st. 8lb., beating The Spell, by Necromancer.

Mr. G. Shakerley's ch. g. *Sam Weller*, aged, walked over for the Forest Stakes, Two miles.

WORCESTER, AUTUMN MEETING.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. Heats, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Martin's b. f. <i>Juvenile</i> , by Jerry, out of Jubilee, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb.....	Dodgson.	-	1	1
Mr. Collett's b. f. Tivy, by Langar, 3 yrs. 7st. 8lb.....		1	-	-
Mr. Dawson's b. c. Kirkdale, by Liverpool, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb.....		-	2	2
Mr. Buckley's ch. f. Lillie, by Muley, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb.....		2	-	-

Three others started.

A Cavalry Plate of £50, given by Col. the Hon. R. H. Clive, M. P.—won at three heats by Mr. E. Herbert's b. g. *Sam Weller*, by Strephon, 5 yrs. 12st. 7lb., beating Charles XII., Sir Harry, Volunteer, Lady Charlotte, and Eliza.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred; heats, a mile and a quarter—won at three heats by Mr. Godwin's d. m. *Duenna*, by Reveller, dam by Bustard, aged, 11st. 4lb., beating Stickler, Master Teddy, Finality, Paulina, Lansquinet, Discovery, Mary Wood, Daisy-cutter, and Young Harry.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all descriptions; heats, a mile and a quarter; seven subs.—won at three heats by Mr. Collett's br. c. *The Dean*, by Voltaire, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb., beating The Friar, Catamaran, Kitty Cockle, Maid Marian, and Exorable.

THE END.

TURF REGISTER.

Addition to the Stock of WILLIAM GIBBONS, Esq., of Madison, N. J.

JEMIMA WILKINSON, ch. m., foaled in 1827; got by Sir Archy, out of Molly Andrews by Imp. Dick Andrews, granddam by Imp. Dare Devil, g. g. dam* by Imp. Clockfast, g. g. dam by Baylor's Imp. Fearnought, g. g. g. dam by Lee's Old Mark Anthony, g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Shock—Imp. Sober John, &c. See Am. Turf Register, vol. vi. p. 628, and vol. viii. p. 290. See also Sportsman's Herald and Stud Book, p. 129.

In the sixth volume of the Turf Register, page 628, Jemima Wilkinson is recorded as foaled in 1828, and she was bought of the estate of the late Jacob Dixon, with a certificate to the same effect; but it is presumed that this was a clerical error, as she uniformly ran a year older, and was therefore foaled in 1827.

Her Produce.

1836. Ch. f. *Magpie*, by Mons. Tonson.
[Mr. Gibbons.]

1837. B. f. by Imp. Tranby [sold].

1838. B. f. by Mazeppa [sold].

1839. Ch. f. *Palmetto*, by Imp. Priam.
[Mr. Gibbons.]

Stinted to Emancipation.

WM. GIBBONS.

Madison, N. J. Dec. 10, 1839.

* We have recently conversed with ALLAN J. DAVIE, Esq., late of North Carolina. He knew the Clockfast mare well, she having been bred near him. She was the dam of Collier Harrison's famous horse Brutus, by Dare Devil, and by many considered his best son. He ran four mile heats at Newmarket the Spring he came four years old, in the best time then ever made on that course; he died young. A grey filly from the same Clockfast mare, by Saltram, was the dam of North Star by Jack Andrews, who, in the name of Mr. John Minge, won the great stake, two mile heats, at Broad Rock, Fall of 1811; he went amiss in the Spring, but afterwards won the Jockey Club purse at Washington, the same week that Defiance beat Tuckahoe—this last being in Mr. Minge's stable.

Blood Stock of DAVID D. SCHAMP, Esq., of Hunterdon County, N. J.

No. 1. TUCKAHOE MARE, foaled in 1826; she was got by Gen. Ridgley's Tuckahoe, her dam the Grand Seigneur Mare bred by Col. David Schamp in 1809, and got by the Arabian Grand Seigneur that was presented by the Grand Seigneur of Arabia to his late Majesty

the King of Great Britain, and was brought to the Province of Nova Scotia by his son the Duke of Kent, who sold him to his friend Col. Campbell, of Windsor, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Hazard & Thompson, by whom he was imported into the City of New York on the 4th October, 1804. The Grand Seigneur Mare was out of a Paragon Mare by Gen. Hampton's Paragon, who was by Imp. Flimnap, out of Young Camilla by Col. Lewis Burwell's Traveller, grandam Old Camilla, who was by old Fearnought, out of Col. Bird's Imp. Calista. Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista; her dam Mr. Daniel Hunt's Figure mare, by Imp. Figure; her dam Miss Slamerkin by Delaney's Imp. Wildair, out of his imported Cub mare. The Paragon mare was purchased by my father Col. David Schamp, at the sale of Mr. Daniel Hunt's personal estate, in Sept., 1806. She is a full sister to Jane Hunt, owned by Mr. Harris, of Kentucky. The Paragon mare was the dam of Mr. Bond's running horse Lurcher, Maria Slamerkin, Hornet, Heart of Oak, Grand Seigneur, and others; grandam to Mr. Morris' Sir Charles, Silk Stockings, Lady Relief, &c. The Tuckahoe mare is a chesnut.

Her Produce.

1830. Missed to John Richards.

1831. Missed to Sir Hal.

1833. Ch. f. by Shepherd Boy.

1834. Missed to Dashall.

1835. March 27. Ch. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot. [Sold to Joseph H. Vanmater.]

1836. April 11. Ch. c. *Dayton*, by Tormentor. [Sold to Joseph H. Vanmater.]

1837. May 30. Ch. c. by Messenger.

1839. March 29. Ch. c. *Hunterdon*, by Monmouth Eclipse.

Now stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

No. 2. MARKSMAN MARE, a chesnut, by Marksman (he by Gabriel Oscar, who was by the noted running horse Oscar,) out of Nettletop by Duroc, her dam Mr. Badger's Nettletop (the dam of Sir Walter) by Imp. Diomed. Gabriel Oscar was out of Spiletta (a full sister to the noted running mare Roxana) by the noted running horse Sir Solomon; gran-

BROAD ROCK, VA., FAIRFIELD COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1, 1839—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts \$61bs., fillies \$31bs. Three subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. George Goodwyn's br. c. by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards..... 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Dr. McLellan's) br. c. *John Hunter*, by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy..... 2 2
Time, 3:53—4:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each, with \$50 added. Two miles.

Isham Puckett's b. c. *Will-Go* (late Jack Kremer), by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse..... 1
Dr. J. T. & P. Sample's b. f. *Emily Booker*, by Standard, dam by Contention..... 2
Col. Wm. L. White's f. by Goliath, out of Melinda by Sir Charles..... 3
Time, 3:46.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds. Subscription \$100 each. One mile.
Isham Puckett's b. c. by May-day, out of Jim Cropper's dam by Whip..... 1
J. S. Corbin's b. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian..... 2
Time, 1:57.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Proprietor's Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson—Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged 3 1 1
Capt. W. Burton's ch. m. *Julia Burton*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs..... 1 2 dr
Capt. S. W. Morgan's b. f. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
Time, 3:55—3:54.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's Imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs..... 1 1
James Talley's ch. f. *Betsey White*, by Goliath, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 4 2
T. B. Scrugg's b. g. *Jack of Trumps*, by Gohanna..... 3 3
Col. W. L. White's ch. c. *Jack Pendleton*, by Goliath, dam by Trafalgar, 4 yrs..... 5 4
Isham Puckett's b. c. *Will-Go* (late Jack Kremer), pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
Time, 5:55—5:55.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$150 each. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Mary Blunt's dam by Alfred..... 1 1
Charles Carter's (N. Rain's) bl. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian..... 4 2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Eclipse, out of Hardway's Omega mare..... 3 3
J. Talley's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles..... 2 dist.
Time, 1:52—1:52.

COLUMBUS, GA., WESTERN COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts \$61bs., fillies \$31bs. Sub. \$300 each, h. ft.; declaration \$50, to be made 20 days before the meeting; Two mile heats.

Col. Jno. Woolfolk's ch. c. *Casseta Chief*, by Andrew, dam by Wildair..... 1 1
Gen. T. B. Scott's (of Ala.) br. c. *Westwind*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux..... 2 2
Time, 3:58—4:03.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs..... 1 1
Judge A. Iverson's br. h. *Major Dade*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Col. M. W. Thweatt's ch. f. *Silk Bagg*, by Timoleon, dam by Carolinian, 3 yrs..... 3 dr
Time, 3:54—4:06.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
Judge A. Iverson's ch. h. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Gen. T. B. Scott's br. c. *Westwind*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 2
Col. Jno. Woolfolk's ch. c. *Jim Boy*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs..... 3 dist.
Maj. M. W. Thweatt's ch. c. *Humboldt*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 4 yrs..... *
Time, 5:56—6:00. * Broke down.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
Col. Jno. Woolfolk's ch. c. *Casseta Chief*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 1 1
Col. Owen Thomas' ch. c. *Attakapas*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 3 yrs., (carried 4lbs. over weight)..... 1 2 2
Time, 8:14—8:44—9:32.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Col. G. Edmonson's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs..... 1 1 1
Messrs. Williams & Fort's ch. h. *Wire Grass*, by Pulaski, dam by Gallatin..... 2 2 2
Time, 1:53—1:52—1:53. RICHARD T. BRICE, Sec'y.

RALEIGH, N. C., STATE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5, 1839—Citizens' Purse \$300, \$100 to go to the second best horse, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

James Williamson's ch. c. *Brooklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs..... 1 1
David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 3 2
O. P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs..... 2 3
Time, 3:55—3:59.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Nine subs. at \$200 each; One mile.
 J. C. Rogers' br. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards..... 1
 James Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Benbow's dam..... 2
 David McDaniel's ch. c. by Imp. Felt, dam by Thaddeus..... 3
 Col. John McLeod's c. *Fox*, by Festival, out of the dam of Optimus..... 4
 Time, 1:57.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Proprietor's Purse \$500, \$150 to go to the second best horse, ent. \$30, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins Jr., out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... 4 1 1
 O. P. Hare's ch. c. *Capt. Thos. Hoskins*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Tom Tough, 4 yrs. 1 3 2
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (S. W. Morgan's) *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs..... 2 2 3
 Col. John McLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Festival's dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs..... 3 dr.

Time, 6:04—6:15—6:04.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, \$300 to go to the second best horse, ent. \$50, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's gr. f. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs..... 1
 Dr. G. Goodwyn's br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Luzborough—Polly Peachem by John Richards, 3y dist.
 John P. White's b. f. *Fleta*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 4 yrs..... dist.
 David McDaniel's b. c. *Cain*, by Andrew, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 7:46.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—The Rogers Plate, value \$200, ent. \$25, conditions as before, Mile heats:

David McDaniel's gr. f. *Ginger Blue*, by Sir Pitt, dam unknown, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 James Williamson's ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs..... 4 2
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. *Eliza Blount*, by Mons. Tonson, 3 yrs..... 5 3
 Col. John McLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough—Festival's dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs 2 4
 T. W. Rainey's *Ariella*, by Marion, dam by Columbus, 4 yrs..... 3 5
 Gen. M. T. Hawkins' ch. c. *Panic*, by Eclipse, out of Aggy-up by Timoleon, 3 yrs..... dr
 Time, 1:55—1:53.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$500 each. Two mile heats.

Gen. M. T. Hawkins' ch. c. *Panic*, pedigree above..... 1 1
 R. Cunningham's bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp..... 2 2
 Time, 3:55—3:58.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match, for \$100 a side, Two miles.

Wm. H. Mead's *Ned Whalebone*..... 1
 A. Hepper's *Little Billy*..... 2
 No time given. Won easily.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's gr. c. *Grey Momus*, by Hard Luck, dam by Mons. Tonson, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 William McCargo's b. c. *David Fyde*, by Imp. Fyde, 4 yrs..... 4 2
 J. P. White's b. c. *Little Beaver*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.
 S. A. Williams' *Ariella*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Jas. Williamson's b. c. *Bloomsbury*, by Imp. Fyde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 yrs..... 5 dr
 Time, 4:00—3:54.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Three subs. at \$100 each; One mile.

David McDaniel's (R. Bunn's) b. f. by Imp. Felt, dam by Washington..... rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side. Mile heats.

James Williamson's..... 1 1
 David McDaniel's..... 2 2
 Time, 1:57—1:58. Won easily. W. H. H., Secretary.

FULTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$230, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. A. Flud's b. f. *Zoraida*, by Virginus, out of Gohannah by Comet, 4 yrs..... 2 1 1
 Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. *Lady Cara*, by Bertrand, out of Betsey Echols, 3 yrs..... 1 3 2
 Mr. R. C. Richardson's ch. c. *Tony Lumpkin*, by Bertrand Jr., out of La Pucelle, 4 yrs... 3 2 dr
 Maj. Powell McRa's gr. h. *Blue Ruin*, by Godolphin, dam by Financier, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 4:03—4:03—4:07.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$160, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's b. c. *John Dinkin*, by Mucklejohn, out of Coquette, 3 yrs..... 2 1 1
 Maj. Powell McRa's ch. m. *Ellen Percy*, by Godolphin, dam by Imp. Bedford, 5 yrs... 1 2 2
 Mr. W. Richardson's ch. f. by Alborak, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 1:56—1:59—2:00.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$120, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Col. J. J. Moore's b. c. by Imp. Nonplus, out of Nancy Air by Imp. Bedford, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. *Amy*, by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Comet, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 1:55—1:57—best time ever made on this course.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$30, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

N. K. Leavell's ch. f. *Medoc*, by Medoc, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 J. S. & G. B. Long's b. h. *Jno. Granger*, by Crusader, dam by Imp. Strap, 6 yrs..... 2 *
 W. C. Gray's b. m. *Molly Barnett*, by Barnett's Diamond, dam unknown, 6 yrs..... 3 dist
 Time, 4:02—4:02. * Broke down.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats.
W. C. Gray's ro. f. *Lucy Sanders*,* by Printer, dam unknown, 4 yrs..... 1 1
G. B. Long's ch. g. *Wallace*, by Crusader, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs..... 2 dist.
Time, 1:59—2:00. * Carried weight for a 5 yr. old.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
A. V. Long's br. h. *Brown Lock*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs..... 1 1 1
W. C. Gray's b. m. *Molly Barnett*, pedigree above, 6 yrs..... 2 2 2
Time, 2:01—1:55½—2:01. D. JEFFRIES, Secretary.

OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22, 1839—Sweepstakes (opened the night previous) for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each, P.P. Mile heats.
David McDaniel's ch. c. *Grey Mopus*, by Hard Luck, dam by Mons. Tonson..... 1 1
Mr. Rainey's ch. c. *Windham*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Gracchus..... 2 2
Time, 1:56—1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four subs. at \$25 each, with \$50 added by the Proprietor. Mile heats.
Col. John McLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Festival's dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs..... 3 1 1
David McDaniel's b. f. by Imp. Whale, dam by Buzzard Arabian, 3 yrs..... 2 3 2
Messrs. Wall & Puryear's ch. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs..... 1 2 dist.
Mr. Rainey's ch. c. *Anky*, by Andrew, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs..... 4 dist.
Time, 1:54—1:56—2:00.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$15, conditions as before; Two mile heats.
Edmund Townes' ch. c. *Brooklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs..... 6 1 1
Geo. W. Goodwyn's ch. c. *Cashier*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 5 0 2
David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 2 0 3
Messrs. Wall & Puryear's ch. h. by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 1 2 dr
John McLeod's b. m. *Mistake*, by Eclipse, out of Festival's dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs..... 3 3 dr
Mr. Rainey's ch. h. *Harkaway*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs..... 4 dr
Time, 3:56—3:57—4:05.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before; Three mile heats.
Messrs. Wall & Puryear's b. m. *Molly Ward*, by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs... 1 1
D. McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins Jr.—Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 y. 2 2
Time, 6:02—6:02.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26—Handicap Purse \$100, entrance \$10, free for all ages; Mile heats best 3 in 5.
David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 2 2 1 1 1
Mr. Rainey's ch. h. *Harkaway*, " 6 yrs..... 1 1 2 2 dr
Time, 1:54—1:53—1:56—2:00. M. SATTERWAITE, Sec'y.

CYNTHIANA, KENTUCKY.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; five subs. at \$—, each; Mile heats.
Wm. Magee's (M. Smith's) b. c. *Milton Harrison*, by Orange Boy, dam by Quicksilver. 1 1
Jas. Howard's ch. c. *Crittenden*, by Orange Boy, dam by Rattler..... 2 2
Jos. Shawhan's b. c. *Joseph Desha*, by Seagull, dam by Cherokee..... 3 dist.
Time, 2:02—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
James J. Allen's b. c. *Robert Bruce*,* by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..... 1 1
A. S. Lowery's b. h. *Minor*, by Woodpecker, dam by Saxe Weimar, 5 yrs..... 2 2
S. F. Drane's *Pocahontas*, by Roanoke, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 5 yrs..... 3 dist.
Horace Benton's ch. c. *Young Woodpecker*, by Woodpecker, dam unknown..... 3 dist.
Joseph Shawhan's *Little Davy*, by Cherokee, dam by Whip, 3 yrs..... dist.
Time, 3:53—3:51. * Carried 7lbs. over weight.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
A. S. Lowery's ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs..... 1 1
S. T. Drane's ch. m. *Davidella*, by Arab, dam by Cook's Whip, 5 yrs..... 2 dist.
R. P. Snell's b. h. *Minor*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... dr.
Time, 6:16.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$150, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
J. N. Menefee's b. h. *Sailor Boy*, by Jim Cropper, dam by Marshall, 5 yrs..... 1 1 1
A. S. Lowery's b. m. *Mary Brennan*, by Dick Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs..... 2 2 2
R. Burbridge's b. m. *Duck Stewart*, by Dick Singleton, dam by Whip or Buzzard, 3 yrs. 4 4 3
S. T. Drane's bl. f. *Diana Crow*, by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 4 yrs.... 3 3 4
Jos. Shawhan's ch. h. *Ben Sutton*,* by Cherokee, dam by Comet, 6 yrs..... dist.
A. Miller's gr. h. *Charles Clinton*, by Clinton, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs..... dist.
Time, 1:51—1:49—1:48.

* Unfortunately, Ben Sutton ran against the fence and injured himself seriously.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$20, conditions as before, Mile heats.
R. P. Snell's b. c. *Serenade*, by Woodpecker, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs..... 1 2 1
J. J. Allen's ch. c. *Buckeye Lad*, by Bertrand, out of Big Jenny, 3 yrs..... 2 1 2
Time, 1:48—1:55—2:00.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$50, for 2 yr. olds; Mile heats.

Robert Burbridge's b. c. <i>Bulger Brown</i> , by Lance, dam by Jenkins' Sir William.....	2	1	1
Horace Benton's b. f. <i>Mary Ellen Scott</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet.....	3	2	2
A. S. Lowery's ch. c. <i>Crittenden</i> , pedigree above.....	1	3	dist.
Joseph Shawhan's b. f. by Seagull, dam by Messenger.....	4	dist.	
Alex. Miller's gr. f. <i>Martha Viley</i> , by Singleton, dam by Pacolet.....	dist.		

Time, 1:54—2:00—2:02½.

LIVINGSTON, ALA., PICTON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1839—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

A. Jackson's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
John J. Burton's b. f. <i>Meg Dillard</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bohemoth, 3 yrs.....	2	2	

Time, 1:57½—2:01. Won easily.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. G. Haun's gr. f. <i>Sally Hilliard</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Shawnee, 3 yrs.....	1	1	
John J. Burton's br. f. <i>Sarah Winston</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
A. Jackson's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dist		

Time, 4:01—4:07. Track knee deep in dust. A good race.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Wm. G. Haun's br. f. <i>Kate Haun</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
J. J. Burton's b. f. <i>Calanthe Motley</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson, 4 yrs.....	1	2	*
W. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. <i>Talley</i> , by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs....	dr.		

Time, 6:05—6:15. * Pulled up.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) b. h. <i>Pollard Brown</i> , by Wild Bill—Hippy by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Jas. D. McAllister's ch. f. <i>Miss Meadows</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
Wm. G. Haun's ch. m. <i>Mary Jones</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	dr.		

Time, 7:57—8:05.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added, conditions as before; Mile heats.

A. Jackson's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
Wm. E. Long's b. c. <i>Attila</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Kate Blevins by Conqueror, 3 yrs.....	3	2	
Wm. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. <i>Talley</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2	3	

Time, 1:54—1:57. No contest. J. J. JEWELL, Secretary.

HARRISON COUNTY, IND., HARPER'S COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Six subscribers at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

H. W. Heth's (Mauck's) ch. f. <i>Miss Jackson</i> , by Oakland, dam by Diomed.....	1	1	
Harper & Wilson's b. c. by Oakland, dam unknown.....	4	2	
John Purchiser's b. c. <i>Corporal Trim</i> , by Oakland, dam by Whip.....	2	3	
Walter Pennington's (Bell's) gr. c. <i>Alexander</i> , by Shylock, dam unknown.....	5	dist.	
Burchfield Dyer's (Anderson's) ch. c. <i>Kangaroo</i> , by Sidi Hamet, dam by Comet.....	3	dr.	

Time not given.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Sept. 23, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

Capt. J. Maxwell's b. f. <i>Alatoona</i> , by Argyle, out of Viola (Chestatee's dam) by Gallatin.....	1	1	
Mr. Duncan's b. c. <i>Sessums</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Harwood.....	2	2	

Time, 2:02—1:57.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112 —6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. <i>Governor Butler</i> , by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director, 3 yrs.....	1	1	
Mr. Duncan's b. c. <i>Lowndes</i> , by Nullifier, dam by Hephstion, 4 yrs.....	2	dr	

Time, 6:03.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Purse \$—, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Mr. Duncan's b. h. <i>Chesapeake</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Fanny Bailey</i> , by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	2	
Mr. Butler's b. c. <i>Mint Julep</i> , by Godolphin, out of Isora by Dockon, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.	
Mr. Colhoun's b. f. <i>Compromise</i> , by Nullifier, dam by Anti-Tariff, 4 yrs.....	3	dr.	

Time, 3:49—3:48.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Purse \$—, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Elvira</i> , by Red Gauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Mr. Butler's Imp. b. f. <i>Ella</i> , by Emilius, out of Ada (sister to Augusta) by Woful, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Mr. Hartman's br. c. <i>Short John</i> , by Young Virginian, dam by Ajax, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.	
Mr. Williams' b. c. <i>Jefferson</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs.....	4	dr	
Mr. Gist's b. c. <i>Fifer</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 3 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 1:53—1:56½—2:00.

FRIDAY, Oct. 27—Purse \$—, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. Butler's br. c. <i>Mint Julep</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Mr. Gist's ch. m. <i>Thisbe</i> , by Bertrand, out of Octavia, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:56—1:56½.

SATURDAY, Oct. 28—A Silver Cup, value —, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Mr. Butler's (Capt. Maxwell's) b. f. <i>Alatoona</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.	3	1	1
Mr. Colhoun's b. f. <i>Camprromise</i> , by Nullifier, dam by Anti-Tariff, 4 yrs. (11 lbs. over weight)	2	2	2
Mr. Gant's Imp. b. f. <i>Britannia</i> , 3 yrs.	1	3	bolt.
Mr. Nichols' b. g. <i>Hard Times</i> , by Redgauntlet, dam by Phenomenon, 6 yrs.			fell
Time, 1:54—1:57—2:01.			

MECKLENBURG, VA., CHRISTIANVILLE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1839—Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Thomas B. Wall's (Lewis Williams') ch. h. <i>Libertas</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 5 yrs	1	1
Robt. Duncanson's b. c. <i>Baltimore</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs.	3	2
Capt. J. Williamson's b. c. <i>Bloomsbury</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 yrs.	2	3
Time, 3:55—3:56.		

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Thomas B. Wall's b. m. <i>Molly Ward</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.	1	1
Capt. James Williamson's ch. c. <i>Brocklesby</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Randolph's Roanoke, 4 yrs.	2	2
Ceophas Hudson's b. h. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir James, 5 yrs.	3	3
Time, 5:53—5:54.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$100, with the gate money of the day added, ent. \$10; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. B. Wall's br. f. by Imp. Fylde, 4 yrs.	3	1	2	1	1
Robt. Duncanson's ch. c. <i>Jacob Crebs</i> , by Alonzo, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	4	4	1	2	2
Capt. James Williamson's ch. g. <i>Engine</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	3	3	dr	
Ceophas Hudson's ch. g. by Contest, dam by Decision, 3 yrs.	1	2	dr		
Time, 1:53½—1:51½—1:56—2:00—2:04.					

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Thos. B. Wall's (Maj. N. T. Green's) ch. c. <i>Brean</i> , by Goliah.	1	1
James McCargo's b. c. by Imp. Fylde	2	2
Time, 1:58—2:00. Track heavy. W. M. Pittus, Sec'y.		

FRANKFORT, Ky., CAPITOL COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23, 1839—Cooper's Stake, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$100 each, h. ft., to which a Silver Pitcher (value \$100) was added. Two mile heats.

Lieut. W. S. Harris' b. f. <i>Mary Morris</i> , by Medoc, out of Miss Obstinate by Sumpter.	1	1
Capt. J. A. Holton's br. c. <i>Vidocq</i> , by Medoc, dam by Stockholder.	2	2
Col. W. Buford's ch. f. <i>Jenny Richmond</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian.		dist.
Time, 3:52—3:56.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Post Stake for 2 yr. olds; five subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Capt. John A. Holton's b. c. by Imp. Swiss, dam by Stockholder.	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's br. f. by Rodolph, dam by Kosciusko.	2	2
J. W. Fenwick's b. c. by Wm. Harrison, dam by Orphan.	4	3
W. W. Bacon's ch. f. <i>Caroline Stewart</i> , by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.	3	4
Time, 1:55—1:54.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Wm. Buford Jr.'s ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Orphan Boy, 3 yrs.	1	1
J. W. Fenwick's ch. c. <i>Guy of Warwick</i> , by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.	3	2
W. W. Bacon's b. c. <i>Bendigo</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.	2	dr.
John Harper's ch. c. <i>Bob Walker</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Moses, 3 yrs.	4	dist.
Ben. Lockett's b. h. <i>Chilton</i> , by Sea Gull, dam by Hazard, 6 yrs.	5	dist.
Time, 6:02—6:02		

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$600, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. f. <i>Cub</i> , by Medoc, out of Mary by Sumpter, 3 yrs.	<i>Joshua.</i>	1	1
J. M. Pindell's b. m. <i>West Florida</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs.		3	2
J. W. Fenwick's b. c. <i>Camden</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee, 3 yrs.		2	3
Sidney Burbridge's b. h. <i>Rodolph</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Moses, aged.		4	dist.
Time, 8:03—8:05.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. \$20 each. One mile.

H. T. Blanton's ch. f. <i>Red Sow</i> , by Medoc, 3 yrs.	1
John Harris' b. f. by Singleton, 3 yrs.	2
John Benson's b. c. by McDuffy, 4 yrs.	3
Time, 1:58.	

SATURDAY, Oct. 26—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Lewis Sanders Jr.'s b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William	rec'd ft.
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SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. \$50 each, with \$50 added. Mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's b. f. <i>Arabella</i> , by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.	1	1
Col. W. Buford's ch. f. <i>Red Morocco</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.	2	2
E. R. Price's b. c. <i>Goneway</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs.	3	3
Time, 1:51—1:55		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side; Two miles.

Ben. Luckett's b. f. <i>Mary Ellen</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	1
R. Jordan's b. f. by Jim Cropper, dam by Old Whip, 4 yrs.....	2
Time, 3:59.	

MOSCOW, KENTUCKY.

MONDAY, Sept. 23, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Six subs. at \$100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Wm. Harper's ch. f. <i>Mary Trifle</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian.....	1	1
J. L. Davis' b. c. by Wm. Tell, dam by Whip.....	2	bolt.
P. Edrington's ch. c. <i>Jim Berryman</i> , by President.....		dist.
Time, 2:05—2:00.		

TUESDAY, Sept. 24 Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Harper's ch. c. <i>Dave Patton</i> , by Sumpter, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	1	1
J. Phillips' ch. f. <i>Labella</i> , by Telegraph.....	2	2
Time, 1:58—1:56.		

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$100, ent. \$10, free for all ages, weight as before; Mile heats.

R. P. Rains' b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs.....	1	1
J. Phillips' b. f. <i>Isadora</i> , by Jefferson, dam by Tennessee Oscar.....	2	2
P. Edrington's b. f. <i>Fanny Kemble</i> , by Highlander, 4 yrs.....		dist.
Time, 1:52—1:56.		

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Wm. Harper's b. f. by imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 2 yrs.....	1	1
Price Edrington's b. h. by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	3	2
S. Phillips' b. c. <i>Baron Larrey</i> , by President, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	3
Time, 3:58—4:07. Track 30 or 40 yards over a mile.		

A. G. BARTLETT, Sec'y.

BEANS' STATION, TENNESSEE.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Five subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. One mile.

Col. S. Bunch's ch. f. <i>Kate Shelby</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Maria Shelby by Stockholder..	1
Capt. J. Scruggs' ch. c. by Molo, dam by Saladin.....	2
Time, 2:03.	

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$125, ent. \$25, for 2 yr. olds; One mile.

Capt. J. Scruggs' gr. f.....	1
J. H. Anderson's ch. f. <i>Minerva Proffit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophia Bess.....	bolt.
Time not kept.	

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$275, Mile heats.

Col. S. Bunch's (John McGhee's) b. f. <i>Ann Barrow</i> , by Cock of the Rock, dam by Virginian	1	1
G. W. Rutledge's gr. h. <i>Livingston</i> , by Medley, dam by Van Tromp.....	2	2
Time, 1:55—1:56.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Jockey Club Purse \$325, ent. \$100, Two mile heats.

J. H. Anderson's b. c. <i>Sir Elliott</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolic by Sir Charles, out of Kate Kearney's dam, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Clark & Bowen's gr. c. <i>Lafitte</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 4:02—4:00.		

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Jockey Club (Handicap) Purse \$75, ent. \$50, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

G. W. Rutledge's gr. h. <i>Livingston</i> , pedigree above.....	walked over.
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SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Sub. \$200 each, \$50 ft.; Mile heats.

Col. S. Bunch's ch. f. <i>Kate Shelby</i> , pedigree above.....	rec'd ft.
From J. Scruggs, Rutledge, Ainsworth, and others.	

Match, \$100 a side, One mile.

G. C. McBee's gr. f. <i>Sally Stringfield</i> , pedigree unknown, 2 yrs.....	1
John McGee's ch. f. by Zebedee, out of Helen by Timoleon.....	2
Time not given.	

Jockey Club Purse \$125, ent. \$25, for 2 yr. olds, One mile.

G. C. McBee's gr. f. <i>Sally Stringfield</i> , pedigree unknown.....	1
J. H. Anderson's ch. f. <i>Minerva Proffit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophia Bess.....	2
Time, 2:05.	

GREENSBORO' ALA., HENRY COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29, 1839—Post Stake for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Five subs. at \$2000 each, \$500 ft. Four mile heats.

Thos. Watson's ch. f. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Top-gallant, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Henry A. Tayloe's (R. B. Harrison's) b. h. <i>Pollard Brown</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 8:11—8:52.		

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

B. Smith's ch. m. <i>Eloise</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte 5 yrs	1	1
R. H. Long's gr. f. <i>Cotton Plant</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	5	2
W. G. Haun's gr. f. <i>Sally Hilliard</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Shawnee, 3 yrs.	3	3
H. A. Tayloe's b. m. <i>Maria Miller</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 5 yrs.	2	dist.
J. D. McAllister's b. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.	4	dist.

Time, 4:02—4:04.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.

Dr. R. W. Withers' ch. c. by Imp. Consol, dam by Bertrand rec'd ft.
THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse \$400, ent. \$30, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

B. Smith's br. f. <i>Fancy</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	1	1
J. D. McAllister's ch. f. <i>Mary Meadows</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	3	2
R. H. Long's b. c. S. <i>S. Prentiss</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Washington, 4 yrs.	2	3

Time, 6:07½—6:21.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats

Henry A. Tayloe's gr. c. *Huntsman*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet 1
B. Smith's br. c. *Matchem*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella by Shyllock dist.
Time, 4:00.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$50, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's ro. f. <i>Zeia</i> , by Eclipse, out of Miss Walton by Mendoza, 4 yrs.	1	1
R. H. Long's b. h. <i>Maltravers</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.	2	2
W. G. Haun's br. f. <i>Kate Haun</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	3	3

Time, 8:24—8:29.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2—Proprietor's Purse \$250, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

R. H. Long's ch. f. <i>Sally Barton</i> , by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.	2	1	1	2	1
Dr. R. W. Withers' ch. h. <i>Dosoris</i> , by Henry—Goliath's dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 y	3	2	2	1	2
J. D. McAllister's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , * pedigree above, 4 yrs.	4	4	3	dist.	
B. Smith's b. c. <i>Kenno</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Ragland's Diomed, 4 yrs.	1	3	dist.		

Time, 1:55—1:58—2:00—1:59—2:01. * Distanced in 4th heat for foul riding.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Thos. Watson's b. f. *Caroline Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Jerry 2 1 1
H. A. Tayloe's b. f. *Cinderella*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet 1 2 2
Time, 1:56—1:58—2:00.

COLUMBIA, TENN., ASHLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29, 1839—Purse \$400, entrance \$20, free for all ages; Two mile heats.

Col. R. Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , by Count Badger, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	2	2	1	1
M. L. Pillow's b. f. <i>Polly Pillow</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	3	1	2	dist.
Maj. Wm. R. Peyton's ch. h. <i>Red Tom</i> , by Bertrand, out of Duchess of Marlborough, 6 yrs., 118lbs.	4	4	3	*
Col. Geo. Elliott's ch. f. <i>Maria Williams</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs., 83lbs.	1	3	dr	
Col. Wm. R. Hill's br. c. <i>Stockton</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 4 yrs. 104lbs.	dist.			
James Anderson's ch. h. <i>John Wickham</i> , by Imp. Barefoot; out of Boston's dam, 5 yrs., 100lbs.	dist.			

Time, 4:05—4:07—4:18—4:13. * Ruled off.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—Purse \$500, ent. \$30, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Henry Smith's b. c. <i>John Marshall</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs.	1	1
Maj. W. R. Peyton's <i>Bay Bolton</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs.	4	2
Col. Robt. Smith's b. f. <i>Peggy Nailor</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.	5	3
J. S. Granger's (J. Anderson's) br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Bateman, 3 y	3	4
Col. Geo. Elliott's gr. c. <i>Boyd McNairy</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.	2	dist.

Time, 6:23—6:20.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Purse \$700, ent. \$40, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Gen. Wm. G. Harding's gr. f. <i>Gamma</i> , by Pacific—Melzare's dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.	3	1	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. m. <i>Mary Wynn</i> , by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla, 6 yrs.	1	2	2
Maj. Wm. R. Peyton's b. c. <i>Phantom</i> , by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia (dam of Imp. Anna Maria) by Phantom, 4 yrs.	2	3	dr

Time, 8:35—8:30—8:58.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1—Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Geo. Elliott's ch. f. <i>Maria Speed</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 4 yrs.	2	1	1
Col. Robt. Smith's br. f. <i>Day Dream</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.	1	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Hill's br. f. <i>Maria Fox</i> , by Walnut, dam by Leonidas, 4 yrs.	3	3	dr
Col. Henry Smith's gr. f. <i>Betsey Banton</i> , * by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs.	4	dist.	

Time, 1:59—1:59—2:02.

* Betsey was distanced in the 2d heat by getting a bad start.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2.—A Sweepstakes of 5 subs., at \$25 each, for saddle horses, one mile, was won by Mr. Willis Boddy's grey horse, in 2:02.

On MONDAY, Oct. 4th, a match race between Col. Robt. Smith's br. f. *Day Dream* and a ch. horse famed as "Lowell's horse," one mile, for \$100, was won by the former with ease. Time unknown.

F. K. ZOLLIFFER, Sec'y.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

MONDAY, Oct. 14, 1839—Match, \$500 a side, Two miles.

Uzzle & Bissel's ch. m. <i>Molly Long</i> , by Tom Fletcher, dam by Imp. Janus, 6 yrs.....	1	1
Major Lane's bl. m. <i>Bonny Black</i> , by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar by Rattler, 6 yrs....	2	2

Time, 4:18. Track heavy.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; Six subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Thomas B. Scrugg's ch. f. <i>Nancy Buford</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler.....	1	1
John Frost's ch. f. <i>Patsy Pipes</i> , by Flagellator, out of Rose Bud by Henry	2	2

Time, 2:02—2:03.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Wm. Peters' (Ohio) ch. c. <i>Buck Eye</i> , by Lafayette Stockholder—Old Squaw by Indian, 4 y	1	1
T. G. Moore's (Ky.) b. f. <i>Rosa Vertner</i> , by Sir Leslie—Directress by Director, 4 yrs....	4	2
Thomas Judy's ch. h. <i>American Bottom</i> , by Tom Fletcher, dam by Spread Eagle, 5 yrs.	2	3
T. B. Scrugg's ch. h. <i>Plough Boy</i> , by Peacemaker, dam by Whip, 5 yrs.....	*	*
D. Stockton's (Pa.) gr. f. <i>Catherine Fenwick</i> , 4 yrs.....	3	5
J. Mathews' b. c. <i>Rob Roy</i> , by Marmion, dam by Commerce, 4 yrs.....	*	dist.
G. Johnson's (Ky.) ch. m. <i>Sarah Clark</i> , by Kosciusko, dam by Old Court, 5 yrs.....	*	dr
R. Martin's (Mo.) ch. h. <i>John Bull</i> , 5 yrs.....	*	dr
J. Kimball's (Ill.) b. f. <i>Miss Moore</i> , by Monroe, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 1:59—2:00. * Not placed.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

James Bissel's b. c. <i>Black Jack</i> , by Tom Fletcher, dam by Baronet	1	1
Flannagan & West's b. c. <i>Swiss Boy</i> , by Lance, out of Charlotte Epps by Medley.....	2	2
B. Ames' ch. f. <i>Actress</i> , by Rattler, dam by John Richards.....	3	dist.

Time, 4:14—4:12. Actress was started lame and out of condition.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Proprietor's Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

T. B. Scrugg's ch. m. <i>Hebe</i> , by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
Lane & Shacklett's bl. m. <i>Ethiopia</i> , by Dashall, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs....	4	3	2
T. G. Moore's b. f. <i>Rosa Vertner</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2	3
W. Peters' b. h. <i>Van Buren</i> , by Lafayette Stockholder—Old Squaw by Indian, 6 yrs..	1	4	dist.

Time, 6:01½—6:00—6:06.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Lane & Shacklett's (Mo.) bl. m. <i>Bonny Black</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	1	1
Stockton & Morton's (Pa.) ch. h. <i>Crowder</i> , by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, aged.....	2	2
G. Johnson's (Ky.) b. m. <i>Betsy Miller</i> , by Bertrand, out of Jane Shore, 5 yrs.....	4	3
Wm. Peters' (Ohio) b. c. <i>Buck Eye</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	4
T. B. Scrugg's (Mo.) b. h. <i>Little Barton</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Davis' Hamiltonian, 6 yrs.	dist.	
John Kimball's (Ill.) ch. h. <i>Brunswick</i> , by Leopold, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 8:04½—8:20.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Match, \$200 a side, Two mile heats.

T. G. Moore's (Va.) b. f. <i>Mary Beechland</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs.....	1	1
G. Johnson's (Ky.) gr. f. <i>Lucy Bedford</i> , by Cadet, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:13—4:11.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1839—Match, \$2000 a side, Two mile heats.

Col. J. W. Camp's b. c. <i>Eustamente</i> , by Whalebone, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
E. H. Boardman's Imp. ch. f. by Actæon, out of Design by Tramp, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:57½—3:54. Won handily.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

E. H. Boardman's Imp. ch. c. <i>Shamrock</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveller.	1	1
W. H. Gee's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kate Kennon by Contention.....	2	2
Maj. S. Ragland's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough	3	dist.

Time, 4:15—4:22.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. *Free Jack*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Napoleon..... walked over.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds. a feather—3, 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's ro. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Balew by Timoleon, 3 yrs....	1	1
Col. J. W. Camp's br. g. by Marion, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	2
John Connally's b. c. <i>Bay Wood</i> , by Editor, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	4	3
Boardman and McLaran's ch. f. <i>Fanny Strong</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	4
Nat. Terry's ch. c. <i>Santee</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Sally McGee by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	5	5

Time, 3:50—3:50.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$720, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

W. H. Gee's b. g. <i>Van Buren</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1
John Connally's gr. h. <i>Grey Gander</i> , by Wild Bill—Grey Goose by Pacolet, 5 yrs....	1	2	2
Davis & Ragland's br. h. <i>Sir Joseph</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.	3	3	dist

Time, 7:55—8:01—8:16.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. <i>Preston</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	1	
John Connally's ch. f. by Bertrand, out of Forest Maid by Ratray, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 5:49.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$250, conditions as before; Mile heats.

John Connally's b. c. <i>Bay Wood</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Maj. N. Terry's (Thos. Travis') ch. f. <i>Mary Payne</i> , by Wild Bill, d. by Grey Tail, 3 y.....	4	3	2
Maj. Wm. Fleming's ch. h. <i>Mark</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	5	4	dist.
Davis & Ragland's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs.....	1	2	dr
Col. J. W. Camp's br. c. <i>Cara</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	2	5	dr

Time, 1:51—1:51—1:52.

CAMPBELL'S STATION, TENNESSEE.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$100, ent. \$25, for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs.; One mile.

Thos. M. Anderson's ch. f. <i>Minerva Proffit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophia Bess.....	1		
Wm. P. Wright's ch. c. <i>Sam Houston</i> , by Barney O'Linn, dam by Dare Devil.....	2		
James Clark's gr. f. <i>Sally Stringfield</i> , pedigree unknown.....	3		
James Cox's gr. f. <i>Grey Tail</i> , by Mabry's Timoleon, dam by Medley.....	dist.		

Time, 2:00.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$150, ent. \$50, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

G. C. McBee's ch. f. <i>Anne Royall</i> , by Mabry's Timoleon, dam unknown.....	2	1	
Jas. Clark's gr. c. <i>Lafitte</i> , by O'Kelly, out of Caroline Wilson by Timoleon.....	1	dist.	

Time, 1:56—1:58.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Anderson & McGee's b. c. *Sir Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolic by Sir Charles, out of Kate Kearney's dam, 4 yrs..... walked over.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. \$25 each; colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Mile heats.

Jas. Clark's gr. f. <i>Sally Stringfield</i> , pedigree unknown.....	1	1	
Jas. Cox's gr. f. <i>Grey Tail</i> , pedigree above.....	2	dist.	

Time, 2:02—2:04.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side, Mile heats.

Jas. Clark's gr. c. <i>Lafitte</i> , pedigree above; 3 yrs.....	1	1	
Dr. J. W. Netherland's b. c. <i>Gen. Wiley</i> , by Sir Richard, dam by Imp. Wildair, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:58. J. W. NETHERLAND, *Sec'y pro tem.*

SULPHUR SPRING, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24, 1839—Match, \$100 a side; Heats, once round.

Geo. T. Hickman's ch. h. <i>Jim Rock</i> , by Young Eclipse, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
H. Jones' ch. f. <i>Lucy</i> , by Tyler's Orphan Boy, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 1:41—1:42. Track 1520 yards.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2—Match, \$200 a side, catch weights; Heats, once round.

Geo. T. Hickman's ch. h. <i>Jim Rock</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1
Mr. Mitchell's b. h. <i>Kosciusko Jr.</i> , by Kosciusko, dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs.....	1	2	dist.

Time, 1:35—1:36—1:36. Track 1520 yards.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5, 1839—Purse \$175, ent. \$20, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings; with an Inside Stake of \$1000 a side between Belle of Winchester and Eudora. Mile heats.

T. T. Tunstall & John Lafford's br. m. <i>Eudora</i> , by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
E. Rector's ch. f. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , by Shakspeare, out of Bay Doe, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	2	

Time, 1:50½—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Purse \$250, ent. \$30, added; conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Tunstall & Lafford's br. m. <i>Betsey Watson</i> , by Jefferson, dam by Henry Tinson, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
E. Rector's br. f. <i>America</i> , by Waxy, 4 yrs.....	2	2	

Time, 4:03—4:12.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Purse \$400, conditions as before, with an Inside Stake of \$500 a side, between Hannibal and Eliza Ross. Three mile heats.

Tunstall & Lafford's b. m. <i>Eliza Ross</i> , by Marmion, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs.....	Jess.	2	1	1
E. Rector's b. h. <i>John Belcher</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	3	2	2	
Wm. L. Alexander's br. f. <i>Musedora</i> , by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	1	3	dr	

Time, 5:55½—6:05—6:19.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$200, ent. \$25, added; conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Tunstall & Lafford's b. f. <i>Etna</i> , by Volcano—Rebecca by Palafox, 3 yrs. <i>George Tunstall</i>	1	1	1	
J. E. Pitcher's b. c. <i>Glauco</i> , by Alhambra, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	2	3	2	
Thos. Wilson's ch. c. <i>St. Cloud</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	3	2	3	

Time, 2:05—2:03—1:52.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Silver Pitcher, value \$— ent. \$20, added; conditions as before. Mile heats.

Tunstall & Lafford's b. g. <i>Capt. Buster</i> , by Cherokee, dam by Green Oak, 6 yrs.....	Dan. McKinney.	3	1	1
Hugh White's b. c. <i>John Green</i> , by Whip, 4 yrs.....	2	2	2	
Wm. L. Alexander's br. f. <i>Musedora</i> , by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	1	3	dr	
J. E. Pitcher's ch. f. <i>Sweet Home</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.		
Hawkins & Gibson's ch. f. <i>Medora Riggs</i> , by Waxy, dam by Diomed, 4 yrs.....	4	dr.		

Time, 1:51—1:55—1:55.

^ SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$— a side, One mile.

Hop. Johnson's gr. g. by Brimmer, catch weight.....	Geo. Tunstall.	1
Thos. Wilson's b. h. <i>Kinlock</i> , by Havoc, 100lbs.....		2
Time, 1:51½. A splendid race.		

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

James O. McAllister's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	1	1
R. Smith's br. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 4:10—4:20.		

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$15, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

R. Smith's ch. g. <i>Rob Roy</i> , sire unknown, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	1	1
J. R. Head's b. f. <i>Worina</i> , by Arab, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	2	2
J. O. McAllister's b. c. <i>John Nichols</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.
Time, 6:41—6:52.		

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before; Four mile heats—

J. R. Head's ch. c. <i>Leslie</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	1	1
J. O. McAllister's b. f. <i>Mary Meadows</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 8:45—8:49.		

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., WOODLAWN COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16, 1839—Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

N. K. Leavell's b. f. <i>Medoco</i> , by Medoc, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. R. Bronson's b. c. <i>John Dawson Jr.</i> , by John Dawson, dam by Partnership, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 3:52—3:57.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$300 a side, Mile heats.

V. J. Allen's gr. h. <i>Pokeroot</i> , by William Tell, dam by Citizen, aged.....	1	1
Wm. Goodrich's gr. h. <i>Monsieur Tonson</i> , by Sir Richard, dam by Pacolet, aged.....	2	2
Time, 1:59—2:01.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

J. Gray's ro. m. <i>Irene</i> , by Printer, dam by McKinney's Roan, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
H. D. Bailey's <i>Victoria Houston</i> , by Childress, dam by Thunderclap, 3 yrs.....	2	2	2
Col. Shelton's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Albert, 3 yrs.....	1	3	dist.
William Irby's b. m. <i>Cassia</i> , by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	dist.		
Time, 1:54—1:59—2:07.			

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Purse \$150, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jno. Steele's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Madison, 3 yrs.....	1	1	1
N. K. Leavell's ch. c. <i>John C. Stevens</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	2	2	2
Time, 1:49—1:50—1:54. JAMES C. JOHNSON, Sec'y.			

FLORENCE, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 19, 1839—Second Class of the Ragland Stakes, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Jas. Jackson's gr. f. <i>Fandango</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Imp. Gallopade by Catton. <i>Fayette</i>	1	1
Col. J. W. Camp's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.....	2	2
Jno. Kinkle's ch. f. by Wild Bill, out of own sister to John Bascombe by Bertrand.....	3	dist.
E. H. Boardman's Imp. ch. c. by Actæon, out of Imp. Design by Tramp.....	dist.	
Time, 3:58½—4:01.		

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 20—Purse \$300, ent. \$20, added; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, a feather —3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's Imp. ch. c. <i>Shamrock</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveller, 3 yrs.....	Taylor Argo.	1	1
Mr. Yourie's ch. f. <i>Emily Speed</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....		3	2
Robt. Smith's b. f. <i>Polly Pillow</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....		2	3
Time, 3:52—3:54.			

THURSDAY, Nov. 21—Purse \$300, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Davis & Ragland's ro. f. <i>Julia Fisher</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Bellow by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	Minafée.	1	1	1
Robt. Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , by Count Badger—Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs..		4	2	dist.
E. Lewis' ch. h. <i>Sportsman</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, aged.....		3	4	dist.
W. R. Peyton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs.....		2	3	dr
Time, 1:53—1:53½—1:52.				

FRIDAY, Nov. 22—Purse \$500, ent. \$30, added; conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's ch. f. <i>Fanny Strong</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	Taylor Argo.	1	1
Davis & Ragland's b. c. <i>Preston</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot by Roancke, 3 yrs....		2	2
Robt. Smith's b. f. <i>Day Dream</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....		dist.	
W. R. Peyton's b. h. <i>Bay Balton</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs.....		dist.	
Time, 5:52—5:58.			

SATURDAY, Nov. 23—Purse \$300, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats.

Robt. Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Thos. Kirkman's ch. h. <i>Lantaro</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Staughton Lass by Blacklock, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Davis & Ragland's b. h. <i>Sir Joseph</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs....	4	3
Geo. Cheatham's b. f. <i>Sally Call</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.
Eli Lewis' gr. g. <i>John Slipper</i> , by Editor, out of Morocco Slipper, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 2:01—2:00.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 25, 1839—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Twenty-five subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Augustus Flud's ch. f. <i>Hermione</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, out of Leocadia (the dam of Little Venus, etc.) by Virginius.....	1	1
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Amy the Orphan</i> , by Imp. Nonplus—Gohannah by Comet.....	2	2
Dr. Darby's (W. L. Lewis') ch. f. by Argyle, out of Amanda by Kosciusko.....	dist.	

Time, 4:01—4:00. Track heavy.

The "HAMPTON PLATE," up for this day, value \$500, free for all ages, carrying their appropriate weights, two mile heats, was not run for. Col. W. Hampton's Imp. b. f. *Emily* being the only nomination, he resigned the plate to the Club, declining to walk over for it.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26—Purse \$800, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. c. <i>Santa Anna</i> , by Bertrand Junior, out of a Kosciusko mare, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. h. <i>Gerow</i> , by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Ed. J. Wilson's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 8:06—8:04. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27—Purse \$500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's Imp. b. m. <i>Emily</i> , by Emilius—Elizabeth by Rainbow, 5 y. <i>Gil. Patrick</i>	1	1
Col. Richard Singleton's ch. h. by Imp. Luzborough—Phenomena by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	4	2
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. m. <i>Jeanette Berkeley</i> , by Bertrand Junior, out of Carolina by Young Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	2	3
Edw. J. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Tom Walker</i> , by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 6:04—5:58. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28—Purse \$300, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's ch. f. <i>Zenobia</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Fanny Bailey</i> , by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	1	3	3	2
Col. A. Flud's b. f. <i>Zoraida</i> , by Virginius, out of Gohannah by Comet, 3 yrs.....	5	5	1	3
Powell McRa's b. f. <i>Pink</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Financier, 4 yrs.....	4	6	4	r.o.
Col. R. Singleton's Imp. b. f. by Chateau Margaux, out of Cuirass by Oiseau, 4 y.....	6	2	5	r.o.
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Amy the Orphan</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2	4	dr.	
Col. J. Colclough's b. c. <i>Friday</i> , by Virginius, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 3:56½—3:58—4:00—3:59½.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29—Purse \$200, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Elvira</i> , by Red-Gauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs. <i>Nathan</i>	1	1	1
Powell McRa's ch. m. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Financier, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. by Bertrand Junior, out of La Pucelle by Archy Montorio, 4 y.....	3	3	3
John Gist's ch. m. <i>Thise</i> , by Bertrand, out of Ophelia, 5 yrs.....	4	4	dist.
J. Colclough's b. c. <i>Friday</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	5	5	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:56—1:58. Track heavy and raining.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30—Citizens' Purse \$300, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Maj. Powell McRa's ch. m. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	4	1	1
Mr. Ballard's ch. c. <i>Statesburg</i> , by Godolphin, out of Amanda by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	1	4	2
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Compromise</i> , by Nullifier—Anti-Tariff by Tariff, 4 yrs.....	2	2	3
Col. John Gist's gr. m. <i>Almyra</i> ,* by Eclipse—Betty Saunders by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	3	3	dr
J. C. O'Hanlon's b. f. by Contention, out of Jane Bertrand by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	dist.		
J. Colclough's b. c. <i>Friday</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 1:55—1:55—1:59½. Track heavy, and raining. * Broke down.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., FRANKLIN COUNTY COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26, 1839—Purse \$400, ent. \$40, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Col. J. W. Camp's ch. c. <i>Bustamente</i> , by Whalebone, out of Sarah Dancy by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
H. Smith's br. c. <i>John Marshall</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 6:46—6:44.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27—Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Robt. Smith's ch. f. <i>Polly Pillow</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. H. Turner's br. c. <i>Jim Boy</i> , by Marion, out of Bustamente's dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 4:03—4:12.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's ch. c. <i>Shamrock</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveler, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Robt. Smith's br. f. <i>Day Dream</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.
Timothy Cooley's b. g. <i>Backslider</i> , pedigree unknown.....	dist.	

Time 2:08—2:15.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29—Purse \$700, ent. \$70, conditions as before; Four mile heats.
 Boardman & McLaran's ch. f. *Fanny Strong*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. *Barney*. 1 1
 L. P. Cheatham's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 6 yrs. 2 2
 N. Terry's (W. H. Gee's) b. g. *Van Buren*, by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 3 3
 Robt. Smith's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Sally Nailor by Tiger Whip, 3 yrs. dist.
 Time. 9:41—9:10.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30—Purse \$450, ent. \$45, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Boardman & McLaran's br. f. *Maria Brown*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette by Sir Hal, 3 yrs. 1 1 1
 Robt. Smith's ch. f. *Old Mistress*, by Count Badger, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 2 4 2
 Thos. Kirkman's ch. h. *Lantaro*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Staughton Lass by Blacklock, 5 yrs. 4 3 3
 L. J. Polk's ch. c. *Lynedock*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of own sister to Tennessee Oscar, 4 yrs. 3 2 4
 Time, 2:08—2:12—2:08.

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 12, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Eight subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Taylor & Garland's gr. f. *Jane Splane*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Helen McGregor by Mercury, out of a Palafox mare 1 1
 Col. W. Offutt's b. c. by Hickory 2 dist.
 Dr. Geo. Hill's b. f. *Queen Victoria*, by Edward dist.
 Time. 2:06—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13—Purse \$100, ent. \$15, for pure blooded Creoles or those of Spanish blood; catch weights. One mile.
 J. M. Bill's b. g. *Rawhide* 1
 A. Disessart's b. g. *Opeλουςas* 2
 Time. 2:16.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$300, ent. 10 per cent., for American Creoles, or those introduced into the State before they were 18 months old; 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.
 John F. Miller's ch. f. *Fairly Fair*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Peter Teazle, 3 yrs. 1
 T. J. & M. Wells' (W. C. Martin's) ch. f. *Nancy O*, by Flag, dam by Mons. Tonson 2
 J. Chambers' ch. h. *Oscar*, by Ulysses, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs. 0

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$400, free for all, entrance and weights as before; Two mile heats.
 John F. Miller's ch. m. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 5 yrs. 1 1
 T. J. & M. Wells' (Hugh Carlin's) b. h. *George Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Lawrence, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 4:05—4:04½.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 John F. Miller's ch. f. *Curculia*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs. 1
 Josias Chambers' b. h. *Oscar*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. dist.
 Time not kept.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 John F. Miller's ch. m. *Harpalyce*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 1 1 1
 T. J. & M. Wells' (W. C. Martin's) ch. f. *Nancy O*, pedigree above 3 2 2
 J. Chamber's ch. h. *Oscar*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 2 3 dist.
 Time, 2:02—2:03—2:03.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$500 a side, Mile heats.
 Taylor & Garland's gr. f. *Jane Splane*, pedigree above, 2 yrs. 1 1
 Mr. Wykoff's ch. m. *Lady Wagner*, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 1:57½—2:01.

FAIRFIELD, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1839—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Subscription \$20 each, with \$50 added. Mile heats.
 O. P. Hare's (M. T. Hawkins') ch. c. *Panic*, by Eclipse—Aggy-Up by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 2 1 1
 Col. John Ieth's gr. m. by Greybeard 3 3 2
 Charles Carter's b. m. *Lizette*, by Imp. Fylde 1 2 dr
 Time, 4:11—4:09.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Subscription \$100 each. Two mile heats.
 Isham Puckett's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles 1 1
 Col. Wm. L. White's b. c. Wm. R., by Goliah, out of half sister to Pizarro 2 2
 Time, 4:11—4:19.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$300, weights &c. as before: Two mile heats.
 Capt. W. Burton's ch. m. *Julia Burton*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs. 4 3 1 1
 Capt. S. W. Morgan's b. f. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, 4 yrs. 1 4 3 2
 John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley, 4 yrs. 3 5 2 r.o.
 Otway P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs. 2 1 dist.
 T. Parker Hare's ch. c. *Larkin*, by Goliah, dam by Contention, 4 yrs. 5 2 dr.
 Time, 3:55—3:54—3:53½—3:50.

NEW ORLEANS.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Subscription not given. Mile heats.

James Talley's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	1	1
B. Cheatham's b. m. by Gohanna, 6 yrs.....	3	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Goliah, 3 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 1:55—1:53.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before ; Four mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's gr. f. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	1	1
J. P. White's (James Talley's) ch. f. <i>Betsy White</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	3	2
T. B. Scrugg's b. g. <i>Jack of Trumps</i> , by Gohanna.....	2	3
Maj. Thos. Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	dist.	

Time, 8:24—8:09. Track heavy, and raining.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., METARIE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$80, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry 70lbs.—3 yrs., 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Minor & Duncan F. Kenner's gr. c. <i>Grey Medoc</i> , by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	Commodore.	1	1
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. <i>Glorvina</i> , by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, aged.....		3	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. <i>Band Box</i> , by O'Kelly, out of Lucy Brooks by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....		2	3

Time, 4:00—3:56½.

THURSDAY, Dec. 12—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, ent. \$120, conditions as before ; Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Leviathan—Morgiana by Pacolet, 5 yrs....	1	1
W. R. Barrow's b. h. <i>Pressure</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Sir William, 5 yrs.....	2	2
H. A. Tayloe's (B. Smith's) ch. m. <i>Eloise</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 5 yrs.....	3	3
John F. Miller's ch. f. <i>Curculia</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	4	4

Time, 5:49½—5:52.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, ent. \$200, conditions as before ; Four mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. <i>Maria Black</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs.....	1	1
J. S. Garrison's b. h. <i>Billy Townes</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Ira Smith's (W. Thurston's) ch. c. <i>Shreshley</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 8:01—7:47.

FOURTH DAY, Dec. 15—Proprietor's Purse \$600, ent. \$60, conditions as before ; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's (Wm. J. Minor's) b. f. <i>Tellie Doe</i> , by Pacific, out of Matilda by Gray-tail, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1	1
W. R. Barrow's gr. c. <i>Capt. Laurent</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs....	1	2	2	2
J. F. Miller's ch. m. <i>Harpalyce</i> , by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 5 yrs.....	4	3	3	3
Ira Smith's ch. f. <i>Maria Duke</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3	4	4	4

Time, 2:01—2:00—2:02—2:02.

MONDAY, Dec. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$1000, ent. \$100, conditions as before ; Three mile heats.

M. & D. F. Kenner's gr. c. <i>Grey Medoc</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	Commodore.	1	1
R. H. Long's ch. f. <i>Maria Red</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....		2	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's (Wm. J. Minor's) gr. h. <i>Sir Ariss</i> , by Trumpator, out of Grey Eagle's dam, 5 yrs.....		3	3
Ira Smith's (W. Thurston's) gr. c. <i>Draco</i> , by Singleton, dam by Whip, 4 yrs.....		dist.	
A. Carter's (J. G. Perry's) ch. c. <i>Stub Twist</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs.....		dist.	
H. A. Tayloe's ch. f. <i>Zela</i> , by Eclipse, out of Goliah's dam, 4 yrs.....		dist.	

Time, 6:05—6:06.

P. CENAS, Sec'y.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., LOUISIANA COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 18, 1839—Creole Purse \$500, ent. \$50, \$400 to the winner, and \$100 to the second best horse, if more than two start ; if but one, the purse to be \$300 ; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

John L. Lewis' gr. c. <i>Lord of the Isles</i> , by Pacific (or Napoleon), dam by Jerry, 4 yrs....	1	1
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Fantasia</i> , by Lauderdale, out of Lightning, 2 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:56.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$250, ent. \$25, conditions as before, Mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. f. <i>Fairly Fair</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs....	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. <i>Band Box</i> , by O'Kelly, out of Lucy Brooks by Bertrand, 3 y.	4	2
Fergus Duplantier's Imp. ch. f. <i>Pensee</i> , by Tramp, out of Vetusia, 4 yrs.....	2	3
D. F. Kenner's (Mr. Antil's) ch. g. <i>Speed</i> , by Granby, out of George Elliott's dam, 3 yrs.....	3	4

Time, 1:53—1:52.

THURSDAY, Dec. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, ent. \$120, \$200 of which goes to the second best horse, if more than two start ; if but two, the winner to receive \$800, if but one, \$700, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. C. Branch's (B. Smith's) ch. m. <i>Eloise</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
John Gooding, Jr.'s (John Campbell's) b. c. <i>Attorf</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Jas. S. Garrison's (J. C. Beasley's) ch. m. <i>Lucy Fuller</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 5 yrs.....	5	4	3
John F. Miller's ch. f. <i>Curculia</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	2	3	4
R. H. Long's gr. f. <i>Cotton Plant</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	4	5	5
D. F. Kenner's (Mr. Antil's) bl. c. <i>Black Knight</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 3:49—3:47½—3:49½.

FRIDAY, Dec. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, ent. \$150, \$300 of which goes to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive \$1000, if but one, \$800; conditions as before; Three mile heats.

M. & D. F. Kenner's gr. c. *Grey Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 4 yrs 1 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's (John C. Beasley's) b. h. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 5:56½.

SATURDAY, Dec. 21—Jockey Club Plate, a Splendid Silver Urn, value \$1500, and \$500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive \$1200; conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs. walked over.

FIFTH DAY, Dec. 22—Proprietor's Purse \$600, ent. \$60, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. C. Branch's (B. Smith's) ch. m. *Eloise*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 3 2 1 1 1
 Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Tellie Doe*, by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail, 4 yrs. 1 1 2 2 2
 Wm. R. Barrow's gr. c. *Capt. Laurent*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lucille by Pacific, 3 yrs. 2 3 3 dr.
 Time, 1:59—1:56—1:56—1:56—2:01.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Louisiana Plate, value \$1000, ent. \$100; 4 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Jno. Gooding, Jr.'s (John Campbell's) ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs. 3 1 1
 R. H. Long's ch. m. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 1 2 2
 J. C. Branch's (Dr. R. W. Withers') ch. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, aged. 2 3 dr
 John F. Miller's ch. m. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 5 yrs. 4 dr
 Time, 3:56½—3:58—4:02.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$100, added; conditions as before; Mile heats.

R. H. Long's gr. f. *Cotton Plant*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Jno. F. Miller's gr. f. *Medina*, by Medoc, out of Lady Bolingbroke, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 1:58—2:00. CHARLES CLAIBORNE, Sec'y.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., ECLIPSE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, feather weights. Six subs. at \$500 each, \$300 ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's gr. c. *John R. Grymes*, by Imp. Leviathan—Alice Grey by Pacolet 1 1
 M. & D. F. Kenner's Imp. ch. f. *Houri*, by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton. 2 2
 Time, 2:00—2:04.

SAME DAY—Second Race—New Orleans Plate, value \$600, ent. \$60; the winner to take the plate or money, at his option; 4 yr. olds and over, to carry 100lbs.; under that age, their appropriate weights. Two mile heats.

John C. Beasley's b. h. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 1 3 1
 Wm. J. Minor's gr. h. *Sir Ariss*, by Trumpator—Ophelia by Wild Medley, 5 yrs. 4 1 2
 Y. N. Oliver's (J. Campbell's) ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, d. by Bay Richmond, aged 3 2 3
 R. H. Long's ch. m. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 2 4 dist
 Time, 4:13—4:06—4:07.

FRIDAY, Dec. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, ent. \$100, \$200 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive \$800; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. m. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs 1 1
 R. H. Long's gr. f. *Cotton Plant*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 6:45.

SATURDAY, Dec. 28—Proprietor's Purse \$700, ent. \$70, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Minor & D. F. Kenner's gr. c. *Grey Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Gray Fanny by Bertrand, 4 yrs. Commodore. 1 1
 S. Elliott's (B. Smith's) ch. m. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Don Quixotte, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Jno. C. Beasley's (J. G. Perry's) ch. c. *Stub Twist*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs. dist.
 Time, 4:05—4:13.

FOURTH DAY, Dec. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, ent. \$200, \$500 to go to the second best horse; conditions as before; Four mile heats.

M. & D. F. Kenner's gr. c. *Grey Medoc*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. Commodore. 1 1
 Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs 2 2
 Y. N. Oliver's (John Campbell's) b. c. *Attory*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 4 3
 John C. Beasley's b. h. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 3 4
 R. H. Long's ch. c. *Allen Brown*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs. dist.
 Time, 8:05—8:01.

MONDAY, Dec. 30—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$50, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Tellie Doe*, by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
 Y. N. Oliver's (J. G. Perry's) b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam unknown, 3 yrs. 4 4 2
 Jno. F. Miller's ch. f. *Curculia*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs. 2 2 3
 Jno. C. Beasley's ch. m. *Lucy Fuller*, by Eclipse, dam by Pakenham, 5 yrs. 5 3 4
 Alex. Porter's bl. c. *Black Knight*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs. 3 5 5
 Time, 1:54½—1:55—1:55.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 4, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Eight or nine subs. at \$100 each. h. ft. Mile heats.

Lovell & Smith's ch. c. <i>Gov. Butler</i> , by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director.....	1	1
Col. Hampton's br. f. <i>Kate Seyton</i> , by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.....	2	2
Mr. Richardson's br. c. by Mucklejohn, out of Julia.....	3	dist.

Time, 1:49—1:50.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$325, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4. 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. m. <i>Jeanette Berkeley</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina by Young Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Fanny Bailey</i> , by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Mr. R. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Trident</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Little Venus, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 7:59—8:00.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Purse \$300, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Lady Cava</i> , by Bertrand, out of Betsey Echols, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Flud's b. f. <i>Zoraida</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Mr. R. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Trident</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	bolt.	

Time, 3:55—3:53.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Purse \$200, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Any the Orphan</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Comet, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Flud's b. c. by Imp. Nonplus, out of Nancy Air (dam of Transport).....	2	2
Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Elvira</i> , by Redgauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs.....	3	3
Mr. R. Richardson's br. c. by Mucklejohn, out of La Pucelle.....	dist.	
Col. Colclough's b. c. <i>Friday</i> , by Virginius, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:49—3:50.

MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 3, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats.

Thomas Watson's ch. f. <i>Caroline Malone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Proserpine by Oscar. Cuff.	1	1
B. Smith's br. c. <i>Matchem</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella by Shylock.....	2	2

Time, 4:07—4:16.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, added to a Sweepstakes of \$25 each, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

R. B. Harrison's ch. c. <i>Talley</i> , by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	1	2	1
R. H. Long's b. c. <i>Highway</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Robin Gray, 3 yrs.....	3	1	2
H. A. Tayloe's b. c. <i>Keno</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Ragland's Diomed, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 1:56—2:00—2:05.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

B. Smith's ch. m. <i>Eloise</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 5 yrs.....	1	1
B. Smith's b. m. <i>Fancy</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	2	2
R. Chapman's gr. g. <i>Richard</i> , by Sir Richard, dam by Telemachus, 4 yrs.....	dist	
H. A. Tayloe's b. f. <i>Cinderella</i>	dr	

Time, 3:55—4:00.

THURSDAY, Dec. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

R. H. Long's gr. f. <i>Cotton Plant</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
R. H. Long's b. m. <i>Fancy</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
H. A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. <i>Maria Black</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 6:06—6:13—6:16. * Took the heat, but distanced for foul riding.

FRIDAY, Dec. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. <i>Maria Black</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	R. Adams.	1	1
R. H. Long's ch. f. <i>Maria Red</i> , by Bertrand, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....		3	2
R. B. Harrison's b. h. <i>Pollard Brown</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....		2	3

Time, 8:12—8:21. Won easily. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

M. Grissett's ch. f. <i>Gertrude</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Parasol by Napoleon, 4 y <i>Spencer</i>	1	1	1
R. H. Long's b. h. <i>Highway</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	2	dr
Robert Chapman's gr. g. <i>Richard</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:58. Won without a struggle.

LA GRANGE, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, Oct. 14, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs, fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, \$75 ft. Two mile heats.

Jernegan & Donelson's ch. c. <i>Clear the Track</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.	1	1
Capt. Thomas J. Winston's b. f. <i>Maria Winston</i> , by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet.....	2	2

Time, 3:57—4:04.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft.

J. Lake's Luzborough.....	rec'd ft.	
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WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

E. Sparks' ch. c. <i>Peter Spyke</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Jack Andrews, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Nat. Perry's b. f. <i>Sally Sampson</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	3	2	dr
Capt. T. J. Winston's b. h. <i>Jack Downing</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs....	1	3	dr

Time, 3:55—4:05.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before; Three mile heats.
 Capt. T. J. Winston's b. c. *Goneaway*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 E. Sparks' b. h. *Bay Middleton*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 5:55—6:00.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before; Four mile heats.
 E. Sparks' br. c. *Preston*, by Telegraph, out of Olivia's dam, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Jerneagan & Donelson's b. f. *Fanny Jones*, by Telegraph, dam by Topgallant, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 8:27—8:40.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Jerneagan & Donelson's ch. c. *Clear the Track*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 4 0 1 1
 Capt. T. J. Winston's b. f. *Maria Winston*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 4 1 0 2 2
 N. Barry's b. f. *Sally Sampson*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 5 2 0 dist.
 Wm. J. Bledsoe's ch. g. *Wild Irishman*, by Peacock, dam unknown..... 2 3 dr.
 M. W. Edwards' b. f. *Burnt Nose*, by Atlantic, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Time, 1:52—1:57—1:59—2:05—2:00.

NATCHEZ, Miss., PHARSALIA COURSE.

MONDAY, Nov. 11, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, feather weights. Three subs: at \$500 each, P. P. One mile.

Stephen D. Elliott's ch. f. <i>Conchita</i> , sister to Capt. McHeath, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster.....	1
Jas. Raile's ch. c. <i>Nick of the Woods</i> , by Medoc, out of Sister to Dungannon by Sumpter..	2

Time, 2:08. Track very deep and muddy.

TUESDAY, Nov. 12—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Seven subs. at \$500 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's own sister to Zelina..... walked over.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$400, entrance \$50, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. <i>Band Boz</i> , by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks by Bertrand, 3 yrs..	Sip.	1
Jas. Rockwater's b. c. <i>Capt. Pomp</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 4:04. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$400 in money, and the *Pharsalia Plate*, value \$300, ent. \$100, conditions as before; the Cup to be withdrawn, if there be but one entry. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. *Ajax*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.... walked over.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Purse \$1200, ent. \$125, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pa-colet, 5 yrs.....	Dave.	1	1
W. J. Minor's gr. h. <i>Sir Ariss</i> , by Trumpator—Grey Eagle's dam by Wild Medley, 5 yrs..	2	2	

Time, 8:36—8:50. Track uncommonly deep and heavy. Won very easy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16—Purse \$550, entrance \$50, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

W. J. Minor's b. f. <i>Tellie Doe</i> , by Pacific, dam by Grey Tail, 4 yrs.....	Charles Blake.	1	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. <i>Band Boz</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....		2	2	2

Time, 1:58—1:57—2:02. Track still very heavy.

HINDS COUNTY, Miss., OAKLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29, 1839—Purse \$200, entrance \$20, for 2 yr. olds, 70lbs., and 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.; fillies allowed 3lbs.; Mile heats.

Col. V. C. Hick's ch. c. by Redfix (or Redfox), dam unknown, 2 yrs..... walked over.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—Match, \$1000 aside, Mile heats.

Walter Strother's ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 6 yrs.....	1	1
J. D. Alford's ch. c. <i>Redbone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Nancy Henderson, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:57.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$30, free for all ages, 2 and 3 yr. olds carrying weight as before—4, 100lbs.—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

W. Strother's ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	1	1
A. Webster's br. m. <i>Taladega</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Lafitte, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 4:00—3:56.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1—Purse \$375, ent. \$40, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

W. Strother's ch. h. <i>Yazoo Trapper</i> , by Sir William, dam unknown, aged.....	1
A. Webster's ch. f. <i>Lady Stock</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs.....	dist.

Time, 6:06.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2—Purse \$275, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. Johnson's b. h. <i>Toby</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Eagle, 6 yrs.....	2	1
W. T. Dillon's ch. f. <i>Fantail</i> , by Waxy, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	1	bolt

Time, 1:52.

Match, \$600 a side, One mile.

W. T. Dillon's ch. f. <i>Fantail</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1
W. Strother's ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	2

Time, 1:55. Won easily. W. F. DILLON, Sec'y & Prop'r.

THE
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR,
FOR
1840;

BEING
AN APPENDIX

TO
The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,
FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF THE TURF REGISTER AND THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
Corner of Broadway and Barclay Street.

1840.

THE AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR,

FOR

1840.

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 8, 1840—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yrs., 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , by Count Badger—Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	1	1
Hayward & Brown's b. c. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	2	2
E. D. House's gr. g. <i>Capt. Mile</i> , by Phenomenon, dam by Spread Eagle, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
Time, 1:54—1:53.		

THURSDAY, Jan. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Queen Elizabeth</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs...	1	1
Hayward & Brown's ch. f. <i>Pauline</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	2	2
J. J. Pittman's b. f. <i>Eliza Head</i> ,* by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
E. D. House's ch. h. <i>Jumper</i> , by Timoleon, out of Diana Vernon, aged.....	dist.	
Time, 3:55—3:58. * Carried 2lbs. over weight.		

FRIDAY, Jan. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Head & Smith's b. c. <i>Leslie</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	1	1
J. J. Pittman's ch. h. <i>Charles Archie</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Hayward & Brown's b. c. <i>Henry Mickens</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. dist.	dist.	
Time, 8:13—8:23.		

SATURDAY, Jan. 11—Proprietor's (Handicap) Purse \$250, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs. 97lbs.....	1	1
E. D. House's ch. h. <i>Jumper</i> , pedigree above, aged, 114lbs.....	*	dist.
Hayward & Brown's b. c. <i>Rienzi</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs. 94lbs.....	*	dr.
J. J. Pittman's b. f. <i>Eliza Head</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs. 91lbs.....	*	dr.
Time, 1:53—1:55. * Not placed.		

AUGUSTA, GA., HAMPTON COURSE.

MONDAY, Jan. 13, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. — subs. at \$1000 each, h. ft., declaration \$125. Mile heats.

G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin..... walked over.
The other nominations declared off.

TUESDAY, Jan. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$20, 2 yr. olds to carry 77lbs.—3, 80—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs..... *Henry*. 1 1
 Smith & Townes' b. c. *A. J. Lawson*, by Imp. Hedgford—Kitty Fisher by Gallatin, 3 y 2 2
 Time, 4:01—4:05.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 15—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$30, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... *Robin*. 1 1
 Colclough & Co.'s gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon—Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 5:59—5:56.

THURSDAY, Jan. 16—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$40; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's ch. c. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 4 y. *Craig*. 1 1
 Col. A. Thomas' gr. c. *Cavalier Servente*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Andrew, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Hammond & Tuggle's ch. h. *Gerow*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs..... 3 3
 Time, 7:58—7:57.

FRIDAY, Jan. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before; Mile heats' best 3 in 5.

Griffin Edmonson's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs..... 1 1 1
 M. L. Hammond's ch. m. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eelipse, dam by Gallatin, 6 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Time, 1:51—1:53—1:53.

SATURDAY, Jan. 18—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Seven subs. at \$250 each, h. ft., and declaration \$75. Mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's b. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, pedigree above..... walked over.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. — subs. at \$500 each, h. ft., and \$75 declaration. Mile heats.

M. L. Hammond's b. c. *A. J. Lawson*, pedigree above..... walked over.

RAYMOND, Miss., OAKLAND COURSE.

MONDAY, Jan. 13, 1840—Jockey Club Purse \$240, ent. \$20, added; for 2 yr. olds. Mile heats.

Thos. M. Anderson's ch. f. *Minerva Proffit*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophia Bess.. 1 1
 John H. Walker's ch. c. *Pike*, by Pacific, dam by Imp. Stump the Dealer..... 2 2
 Time, 2:00—1:59.

TUESDAY, Jan. 14—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, added; free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. One mile.

S. T. Day's ch. g. by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 4 yrs..... 1
 W. F. Dillon's ch. f. by Waxy, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs..... 2
 A. McGahey's b. m. by Bertrand, 5 yrs..... 3
 J. H. Walker's b. c. *Euclid*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..... 4
 Time, 1:57.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 15—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$30, added; conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Long & Smith's b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, — yrs..... 1 1
 W. Strother's ch. h. *Leesburg*, by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 6 yrs..... 2 dist.
 Time, 4:10—4:11.

THURSDAY, Jan. 16—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$40, added; conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Long & Smith's br. f. *Red Rose*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Bagdad, — yrs..... 1
 W. Strother's ch. g. *Yazoo Trapper*, by Sir William, aged dr.

FRIDAY, Jan. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$250, ent. \$18, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. H. Walker's b. c. *Euclid*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 1 1
 Mr. ———'s c., 3 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Mr. ———'s *Red Bone*, by Imp. Leviathan..... 3 3 dist.
 Time, 2:00—1:59—2:01.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 22, 1840—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$50, free for all ages, 2 yr olds, 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards. 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. f. *Curculia*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Jos. P. Williamson's ch. c. *Mango*, by Lance, out of Weaver Girl, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
 Hugh Carlin's b. h. *Geo. Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Laurance, 5 yrs..... 3 dr
 F. Henderson's b. f. *Jane Travers*, by Granby, dam unknown, 3 yrs..... 4 dr
 Jos. J. Scott's ch. f. *Cordelia*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 2 yrs..... 5 dr
 Time, 4:12.

THURSDAY, Jan. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$60, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. m. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 5 yrs..... 1
J. G. Young's b. c. *Glaucus*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 4 yrs..... dist.
Time, 6:16.

FRIDAY, Jan. 24—Creole Purse \$600, ent. \$50, conditions as before; Mile heats.

F. Henderson's ch. c. *Zemna*, by Ulysses, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs..... 4 1 1
Josias Chambers' ch. h. *Oscar*, by Ulysses, dam unknown, 5 yrs..... 1 2 3
Wm. C. C. Martin's ch. f. *Nancy*, by Flag, dam by Mons. Tonson, 2 yrs..... 2 3 2
J. M. Wells' ch. c. *Dan Faulk*, by Granby, dam by Richard, 2 yrs..... 3 dist.
J. G. Young's ch. c. *Quartica*, by Ulysses, dam by Timoleon, 2 yrs..... 5 dr.
Time, 2:00—2:00—2:02.

SATURDAY, Jan. 25—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$25, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John F. Miller's ch. f. *Curculia*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 3 2 1 1 1
Jos. P. Williams' b. c. *Mango*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 5 4 5 dist.
Jos. J. Scott's ch. c. *Governor Poindexter*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..... 5 3 2 2 r.o.
F. Henderson's ch. c. *Zemna*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 4 3 3 r.o.
J. G. Young's b. c. *Glaucus*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 6 6 5 4 r.o.
Thos. J. Well's gr. f. *Jane Splane*,* by Imp. Autocrat, d. by Mercury, 2 yrs 4 1 6 dist.
Time, 1:57—1:54—1:57—1:56.

* Jane Splane threw her rider in the 4th heat, and was consequently declared distanced.

AUGUSTA, GA., LAFAYETTE COURSE.

MONDAY, Jan. 27, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Seven subs. at \$500 each. h. ft. Two mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin..... walked over.

SAME DAY—Match, \$400 a side, catch weights: Mile heats.

Mr. Tucker's br. h. by Stockholder, dam unknown, 5 yrs..... 2 1 1
L. Glanton's b. c. by Nullifier, dam unknown, 4 yrs..... 1 2 dr
Time, 1:56—2:01.

TUESDAY, Jan. 28—Purse \$400, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 75lbs.—3, 90—4' 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's (T. J. Walton's) b. c. *Gano*, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards, sister to John Richards, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Colclough & Hammond's gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Thos. Vanlandingham's ch. f. *Polly Hunter*, by Andrew, out of Amy Hampton, 3 yrs. dist.
Time, 3:48—3:49.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side, 75lbs. each; One mile.

Col. Jones' ch. c. by Medoc, dam unknown, 2 yrs..... 1
Gen. Jos. Thomas' b. c. by Bertrand Jr., dam unknown, 3 yrs..... 2
Time not given.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 29—Purse \$700, ent. \$30, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 1
M. L. Hammond's ch. f. *Zenobia*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
Time, 5:49.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$200 a side, 75lbs. each; Mile heats.

Gen. Jos. Thomas' ch. c. by Andrew, out of Eliza North by Eclipse, 2 yrs..... 1 1
Col. Jones' ch. f. by Collier, dam unknown, 2 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 2:05—2:05. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Jan. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, ent. \$40; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. c. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs..... 2 1 1
Hammond & Tuggle's ch. h. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 6 yrs..... 3 3 2
Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 2 dr
Time, 8:00—8:01—8:03. Run in the rain.

FRIDAY, Jan. 31—Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

G. Edmonson's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs..... 1 1 2 1
M. L. Hammond's ch. f. *Zenobia*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 3 2 3 2
Capt. D. Rowe's b. f. *Saltcatcher*, by Vertumnus, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs..... 2 3 1 3
Time, 1:53—1:52—1:50—1:53.

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI.

SATURDAY, Jan. 25, 1840—Match, \$1500 on Sir Ariss vs. \$500 on Capt. Pomp, weights unknown. Mile heats.

Col. Bingham's (Wm. J. Minor's) gr. h. *Sir Ariss*, by Trumpator, out of Ophelia (Grey Eagle's dam) by Wild Medley, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Joseph Rochleau's b. c. *Capt. Pomp*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir William, 2 yrs. 2 2
Time, 1:58—1:56½. Track heavy.

PINEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Jan. 28, 1840—Plate race for a Silver Pitcher, for all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. R. Singleton's Imp. b. f. <i>Helen</i> , by Priam, out of Malibran by Rubers, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. J. R. Spann's ch. f. <i>Lady Concrake</i> , by Godolphin, out of Miss Medway, 4 yrs....	6	2
Maj. Wm. Sinkler's b. c. <i>John Duncan</i> , by Mucklejohn, out of Coquette, 3 yrs.....	4	3
Col. A. Flud's b. c. <i>Selim</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, out of Young Nancy Air, 3 yrs.....	3	4
M. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Glaucus</i> , by Mucklejohn, out of De-demonia, 3 yrs.....	7	5
Maj. P. McRa's ch. m. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Financier, 5 yrs.....	2	dr
Mr. Stoney's Imp. b. f.* by Jocelyn, or Battledore, out of Marigold, 3 yrs.....	5	dr
Dr. Ravanel's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Turk, 4 yrs.....		dist.
Dr. Darby's ch. f. by Argyle, out of Amanda, 3 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 3:50—3:50. * Carried 8lbs. over weight.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 29—Purse \$—, conditions as for the Plate race; Three mile heats.

Col. Richard Singleton's ch. h. <i>Adrian</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
Maj. Wm. Sinkler's ch. f. <i>Lady Cava</i> , by Bertrand, out of Betsey Echols, 3 yrs....	2	2	2
Col. Flud's ch. f. <i>Hermione</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, out of Leocadia, 3 yrs.....	1		bolt.
Col. Spann's br. c. by Mucklejohn, out of La Pucelle, 3 yrs.....	4		bolt.

Time, 6:01—5:53—6:04.

THURSDAY, Jan. 30—Purse \$—, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Maj. Powell McRa's ch. m. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Sinkler's b. c. <i>John Duncan</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	3	2
Col. Flud's b. c. <i>Selim</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2	3
Dr. Ravanel's ch. f., pedigree above, 4 yrs.....		dist.
Mr. Stoney's gr. f. by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Crusader, 2 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 1:54—1:51.

CHARLESTON, S. C., WASHINGTON COURSE.

MONDAY, Feb. 17, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Fifteen subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. R. Singleton's Imp. b. f. <i>Helen</i> , by Priam, out of Malibran by Rubens.....	2	1	1
G. Edmonson's ch. f. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin.....	1	2	2
J. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Amy the Orphan</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Cornet.....	3	3	3

Time, 4:09—3:46½—3:57.

TUESDAY, Feb. 18—Citizens' Purse \$1000, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing mares and geldings 3lbs. Three mile heats.

M. L. Hammond's (Col. J. Colclough's) gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs.....			<i>Nathan.</i>
Thos. J. Walton's b. c. <i>Garo</i> , by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards, sister to John Richards, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
Maj. Wm. Sinkler's ch. m. <i>Jeanette Berkeley</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina by Young Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	6	3	
Col. Spann's (E. M. Seabrook's) ch. f. <i>Meridian</i> , by Godolphin, out of Midway, 4 yrs....	3	4	
Col. A. Flud's Imp. b. m. <i>Lily</i> , by The Colonel, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon, 5 yrs....	4	5	
J. B. Allen's b. f. <i>Zoraida</i> , by Young Virginius, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	5	dr	

Time, 5:56—5:52.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Hammond & Tuggle's ch. h. <i>Gerow</i> , by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....			<i>Nathan.</i>
Col. Aug. Flud's ch. f. <i>Hermione</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, out of Leocadia, the dam of Little Venus, etc., 3 yrs.....		2	2
R. Simms' b. c. <i>Giovanni</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.....	3		dist.

Time, 8:05—8:22. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Pool Purse \$50, entrance \$10, added; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Sinkler's b. f. <i>Gipsy</i> (late Compromise), by Nullifier, out of Anti-Tariff, 4 y.	1	1
M. Deveau's ch. c. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Archy Montorio, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:00—3:58.

THURSDAY, Feb. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

M. L. Hammond's (Col. J. Colclough's) ch. f. <i>Zenobia</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Wm. Sinkler's ch. f. <i>Lady Cava</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Betsey Echols, 3 yrs....	2	2
Maj. P. McRa's ch. c. <i>Dayton</i> , by Tormentor, dam by Tuckahoe, 3 yrs.....	3	3
Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. <i>Adrian</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....		*

Time, 6:18—6:07. * Fell lame, and was stopped.

FRIDAY, Feb. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before; Two mile heats.
 Thos. J. Walton's b. c. *Gano*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Maj. P. McRa's ch. c. *Equinox*, by Gohanna, out of Fordham's dam, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Col. A. Flud's ch. f. *Hermione*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 3 dr
 Jas. F. Radcliff's Imp. b. f. *Adriana*, by Mulatto, out of Octavia, 3 yrs..... 4 dr
 Time, 3:53—4:03.

SATURDAY, Feb. 22—Handicap Purse about \$600 (the amount received at the gates).
 Three mile heats.

Maj. W. Sinkler's ch. m. *Jeanette Berkeley*, pedigree above, 5 yrs., 100lbs... *Craig*. 1 1
 J. W. Aiden's ch. f. *Zoraida*, pedigree above, 4 yrs., 90lbs..... 3 2
 T. J. Walton's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, pedigree above, 3 yrs., 84lbs..... 2 3
 Col. Singleton's Imp. br. f. *Helen*, pedigree above, 3 yrs., 87lbs..... 5 4
 Col. J. R. Spann's b. f. *Meridian*, pedigree above, 4 yrs., 85lbs..... 4 dist.
 Time, 5:54—5:56½.

The following horses were also handicapped for this race:

Omega to carry..... 109lbs	Gerow to carry..... 112lbs.
Amy the Orphan..... feather.	Zenobia..... 99lbs.
Gano..... 102lbs.	Giovanni..... feather.
Lily..... 85lbs.	Hermione..... feather.
Lady Cava..... 90lbs.	Adriana..... feather.
Adrian..... 112lbs.	Equinox..... 80lbs.
Dayton..... feather.	

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$150, entrance \$10 each, added; conditions as for the other Club purses. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Maj. Wm. Sinkler's ch. f. *Lady Cava*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 1 1
 Maj. P. McRa's ch. c. *Dayton*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Time, 1:57—1:57½—1:59.

AUGUSTA, GA., LAFAYETTE COURSE.

TUESDAY, March 10, 1840—Purse \$250, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.
 —4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Head & Smith's ch. f. *Old Mistress*, by Count Badger—Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs... 2 2
 Time, 3:49—3:51.

WEDNESDAY, March 11—Purse \$400, ent. \$30, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Head & Smith's b. f. *Queen Elizabeth*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. walked over.

SAME DAY—Match, \$100 a side, catch weights; One mile.

Head & Smith's br. g. *Moses*, by Arab..... 1
 Andrew Bell's ch. g. *Billy Peary*..... 2
 Time, 1:50.

THURSDAY, March 12—Purse \$600, ent. \$40, with an inside stake of \$1000 each. Four mile heats.

Thos. J. Walton's b. c. *Gano*, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.. 1 1
 M. L. Hammond's (Col. J. C. Colclough's) gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs..... 2 2

First heat.		Second heat.	
Time of 1st mile..... 1:55		Time of 1st mile..... 1:55	
" " 2d mile..... 1:59		" " 2d mile..... 1:58	
" " 3d mile..... 1:57		" " 3d mile..... 1:52	
" " 4th mile..... 1:57		" " 4th mile..... 2:04½	
Time of First heat..... 7:45		Time of Second heat..... 7:49½	

FRIDAY, March 13—Purse \$250, ent. \$20, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Head & Smith's ch. f. *Old Mistress*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1
 G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, pedigree above, 3 yrs., lost her rider, and was... dist.

MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

MONDAY, March 9, 1840—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$50, added; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 75lbs.—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing mares and geldings 3lbs. One mile and three quarters.

Burton & Long's b. f. *Calantha*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Jackson, 4 yrs..... 1
 Thos. Watson's ch. c. *John Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs..... 2

Time of mile 2:05—of three quarters 1:19—of the heat 3:24.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$50, added; conditions as before. Mile heats.

Thos. Watson's (Camp & Blevins') b. c. <i>Baywood</i> , by Editor, out of Sister to Hippy by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Burton & Long's gr. f. <i>Cotton Plant</i> , by Bertrand, out of Pocahontas by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time 1:54 each heat.

TUESDAY, March 10—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 ft., to which the Proprietor added a Silver Pitcher and Salver, value \$500. Four mile heats.

Thos. Watson's ch. f. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia, Birmingham's dam, by Topgallant, 4 yrs.....	1	2	1
Wm. G. Haun's (Boardman & McLaran's) ch. f. <i>Fanny Strong</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2
R. H. Long's (J. Campbell's) b. c. <i>Altorf</i> , by Imp. Fyld, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	2	3	dist.

Time, 8:10—8:19—8:05. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, March 11—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$50, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Thos. Watson's (Camp & Blevins') ch. c. <i>Bustamente</i> , by Whalebone, out of Sarah Dancy by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Burton & Long's Imp. ch. m. <i>Likeness</i> , by Sir Peter Lely, dam by Walton, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:56—4:00.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

R. H. Long's ch. c. <i>Allen Brown</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.....	2	1	1
Thos. Watson's ch. c. <i>John Malone</i> , pedigree above.....	3	3	2
Boardman & McLaran's Imp. ch. c. <i>Shamrock</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveller.....	1	2	dr
Burton & Long's br. c. <i>Tom Leefe</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia, the dam of Birmingham, Bee's-wing, etc.....			pd. ft.
Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. <i>John Howard</i> , by Pacific, out of Sumner's Matilda, County Maid's dam, by Greytail, alias Florizel.....	"	"	

Time, 3:53—4:00—4:15.

THURSDAY, March 12—Jockey Club Purse \$700, ent. \$70, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Thos. Watson's (Camp & Blevins') b. c. <i>Baywood</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	0	1	1
R. E. Harrison's b. h. <i>Pollard Brown</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	2	3	2
R. H. Long's gr. g. <i>John Anderson</i> , by Pacific, out of Matilda by Graytail Florizel, 6 yrs.....	0	2	dist.

Time, 5:53—6:04—5:58.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Prize, a New York "built" Harness, value \$250, presented by Messrs. Smith, Wright & Co., free only for saddle horses. One mile.

John F. Webb's chesnut gelding.....	1
Thomas G. Jerdan's bay gelding.....	2
John H. Stephenson's bay mare.....	3
M. Quinn's chesnut poney.....	4

Time, 2:00.

FRIDAY, March 13—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, ent. \$100, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Thomas Watson's b. f. <i>Caroline Malone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1
R. H. Long's (Jas. B. Camp's) ch. f. <i>Maria Red</i> , by Bertrand out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dr
Boardman & McLaran's b. f. <i>Fanny Strong</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....			dist.

Time, 8:10—8:12.

SATURDAY, March 14—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Boardman & McLaran's br. f. <i>Maria Brown</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1	1
B. M. Griffith's ch. m. <i>Gertrude</i> (alias Lavine), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2	2
R. B. Harrison's ch. c. <i>Talley</i> , by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	3	3	3	3
Burton & Long's b. f. <i>Calantha</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	4			dist.

Time, 1:52—1:51—1:55—1:54.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., ECLIPSE COURSE.

TUESDAY, March 17, 1840—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.: allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four subscribers at \$1000 each, f. t. & c. which the Proprietor added \$1000. Four mile heats.

John C. Beasley's b. h. *Billy Thomas*, by Imp. Fyde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. *John Hall*. 2 1 1
 Capt. Y. N. Oliver's Imp. b. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs. *Barney*. 1 2 *
 Walker Thurston's b. c. *Ralph*, by Woodpecker, out of Brown Mary by Sumpter, 4 yrs. *Jack Ford*. 3 dr.

Time 7:51—7:54—no time kept 3d heat. * Broke down.

WEDNESDAY, March 18—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Eight subs. at \$500 each, \$300 ft. Catch weights. Mile heats.

Minor & D. F. Kenner's Imp. ch. f. *Houri*, by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton... 1 1
 John G. Perry's ch. c. *Dry Dock*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Misery... 3 2
 Fergus Duplantier's br. f. *Pensée*, by Lauderdale, dam by Eclipse... 2 3
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. *John R. Grymes*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury... *

Time, 1:47—1:53. * Came in 2d, but distanced for foul riding.

THURSDAY, March 19—The "New Orleans Plate," value \$500, free for all ages, 4 yr. olds and under to carry their appropriate weight—5 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Walker Thurston's ch. c. *Sithreshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs. 1 1
 John Campbell's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 7 yrs. 3 2
 J. G. Boswell's b. f. *Luda*, by Medoc—Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. 2 3
 Capt. Y. N. Oliver's b. m. *Mary Lyle*, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 6 yrs. 4 4

Time, 3:43—3:45.

FRIDAY, March 20—Purse \$700, conditions as on Tuesday. Three mile heats. Stephen D. Elliott's (Col. A. L. Bingaman's) ch. m. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 1 1

John C. Beasley's ch. m. *Lucy Fuller*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 5 yrs. 2 2

Time, 5:49—5:41½.

SATURDAY, March 21—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, conditions as before. Four mile heats. Minor & Duncan F. Kenner's gr. c. *Grey Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 4 yrs. 1 1

Camp & Blevins' b. c. *Baywood*, by Editor, out of Sister to Hippy by Pacolet, 3 yrs. 2 2

Time, 8:17—9:03. Track very deep and slippery.

LAST DAY, March 22—Proprietor's Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
 Dr. Ira Smith's ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 4 yrs. 4 2 dist.
 Fergus Duplantier's Imp. br. f. *Fantasia*, by Tramp, out of Vetusia, 4 yrs. 2 3 dist.
 John F. Miller's ch. c. *Bob Long*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. 3 dist.

Time, 1:58—1:57½—2:00. Track heavy.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., METARIE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, March 25, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Six subs. at \$300 each, \$200 ft. Mile heats.

Minor Kenner & Brothers' Imp. ch. f. *Houri*, by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton... 3 1 1
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. *John R. Grymes*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury... 1 2 2
 John G. Perry's b. c. by Orphan Boy... 2 dist.
 Wm. R. Barrow's b. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Lucilla by Pacific... dist.

Time, 1:56—1:57—2:02. Course rather heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$25, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Dr. Ira Smith's (W. Thurston's) b. c. *Sithreshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Capt. Wm. J. Minor's Imp. b. c. *Glenara*, by Rowton, out of Nell Gwynne by Tramp, 3 yrs. 3 2
 F. Duplantier's b. c. *Big-foot*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Frolic, 3 yrs. 2 3
 J. Goodwyn's (John Campbell's) b. c. *Attorf*, by Imp. Fyde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 4 dr.

Time, 4:02—4:02. Course rather heavy.

THURSDAY, March 26—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 5 yrs. walked over.

FRIDAY, March 27—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$25, 4 yr. olds and under to carry their appropriate weights, 5 yr. olds and upwards, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

D. F. Kenner & Brothers' b. f. *Luda*, by Medoc, out of Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. 3 0 4 1 1
 J. S. Garrison's (Wm. Field's) b. h. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 1 0 5 3 2
 Capt. Wm. J. Minor's Imp. b. h. *Doncaster*, by Longwaist, dam by Muley, 5 yrs. 2 4 1 2 3
 F. Duplantier's (J. C. Beasley's) ch. m. *Lucy Fuller*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 5 yrs. 4 3 2 r. o.
 John Goodwyn's (John Campbell's) ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 7 yrs. 5 5 3 r. o.

Time, 3:50—3:49—3:51—3:53—4:00.

SATURDAY, March 28—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Minor Kenner & Brothers' gr. c. <i>Grey Medoc</i> , by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	2 1
Thos. J. Wells' (B. Smith's) ch. f. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, 4 yrs.....	1 dr
John C. Beasley's b. h. <i>Billy Townes</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	dist.

Time of First mile.....	1:57
“ “ Second mile.....	1:57
“ “ Third mile.....	1:51
“ “ Fourth mile.....	1:53

“ “ the Heat..... 7:38

LAST DAY, March 29—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$1000 each, —ft. Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Tatchecana by Bertrand..... rec'd ft.
From Perry's Stub Twist, Long's Allen Brown, and Beasley's Loadstone.

SAME DAY—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as for the other purses. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's b. f. <i>Telie Doe</i> , by Pacific, out of Sumner's Matilda by Greytail, 4 yrs.....	3 1 3 1 1
Wm. R. Barrow's gr. c. <i>Capt. Laurent</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lucilla by Pacific, 3 yrs.....	1 2 2 3 2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. <i>Capt. McHeath</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster, 4 yrs.....	2 3 1 2 3

Time, 1:50—1:49—1:50—1:50—1:50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., LOUISIANA COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, April 1, 1840—Match, \$2000 a side, h. ft., Mile heats.

J. F. Miller's b. f. *Fairly Fair*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 2 yrs. rec'd ft.
From J. R. Grymes' b. c. A. L. Bingaman, by Imp. Leviathan, 2 yrs.

SAME DAY—Creole Purse \$250, ent. \$25, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

C. Dickerson's b. c. <i>Live Oak</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs.....	3 1 1
J. F. Miller's (J. Chambers') ch. h. <i>Oscar</i> , by Ulysses, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	2 2 2
F. Duplantier's br. f. <i>Pensée</i> , by Lauderdale, out of Lightning, 2 yrs.....	1 3 dr

Time, 1:50—1:50—1:50—1:50.

FRIDAY, April 3—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

M. Marigny's (W. Thuston's) b. c. <i>Sithreshley</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs.....	1 1
D. F. Kenner & Brothers' b. f. <i>Luda</i> , by Medoc, out of Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	4 2
J. F. Miller's br. f. <i>Kate Haun</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2 3
J. S. Garrison's (J. C. Beasley's) b. c. <i>Loadstone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan.....	3 dist.

Time, 6:21—6:21.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

S. D. Elliott's (Col. A. L. Bingaman's) b. f. <i>Martha Malone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Tatchecana by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	1 4 1
J. S. Garrison's b. h. <i>Billy Townes</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	3 1 2
Wm. J. Minor's Imp. b. c. <i>Glenara</i> , by Rowton—Nell Gwynne by Tramp, 3 yrs.....	4 2 3
F. Duplantier's b. c. <i>Big-foot</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Frolic by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	2 3 4

Time, 4:19—4:08—4:06.

SATURDAY, April 4—Proprietor's Purse \$500, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

S. D. Elliott's (Col. A. L. Bingaman's) ch. c. <i>Capt. McHeath</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster, 4 yrs.....	1 1 1
D. F. Kenner's (J. G. Perry's) ch. c. <i>Stub Twist</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs.....	3 3 2
W. J. Minor's b. f. <i>Telie Doe</i> , by Pacific—Sumner's Matilda by Greytail, 4 yrs.....	2 2 3

Time, 2:01—2:00—2:04.

FOURTH DAY, April 5—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

S. D. Elliott's (Col. A. L. Bingaman's) ch. m. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	1 1
T. Watson's (Camp & Blevins') b. c. <i>Baywood</i> , by Editor, out of Sister to Hippy by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	2 2
Minor & D. F. Kenner's gr. c. <i>Grey Medoc</i> , by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	dist.

Time, 8:42—9:13.

MACON, GA., CENTRAL COURSE.

TUESDAY, April 7—Silver Cup, for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Mile heats.

Col. A. H. Kenau's ch. c. by Andrew, dam by Chanticleer.....	1 3 1
Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Eveline</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Knowsley.....	3 1 2
B. Martin's & S. Clower's ch. f. by Andrew, dam by Contentment.....	2 2 dist.

Time, 1:58—1:59—1:58.

WEDNESDAY, April 8—Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry 70lbs —3, 90—4, 102—5, 112—6, 118—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
John T. Lamar's ch. c. <i>Viceroy</i> , own brother to Dr. Syntax, by Eclipse, out of Saluda by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Col. A. H. Kenan's bl. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	4	4	3
Lamkin & Bell's gr. m. <i>Alice Ann</i> , by Director Jr., dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.....	2	4	3 dist.

Time, 4:07—4:10—4:11. Course heavy, and raining.

THURSDAY, April 9—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Queen Elizabeth</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs....	1	1	
Geo. B. Robertson's b. c. by Imp. Fyde, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
Col. A. H. Kenan's ch. c. by Andrew, dam by Chanticleer, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.	
Lamkin & Bell's ch. f. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	fell		

Time, 6:09—6:11.

FRIDAY, April 10—Purse \$350, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

M. L. Hammond's (Col. Colclough's) gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs.....	1		
Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Eveline</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Knowsley, 3 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 8:12.

SATURDAY, April 11—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	walked over.		
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BELFIELD, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, April 14, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's Imp. ch. c. <i>Phil. Brown</i> , by Glaucus, out of Bustle by Whalebone	1	1	
Edmund Townes & Brother's b. c. <i>Woodcock</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, out of Benbow's dam.....	2	dr	

Time, 1:55.

WEDNESDAY, April 15—Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Corbin & Talley's b. h. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's Imp. ch. c. <i>Harkaway</i> , by Emilius—Trapes by Tramp, 4 yrs....	4	2	
O. P. Hare's b. h. <i>Capt. Thos. Hoskins</i> , by Imp. Autocrat—Minerva by Tom Tough, 5 y	6	3	
Thos. Whitworth's ch. m. by Contention, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	5	dist.	
Dr. Thos. Payne's b. f. <i>Cameo</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Holleman's Buzzard, 4 y...	2	dr.	
Edmund Townes' b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	3	dr.	

Time, 3:54—3:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Eight subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John Hardaway's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Arab.....	1	1	
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Jane Shore by Sir Archy.....	3	2	
Thos. Whitworth's gr. c. by Greybeard, dam by Sir Charles.....	2	3	

Time, 1:58—2:02.

THURSDAY, April 16—Purse \$450, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. m. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Jas. Talley's ch. m. <i>Betsey White</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	2	dr	

Time, 6:16. Track heavy.

FRIDAY, April 17—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Eight subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. <i>John Blount</i> , by Marion, out of Mary Blount's dam....	0	1	1
A. Robinson's ch. f. by Gohanna, out of Julia Burton's dam by Tom Tough.....	4	3	2
Dr. Scott's ro. f. by Eclipse, dam by Merlin.....	3	2	3
Edmund Townes & Brother's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Boxer.....	0	4	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:56—2:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. — subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's Imp. b. c. by Emilius, out of Trapes by Tramp.....	3	1	1
John Hardaway's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Arab.....	2	2	2
Edmund Townes' b. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Timoleon.....	1	3	dr

Time, 1:58—2:02—2:06.

CLAIBORNE, ALABAMA.

WEDNESDAY, April 15, 1840—Sweepstakes for all ages, carrying 86lbs. each. Three subs. at \$500 each. Two mile heats.

Gen. Moore's b. h. <i>Scissors</i> , by Bertrand, aged.....	1	1	
Col. Alex. B. Puryear's ch. h. <i>Saladin</i> , by Tuscumbia, 5 yrs.....	2	2	
Dr. Tunstall's gr. h. <i>Van Buren</i> , by O'Kelly, 5 yrs.....	3	3	

Time, 4:00—3:51. Course eighty-four yards over a mile.

DONALDSONVILLE, LOUISIANA.

THURSDAY, April 16, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Six subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

W. R. Barrow's ch. c. <i>Geo. Kendall</i> , by Medoc, out of Jenny Devers by Stockholder..	1	1	
John G. Perry's b. c. by Orphan Boy.....	3	2	
F. Duplantier's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.....	2	3	

Time, 1:52—2:00.

FRIDAY, April 17—Jockey Club Purse \$450, ent. \$25, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

W. Thurston's ch. c. <i>Sthresley</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs.....	<i>John Ford</i>	1	1
Messrs. Kenners' Imp. ch. f. <i>Houri</i> , by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton, 2 yrs...		2	2
J. C. Beasley's ch. m. <i>Lucy Fuller</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Pakenham, 5 yrs.....		3	3

Time, 4:01—4:00.

SATURDAY, April 18—Jockey Club Purse \$700, ent. \$35, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. C. Beasley's ch. h. <i>Billy Townes</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs..	<i>Jack Ford</i>	1	1
Messrs. Kenner's gr. c. <i>Grey Medoc</i> , by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 4 yrs..		2	dr

Time, 6:10.

LAST DAY, April 19—Proprietor's Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

D. F. Kenner & Brother's ch. f. <i>Luda</i> , by Medoc, out of Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	<i>Commodore</i>	2	2	1	1	1
W. R. Barrow's gr. c. <i>Capt. Laurent</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lucilla by Pacific, 3 yrs.....		1	1	2	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:55—1:57—1:58—2:01.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$50, ent. \$20, added; for saddle horses; catch weights. Mile heats.

J. B. Marks' gr. g. <i>Grey Tocka</i> , by Pacific, 5 yrs.....		1	1
J. A. Scuddy's b. g. <i>Harkaway</i> , 5 yrs.....		2	2
N. Nicholl's b. g. <i>Wild Oats</i> , 6 yrs.....		4	3
V. Landry's b. g. <i>Bob</i> , 3 yrs.....		5	4
M. Roderiquez's ch. g. <i>Marks</i> , 4 yrs.....		3	dr
N. Martin's br. g. <i>Market</i> , aged.....			dist.

Time, 2:00—2:04.

CROSS KEYS, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, April 21, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. McCargo & Geo. W. Polk's Imp. bl. c. by Cain or Actæon, dam by Comus or Blacklock.....		1	1
Dr. Thos. Payne's ro. f. by Eclipse, dam by Merlin.....		2	2
Mr. Collins' b. c. by Star, dam unknown.....		3	dr

Time, 1:55—2:00½.

WEDNESDAY, April 22—Purse \$300, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Jas. Talley's ch. m. <i>Betsey White</i> , by Goliath, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....		1	1
Mr. Collins' ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough.....		3	2
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. m. <i>Betsey Coleman</i> , by Goliath—Melinda by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..		2	3

Time, 3:50—4:01.

THURSDAY, April 23—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Corbin & Talley's b. h. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....		1	1
Mr. Collins' ch. m. <i>Mary Green</i> , by Don Pedro, 5 yrs.....		3	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's) Imp. ch. c. <i>Harkaway</i> , by Emilius, out of Trape by Tramp, 4 yrs.....		2	dr

Time, 8:16—8:42.

FRIDAY, April 24—Purse \$100, ent. \$25, added; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jas. Talley's br. c. by Imp. Tranby, 4 yrs.....		1	1	1
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. m. <i>Betsey Coleman</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....		2	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:58—1:57½.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side, One mile.

Jas. Talley's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of John Lindsay's dam, 3 yrs.....		1
Mr. Simmon's b. c. by Marion, out of Echo by Eclipse, 3 yrs.....		2

Time, 1:55.

RALEIGH, N. C., STATE COURSE.

TUESDAY, April 21, 1840—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (R. B. Cunningham's) b. c. <i>George Lightfoot</i> , by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Mary Logan by Arab, 4 yrs.....		1	1
David McDaniel's b. g. <i>Sam Johnson</i> , by Giles Scroggins Jr., dam unknown, 6 yrs....		2	2

Time, 4:02—4:01.

WEDNESDAY, April 22—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

David McDaniel's bl. c. <i>Black Boy</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Lady Mayo by Van Tromp, 4 yrs.....			walked over.
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THURSDAY, April 23—Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. h. <i>Baltimore</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....		1	1
David McDaniel's ch. f. <i>Ellen Thomas</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Vashti's dam, 4 yrs..		2	2

Time, 8:02—8:42.

FRIDAY, April 24—Silver Plate, value \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. g. <i>Sam Johnson</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....		1	1
Mr. Grant's b. g., pedigree unknown, 4 yrs.....		2	2

Time, 1:55—2:02.

PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA.

WEDNESDAY, April 22, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Eleven subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

M. Schlatre's br. c. <i>Gaslight</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Mercury.....	1	1
F. Duplantier's br. f. <i>Pensée</i> , by Lauderdale, dam by Eclipse.....	2	2
Time, 1:53—1:55.		

FRIDAY, April 24—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$15, for colts and fillies dropped in Louisiana—free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

C. H. Dickinson's b. c. <i>Live Oak</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs.....	1	1
F. Duplantier's (J. M. Rouzan's) ch. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Candidate, out of Sally Harvey, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Robt. Bell's gr. c. <i>St. James</i> , by Cage's Pacolet, dam by Otway, 3 yrs.....	2	dr
Time, 3:55—3:53.		

SATURDAY, April 25—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats.

M. Schlatre's ch. f. <i>Lady Plaquemine</i> , by Little Red (by Sumpter), dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs.....	1	1
R. Reames' (E. W. Taylor's) gr. f. <i>Jane Splane</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Helen McGregor by Mercury, 2 yrs.....	2	dist.
Robt. Bell's gr. c. <i>St. James</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	3	dr.
James E. Robertson's b. c. <i>Thornton</i> , by Little Red, dam unknown, 3 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 1:52—1:54.		

LAST DAY, April 26—Proprietor's Purse \$150, ent. \$10, added; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

M. Schlatre's ch. f. <i>Lady Plaquemine</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	1	1
F. Duplantier's (Mr. Rouzan's) ch. g. <i>Dandy</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
Time, 1:53—1:56—1:56.			

GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, April 23, 1840—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

R. Burbridge's br. c. <i>Dick Menifee</i> , by Lance, dam by Sir William of Transport, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Joseph Clinton's (Col. T. J. Robinson's) b. c. <i>Irish</i> , by Medoc, out of Membrina by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Chas. Buford's ch. f. <i>Leopardess</i> , by Medoc, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.....	4	3
Wm. G. Skillman's br. c. <i>Richard III.</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs.....	3	4
No time given.		

FRIDAY, April 24—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

W. S. Buford's br. f. <i>Arabella</i> , by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	3	3	1	1
W. G. Skillman's br. c. <i>Camden</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2	2
R. Burbridge's br. c. <i>James D. Black</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Printer, — yrs.....	4	4	3	r.o.
S. Burbridge's br. c. <i>Serenade</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dist.	
Time, 6:59—6:46—6:48—6:47. Track in the worst possible order.				

SATURDAY, April 25—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

W. G. Skillman's b. f. <i>Susan Tyler</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by —, 3 yrs.....	3	1	1
M. Pindell's b. c. by Bertrand, out of Tarlton's dam, 4 yrs.....	4	2	2
R. P. Snell's gr. c. by Davy Crockett, 3 yrs.....	2	3	3
Duke & Buford's b. g. by Singleton, dam by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs.....	1	4	4
Time, 2:03—2:06—2:07. Track still in bad order.			

PETERSBURG, VA., NEWMARKET COURSE

TUESDAY, April 28, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

W. H. E. Merritt & Brother's ch. c. <i>Robin Cobb</i> , by Imp. Felt, out of Polly Cobb.....	2	1	1
Asa Oliver's ch. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Shakspeare.....	1	2	dr
A. Robinson & W. Burton's ch. c. by Gohanna, out of Dairy Maid.....	pd.	ft.	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Arab.....	"	"	
John D. Kirby's br. c. by Shark, out of Invalid.....	"	"	
Time, 1:55—1:58.			

WEDNESDAY, April 29—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds that never ran in a public race. Subscription \$300 each, \$100 forfeit. Two mile heats.

O. P. Hare's (L. P. Cheatham's) ch. c. <i>Old Dominion</i> , by Eclipse, out of Isabella by Sir Archy.....	1	1
Dr. Thos. Payne's b. c. <i>Telemachus</i> , by Eclipse, out of Josephus' dam.....	2	2
Thos. W. Rainey's b. f. by Imp. Whale.....	pd.	ft.
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. by Timoleon, dam by Arab.....	"	"
Time, 3:58—3:55.		

THURSDAY, April 30—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's br. h. <i>Willgo</i> (late Jack Kremer), by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	1	1
A. Wherry's (W. Irby's) b. f. <i>Margaret Blunt</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	6	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's Imp. ch. c. <i>Harkaway</i> , by Emilius—Trapes by Tramp, 4 yrs.....	5	3
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. <i>John Hunter</i> , by Shark, out of Coquette, 4 yrs.....	2	4
Jas. Talley's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	3	5
Thos. Whitworth's ch. m. by Contention, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	4	dist.
Time, 3:54—3:54.		

FRIDAY, May 1—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Jas. Long's) ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin
 Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 7 yrs. *Gil. Patrick.* 2 1 1
 O. P. Hare's gr. m. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs. 1 2 dr

First heat.			Second heat.		
Time of First mile.....	1:55		Time of First mile.....	1:58	
" " Second mile.....	1:56		" " Second mile.....	1:54	
" " Third mile.....	1:57		" " Third mile.....	2:00	
" " Fourth mile.....	2:02		" " Fourth mile.....	2:12	
Time of First heat.....			7:50	Time of Second heat.....	
				8:04	

SATURDAY, May 2—Proprietor's Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 O. P. Hare's ch. h. *Willis*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 6 yrs. 1 1
 John S. Corbin's b. h. *Bandit*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Isham Puckett's ch. c. *Bengal*, by Gohanna, out of Gulnare, 4 yrs. 3 3

First heat.			Second heat.		
Time of First mile.....	1:57		Time of First mile.....	1:55	
" " Second mile.....	1:57		" " Second mile.....	1:56	
" " Third mile.....	1:54		" " Third mile.....	1:58	
Time of First heat.....			5:48	Time of Second heat.....	
				5:49	

NEW YORK, UNION COURSE, L. I.

TUESDAY, May 5, 1840—Purse \$300, of which the second best horse receives \$50—free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 5 yrs. *Abram.* 1 1
 S. Laird's (B. B. Smock's) br. f. *Alwilda*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 3:58—4:16. Course heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts to carry 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Subscription \$500 each, \$100 forfeit, and \$50 declaration, if made by 1st March. Twenty-two subscribers, of whom six declared ft. Mile heats.

Capt. Robt. F. Stockton's b. f. *Nannie*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Mattie, own sister to Wynn's Isabella, by Sir Archy. *Wm. Wilkins.* 1 1
 Maj. Wm. Jones' ro. f. *Fleetfoot*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Dove, the dam of Zenobia, etc., by Duroc. 2 2
 Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Celeste by Henry. 3 3
 Time, 1:53—1:56½. Course heavy.

WEDNESDAY, May 6—Purse \$500, of which the second best horse receives \$100; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

S. Laird's (Mr. Longstreet's) ch. h. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs. *Abram.* 1 1
 J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Peter Pindar*, by Imp. Daghee, dam by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 6:08—6:07.

THURSDAY, May 7—Purse \$800, of which the 2d best horse receives \$200; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. h. *Prospect*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs. *John Haggerty.* 1 1
 S. Laird's (S. M. Neill's) ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich (dam of Tarquin, Suffolk, etc.) by Eclipse, aged. 2 2
 John Drew's (Dr. Poole's) ch. h. *Raritan*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 3 3
 Time, 8:08—8:20. Track rather heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Seven subscribers at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. c. *Smike*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bianca by John-son's Medley. *Wm. Wilkins.* 2 1 1
 Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Celeste by Henry. 1 2 2
 Time, 1:52½—2:01—2:10. Track rather heavy.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$100, conditions as for the other purses. Mile heats
 S. Laird's (B. B. Smock's) br. f. *Alwilda*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. *Benj. Harman.* 1 1
 John R. Snediker's ch. m. *Gypsey*, by Andrew, out of Flirt, 6 yrs. 2 3
 Time, 1:55—2:01½. Track rather heavy.

BROAD ROCK, VA., FAIRFIELD COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 5, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. *John Blount*, by Marion, out of Mary Blount's dam. 3 1 1
 Jas. Gardin's br. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Betsey Graves. 1 2 dr
 J. S. Corbin's br. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of John Lindsay's dam. 2 dist.
 Robinson & Burton's ch. f. by Gohanna, out of Julia Burton's dam. pd. ft.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. by Star, out of Trifle. pd. ft.
 Time, 1:53—1:55—1:54.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. f. by Star, out of Sally Trent.....	5	1	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's Imp. b. c. <i>Phil Brown</i> , by Glaucus, dam by Whalebone....	2	5	2
Rich. Brazeal's gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley.....	1	2	dist.
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Contention.....	4	3	dist.
J. M. Bott's b. c. by Mayday, out of James Cropper's dam.....	3	4	dist.
L. F. Hick's b. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Arab.....			pd. ft.

Time, 1:50—1:53½—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, May 6—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Scruggs and Lowrie's ch. f. by Janus, dam by Sir Charles.....	1	1	
Jas. M. Harris' ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal.....	4	2	
W. P. Winfree's ch. f. by Gohanna, out of the dam of Tobacconist.....	3	3	
Dr. Saml. Patterson's br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux.....	2	dist.	

Time, 2:01—1:54.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Subscription \$300 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

O. P. Hare's b. c. <i>Old Dominion</i> , by Eclipse, out of Isabella, Picton's dam, by Sir Archy.....			walked over.
Thos. Payne's b. c. by Eclipse, out of Josephus' dam.....			pd. ft.
Wm. McCargo's ch. c. by Timoleon, dam by Gallatin.....			" "
Townes & Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Whale.....			" "

THURSDAY, May 7, 1840—Proprietor's Purse \$250, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's bl. c. <i>Black Boy</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Lady Mayo by Van Tromp, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
Chas. Carter's b. f. <i>Margaret Blunt</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	5	2	
Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. f. <i>Martha Bickerton</i> , by Pamunky, out of Lady Rowland by Tariff, 4 yrs.....	7	3	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	4	
John D. Kirby's ch. c. <i>Hyde Park</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	4	5	
Jas. A. Semple's b. m. <i>Emily Booker</i> , by Standard, dam by Contention, 5 yrs.....	2	6	
Geo. Smith's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Paul Jones' dam, 4 yrs.....	9	7	
O. P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Old Dominion</i> , by Eclipse, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	6	dist.	
Jas. Talley's b. h. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	8	dist.	

Time, 3:50—3:49½.

FRIDAY, May 8—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. m. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. c. <i>Hard Cider</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	5	2	
Wm. McCargo's b. c. <i>George</i> , by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	3	3	
Jas. Talley's ch. m. <i>Betsey White</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	6		
Isham Puckett's b. h. <i>Willgo</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	2	dr	
J. B. Chapman's b. c. <i>Winfield Scott</i> , by Goliah, out of John Lindsay's dam, 4 yrs.....	4	dr	
O. B. Lowrie's b. g. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs.....		dist.	

Time, 5:52—6:01.

SATURDAY, May 9—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. h. by Imp. Fylde, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	4	1	1
O. B. Lowrie's b. g. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs.....	3	2	2
Jas. Talley's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	1	3	dr
C. S. Morris' b. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs.....	2	4	dr

Time, 4:00—4:00—4:09.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NATIONAL COURSE.

MONDAY, May 5, 1840—Ladies' Purse \$300, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

R. J. Worthington's b. c. <i>Astor</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of Trippit by Mars, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
Col. F. Thompson's (Dr. Neale's) b. c. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White, 4 yrs.....	5	2	
N. Luffborough's ch. c. <i>Trump</i> , by Ace of Diamonds, out of The Captain's dam, 4 yrs.....	2	3	
Wm. Holmead's (Wm. Gibbons') bl. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	3	4	
Dr. G. L. Stockett's b. h. <i>Mozart</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs.....	4	5	
Mr. Brightnell's b. c. <i>Greenhill</i> , by Gracchus, out of Noli-me-tangere, 4 yrs.....		dist.	
Gov. Sprigg's ch. c. <i>Fabius</i> , by Astyanax, out of Bonnie Lassie, 4 yrs.....		dist.	
Rod. McGregor's ch. c. <i>Ned Hazzard</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs.....		dist.	

Time, 3:47—3:50. Track heavy.

TUESDAY, May 6—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, \$75 ft. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. c. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna..	1	1	
Wm. Gibbons' ch. f. <i>Fairy</i> , by Henry, out of Firefly by Imp. Barefoot.....	2	2	
N. Luffborough's b. c. <i>Tangent</i> , by Ace of Diamonds, out of Miss Grafton by Roanoke.....	3	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:58.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. *Joe Allen*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Col. F. Thompson's ch. m. by Sussex, out of Ann Page's dam, 5 yrs. 6 2
 Dr. G. L. Stockett's b. h. *Gustavus*, by Sussex, out of Roseville, 5 yrs. 3 3
 Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. *Lady Canton*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 4 yrs. 2 4
 W. H. Sheppard's b. h. *Columbus*, by Columbus, dam by Catton, 5 yrs. 4 5
 Mr. Worthington's (Mr. Adams') ch. h. *Red Rat*, by Sir Charles, d. by Sir Hal, aged. 5 dist.
 Mr. Holmead's ch. h. *Red Fox*, by Mason's Ratler, out of a Selim mare, aged. dist.
 Mr. Queen's (G. H. Bell's) *Hornet*, pedigree unknown, 6 yrs. dist.
 Mr. McGregor's ch. f. *Fanny*, by Gimcrack, dam by Escape, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 1:50—1:52. Track still deep.

THURSDAY, May 7—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$25, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 James B. Kendall's b. h. *Sufferer*, by Eclipse, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Mr. Queen's b. c. by Ivanhoe, out of Kitty Fisher, 4 yrs. 4 2
 Gov. Sprigg's gr. f. *Mad of Northampton*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Atalanta's dam, 4 yrs. 5 3
 Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's br. h. *Sam Brown*, by Sussex, dam by Mark Anthony, 5 yrs. 2 4
 Col. E. J. Hamilton's gr. f. *Miss Cleveland*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Ninon de l'Enclos, 4 yrs. 6 5
 Gen. Gibson's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Edelin's Gracchus, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 6:01—6:13.

FRIDAY, May 8—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, ent. \$50, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Jas. Long's) ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 7 yrs. 1 1
 Col. F. Thompson's (B. G. Harris') b. h. *Reliance*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Culpeper by Carolinian, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Dr. G. L. Stockett's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, aged. 3 dr
 Time, 8:02—8:06. Raining all the time of the race.

MAYSVILLE, Ky., BEACHLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 5, 1840—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Twomile heats.
 Capt. Stephen Morgan's Imp. b. h. *Yorkshire*, by St. Nicholas, out of Moss Rose by Tramp, 6 yrs. 2 1
 Capt. Willa Viley's b. c. *Gazan*, by Sir Leslie, dam by Director, 4 yrs. 1 dist.
 Col. Sandford's br. c. Wm. *Emulous*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Willametta by William, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
 J. C. Mason's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs. 4 dist.
 Time, 3:58—3:56.

WEDNESDAY, May 6—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 Capt. Willa Viley's b. m. *Mary Brennan*, by Richard Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs. 1 1
 J. C. Mason's *Tommy Dobyns*, by Woodpecker, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Capt. Stephen Morgan's b. c. *Spal*, by Spallanzani, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs. 3 3
 Col. Sandford's ch. f. *Polly Tompkins*, by Medoc, dam by Taylor's Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:55.

THURSDAY, May 7—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 J. C. Mason's *George Burbridge*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Monsieur Tonsen, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Capt. Willa Viley's b. m. *Catherine*, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 6:09—5:56.

FRIDAY, May 8—Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Capt. Willa Viley's ch. m. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Capt. Stephen Morgan's Imp. b. h. *Yorkshire*, pedigree above, 6 yrs. 2 2
 J. C. Mason's b. c. *Robert Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 3 3
 Time, 8:19—8:30.

BALTIMORE, Md., KENDALL COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 12, 1840—The Sewell Stakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sixteen subs. at \$200 each, h. ft., declaration \$50. Six declared off. Mile heats.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. f. by Star, out of Sally Trent by Sir Archy. 2 0 1 2 1
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's Imp. ch. c. *Phil Brown*, by Glaucus, out of Bustle by Whalebone. 3 0 2 1 fell
 Geo. W. Mathews' b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Ottoway by Sir James. 1 3 dr.
 Time, 1:56—1:53—1:55—2:03—2:09.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Eighteen subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.
 Edm. Townes' ch. c. *Tattersall*, by Imp. Emancipation, out of Volney's dam. 1 1
 W. D. Bowie's gr. c. by Imp. Apparition, out of Blue Belle. 2 2
 Jas. B. Kendall's gr. c. *Hector Bell*, by Drone, out of Mary Randolph. 3 dist.
 Time, 1:54—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, May 13—Purse \$400, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

John D. Kirby's (Maj. Wm. Jones') b. c. <i>Treasurer</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Wm. Holmead's ch. c. <i>Tippicanoe</i> , by Ace of Diamonds, out of The Captain's dam, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Sufferer</i> , by Eclipse, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	4	3
Geo. L. Stockett's b. h. <i>Mozart</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs.....	2	4
Col. Selden's ch. m. by Sussex, out of Ann Page.....	5	5

First heat.		Second heat.	
Time of First mile.....	1:58	Time of First mile.....	1:56
" " Second mile.....	1:59	" " Second mile.....	1:53
" " Third mile.....	1:57½	" " Third mile.....	1:58½
Time of First heat.....	5:54½	Time of Second heat.....	5:47½

THURSDAY, May 14—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$15, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

J. D. Kirby's b. c. <i>Camden</i> , by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid by Whisker, 4 yrs.....	5	1	1
C. S. W. Dorsey's (R. J. Worthington's) b. c. <i>Astor</i> , by Ivanhoe, d. by Tripit, 4 yrs.	1	2	2
B. G. Harris' b. c. <i>Sam Houston</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Amelia, 4 yrs.....	7	4	3
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. <i>Telemachus</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	6	3	4
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph, 4 yrs.	3	dist.	
Townes & Williamson's b. f. <i>Cameo</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs.....	2	dr.	
Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's b. h. <i>Gustavus</i> , by Sussex, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	4	dr.	
H. Shepherd's b. h. <i>Columbus</i> , by Columbus, dam by Cotton, 5 yrs.....	8	dr.	

Time, 3:50—3:47½—3:48.

FRIDAY, May 15—Purse \$800, the second best to receive \$200, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

John S. Corbin's b. h. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	1	1
B. G. Harris' b. h. <i>Reliance</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Culpeper, 5 yrs.....	3	2
W. Holmead's ch. c. <i>Tippicanoe</i> , by Ace of Diamonds, out of The Captain's dam.....	2	dist.
H. C. Kendall's (W. Gibbons') b. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue, 4 yrs.	dist.	

First heat.		Second heat.	
Time of First mile.....	2:02	Time of First mile.....	2:00
" " Second mile.....	2:04	" " Second heat.....	1:57
" " Third mile.....	1:59	" " Third mile.....	1:54
" " Fourth mile.....	1:57	" " Fourth mile.....	1:53
Time of First heat.....	8:02	Time of Second heat.....	7:44

FRANKFORT, KY., CAPITOL COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 6, 1840—Cooper's Stake; Seven subs. at \$100 each, \$50 ft., and \$25 declaration; with a Silver Pitcher, value \$100, added. Mile heats.

Capt. John A. Holton's b. c. <i>Swiss Boy</i> , by Imp. Swiss, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	walked over.
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THURSDAY, May 7—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. f. <i>Cub</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	1	1
S. Burbridge's b. h. <i>Burleigh</i> , by Big Archy, out of Jim Allen's dam, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Wm. Buford, Jr.'s b. m. <i>Laura Webster</i> , by Medoc, dam by Moses, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
Robt. Burbridge's gr. c. by Sir Archy, out of Sarah Miller's dam, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 5:57—6:01.

FRIDAY, May 8—Weisiger House Stake for all ages, weights as before. Subscription \$50 each, P. P., with a Silver Pitcher, value \$100, added. Two mile heats.

Dr. L. Sanders' b. h. <i>Dr. Dudley</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Robin Grey, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's b. c. <i>Serenade</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Old Whip, 4 yrs.....	3	2
W. W. Bacon's br. f. <i>Arabella</i> , by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	2	3
Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. c. <i>Frenchman</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	4	4

Time, 3:53—3:53.

SATURDAY, May 9—Stake for all ages, weights as before. Subscription \$50 each, with \$50 added by the Club. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. Buford's ch. c. <i>Powell</i> , by Medoc, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's b. f. <i>Great Western</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. m. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Topgallant, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 2:06—2:10.

H. T. BLANTON, Sec'y.

TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA.

WEDNESDAY, May 6, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Ten subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's ch. f. by Imp. Consul, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy.....	1	1
Maj. N. Terry's ch. c. <i>Arkaluka</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally McGhee.....	4	2
Davis & Ragland's b. f. by Imp. Consul, out of Parrot by Roanoke.....	3	3
James Jackson's ch. f. <i>Cotillion</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Gallopade by Catton.....	2	4

Time, 2:00—1:52.

THURSDAY, May 7—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
Boardman & McLaran's b. f. *Maria Brown*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette by Sir Hal, 4 yrs..... walked over.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

SATURDAY, May 9, 1840—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

Tunstall & Safford's (of Arks.) b. f. *Catalpa*, by Frank, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs. 1 1
O. Baird's (of Ill.) ch. m. *Eliza Henry*, by Woodpecker, dam by Collier, 5 yrs..... 3 2
E. P. Gaines' (of Mo.) ch. f. *Isabel*, by Bolivar, dam by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.
Time, 2:14—2:14.

MONDAY, May 11—Sweepstakes, conditions as before. Two subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

Tunstall & Safford's b. m. *Eudora*, by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 6 y... *Don McKinney*. 1 1
Wm. K. Winston's b. m. *Louisa*, by Waxy, dam by Bucknor's Leviathan, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 1:58—1:58. Track heavy.

TUESDAY, May 12—Sweepstakes, conditions as before. Two subs. at \$100 each. Two mile heats.

Walker Thurston's ch. h. *Sthreshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Tunstall & Safford's b. m. *Eliza Ross*, by Marmion, dam by Whip, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 3:58—4:06. Track still heavy.

WEDNESDAY, May 13—Proprietor's Purse \$200, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Tunstall & Safford's (of Arks.) b. m. *Eudora*, pedigree above, 6 y... *Dan McKinney*. 1 1
H. Chrisman's (of La.) gr. h. *Roderick Dhu*, by Melin, dam by Bagdad, 6 yrs..... 2 2
Lane & Layton's (of Mo.) bl. m. *Ethiopia*, by Dashall, d. by Imp. Expedition, 6 yrs. 3 dist.
R. W. Sinclair's (of Mo.) b. h. *Little Barton*, by Bertrand, dam by Davis' Hamiltonian, 7 yrs..... 4 dist.
T. B. Scruggs' (of Mo.) ch. h. *Dilworth*, by Lance, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs..... dist.
Time, 3:51—3:48.

THURSDAY, May 14—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

R. J. Curle's (W. Thurston's) ch. h. *Sthreshley*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 1 1
B. W. Sinclair's b. c. *Vidocq*, by Medoc, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs..... 2 2
T. B. Scruggs' b. c. *Black Jack*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Baronet, 4 yrs..... dist.
Time, 5:55—5:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$800 a side, Mile heats.

G. L. Waugh's b. h. *Gov. Barbours*, by Imp. Truffle, dam by Holmes' Vampire, 8 yrs. 1 2 1
P. S. McCabe's ch. h. *Independence*, by Tom Fletcher, dam unknown, 7 yrs..... 2 1 2
Time, 1:56—2:05—2:11.

FRIDAY, May 15—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

John C. Beasley's b. h. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fyde, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs..... 1 1
T. B. Scruggs' b. m. *Rosa Vertner*, by Sir Leslie, dam by Director, 5 yrs..... 3 2
H. Chrisman's gr. h. *Roderick Dhu*, pedigree above, 6 yrs..... 2 dr
Time, "7:56 or 8:00"—2d heat, "between 8:12 and 8:17."

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side, One mile.

J. E. Pitcher's b. g. *Ben Buster*..... 1
T. B. Scruggs' "l." g. *Plough Boy*..... 2
Time, 1:51.

SATURDAY, May 16—Proprietor's Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Tunstall & Safford's (of Arks.) b. m. *Eliza Ross*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... *Dan McKinney*. 5 1 1 5 1
R. W. Sinclair's (of Mo.) gr. h. *Scott*, by Marylander, dam by Imp. Dye of Tripoli, 5 yrs..... 1 4 2 1 3
T. B. Scruggs' (of Mo.) b. c. *Glimpse*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs..... 6 5 7 2 2
J. E. Pitcher's (of La.) b. h. *Glaucus*, by Abdalrahman, dam by Tiger Whip, 5 yrs..... 7 7 4 3 4
O. Baird's (of Ill.) ch. m. *Eliza Henry*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 4 6 6 4 dr
W. K. Winston's (of Mo.) b. f. *Louisa*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 3 2 3 6 dr
T. J. Payne's (of Mo.) ch. c. *Billy Price*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Highland Mary, 4 yrs..... 2 3 5 dr
Time, 1:55—1:54—1:55—1:54—1:50½.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$500 a side; 100lbs. each. Two mile heats.

W. K. Winston's ch. c. *Othello*, by Waxy, dam by Hickory, 4 yrs..... 1 1
W. Thurston's b. m. *Humming Bird*, by Bertram, dam by Sartorius, 6 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 4:03½—3:55½.

CRAB ORCHARD, KENTUCKY.

TUESDAY, May 12, 1840—Poststake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — sub-scribers at \$100 each, \$— ft. Mile heats.

T. M. Kennedy's b. c. *John Young*, by John Richards, dam by Trumpator..... 1 1
H. W. Farris' ch. c. *Bourbon*, by Frank, out of the dam of Splendor and Gazelle..... 2 2
S. Davenport's b. f. *Ann Mercer*, by Frank, out of Betsey Harrison by Aratus..... 3 3
R. Jordan's ch. c. *Red Fox*, by Woodpecker, out of a Whip mare..... dist.
Time, 1:58—1:56. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, May 13—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. L. Bradley's ch. h. <i>Hawk-Eye</i> , by Sir Lovel, out of Eliza Jenkins (Pressure's dam) by Jenkins' Sir William, 5 yrs.....	1 1
S. Davenport's b. c. <i>Maffit</i> , by Frank, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs.....	4 2
R. Mosby's ch. h. <i>Guy</i> , by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs.....	2 3
T. M. Kennedy's b. c. <i>Stickney</i> , by Imp. Valentine, dam by Diomed, 4 yrs.....	3 4
R. Jourdan's <i>Woodpecker</i> , 3 yrs.....	dist.

Time, 3:55—3:51.

THURSDAY, May 14—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Robt. Mosby's b. c. <i>Red Bill</i> , by Medoc, out of Brown Mary by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	1 1
S. Davenport's ch. c. <i>Sambo</i> , by Equinox, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs.....	2 2
T. M. Kennedy's b. m. <i>Mary Burnham</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	3 0
Jas. Dunn's (S. C. Daniel's) c. <i>John Tyler</i> , by Collier, dam by Hephestion, * yrs.....	4 0
T. J. Robinson's c. <i>Irady</i> , by Medoc, * yrs.....	5 0
J. Forman's (J. G. Skillman's) f. <i>Susan Tyler</i> , * yrs.....	6 0

Time, 1:49½—1:48½. * Age unknown. 0 Not placed.

COLUMBIA, TENN., ASHLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 12, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

W. H. Boddie's ch. c. <i>Lyndhurst</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of a full sister to Tennessee Oscar by Wonder.....	Harry. 1 1
Henry Smith's gr. f. <i>Belinda Polk</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Eagle.....	2 dist.
L. P. Cheatham's b. c. <i>Melmoth</i> , by Imp. Merman, out of Katy Ann by Ogle's Oscar..	fell

Time, 1:59—2:00. Track 34 feet over a mile.

WEDNESDAY, May 13—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, the first produce of mares, weights as before. Five subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

R. K. Polk's gr. f. <i>Esther Wake</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder... <i>Bill Bird</i> .	1 1
L. P. Cheatham's b. c. <i>Melbourne</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Pacific	2 2

Time, 1:59½—2:03.

THURSDAY, May 14—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. W. B. Pillow's b. c. <i>Palmerston</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Cadmus (he by Sir Archy).....	<i>Bill</i> . 1 2 1
Henry Smith's gr. c. <i>Fielding Davis</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Richard.....	2 1 2
N. Porter's b. f. <i>Marian Porter</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Stockholder.....	3 3 3

Time, 4:24—4:17—4:19.

FRIDAY, May 15—Citizen's Purse \$105, entrance \$25, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Col. W. McCrary's (Henry Smith's) b. c. <i>John Marshall</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs.....	2 2 1 1
W. M. Bateman's b. c. <i>Duke of Marlborough</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Bateman by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	3 3 2 r.o.
John H. White's b. f. <i>Cinderella</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.....	1 4 dr.
Col. W. B. Pillow's (L. J. Polk's) Imp. ch. f. <i>Sweetbriar</i> , by Recovery, out of Primrose by Comus, 3 yrs.....	4 1 dist.

Time, 2:00—1:55—1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Saddle Race, One mile.

Won by Mr. Samuel Dickey's filly, beating three, names and blood not ascertained.

SATURDAY, May 16—Match, \$100 a side, One mile.

D. R. Wortham's b. g. <i>Thunder Storm</i> , by Giles Scroggins, out of New Constitution's dam	1
R. C. Love's chestnut gelding.....	2

Time not known.

CYNTHIANA, KENTUCKY.

WEDNESDAY, May 13, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at \$25 each, to which a Silver Pitcher was added, value \$50. Mile heats.

Robt. Burbridge's b. c. <i>Dick Menfee</i> , by Lance, dam by Sir William.....	1 1
Milton Smith's b. c. <i>Dutch Boy</i> , by Orange Boy, dam by Quicksilver.....	2 2

Time, 1:5½—1:58.

THURSDAY, May 14—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Jas. J. Allen's b. c. <i>Robert Bruce</i> , by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1 1
J. C. Mason's b. c. <i>George Burbridge</i> , by Imp. Cnateau Margaux, dam by Monsieur Tonson, 4 yrs.....	2 2

Time, 3:53—3:55.

FRIDAY, May 15—Sweepstakes; — subs. at \$25 each; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Jas. J. Allen's b. c. <i>James Crowell</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	1 1
J. C. Mason's b. c. <i>Buzzard</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs.....	2 2

Time, 4:02—4:02.

SATURDAY, May 16—Purse \$50, conditions as on Thursday. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John E. Roper's gr. c. <i>Emigrant</i> , by Cadet, dam by Imp. Contract, 4 yrs.....	1 1 1
Thos. Lynch's g. <i>Gray Davy</i> , by Davy Crockett, dam by Keith's Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	2 2 2
Jos. Shawhan's b. c. <i>Little Davy</i> , by Cherokee, dam by Virginia Whip, 4 yrs.....	3 3 3

Time, 1:53—1:50—1:51.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

THURSDAY, May 14, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$50 each, with \$50 added by the Proprietor. Mile heats.

William McMullin's ch. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.....	1	1
Jackson, Cooper & Kunkle's b. f. <i>Eliza Hughes</i> , by Marmion, dam by Sumpter.....	2	2
Cooper & Shroyer's ch. c. by Ravenscroft, dam by Hickory.....	bolt.	

Time, 1:59—2:05. Track rather heavy.

FRIDAY, May 15—Purse \$75, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. One mile.

T. G. Moore's b. m. <i>Betsey Miller</i> , by Bertrand, 6 yrs.....	1	
B. F. Jeters' b. g. by Uncas, dam by McKinney's roan, 5 yrs.....	2	
Capt. Wm. Wright's gr. m. by Uncas, dam by Tecumseh, 5 yrs.....	3	

Time, 1:53.

FAIRFIELD, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, May 19, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$150 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. f. <i>Seven-up</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Arab.....	2	1	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Shawnee.....	1	2	2
Richard H. Brazeale's gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley.....	3	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:57—1:56.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, conditions as before. Six subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Capt. John S. Corbin's b. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Bandit's dam by Virginian.....	1	1
James Gardnier's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Betsey Graves by Sir William.....	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, May 20—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$150 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (Geo. W. Polk's) Imp. bl. c. by Cain or Actæon, dam by Comus or Blacklock.....	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. c. by Star, out of Sparrowhawk's dam.....	2	2

Time not given. Course very heavy. Won handily.

THURSDAY, May 21—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's (Col. John Heth's) br. h. <i>Willgo</i> (late Jack Kremer), by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Geo. Smith's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. c. <i>Hard Cider</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	3	3
W. McCargo's b. c. <i>Geo. Lightfoot</i> , by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	4	4
Col. Johnson's (Jas. Long's) ch. c. <i>Olympius</i> , by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla Jr., 4 yrs.....	5	dr
J. P. White's b. h. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	dist.	
J. B. Chapman's b. c. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	dr.	

Time, 3:49—3:53½.

FRIDAY, May 22—Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Isham Puckett's ch. c. <i>Bengal</i> , by Gohanna, out of Gulnare by Duroc, 4 yrs.....	1	2	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. f. <i>Margaret Blunt</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2
J. P. White's ch. m. <i>Betsey White</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.	
Chris. S. Morris' b. c. <i>Brandy</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Gloucester's dam, 4 yrs...	4	dist.	
Maj. T. Doswell's br. m. <i>Martha Bickerton</i> , by Pamunky, out of Lady Rowland by Tariff, 5 yrs.....	5	*	
W. McCargo's ch. f. <i>Ellen Thomas</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bullock's Macklejohn, 4 yrs.....	dist.		

Time 8:06—7:55—8:19. * Drawn from being lame.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA, CAMDEN COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 19, 1840—Match, \$5000 a side, \$1000 ft.—114lbs. on each. Two mile heats.

Edward H. Pendleton's b. h. <i>Wonder</i> , by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlboro' by Rob Roy, 5 yrs.....	1	1
John Harrison's (Mr. Longstreet's) ch. h. <i>Clarion</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:51—3:54.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Ten subscribers at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Mile heats.

O. P. Hare's (Townes & Williamson's) ch. c. <i>Tattersall</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, out of Volney's dam by Sir Archy.....	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. <i>Nannie</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy.....	2	2

Time, 1:51—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, May 20—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Amelia Priestman</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarté by Eclipse.....	2	1	1
J. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) ch. c. <i>Smike</i> , by Imp. Trustee out of Bianca by Medley.....	1	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:57—2:00. Track heavy, and raining.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; with 3lbs. allowance to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

John D. Kirby's (Maj. Wm. Jones') b. c. <i>Treasurer</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove (Zenobia's dam) by Duroc, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Dr. McClellan's) b. c. <i>John Hunter</i> , by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dr
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. h. <i>Prospect</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs.....			dist.

Time, 3:53—4:00.

THURSDAY, May 21—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's gr. m. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Mr. Pendleton's) b. h. <i>Wonder</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	2	2	

Time, 6:23—6:28. Course very heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

James B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
O. P. Hare's b. f. <i>Cameo</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
D. Toms' (Mr. Coleman's) ch. c. <i>Borak</i> , by Andrew, out of Trifle's dam by Cicero, 4 yrs.....			dist.
W. Green's b. m. by Prizefighter, 5 yrs.....			dist.

Time, 1:59—2:11.

FRIDAY, May 22—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 7 yrs.....			walked over.
Corbin & Talley's b. h. <i>Bandit</i> , 5 yrs., was entered, but withdrawn.			

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at \$500 each, to which the Proprietor added \$500. Three mile heats.

John D. Kirby's b. c. <i>Camden</i> , by Shark, out of Imp. Invald by Whisker, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
Col. Johnson's (John C. Stevens') ch. h. <i>Fordham</i> , by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	3	2	
O. P. Hare's (W. Livingston's) b. h. <i>Job</i> , by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	2	3	

Time, 6:23—6:15. Course very heavy.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

WEDNESDAY, May 20, 1840—The "*Brennan Stakes*" for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sixteen subscribers at \$100 each, h. ft., to which JOHN BRENNAN, Esq., added a Silver Pitcher of the value of \$100. Mile heats.

Dr. E. Warfield's br. c. <i>Berthune</i> , by Sidi Hamet, out of Susette by Aratus.....	1	1	
W. Scott Buford's b. c. <i>Swiss Boy</i> , by Imp. Swiss, dam by Stockholder.....	6	2	
Capt. H. Daniel's f. <i>La Belle</i> (pedigree omitted).....	4	3	
Lewis Sanders, Jr.'s b. f. <i>Gulnare</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Wm. of Transport.....	3	4	
Charles Buford's ch. f. by Tiger, out of Keph's dam by Sumpter.....	2	5	
Richard Pindell's b. c. <i>Abram D.</i> , by Bertrand, out of Fanny Wright's dam by Alfred.....	5	6	
H. W. Farris' f. <i>Nancy Roman</i> (pedigree omitted).....			dist.

Time, 1:49—1:49½.

THURSDAY, May 21—Post stake for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$50 each, P. P., to which the Association add \$200. Two mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's br. c. <i>Swiss Boy</i> , by Imp. Swiss, dam by Stockholder.....	1	1	
S. Burbridge's b. c. <i>Butts</i> , by Lance, dam by Bertrand.....	2	2	
J. K. Duke's b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Saxe Weimar.....			*

Time, 3:57—4:00. * The filly was lame, and pulled up.

FRIDAY, May 22 Purse \$600, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

T. Van Swearingen's (Robt. Mosby's) ch. c. <i>Red Bill</i> , by Medoc, out of Brown Mary (Ralph's dam) by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
W. Buford, Sr.'s (B. W. Dudley's) ch. c. <i>Black-nose</i> , by Medoc, out of Lucy by Orphan, 4 yrs.....	1	2	5
James Shy's br. h. <i>Occident</i> , by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Turpin's Florizel, 5 yrs.....	3	3	2
J. Brennan's (J. J. Allen's) b. c. <i>Robert Bruce</i> , by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	4	4	3
W. Brasfield's (J. L. Bradley & H. Steele's) ch. c. <i>Hawk-Eye</i> , by Sir Lovell, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs.....	5	5	4
Peter Gatewood's br. h. <i>Ben Dudley</i> , by Bertrand, out of Lady Gray by Robin Gray, 5 yrs.....	6	6	dist.
J. K. Duke's br. h. <i>Rashleigh</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Saxe Weimar, 5 yrs.....	7	7	dist.
J. G. Boswell's (W. G. Skillman's) b. c. <i>Camden</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....			*
E. Warfield's b. c. <i>Bardolph</i> , by Bertrand, out of Susan Hicks by Virginian, 4 yrs. †			†

* Let down. † Saddle slipped on his neck—the cause of his being distanced.

Time 1st mile ..	1:53	1:52	1:56
" 2d mile ..	1:54	1:56	1:55
" 3d mile ..	1:53	2:00	1:58

Time of 1st heat 5:40

Second heat 5:48

Third heat.. 5:49

SATURDAY, May 23—Poststake for all ages, weights as before. Six subs. at \$100 each, to which the Association added \$300. Two mile heats.

Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. <i>Gazan</i> , by Sir Leslie, out of Directress (the dam of Medina) by Director, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Jas. Shy's ch. c. <i>J. F. Robinson</i> , by Medoc, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Chas. Buford's (G. W. Brand's) ch. c. <i>Vertner</i> , by Medoc, out of Lady Adams, 4 yrs..	4	3
W. W. Bacon's (Spears & Shelby's) ch. c. <i>Morehead</i> , by Medoc, out of Multiflora, 4 yrs	3	4
S. Burbridge's br. h. <i>Tom Benton</i> , by Bertrand, out of Maria, 5 yrs.....	5	5
W. Buford, Jr.'s ch. f. <i>Jenny Richmond</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 3:45—3:45.		

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., WOODLAWN COURSE.

THURSDAY, May 21, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

James McClure's gr. f. <i>Young Fraxinella</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of old Fraxinella by Virginian.....	2	1	1
N. K. Leavell's br. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Tonson by Mons. Tonson....	1	2	2
James C. Johnson's gr. c. <i>Blue Gray</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Nancy Polly by Sir Hal.....	3	dist.	
Wilson Gilbert's b. f. by Pacific.....	dist.		
L. P. Cheatham's f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Strap.....	pd. ft.		
Dr. Brunson's br. c. by Stockholder, dam by Sir Henry Tonson.....	" "		
Time, 3:57—3:50—3:54.			

FRIDAY, May 22—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wiley Taylor's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Orphan.....	1	1
L. P. Cheatham's br. c. by Imp. Mermaid, dam by Crusader.....	2	2
Mr. McNibbett's gr. f. by Imp. Autocrat.....	3	3
Allen Johnson's f. by Tychicus.....	4	4
Col. John Steele's b. f. by John Dawson.....	dist.	
Messrs. Fenner's br. c. by Imp. Daghe, out of Kate Kearney by Henry.....	pd. ft.	
Time, 1:54—1:57.		
RUBEN.		

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., MULBERRY COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 26, 1840—Proprietor's Purse \$200, entrance \$15, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. h. <i>Willgo</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	1	1
A. M. Payne's ch. g. <i>Camden</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Col. F. Thompson's b. c. <i>Sam Houston</i> , by Imp. Autocrat—Charles Magic's dam, 4 yrs	7	3
Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. f. <i>Julia Thompson</i> , by Pamunky, out of Eliza Wharton, 4 yrs	5	4
Wm. Duvall's b. h. <i>Sluggard</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Rob Roy, 5 yrs.....	6	5
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	6
Walter H. Finnall's b. c. <i>Multicaulis</i> , by Imp. Tranby, 4 yrs.....	4	7
Time, 3:54—3:48.		

WEDNESDAY, May 27—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. c. <i>Omohondro</i> , by Robin Brown, out of Multiflora by Mason's Rattler.....	rec'd ft.	
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SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$100 each. h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. c. <i>Omohondro</i> , pedigree above.....	4	4	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Bandit's dam.....	2	1	2	2
Thos. Doswell's b. f. <i>Seven-up</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Arab.....	1	3	3	3
Wm. Duvall's b. f. <i>Sarah Washington</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Contentment.....	3	2	4	r.o.
Time, 1:53—1:57—1:53—2:00.				

THURSDAY, May 28—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. c. <i>Hard Cider</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	5	4	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's b. h. <i>Reliance</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Culpeper by Carolinian, 5 yrs.....	1	5	5	2
J. Talley's ch. c. <i>Laneville</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	3	1	4	3
A. M. Payne's ch. g. <i>Camden</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2	r.o.
W. H. Finnall's b. f. <i>Margaret Blunt</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Contentment, 4 yrs....	4	3	3	r.o.
Time, 5:41—6:14—5:55—5:50.				

FRIDAY, May 29—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Five subs. at \$300 each, h. ft. Four mile heats.

Wm. Duvall's (J. C. Gibson's) b. h. <i>Dandridge</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Walnut, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's (Tayloe's) b. c. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White, 4 yrs.....	2	2
James Talley's ch. m. <i>Betsey White</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	3	3
Walter Finnall's (Col. Hampton's) ch. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Eclipse, out of Wagner's dam by Marion, 4 yrs.....	pd. ft.	
Col. W. L. White's ch. h. <i>Jack Pendleton</i> , by Goliah, dam by Trafalgar, 5 yrs.....	" "	
Time, 8:47—8:52. Track heavy.		

BARDSTOWN, Ky., MEDOC COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 26, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts \$6lbs., fillies \$3lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Geo. Able's ch. f. <i>Betsey Hunter</i> , by Sir Clinton, dam by Hamiltonian. <i>James Mattingly</i>	1	1
Z. H. Dorsey's (Robt. Brashear's) b. c. <i>Jo. Murray</i> , by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian.....	2	2
S. T. Drane's b. c. <i>Carpenter</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Bertrand.....	3	3
A. G. Watt's (C. A. Wickliffe's) ro. c. <i>Woodford</i> , by Lance, dam by Aratus.....	pd.	ft.
S. M. Helm's b. c. <i>Southern Meteor</i> , by Southern Meteor, dam unknown.....	pd.	ft.

Time, 4:32—4:30. Course very heavy.

WEDNESDAY, May 27—Purse \$200, ent. 10 per cent., free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

S. Davenport's ch. c. <i>Sambo</i> , by Equinox, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs.....	1	
J. J. Truax & Co.'s ch. f. <i>Martha Buford</i> , by Medoc, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
A. P. Churchill's ch. c. <i>Henry C. Pope</i> , by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

THURSDAY, May 28—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

A. G. Bacon's ch. f. <i>Peoria</i> , by Medoc, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.....	4	1	1
S. Davenport's ch. c. <i>Ebro</i> , by Frank, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs.....	1	2	4
J. Ditto's b. c. <i>Hardin</i> , by Aratus, dam unknown. 3 yrs.....	5	4	2
S. T. Drane's bl. m. <i>Diana Crow</i> , by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 5 yrs.....	3	5	3
C. Weather's b. c. <i>Ploughboy</i> , by Bowman's Bertrand, dam by Monitor Whip, 3 yrs.....	2	3	5
J. J. Truax & Co.'s ch. c. <i>Gov. Clark</i> , by Medoc, dam by Old Court, 3 yrs.....	6	6	dr

Time, 2:06—2:09½—2:15½.

FRIDAY, May 29—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

A. G. Bacon's br. f. <i>Arabella</i> , by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Wm. Buford's ch. f. <i>Red Morocco</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.....	3	2
S. Davenport's b. c. <i>Maffit</i> , by Frank, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 8:23—7:47.

SATURDAY, May 30—Proprietor's Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Wm. Buford's b. h. <i>Mirabeau</i> , by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sunpter, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
S. Davenport's ch. c. <i>Sambo</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	3	2
S. T. Drane's bl. m. <i>Diana Crow</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	3	2	3

Time, 2:03½—2:02—2:00.

TRENTON, N. J., EAGLE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 27, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

James B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Amelia Priestman</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarté by Eclipse....	1	1
Maj. Wm. Jones' gr. f. <i>Fleetfoot</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Dove (the dam of Zenobia and Treasurer) by Duroc.....	2	2
Daniel H. Ellis' ch. f. <i>Rosalinda Jr.</i> , by Imp. Trustee—Rosalinda by Ogle's Oscar..	3	dist.

Time, 1:50½—1:52.

THURSDAY, May 28—Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. D. Kirby's (Maj. W. Jones') b. c. <i>Treasurer</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove (Zenobia's dam) by Duroc, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Wm. Gibbons' bl. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..	2	2
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 4 y.	dr.	

Time, 3:47—3:45½.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. <i>John Hunter</i> , by Shark—Cequette by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	0	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	0	2	2

Time, 1:49—1:50½—1:51.

FRIDAY, May 29—Purse \$600, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. m. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Corbin & Talley's b. h. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	2	2
J. Sparling's (Dr. Poole's) ch. h. <i>Raritan</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Indiana, by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 5:48—5:42½.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Mr. Gibbons' b. h. <i>Gustavus</i> , by Sussex, dam by Thornton's Rattler, 5 yrs.....	1	1
J. Sparling's ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Henry, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:52.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before, Four subs. of \$500 each, \$200 ft., to which the proprietor was to add \$1000, if more than one started. Four mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. m. *Andrewetta*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... walked over.

Clarion, Hornblower, and Passenger being amiss.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., OAKLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, June 2, 1840—The "Hotel Stakes," for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Subscription \$100 each, to which the Proprietor added \$300. Two mile heats.

Jas. K. Duke's ch. f. by Tiger, out of Keph's dam.....	1	1
W. W. Bacon's (Capt. Holton's) b. c. <i>Swiss Boy</i> , by Imp. Swiss, dam by Stockholder.....	2	2
A. P. Churchill's ch. c. <i>H. C. Pope</i> , by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy.....	3	dist.
H. Daniel's br. f. by Mucklejohn, out of Maria Louisa's dam.....	dist.	

First heat.

Second heat.

Time of First mile.....	1:55	Time of First mile.....	1:56
" " Second mile.....	2:02	" " Second mile.....	2:05

Time of First heat..... 3:57 Time of Second heat..... 4:01

WEDNESDAY, June 3—Proprietor's Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.

Two mile heats.
 Jas. Shy's ch. c. *Jas. F. Robinson*, by Medoc, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... 3 1 1
 W. Viley's (Dr. Warfield's) b. c. *Gazan*, by Sir Leslie—Directress by Director, 4 yrs 1 2 3
 Jas. K. Duke's br. h. *Rashleigh*, by Bertrand, dam by Saxe Weimar, 5 yrs..... 5 3 2
 Wm. Buford, Jr.'s (Mr. Sanford's) br. c. *William Emilius*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by William of Transport, 4 yrs..... 4 4 4
 Col. Wm. Buford's b. h. *Mirabeau*, by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sumpter, 5 yrs.. 2 dist.

<i>First heat.</i>		<i>Second heat.</i>		<i>Third heat.</i>	
Time of First mile..	1:55	Time of First mile..	1:55	Time of First mile..	1:59
" " Second mile	2:01	" " Second mile	2:00	" " Second mile	1:59

Time of First heat... 3:56 Time of Second heat 3:55 Time of Third heat... 3:58

THURSDAY, June 4—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Chas. Buford's b. f. *Ripple*, by Medoc, out of Belle Anderson by Sir William, 4 yrs... 1 1
 Jas. Shy's br. h. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Little Turtle's dam, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Wm. Buford, Jr.'s (Dr. Dudley's) ch. c. *Black-nose*, by Medoc—Lucy by Orphan, 4 yrs. dist.

<i>First heat.</i>		<i>Second heat.</i>	
Time of First mile.....	1:56	Time of First mile.....	2:03
" " Second mile	1:59	" " Second mile.....	1:57
" " Third mile.....	1:56	" " Third mile.....	2:01

Time of First heat..... 5:51 Time of Second heat 6:01

FRIDAY, June 5—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Y. N. Oliver's (Jno. C. Beasley's) b. h. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fyldes, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs..... 4 1 1
 Robt. Mosby's ch. c. *Red Bill*, by Medoc, out of Brown Mary (Ralph's dam) by Sumpter, 4 yrs..... 1 2 2
 Willa Viley's ch. m. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 5 yrs..... 3 3 3
 Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. f. *Cub*, by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sumpter, 4 yrs... 2 4 4
 Sidney Burbridge's br. f. *Mary Morris*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs..... dist.

<i>First heat.</i>		<i>Second heat.</i>		<i>Third heat.</i>	
Time of First mile..	2:04	Time of First mile..	1:57	Time of First mile..	2:07
" " Second mile 2:00		" " Second mile 1:55		" " Second mile 2:08	
" " Third mile.. 1:55		" " Third mile.. 1:57		" " Third mile 2:05	
" " Fourth mile 1:54		" " Fourth mile 2:02		" " Fourth mile 2:12	

Time of First heat.. 7:53 Time of Second heat 7:51 Time of Third heat.. 8:32

SATURDAY, June 6—Proprietor's Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Wm. S. Buford's br. f. *Arabella*, by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs..... 1 4 1
 Col. Wm. Buford's ch. f. *Red Morocco*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs..... 2 1 2
 E. V. Godwin's gr. g. *Gray Davy*, by Davy Crockett, dam by Keith's Bertrand, 4 yrs..... 4 3 3
 Jas. Shy's ch. c. *Ashland*, by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 4 yrs.. 3 2 4
 F. Herr's ch. c. *H. C. Pope*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... dist.

Time, 1:58—2:00—2:04.

NEW YORK, UNION COURSE, L. I.

WEDNESDAY, June 3, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Twenty subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 ft. Mile heats.

Robt. L. Stevens' Imp. b. c. *Plenipo*, by Plenipo, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian..... 3 1 1
 D. Abbott's (H. Wilkes') ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda (the dam of Dr. Syntax) by Timoleon..... 1 3 3
 Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. *Nannie*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Mattie (Caroline's dam) by Sir Archy..... 2 2 2

Time, 2:01—1:53½—1:55. Course heavy, and raining.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—; weight \$114lbs. on each. Three mile heats.
 Col. W. R. Johnson's (John C. Stevens') ch. h. *Fordham*, by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 O. P. Hare's (Walter Livingston's) b. h. *Jab*, by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Thornton's Rattler, 5 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 5:49½—5:48½. Course heavy, and raining violently.

FRIDAY, June 5—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Jno. D. Kirby's b. c. *Camden*, by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid by Whisker, 4 yrs... *Sidney*. 1 1
 Corbin & Talley's b. h. *Bandit*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 7:53½—8:17. Course heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Jno. D. Kirby's (Maj. W. Jones') b. c. *Treasurer*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove (Zenobia's dam) by Duroc, 4 yrs..... *Sidney*. 1 1
 Otway P. Hare's gr. m. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs..... 2 dr

Time, 5:42. Course improving.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 Col. W. R. Johnson's b. c. *John Hunter*, by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Celeste by Henry, 3 yrs..... 3 2
 Daniel Abbott's gr. h. *Manalapan*, by Medley, dam by John Richards, 7 yrs..... 2 dr

Time, 1:50—1:52½. Course improving.

MARIANNA, FLORIDA.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 5, 1840—Citizen's Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.

Two mile heats.

Messrs. Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. J. J. Pittman's b. g. <i>Uchre</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	2
John R. Fort's gr. f. <i>Mary Rob</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shawnee, 4 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 3:48—4:05.

THURSDAY, Feb. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. J. J. Pittman's ch. h. <i>Charles Archie</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	2	1
Messrs. Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Arianna</i> , by Arab, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	1	dist.

Time, 7:15—6:10.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$— a side. Two miles.

S. J. Baker's ch. g. <i>Little Peter</i> , by Escape, dam by Timoleon, 7 yrs.....	1	
Head & Smith's ch. g. <i>Sam</i> , by Pacific, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	2	

Time, 3:56.

FRIDAY, Feb. 7—Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Head & Smith's b. c. <i>Leslie</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs....	walked over.
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SAME DAY—Match, \$— a side. Two miles.

Head & Smith's b. g. <i>Moses</i> , by Pacific, 5 yrs.....	1	
S. J. Baker's ch. g. <i>Little Peter</i> , pedigree above, 7 yrs.....	2	

Time, 3:52.

SATURDAY, Feb. 8—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Col. J. J. Pittman's b. g. <i>Uchre</i> , " " 4 yrs.....	2	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:54—1:55.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

TUESDAY, May 12, 1840—Purse \$100, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Maj. E. Rector's ch. m. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archy, 5 y.	2	1	1
Col. Long's b. f. <i>Meg Dillard</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Behenith by Arabian Bagdad, out of Rosy Clack, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:53—2:02. Track very heavy.

WEDNESDAY, May 13—Purse \$200, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Long's b. m. <i>Cleopatra</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Cleopatra by Arab, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Rector's b. m. <i>Lady Nashville</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Snap, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:57—3:59.

THURSDAY, May 14—Purse \$300, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Maj. Rector's ch. c. <i>Workman</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Mr. Webster's ch. m. <i>Lady Stock</i> , by Stockholder, dam by old Potomac, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Col. Long's b. m. <i>Basheba</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Bagdad, 5 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 6:30—6:33.

FRIDAY, May 15—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Long's bl. m. <i>Coal Black Rose</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Mr. Webster's b. c. <i>Euclid</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 2:01.

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.

WEDNESDAY, May 13, 1840—Poststake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

Col. John L. White's gr. c. by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance.....	1	1
Hugh Rogers' gr. c. by Imp. Felt, dam unknown.....	2	dist.
M. Talbot's gr. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Hamiltonian.....	3	dist.

Time, 1:55—1:56.

THURSDAY, May 14—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. John P. White's ch. g. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Hal, aged.....	1	1
S. Woodroff's ro. g. by Young Eclipse, out of Betsey West, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:59—4:06.

FRIDAY, May 15—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. John P. White's ch. h. by Timoleon, dam by Trafalgar, 5 yrs.....	1	1
M. Talbot's ch. c. by Tychicus, dam by Madison, 4 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 3:59.

SAME DAY—Second Race—One mile.

Col. John L. White's b. f. by Imp. Margrave, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	1	
David McDaniel's ch. g. by Greybeard, dam by Powhatan, aged.....	2	
M. Talbot's ch. f. by Lexington, out of Betsey West, 3 yrs.....	3	

Time, 1:56.

SATURDAY, May 16—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Melville Talbot's ch. h. <i>Fortunatus</i> , by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	1	1
David McDaniel's b. g. <i>Sam Johnson</i> , by Giles Scroggins, out of Betsey Baker, 6 yrs.	2	2

Time, 5:52—5:58.

BURKSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, May 21, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. — subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

Thos. S. Ellison's ch. c. *Tom and Jerry*, by Heart of Oak, dam by Lafayette 1 1
A King's ch. f. *Sophia Burton*, by King's Bertrand, dam by Lafayette 2 dist.
Time, 1st heat not kept—2d, 2:06.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. — subs. at \$— each. One mile.

James Saufley's b. f. *Jane Adams*, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Florizel 1
John M. Emerson's br. f. *Mary Waggener*, by Van Tromp, dam by Allen's Whip 2
Time, 1:58.

FRIDAY, May 22—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Azel Simpson's bl. h. *John Ross*, by Waxy, dam by Topgallant, 5 yrs. (5lbs. extra).... 1 1
James Saufley's ch. c. *Alonzo*, by Pirate, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs. 2 2
Jno. M. Emerson's b. c. *Wetumpka*, by Trumpator, dam by Printer, 4 yrs. 3 3
A. King's b. f. *Sally Harris*, by King's Bertrand, dam unknown, 3 yrs. (5lbs. extra).... dist.
G. Bowman's b. f. by King's Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs. dist.
Time, 3:54—3:56. Wm. CREEK, Secretary.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

FRIDAY, May 29, 1840—Proprietor's Purse \$200, entrance \$25, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCrary's (Col. Henry Smith's) b. c. *John Marshall*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 1 1
Geo. Elliott's ch. c. *John Kirkman*, by Birmingham, dam by Henry Tonson, 4 yrs. 2 2
J. G. Sheegog's b. h. *Goneaway*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 3 3
A. Cotton's gr. f. *Nancy Dawson*, by John Dawson—Wild Goose by Richard, 4 yrs. 4 dist
D. Burris's b. c. by John Dawson, out of Partnership, 4 yrs.—carried 6lbs. extra.... 5 dist
A. P. Yourie's b. c. *Mozart*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Greytail, 4 yrs.—97lbs. dist.
H. M. Clay's b. f. *Cloud*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Burton, 3 yrs. dist.
Time, 4:17—4:18. Track nearly knee deep on the back stretch.

PALMYRA, MISSOURI.

WEDNESDAY, June 3, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$25 each. Mile heats.

R. R. Vanlandingham's b. f. by Mount Airy, dam by Whip 1 1
Thos. Mitchell's ch. c. by Sir John, out of an Arabian mare 2 2
T. Snell's bl. c. (carried 18lbs. over) 3 3
Time, 2:09—2:08.

THURSDAY, June 4—Jockey Club Purse \$150, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

T. B. Scruggs' (of St. Louis) b. c. *Glimpse*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs. 1 1
John F. Safford's b. m. *Eliza Ross*, by Marmion, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 5 yrs. 2 2
H. Chrisman's (of La.) br. h. *John Beasley*, by Mercury, dam by Sir Hal, 7 yrs. 3 3
Time, 3:56—3:57.

FRIDAY, June 5—Jockey Club Purse \$250, ent. 25; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

H. Chrisman's gr. h. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs. 2 1 1
R. W. Sinclair's br. c. *Vidocq*, by Medoc, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. 1 3 2
T. B. Scruggs' b. m. *Rosa Vertner*, by Sir Leslie, dam by Director, 5 yrs. 3 2 3
Time, 6:28—6:26—6:20. Track heavy

SATURDAY, June 6—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Safford & Pitcher's b. m. *Eliza Ross*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 1 1 1
R. R. Vanlandingham's *Lady Trifle* 2 2 2
Time, 2:05—2:02—1:59.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstake of three subs. for a Saddle. One mile.

R. R. Vanlandingham's *Wild Bill* 1
W. G. Overton's *Sorrel mare* 2
E. Scarey's *Bay horse* 3
Time, 1:56.

SHELBYVILLE, TENNESSEE.

THURSDAY, July —, 1840.—Match, \$500 a side, catch weights. Mile heats.

Mr. Benton Wood's (Messrs. Brooks & High's) ch. h. *Martin Van Buren*, by Old Partner, dam by —, 5 yrs. 2 1 1
Mr. A. C. Wood's (Maj. W. B. Watkins') b. f. *Fanny Doak*, by Stump the Dealer, out of Old Kate, 4 yrs. 1 2 dist.
Time, 1:55—2d and 3d heats, no time kept.

FRIDAY, July — —Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. W. Scott Haynes' b. f. *Sarah Jackson Jr.*, by Piamingo (by Stockholder), dam by Arab—carried 3lbs. extra 1 1
Mr. H. Eddy's ch. f. by Rattler, dam by Printer. 3 dist.
Mr. A. O. Wood's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Grey Archy 2 bolt.
Mr. Benton Woods paid forfeit on his Leviathan filly.
Time, 1:55—2:02.

SATURDAY, July—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Four subs. at \$25 each, P. P. One mile.
 Maj. W. B. Watkins' gr. m. *Mary*, by Old Saul, dam by Free Mulatto, 5 yrs. 1
 Mr. Benton Woods' ch. c. *King Herum*, by Old Solomon, dam by Richmond, 4 yrs. 2
 Time, 1:59. Well contested. B.

SALT SULPHUR SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Aug. 25, 1840—Sweepstakes for two year olds; three subs., at \$100 each, h. ft.; Mile heats.

R. Nickle's ch. c. by Clinton 1
 Alexr. Erskine's ch. f. by Clinton, dam by Comet dist.
 James Smith's ch. f. by Sir Walter dist.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 26—Proprietor's purse of \$100; ent. \$10; Two mile heats.

Alexr. Erskine's ch. g. *Bald Harnet* walked over.

THURSDAY, Aug. 27—Jockey Club purse of \$250; ent. \$15; Three mile heats.

Alexr. Erskine's ch. f. *Mary Miller*, by Arab, dam by Comet, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Jacob Maddy's b. f. by Dion, 4 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 6:15. Track heavy.

PALMYRA, Mo., CENTRAL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 1, 1840—Saddle Stakes, three subs. at \$10 each; Mile heats.

Thos. W. Lane's b. h. *Sir Newton*, by Sir Charles 1 1
 John F. Safford's ch. m. *Fanny Founce* 2 2
 Geo. B. Nelson's *Fanny Nelson*, by Cherokee dist.
 Time, 2:01—2:10.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$20; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

R. W. Sinclair's br. c. *Vidocq*, by Medoc, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
 John F. Safford's b. f. *Eliza Ross*, by Marmion, dam by Tiger Whip, 5 yrs. 1 2 2
 J. E. Pitcher's b. h. *Glauco*, by Abdalrahman, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs. 3 3 dr
 Time, 3:50—3:56—3:58.

THURSDAY, Sept. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$300; conditions as before; Three mile heats.

H. Chrisman's gr. h. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs. 1 1
 R. W. Sinclair's (T. S. Smith's) br. h. *Jerome*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Bronaugh & Palmer's b. h. *Greyfoot*, by Rattler, dam by Cannon Whip, 6 yrs. dist.
 T. W. Lane's (W. Peter's) b. h. *Buck-Eye*, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Old Squaw by Indian, 5 yrs. dist.
 Time, 5:49—5:52.

FRIDAY, Sept. 4—Purse \$115 (ent. money of preceding days); Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thomas W. Lane's bl. m. *Ethiopia*, by Dashall, d. by Imp. Expedition, 6 yrs. 4 1 1 1
 W. Peter's b. h. *Buck Eye*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 3 3 2 dist.
 R. W. Sinclair's (W. Price's) b. c. *Goneaway*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs. 1 2 dr.
 Thomas Mitchell's b. h. *Anvil*, by Imp. Contract—Jane Davis by Eclipse, aged 2 dr.
 Time, 1:55—1:56—1:59—1:55.

WHEELING, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Sept. 1, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Two subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

John A. Goode's f. by Sparrow Hawk, dam by Consul 1 1
 James Wilson's f. by Imp. Envoy 2 dist.
 Time, 1:53—1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2—Proprietors' Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. A. Goode's ch. c. *Iceland*, by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 4 yrs. 1
 J. H. Oliver's b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, out of Lavinia's dam, 7 yrs. dist.
 Time, 3:53.

SATURDAY, Sept. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

David Victor's b. m. *Mary Mason*, by Pirate, dam by Consul, 5 yrs. 3 1 1
 Jas. Wilson's c. *Arastook*, by Rodolph, 3 yrs. 1 2 2
 J. H. Oliver's b. h. *Sufferer*, by Eclipse, out of Meg Dodds, 5 yrs. 2 dist.
 Col. Andrews' c. *James Ford*, by Count Piper 3 yrs. 4 dist.
 Capt. Morgan's Imp. b. h. *Yorkshire*, by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp, 6 yrs. dist.
 Mr. Ferguson's h. *Kosciusko*, by Skylark, dam by St. Tammany, 7 yrs. dist.
 Time, 5:51—5:56—5:58.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietors' Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

David Victor's ch. m. *Pally Piper*, by Count Piper, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs. 1 1 * * 0 1
 Jas. Wilson's c. *Sugar Tree*, by Mucklejon, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs. * * 1 1 0 *
 Capt. Morgan's Imp. b. h. *Yorkshire*, pedigree above, 6 yrs. * * * * *
 Time, 1:54—1:55—1:58—1:58—1:55—1:59. * Not placed.

FRANKFORT, Ky. CAPITOL COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2, 1840—Produce Stake for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Six subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

G. E. Blackburn's ch. c. by Medoc, out of Medoca's dam.....	1	1
J. A. Holton's b. f. by Sea-gull, dam by Whipster.....	2	2

Time, 1:56—1:58.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Produce Stake for 2 yr. olds. Twelve subs. at \$20 each. Mile heats.

H. J. Morris' ch. f. by Medoc, dam by Arab.....	1	1
J. Allen's b. c. by Medoc, dam by Tiger.....	2	2
W. J. Edmonson's b. c. by John Richards, dam not given.....	3	3
J. F. Harris' b. f. by Stamboul, dam by Sumpter.....	4	dist.
Thos. Harper's b. c. by Mucklejohn, dam by Moses.....	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:57.

THURSDAY, Sept. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.

—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's b. f. <i>Arabella</i> , by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's (W. S. & J. F. Harris's) b. f. <i>Mary Morris</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	2	2
W. Buford, sen.'s c. <i>Mirabeau</i> , by Medoc, out of Cub's dam, 4 yrs.....	3	3
J. W. Fenwick's c. <i>Sir Halpin</i> , by Medoc, dam not given, 4 yrs.....	4	4

Time, 3:52—3:48.

FRIDAY, Sept. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$500; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

W. Buford, jr.'s ch. c. <i>Blacknose</i> , by Medoc, dam by Orphan, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's b. f. <i>Laura Webster</i> , by Medoc, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.
W. W. Bacon's ch. f. <i>Melody</i> , by Medoc, out of Rodolph's dam, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 5:48—5:46.

SATURDAY, Sept. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$200; conditions as before. Mile heats.

Wm. Buford, jr.'s ch. f. <i>Jenny Richmond</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	3	2	1	1
A. S. Shotwell's ch. c. <i>Vertner</i> , by Medoc, out of Lady Adams, 4 yrs.....	0	1	2	2
W. W. Bacon's b. c. <i>Minister</i> , by Medoc, dam by Alliance, 3 yrs.....	0	4	dr.	
B. Luckett's (N. S. Long's) b. h. <i>Sailor Boy</i> , by James Cropper, dam by Marshall, 6 yrs.....	4	3	dr.	

Time, 1:50—1:53—1:59—1:57.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., RED RIVER COURSE.

THURSDAY, Sept. 3, 1840—Purse \$160, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100

—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

M. D. Simmons' b. g. <i>Gold Eye</i> , by Cock of the Rock, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. R. Brunson's b. c. by Stockholder, dam by Henry Tonson, 3 yrs.....	4	2
H. L. French's gr. m. <i>Caspian</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Arab, 5 yrs.....	2	3
John W. Cowhard's ro. f. <i>Victoria Huston</i> , by Childers, d. by Thunderclap, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 1:58—1:55.

FRIDAY, Sept. 4—Purse \$215; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

M. D. Simmons' ch. c. <i>Devil Jack</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Lady Burton by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
H. D. French's gr. m. <i>Caspian</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Arab, 5 yrs.....	2	2
M. McLean's b. h. by Merlin, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 4:07—4:04.

SATURDAY, Sept. 5—Silver Cup, value \$50; Mile heats.

M. D. Simmons' gr. f. <i>Glover Ann</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Bolivar.....	walked over.	
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M. D. SIMMONS, Proprietor.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, BUCKEYE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 8, 1840—Proprietor's Purse \$250, free for all ages; 3 yrs. 86lbs—4, 100

—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

W. Thurston's ch. h. <i>Sithreshley</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1
J. T. Berry's b. c. <i>Echo</i> , by Lafayette Stockholder, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3	3	2
Wm. S. Buford's b. c. <i>Bendigo</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dr
James Shy's b. f. <i>Sophia Lovell</i> , by Sir Lovell—Eliza Jenkins by Sir William, 4 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 3:49—3:51—4:06.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 9—J. C. Purse \$500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

James Shy's ch. c. <i>Dornley</i> , by John Richards, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.....	1	1
M. S. Buford's ch. c. <i>Morehead</i> , by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	2	2
George Sinclair's b. g. <i>Tom Corwin</i> , by Goode's Arab, dam by Doublehead, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 5:57—5:51. Track deep with dust.

THURSDAY, Sept. 10—Proprietor's Purse \$200; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

James Shy's ch. m. <i>Barbara Allen</i> , by Collier, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 5 yrs.....	1	1	2	2	3	1
Y. N. Oliver's ch. c. <i>Bob Bush</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	6	4	4	3	1	2
Wm. S. Buford's ch. f. <i>Peoria</i> , by Medoc, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs.....	5	5	1	1	2	3
G. Coffin's br. f. <i>Mary Anne</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	3	3	dr.		
R. Sanford's b. c. <i>Mad Anthony</i> , by Medoc, dam by Big Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	6	dist.			
W. W. Garnet's ch. g. <i>Jack of Clubs</i> , by Rattler, dam unknown, aged.....	4	2	dist.			

Time, 1:54—1:51—1:51—1:52—1:52—1:54.

FRIDAY, Sept. 11.—Proprietor's Purse \$200; conditions as before; Two mile heats.
 James Shy's ch. c. *Robinson*, by Medoc, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Y. N. Oliver's b. c. *A. D. Hunt*, by Bertrand, dam by Alfred, 3 yrs..... 3 2
 Wm. S. Buford's b. f. *Minstrel*, by Medoc, dam by Moses, 4 yrs..... 2 3
 G. Coffin's b. f. *Horatia*, by Little Turtle, dam by Selim, 3 yrs..... dist.

Time not kept 1st heat—2d, 3:52.

SATURDAY, Sept. 12.—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before: Four mile heats
 Y. N. Oliver's b. f. *Mary Morris*, by Medoc, dam by Sunpter, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 W. Thurston's ch. h. *Stirshley*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Arthur Fox's b. m. *Mary Seiden*, by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam, aged..... 3 dist.
 J. T. Berry's b. c. *Echo*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... dist.

Time, 8:13—7:49.

LIBERTY, MISSOURI.

TUESDAY, Sept. 8, 1840—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

T. G. Moore's b. m. *Betsey Miller*, by Bertrand, out of Jane Shore, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 Mr. Stapp's ch. c. *John Wallis*, by Collier..... * *
 Mr. Hudspeth's ch. c. *Scarlet*, by Uncas..... * *

Time, 3:56—4:15. * Not placed.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 9—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Mr. Stapp's ro. f. *Helen*, by Woodpecker..... 1
 T. G. Moore's b. c. *Ned Wells*, by O'Connell, out of M. Ramsay by Stockholder, 3 yrs.... *

Time, 1:53.

* Ned Wells won the first heat, but a charge of foul riding having been made by one of the patrol judges, he was declared distanced, and the purse awarded to Helen.

THURSDAY, Sept. 10—Purse \$75, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 Mr. Stapp's ch. c. *John Wallis*, by Collier..... 1 1
 T. G. Moore's c. by Woodpecker..... * *
 Mr. Hudspeth's *Uncas*..... * *

Time, 1:54—1:55. * Not placed.

FRIDAY, Sept. 11—Match, \$500 a side. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Mr. Hick's ch. m. *Little Beck*..... 1 1 1
 Mr. Campbell's ch. c. *Big Collier*..... 2 2 2

Time, 1:53—1:55—3d heat not reported.

CRAB ORCHARD, Ky., SPRING HILL COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 9, 1840—Jockey Club Purse \$200; free for all ages; 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Samuel Davenport's ch. h. *Log Cabin*, by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 T. J. Robinson's ch. c. *Daniel Breck*, by Collier, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... 3 2
 H. W. Farris's ch. c. *Bourbon*, by Frank, out of the dam of Gazelle and Splendor by Imp. Saltram, 3 yrs..... 4 3
 S. C. Daniel's ch. c. *John Tyler*, by Collier, dam by Hephestion, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.
 John W. Kennedy's b. c. *Joe Tevis*, by John Richards, dam by Robert Wilson, 3 yrs..... 5 dist.
 F. G. Murphy's ch. f. *Mary Singleton*, by Dick Singleton, dam unknown..... 6 dist.
 J. G. Boswell's b. f. *Rocket*, by Warlock, dam by Orphan, 4 yrs..... dist.

Time, 3:55½—3:55½.

THURSDAY, Sept. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before; Three mile heats.
 J. L. & G. W. Bradley's ch. f. *Red Morocco*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 S. Davenport's ch. c. *Sambo*, by Equinox, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs..... 3 2
 F. G. Murphy's ch. m. *Missouri*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 7 yrs..... 2 3
 S. C. Daniels' b. c. *John T. Johnson*, by Columbus, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs..... 4 dist.

Time, 5:53—5:53.

FRIDAY, Sept. 11.—Plate, valued \$100; conditions as before; Mile heats.
 H. W. Farris' b. h. *Alexander Campbell*, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 B. R. Jenkins' ch. c. *Daniel Breck*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 4 2
 S. Davenport's ch. c. *Ebro*, by Frank, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs..... 3 3
 S. C. Daniel & J. W. Kennedy's b. c. *John Young*, by John Richards, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs..... 2 4

Time, 1:52—1:52.

SATURDAY, Sept. 12—Jockey Club Purse \$400; conditions as before; Four mile heats.
 J. L. & G. W. Bradley's ch. h. *Hawk-Eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Eliza Jenkins by Sir William, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 S. Davenport's b. c. *Moffit*, by Frank, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 T. J. Robison's b. c. *Irad*, by Medoc, out of Membrino by Gallatin, 4 yrs..... 3 3

Time, 8:00—8:15.

GALLATIN, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, Sept. 14, 1840—The Barry Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twenty-three subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 ft. Two mile heats.

G. W. Parker's ch. f. *Flight*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles..... 2 1
 Thos. Barry's ch. f. *Celerity*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet.... 1 dist.
 Saml. Ragland's b. f. *Lady Sherbrooke*, by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. mare by Woful 3 dist.

Time, 3:49. Celerity and Lady S. fell in 2d heat.

TUESDAY, Sept. 15—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds; weights as before. Ten subs. at \$203 each, \$50 ft. Two mile heats.

A. P. Yourie's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Mary Farmer	1	1
Sheegog & Polk's b. c. <i>Outrage</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Magnolia by Mons. Tonson	3	2
Chas. Lewis' ch. f. <i>Nancy House</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of J. House's Stockholder m.	2	3
Balie Peyton's b. f. <i>Tennessee</i> , by Imp. Felt, out of Berenice by Sir Archy Jr.	4	4
Woods S. Miller's b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Kosciusko	dist.	

Time, 3:57—3:57.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$30, added, free for all ages; 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Ragland & Davis's ro. f. <i>Julia Fisher</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Bellew by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	1	1
B. F. Simpson's ch. c. <i>John Kirkman</i> , by Birmingham, d. by Sir Henry Tonson, 4 yrs	3	2
J. G. Turner's gr. f. <i>Betsy Miller</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs.	2	dist.

First Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:55
" " 2d "	2:00
" " 3d "	2:04

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:55
" " 2d "	1:56
" " 3d "	1:57

Time of 1st heat

Time of 2d heat

THURSDAY, Sept. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. G. Guild's b. c. <i>Wesley Malone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.	1	1
B. Rutherford's b. f. by John Dawson, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.	3	2
E. A. Boardman's ch. c. <i>John Bull</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	2	3

Time, 3:59—3:58.

FRIDAY, Sept. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$50, added; conditions as before; Four mile heats.

E. A. Boardman's Imp. b. c. <i>Denizen</i> , by Actæon, out of Design by Tramp, 4 yrs.	1	
Jesse Cage's ch. c. <i>Goldsmith</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.	dist.	
J. G. Shegog's b. h. <i>Goneaway</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.	dist.	
W. R. Peyton's b. h. <i>Bay Bolton</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 6 yrs.	dist.	
B. F. Simpson's ch. f. <i>Mary Turner</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 8:24.

ROME, GEORGIA.

TUESDAY, Sept. 15, 1840—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Bethesda</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Henry Tonson, 3 yrs.	*	2	1
Tuggle & Hammond's ch. h. <i>Highland Henry</i> , by Henry, out of Highland Mary, 5 y	*	1	dist

Time, 3:47—3:49—3d heat no time kept. * Pronounced no heat.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats. *

Head & Smith's b. h. <i>Tazewell</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.	1	1
Tuggle & Hammond's ch. h. <i>Gerow</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.	2	dr

Time, 5:46.

THURSDAY, Sept. 17 Purse \$400, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Head & Smith's b. h. <i>Tazewell</i> , pedigree above 5 yrs.	1	1
Tuggle & Hammond's ch. h. <i>John Guerdan</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Precursor, 6 yrs.	2	2

Time, 8 12—7:56.

FRIDAY, Sept. 18—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. m. <i>Old Mistress</i> , by Count Badger—Timoura by Timoleon, 5 y	2	1	1
Tuggle & Hammond's ch. h. <i>Highland Henry</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	1	2	dr

Time, 2:04—1:59. Track heavy from rain.

LEXINGTON, Ky., ASSOCIATION COURSE.

MONDAY, Sept. 21, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, feather weights. Four subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. One mile.

Henry Lockhart's b. c. by Bertrand out of Sally Taylor by Kosciusko	1
J. L. Downing's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Bertrand	2
B. R. Jenkins' b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir William	bolt.

Time, 2:01.

TUESDAY, Sept. 22—Purse \$300, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Wm. Buford, jr.'s ch. f. <i>Jenny Richmond</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hambletonian, 4 yrs.	1	1
W. S. Buford's b. f. <i>Minstrel</i> , by Medoc, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs.	5	2
Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. <i>Berthune</i> , by Sidi Hamet, out of Susette by Aratus, 3 yrs.	2	3
Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. <i>Bob Bush</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.	4	4
Robt. Burbridge's b. c. <i>Dick Menifee</i> , by Lance, dam by Sir William 3 yrs.	3	5

Time, 3:55—3:51.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23—Purse \$600, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats. Wm. Buford, jr.'s (Dr. Dudley's) b. c. *Black nose*, by Medoc—Lucy by Orphan, 4 yrs.

Sidney Burbridge's b. f. *Laura Webster*, by Medoc, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.

First Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:54
" " 2d "	1:55½
" " 3d "	1:55½

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:57
" " 2d "	1:53
" " 3d "	1:56

Time of 1st heat

Time of 2d heat

THURSDAY, Sept. 24—Purse \$200, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Wm. S. Buford's b. c. <i>Bendigo</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	4	1	1
Dr. E. Warfield's b. f. <i>Sarah Morton</i> , by Sidi Hamet—Rowena by Sumpter, 3 yrs..	1	2	2
H. L. Bond's b. h. <i>Sailor Boy</i> , by Jim Cropper, dam by Marshall, 4 yrs	7	5	3
Thos. Lynch's b. c. <i>Serenade</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	6	3	4
Mr. Dubois' b. c. <i>Swiss Boy</i> , by Imp. Swiss, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	3	4	5
J. E. Roper's gr. c. <i>Emigrant</i> , by Cadet, dam by Imp. Contract, 4 yrs	2	dist.	
Jas. Shy's b. c. <i>Catholic</i> , by Sir Lovell, out of Margaret by Sumpter, 3 yrs	5	dist.	
John McCracken's ch. c. <i>John Tyler</i> , by Collier, dam by Hephsestion, 3 yrs	8	dist.	

Time, 1:50—1:48—1:49.

FRIDAY, Sept. 25—Purse \$300, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. S. Buford's br. f. <i>Arabella</i> , by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	1	
Robt. Burbridge's b. h. <i>Bob Ewing</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by McDuffie, 6 yrs	4	2	
J. Harper's ch. c. <i>Bob Walker</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Moses, 4 yrs	3	3	
Jas. K. Duke's ch. f. <i>Leda</i> , by Tiger, out of Keph's dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs	2	dist.	
Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. <i>Banjo Bill</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, d. by Darnaby's Diomed, 3 yrs..	5	dist.	

Time, 3:47—3:46½.

SATURDAY, Sept. 26—Purse \$1000, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Sidney Burbridge's (Lieut. W. S. Harris') b. f. <i>Mary Morris</i> , by Medoc, out of Miss Obstatine by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1	1	
Chas. Buford's b. f. <i>Ripple</i> , by Medoc out of Belle Anderson, by Sir William, 4 yrs	2	2	
Wm. S. Buford's ch. f. <i>Cub</i> , by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sumpter, 4 yrs	3	3	

Time, 8:12—7:54. Track heavy.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Sept. 22, 1840—March \$400 a side. Two mile heats.

Wm. Collins' ch. h. <i>Red Fox</i> , by Imp. Luzborough	1	1	
Thos Williams' b. m. "by Sir Archy" (!)	2	2	

Time, 4:03—4:03.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Isham Puckett's br. h. <i>Will-go</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	1	3	
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. h. by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs	2	2	
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's gr. f. <i>Mary</i> , by Sir Henry Tonson, 3 yrs	3	3	
Jas. Talley's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, 4 yrs			dist

Time, 1:51—1:52.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24—Purse \$250, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Jas. Talley's ch. m. <i>Betsey White</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	2	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Suffolk</i> , by Andrew, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	1	2	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. <i>Telemachus</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	4	6	3
John Alcock's b. h. <i>Balie Peyton</i> , by Andrew, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	3	3	dr.
W. Collins' ch. f. <i>Mary Green</i> , by Don Pedro, out of Malvina, 4 yrs	5	5	dist.
Geo. G. Walden's ch. h. <i>Hampton</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs	6	4	dist.

Time, 3:52—3:55—3:53½.

FRIDAY, Sept. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

John S. Corbin's b. h. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs	1	1	
Isham Puckett's b. h. <i>Texas</i> , by Imp. Fylde, 5 yrs	2	2	
E. J. Wilson's ch. c. <i>Resume</i> , by Goliah, dam by Carolinian, 4 yrs	3	dist.	
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. <i>Harriet</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs	4	dr	

Time, 5:54—5:50.

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Sept. 22, 1840—Sweetstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at \$100 each, \$— ft.; the 2d best to receive a cup worth \$20 from the proprietor. Two mile heats.

Col. John L. White's c. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance	1	1	
D. McDaniel's b. f. by Imp. Felt, dam by Washington	2	2	
Capt. Jas. Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Arab			fell.

Time, 3:55—3:54. The Shakspeare colt fell in the 2d round of 1st heat.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23—Proprietor's Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

R. Duncanson's b. m. <i>Fleta</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 5 yrs	3	1	1
Puryear & Coleman's b. h. <i>Lavina</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs	5	3	2
Col. John P. White's gr. h. <i>Servetus</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs	4	4	3
Williamson & Townes' b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	2	4
Charles P. Lee's ch. m. <i>Betsey Red</i> , by Red Rover, out of Betsey West, 6 yrs	2	dr	

Time, 3:52—3:53—3:56.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24—Proprietor's Purse \$150, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Puryear & Coleman's b. h. <i>Tuskana</i> , by Mons. Tonson—Creeping Kate, aged... 1	5	1	
Col. John P. White's ch. m. <i>Julia Burton</i> , by Gohanna, d. by Tom Tough, 6 yrs...	2	1	2
Chas. P. Lee's ro. g. by Eclipse, out of Betsey West, 4 yrs	3	3	3
Williamson & Townes' ch. h. <i>Brockslesby</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Roanoke, 5 y	5	4	4
David McDaniel's gr. f. by Sir Pit, dam unknown, 4 yrs	4	2	dist.

Time, 3:56—3:57—3:59.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before ; — subs. at \$20 each. Mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. f. by Character, dam by Virginian.....	1	1
John L. White's b. f. by Imp. Margrave, dam by Sir Charles.....	2	2
R. Duncanson's ch. c. by Eclipse.....	3	3
M. Talbot's ch. f. by Lexington, out of Betsey West by Imp. Buzzard.....	dist.	

Time, 1:51—1:55.

FRIDAY, Sept. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

R. Duncanson's b. h. <i>Baltimore</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....	1	1
M. Talbot's ch. h. <i>Fortunatus</i> , by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Puryear & Coleman's b. m. <i>Molly Ward</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Bertrand, 6 yrs....	2	3
Leonard Phelps' ch. h. <i>Nick of the Woods</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Pulaski, 6 yrs.....	4	dr.

Time, 5:57—6:00.

JERSEYVILLE, ILLINOIS.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23, 1840—Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

John Frost's ch. c. <i>Wacousta</i> , by Jerseymen, out of Lady Vixen, 4 yrs.....	1	1
M. Talbot's ch. h. <i>Fortunatus</i> , by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Reuben Moore's ch. f. <i>Izora</i> , by Monroe, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. (carried 15lbs. over weight).....	2	dist.

Time, 2:01—2:04.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24—Purse \$100, for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Mile heats.

J. Frost's ch. f. <i>Laurette</i> , by Jerseymen, out of Maria Harrison.....	1	1
John Kimball's ch. f. <i>Brunette</i> , by Leopold, dam by Plenipo.....	2	dist.
Dr. E. A. Darcy's b. f. <i>Sweet Home</i> ,* by Leopold, out of Lady Washington.....	dist.	

Time, 1:56—2:01. Track heavy.

* Sweet Home did not get off with the others, and was consequently distanced.

FRIDAY, Sept. 25—Purse \$75, conditions as for Wednesday's purse. Two mile heats.

Thomas Jones' b. h. <i>Sir William</i> , by Sir William, dam by Rattler, aged.....	1	1
John Frost's ch. m. <i>Rancokus</i> , by Flagellator, out of Molly Longlegs, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:01—4:08. Won easily.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, Sept. 25, 1840—Sweepstakes for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three subs. at \$50 each, P.P. Two mile heats.

Richard H. Long's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eagle, 4 yrs.....	1	1
John S. Carter's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Sally Nailor, 4 yrs.....	2	2
A. J. Donelson's ch. c. by Mambrino, out of Lady Nashville by Imp. Strap, 4 yrs....	3	3

Time, 4:10—4:06.

TUESDAY, Sept. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20, added, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Chas. Lewis' ch. f. <i>Emily Speed</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	1	1
R. H. Long's (John R. Campbell's) b. h. <i>Altorf</i> , by Imp. Fylde, d. by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	2	dr.
Henry Dickenson's (A. Pillow's) b. m. <i>Polly Pillow</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Leopardess by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
Ragland & Davis' Imp. b. f. <i>Lady Sherbrooke</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Woful, 3 yrs....	4	dist.

Time, 4:02—4:02.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Boardman & McLaren's ch. c. <i>Denizen</i> , by Actæon—Imp. Design by Tramp, 4 yrs....	1	1
H. M. Clay's (Balie Peyton's) b. h. <i>Phantom</i> , by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Davis & Ragland's ch. c. <i>Preston</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	2	dr.
W. H. Carroll's ch. c. <i>Stockborough</i> , by Imp. Luzboro'—Paulina by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 6:12—6:42.

THURSDAY, Oct. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Boardman & McLaren's Imp. ch. c. <i>Shamrock</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveller, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Chas. Lewis' ch. f. <i>Maria Williams</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs....	2	2
Thos. Alderson's b. f. <i>Lady Franklin</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs.....	3	3
A. J. Davie's b. c. <i>Mississippi</i> , by John Dawson, dam by Partnership, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.

Time, 1:59—1:59.

FRIDAY, Oct. 2—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. G. Harding's gr. f. <i>Gamma</i> , by Pacific, out of Melzare's dam by Sir Richard 4 yrs.....	1	1
R. H. Long's (John Campbell's) ch. h. <i>Wagner</i> ,* by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 6 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 8:15—8:21. * Wagner reported to be poisoned.

PETERSBURG, VA., NEWMARKET COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 29, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.— subs. at \$— each, \$— ft. Mile heats.

Messrs. Merritt's ch. c. <i>Robin Cobb</i> , by Imp. Felt, out of Polly Cobb.....	1	2	1
Thos. W. Rainey's f. by Eclipse, out of Fanny Wyatt's dam.....	2	1	2
Somebody's nomination by Eclipse.....	2	1	2

Time not given. * Placing unknown.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 30—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

John D. Kirby's (Maj. S Ringgold's) Imp. b. c. <i>Passenger</i> , by Langar, out of My Lady by Cornus, 4 yrs	3	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's (Merritt & Williamson's) br. c. <i>Norfolk</i> , by Imp. Fyde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs	4	3	2
O. P. Hare's bl. c. <i>Black Boy</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Von Tromp, 4 yrs	1	2	dr
James Talley's br. h. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	dr	

Time, 3:52—3:49—3:56½.

THURSDAY, Oct. 1—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's (W. Livingston's) b. h. <i>Job</i> , by Eclipse—Jemima by Rattler, 5 yrs	3	1	1
James Talley's ch. m. <i>Betsey White</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	1	2	2
John D. Kirby's br. m. <i>Ann Maria</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs	2	3	dr

Time, 6:04—5:59—6:21.

FRIDAY, Oct. 2—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 7 yrs	1	1	
Capt. John S. Corbin's b. h. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs	2	dr	

Time, 7:57.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

TUESDAY, Sept. 15, 1840—Jockey Club Purse \$100, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Stevenson's (S. Bentley's) b. c. by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	1	1	
Jackson, Cooper, & Kunkle's b. f. <i>Eliza Hughes</i> , by Marmion, d. by Sumpter, 3 yrs	2	2	
Joseph Brumley's gr. c. <i>Little Blue</i> , by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, 4 yrs	3	3	
A. Hickerson's b. g. <i>Cybrant</i> , by Lafayette, dam by Darc Devil, aged	4	dist.	

Time, 1:53—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, weights as above. Twenty-one subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Benj. Harrison's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Rattler	1	2	1
Thos. G. Moore's ch. f. by Medoc, dam by Shakspeare	7	5	2
Milton Jackson's b. c. by Marmion, dam by Palmyra	2	3	3
W. C. Boon's ch. f. by Uncas, dam by Kosciusko	4	1	bolt.
Benj. Watts' ch. c. by Uncas, dam by Oscar	3	4	dr
R. W. Maupin's b. c. by Collier, dam by Sir Robert Wilson	5	dist.	
Robt. W. Sinclair's ch. c. by Bob Ewing, dam by Cooper	6	dist.	
A. Hickerson's b. c. by Ohio, dam by Sir Charles	8	dist.	

Time, 1:57—1:57—2:06.

THURSDAY, Sept. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Thos. G. Moore's b. m. <i>Betsey Miller</i> , by Bertrand, out of Jane Shore, 6 yrs	1	1	
W. K. Winston's ch. c. <i>Othello</i> , by Waxy, dam by Hickory, 4 yrs	2	2	
Robt. W. Sinclair's b. c. <i>Vidocq</i> , by Medoc, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	3	3	
W. C. Boon's b. g. by Marmion, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs	4	dist.	
S. H. McMillin's ch. m. <i>Peggy Stride</i> , pedigree unknown, 6 yrs	dist.		

Time, 4:07—4:10.

FRIDAY, Sept. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$50, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Hugh Chrisman's gr. h. <i>Roderick Dhu</i> , by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 6 yrs	1	1	
Thos. Stevenson's b. h. <i>Temple</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs	2	2	
Thos. W. Patten's ch. h. <i>Franklin</i> , by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, aged	3	dr	
A. Hickerson's gr. c. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	dist		

Time, 6:02—6:04.

SATURDAY, Sept. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Maj. Thos. Stevenson's b. c. by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	1	1	1
H. Chrisman's b. h. <i>Glaucois</i> , by Abdalrahman, dam by Whip 5 yrs	5	5	2
Thos. W. Lane's b. m. <i>Ethiopia</i> , by Dashed, dam by Imp. Expedition, 6 yrs	6	6	3
Jackson, Cooper, & Kunkle's b. c. <i>Roscoe</i> , by Pacific, dam by Grey Archy, 4 yrs	4	2	4
R. W. Sinclair's b. c. <i>Goneaway</i> , by Big Archy, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs	2	3	5
T. G. Moore's b. c. <i>Ned Wells</i> , by O'Connell, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	3	4	6

Time, 1:54—1:55—1:55.

MERRY OAKS, KENTUCKY.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16, 1840—Produce Stake for 2 yr. olds, to carry 65lbs., sub. \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Geo. B. Sutherland's b. f. <i>Jane Adams</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Pacolet	1	1	
A. Mathews' ch. f. <i>Lavinia Blackburn</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Cook's Whip	2	dr	

Time, 1:52.

THURSDAY, Sept. 17—For half the Club Purse, \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 80lbs.—4, 94—5, 106—6, 114—7 and upwards, 120lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Geo. B. Sutherland's br. f. <i>Mary Ousley</i> , by King's Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	1	1	
B. Wilkinson's b. h. <i>John Ross</i> , by Waxy, dam by Topgallant, 5 yrs	2	dist.	

Time, 4:13—4:11.

FRIDAY, Sept. 18—For half the Club Purse, \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Geo. B. Sutherland's ch. c. *King Herod*, by English Dick, dam unknown, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
 Wm. Grigs' b. c. *Bob Tucker*, by Cherokee, dam by Arrow, 3 yrs. 2 2 dr
 Time, 1:56—2:00. D. B. D.

DOVER, MISSOURI.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts \$6lbs., fillies \$3lbs. Three subs. Mile heats.
 Mr. Cheatham's b. c. *Cadmus*, by Cadmus. 1 1
 John L. Montgomery's ch. f. by Director. 2 2
 Time, 2:06—2:10.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying \$6lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 115—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Hicks & Wilson's b. m. *Betsey Miller*, by Bertrand, 6 yrs. 1 1
 B. Hudspeth's ch. c. *Yorick*, by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 4:02.

FRIDAY, Sept. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 O. H. P. Banks' ch. c. *Scarlet*, by Uncas, 4 yrs. 1 1 2 1
 G. Slapp's ch. c. *Little Collier*, by Collier, 4 yrs. 2 2 1 2
 Time, 1:55—2:00—2:10—2:05.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Mile heats.
 W. C. Yourie's ch. f. *Sal Stricklin*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet. rec. ft.

SATURDAY, Sept. 26—Proprietor's Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 G. Slapp's b. m. *Helen*, by Woodpecker. 1 1
 B. Hudspeth's b. h. *Marcellus*, by Marmion. 2 dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:56.

LOWNDES COUNTY, ALA., HAYNEVILLE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23, 1840—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying \$6lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 115—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. T. Jewell's (John Duncan's) b. c. *Cork*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Jerry, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Gen. T. Scott's b. f. *Loch Ranza*, by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs. 2 dist.
 W. Alexander's ch. c. *Sliding John*, by Godolphin, dam unknown, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 4:06—4:05. Track heavy, and 30 yards over a mile.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 J. T. Jewell's (T. W. Brevard's) br. c. *Lord of Lorn*, by Argyle, out of Duck filly by Virginian, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Gen. T. Scott's br. c. *West Wind*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 6:21—6:05. Raining, and track heavy.

FRIDAY, Sept. 25—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 R. T. Jewell's (Col. John P. Campbell's) ch. m. *Big Nancy*, by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs. 1 1
 J. Morrison's ch. h. *Montcalm* [pedigree and age omitted] dist.
 Time 1:54. Track still heavy.

SATURDAY, Sept. 26—Handicap Purse \$— (entrance money of preceding days), free for all ages. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 J. T. Jewell's (J. Duncan's) gr. h. *Dublin*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Jerry, 5 yrs. 1 1 1
 W. Alexander's ch. c. *Sliding John*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 2 2 dist.
 Time, 2:04—2:02—1:56. Track heavy and raining.

BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY.

TUESDAY, Sept. 29, 1840—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts \$6lbs., fillies \$3lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Z. H. Dorsey's (Wm. Buford, jr.'s) ch. c. *Leg Treasurer*, by Medoc, dam by Cumberland. 1 1
 Saml. Davenport's (Wm. Farris') ch. c. *Bourbon*, by Frank, dam by Saltram. 2 2
 F. G. Murphy's (S. W. Robinson's) b. f. *Melissa Byron*, by Cherokee, dam by Barnett's Diamond. 3 dr.
 Time, 4:08—4:11. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds raised in Nelson and the adjoining Counties; colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Four subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. One mile.
 Z. H. Dorsey's b. f. *Miss McAtee*, by Waxy, dam unknown. 1
 James C. Clement's (Jesse McDonnell's) b. f. *Sultana*, by Sir Leslie, dam by Imp. Bluster. 2
 Time, 2:15.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 30—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry \$6lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 115—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

F. G. Murphy's ch. m. *Missouri*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 6 yrs. 3 1 1
 G. Coffeen jr.'s br. f. *Mary Ann Firman*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Lady Talleyrand by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 2 2 2
 Wm. Buford jr.'s ch. c. *Powell*, by Medoc, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 1 3 3
 Saml. Davenport's ch. h. *Log Cabin* (alias Guy of Warwick), by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs. 4 dist.
 Valentine Thompson's br. c. *Kentucky Eclipse*, by Orphan Boy, dam by Bucknor's Leviathan, 4 yrs. dist.
 A. G. Bacon's ch. f. *Peoria*, by Medoc, dam by Whip, 3 yrs. dist.
 Time, 4:10—4:15—4:22. Track heavy, and raining.

THURSDAY, Oct. 1—Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Saml. Davenport's ch. c. *Sambo*, by Equinox, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Wm. Buford jr.'s ch. f. *Jenny Richmond*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. 2 2
 J. Edgar's (Jas. Shy's) b. f. *Sophia Lovell*, by Sir Lovell, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 6:20—6:17. Track muddy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 2—Eastham Stake, silver pitcher, value \$100, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 A. G. Bacon's b. c. *Minister*, by Medoc, dam by Alexander, 3 yrs. 1 1
 G. Coffeen jr.'s b. h. *Wanton Will*, by Brunswick, dam by Prince Richard, 6 yrs. 5 2
 Thos. Lynch's b. c. *Serenade*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whip, 4 yrs. 2 3
 A. S. Beauchamp's b. f. *Martha Prewitt*, by Medoc, dam by Sidi Hamet, 4 yrs. 3 4
 H. W. Farris' b. h. *Alexander Campbell*, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko, 6 yrs. 6 5
 Saml. Davenport's b. c. *Nick Biddle*, by Medoc, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs. 4 dist.
 Time, 2:01—2:01.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds raised in Nelson and the adjoining counties, weights as before. Four subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 A. S. Beauchamp's ch. c. *Gov. Clark*, by Medoc, dam by Old Court. 1 1
 F. G. Murphy's ch. f. *Mary Singleton*, by Dick Singleton, cam unknown. 2 2
 Z. H. Dorsey's b. c. *Joe Murray*, by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian. 3 3
 Time, 2:01—2:03. Raining in torrents.

SATURDAY, Oct. 3—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Saml. Davenport's b. c. *Maffit*, by Frank, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs. 3 3 1 1 1
 A. G. Bacon's b. f. *Bayadere*, by Medoc, dam by Hephsestion, 4 yrs. 2 1 3 3 2
 Wm. Buford, jr.'s b. h. *Mirabeau*, by Medoc, —Ann Merry by Sumpter, 5 yrs. 1 2 2 2 3
 Time, 2:02—2:00—1:59—2:03—2:06.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$20 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 A. S. Beauchamp's ch. f. *Emily*, by Medoc, out of Spider by Almanzor. 1 1
 Chas. Weather's b. c. *Ploughboy*, by Bowman's Bertrand, dam by Monitor Whip. 2 2
 Time, 2:04—2:33. R. P. BEAUCHAMP, Sec'y.

PITTSYLVANIA C. H., VA., OAKLAND COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 30, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 John Davis' b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Florizel. 2 1 1
 Wm. M. Cabaness' b. c. by Goliah, dam by Randolph's Roanoke. 1 2 2
 Francis L. Royall's ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Charles. dist.
 Time, 1:55—2:03—2:22.

THURSDAY, Oct. 1—Purse \$150, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lts. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
 Col. John L. White's gr. c. *Blue Dick*, by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 3 yrs. 1 1
 David McDaniel's b. f. by Imp. Felt, dam by Washington, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Townes & Williamson's b. f. *Adela*, by Mons. Tonson—Fantail by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 4 3
 Robert Cunningham's (Wm. McCargo's) b. c. *George Lightfoot*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Arab, 4 yrs. 3 4
 Col. John P. White's gr. h. *Bendigo*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs. dist.
 Time, 3:52—3:54.

FRIDAY, Oct. 2—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 Robert Cunningham's (Wm. McCargo's) b. m. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Marcus, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Robert Dunkerson's b. m. *Fleta*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 5 yrs. 4 2
 Col. John P. White's b. m. *Emily Booker*, by Standard, dam by Contention, 5 yrs. 3 3
 David McDaniel's b. g. *Riprap*, by Byron, dam by Bedford, 6 yrs. 2 dist.
 Townes & Williamson's b. f. *Cameo*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Jane Shore, 4 yrs. 5 dist.
 Col. John L. White's b. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Aristotle, 3 yrs. 6 dist.
 Time, 4:00—3:58.

SATURDAY, Oct. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Robert Cunningham's (Wm. McCargo's) ch. c. *Panic*, by Eclipse, out of Aggy-Up by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Col. John P. White's b. g. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs. 4 2
 David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins, out of Betsey Baker, 6 yrs. 3 3
 Robert Dunkerson's b. h. *Baltimore*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs. 2 4
 Capt. Melville Talbot's ch. h. *Fortunatus*, by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs. 5 dr
 Time, 6:00—5:57. BY THE SECRETARY.

COLUMBIA, TENN., ASHLAND COURSE.

MONDAY, Oct. 5, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.
 Jesse Cage's ch. c. *Ben Franklin*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder. 1 1
 Henry Smith's gr. f. *Belinda Polk*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Eagle. 2 2
 Time, 4:06—4:13. Track 50 feet over a mile.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Ten subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Two mile heats.
 Davis & Ragland's br. c. *De Latré*, by Imp. Consul, out of Imp. Design, by Tramp. 5 4 1 1
 W. H. Boddie's ch. c. *Lyndhurst*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of own sister to Tennessee Oscar by Wonder. 1 3 3 dist.
 L. J. & R. K. Polk's b. c. by Imp. Werman, out of Julia by Conqueror. 4 2 2 r.o.
 Samuel Mitchell's b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon. 3 1 dist.
 Henry Smith's b. f. *Mary Routh*, by Imp. Luzborough, —Annelina Smith. 2 dist.
 Time, 4:14—3:59—4:07—4:23.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Stallion Stakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs., free for the get of any stallion of Giles, Maury, and Hickman Counties. Five subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Two mile heats.

Thos. Goodram's ch. f. by Hal Malone, out of Rosaline by Gabriel	2	1	1
Thos. Hill's gr. c. by New Constitution, dam by Stockholder	1	2	2
Nimrod Porter's b. f. by Jeff, out of Dalla Hunter's Brown mare	3	dist	
Time, 4:35—4:36—5:07.			

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$20 added, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Boardman & McLaren's ch. c. <i>Shamrock</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveller, 4 yrs	1	1	
Gen. Elliott's (Chas. Lewis') ch. f. <i>Emily Speed</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	2	2	
R. H. Long's (John Campbell's) b. h. <i>Altorf</i> , by Imp. Fyde, d. by Virginian, 5 yrs ..	4	3	
Wm. K. Hill's b. f. <i>Betsey Branch</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs ..	5	dr.	
Davis & Ragland's b. f. <i>Lady Sherbrooke</i> , by Imp. Priam—Imp. mare, by Woful, 3 yrs ..	3	dist.	
D. L. Whitaker's gr. f. <i>Malvina</i> , by a Tonson horse, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	dist.		

First Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:59
" 2d "	1:55

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:54
" 2d "	2:01

Time of 1st heat	3:54
Time of 2d heat	3:55

THURSDAY, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$30 added, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Jesse Cage's ch. c. <i>Ben Franklin</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1	
L. J. & R. K. Polk's ch. h. <i>Lynedoch</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of own sister to Tennessee Oscar by Wonder, 5 yrs	3	2	
Boardman & McLaren's ch. c. <i>Denizen</i> , by Actæon—Imp. Design by Tramp, 4 yrs	2	3	

First Heat.

Time of 1st mile	2:05
" 2d "	1:55
" 3d "	1:53

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile	2:00
" 2d "	1:55
" 3d "	1:58

Time of 1st heat	5:56
Time of 2d heat	5:53

FRIDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$40 added, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. G. Harding's gr. f. <i>Gamma</i> , by Pacific—Melzare's dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.	3	1	1
Davis & Ragland's ro. f. <i>Julia Fisher</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	1	2	dist.
Jesse Cage's ch. c. <i>Goldsmith</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.	2	dist.	
Henry Smith's b. c. <i>John Marshall</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Conqueror, 4 yrs.	4	dist.	

First Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:54
" 2d "	1:58
" 3d "	2:06
" 4th "	2:06

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile	2:00
" 2d "	1:55
" 3d "	1:56
" 4th "	2:01

Third Heat.

Time of 1st mile	2:12
" 2d "	2:04
" 3d "	2:02
" 4th "	2:00

Time of 1st heat	8:04
Time of 2d heat	7:51
Time of 3d heat	8:18

SATURDAY, Oct. 10—Proprietor's Purse \$400, ent. \$20, added, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

G. B. Williams' (Jesse Cage's) ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir William, 3 yrs.	1	1	1
Wm. K. Hill's (G. W. Parker's) ch. f. <i>Flight</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles ..	2	2	2
Time, 1:52—1:51—1:53.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies, 83lbs., sub \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Chas. Lewis' (J. C. Gould's) b. c. <i>Wesley Malone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard	2	1	2	1
W. H. Boddie's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon	3	2	1	2
J. Cox's b. f. <i>Mary Routh</i> , pedigree above	1	3	dist.	
Time, 1:53—1:57—1:59—1:57.				

The following Match came off over the above Course on

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 30, 1840—Match \$100 a side. Mile heats.

R. C. Love's gr. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Havoc, 3 yrs. 86lbs.	1	1
Alex. McKay's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 86lbs.	2	2
Time, 2:11—2:11½.		

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

MONDAY, Oct. 5, 1840—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

T. B. Scruggs' b. h. <i>Little Barton</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Davis' Hamiltonian, aged ..	2	1	1
H. Chrisman's br. h. <i>John Beasley</i> , by Mercury, d. m by Sir Hal, aged	1	2	2
Time, 1:57—1:57—2:00.			

There being but two entries to the above purse, Little Barton and John Beasley, they, by agreement, carried only 100lbs.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Two subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

T. J. Payne's ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Highland Mary	rec. ft.
T. G. Moore's b. c. <i>Ned Well</i> , by O'Connell, out of Mary Ramsay by Stockholder ..	pd. ft.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

T. B. Scruggs' ch. f. <i>Nancy Buford</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler.....	rec. ft
T. G. Moore's f. <i>Puss</i> , by Medoc, dam by Shakspeare.....	pd. ft.
John Frost's —, name and pedigree unknown.....	pd. ft.

SAME DAY—Purse \$100, entrance money added, conditions as before. Mile heats.

J. E. Pitcher's gr. c. <i>Little Blue</i> , by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, 4 yrs.....	1 1
T. B. Scruggs' ch. c. <i>Troy</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.....	2 2
Robt. Linn's ch. h. <i>Free Jack</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs.....	3 3

Time, 1:57—1:57.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

T. B. Scruggs' ch. f. <i>Nancy Buford</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1 1
J. L. Bradley's ch. c. <i>Daniel Breck</i> , by Collier, dam by Step's Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2 dist.
T. J. Payne's ch. c. <i>Bill Price</i> , by Imp. Harefoot, out of Highland Mary, 3 yrs.....	3 dr.

Time, 3:58—3:55.

THURSDAY, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$400, \$100 of which goes to the 2d best horse, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. L. Bradley's ch. f. <i>Red Morocco</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.....	1 1
William Fant's b. c. <i>Vidocq</i> , by Medoc, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	2 2
Robert Linn's ch. h. <i>Free Jack</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs.....	dist.

Time, 5:54—6:10.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, the second horse to receive \$200 out of the purse, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

H. Chrisman's gr. h. <i>Roderick Dhu</i> , by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 6 yrs.....	1 1
J. L. Bradley's ch. h. <i>Hawk Eye</i> , by Sir Lovell—Pressure's d. by Sir William, 5 yrs.....	2 0
T. B. Scruggs' b. m. <i>Rosa Vertner</i> , by Sir Leslie, out of Directress by Director, 5 yrs.....	3 0

Time, 7:54—8:09.

SATURDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

T. B. Scruggs' ch. f. <i>Nancy Buford</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1 1
J. E. Pitcher's gr. c. <i>Little Blue</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2 dr

Time, 2:04. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse \$100, ent. added, free for any horse, mare, or gelding, to carry 100lbs. each. Mile heats.

T. W. Lane's bl. m. <i>Ethiopia</i> , by Dashall, dam by Imp. Expedition, 6 yrs.....	3 1
J. E. Pitcher's b. h. <i>Ben Buster</i> , by Cherokee, dam by Green Oak, aged.....	1 dist.
H. Chrisman's b. h. <i>John Beasley</i> , pedigree above, aged.....	2 dist.

Time, 2:03—2:01.

BROAD ROCK, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs.* Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Half a mile.

Robinson & Burton's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Veto's dam, by Tom Tough.....	1
James P. Wilkinson's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam not stated.....	2
Mr. Logwood's b. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam not stated.....	3
N. Rives' br. c. by Terror, dam not stated.....	pd. ft.

Time, 53½ * Presumed to be the weights.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$25 each. Mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux.....	1 1
John M. Botts' ch. c. <i>Percussion</i> , by Gohanna.....	2 2
T. Whitworth's b. f. by Eclipse.....	3 dist.

Time, 1:55—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7—Proprietor's Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's br. h. <i>Will-go</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	1 1
John Allcock's (Mr. Botts') gr. m. <i>Fly</i> , by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....	3 2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Fordham</i> , by Eclipse, out of Janette, sister to Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	2 4
Charles Carter's b. f. <i>Margaret Blunt</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	4 3
George Goodwyn's b. h. by Eclipse.....	5 dist.

Time, 3:56—3:49.

THURSDAY, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Mr. Long's) ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon dam by Ball's Florizel, aged.....	1 1
Isham Puckett's b. h. <i>Texas</i> , by Imp. Fylde, 5 yrs.....	2 2
John Heth's b. h. <i>Balie Peyton</i> , by Andrew, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	3 dr
George Walden's ch. c. <i>Laneville</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	4 dr

Time, 5:56—5:49.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9—Sweepstakes, made up for the occasion. Two mile heats.

James Tally's br. c. by Imp. Tranby, 4 yrs.....	1 1
George Goodwyn's ch. c. <i>Robin Cobb</i> , by Imp. Felt, out of Polly Cobb, 3 yrs.....	3 2
J. B. Chapman's b. c. <i>Winfield Scott</i> , by Goliah, 4 yrs.....	2 3

Time, 3:56—4:04.

BY THE SECRETARY.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., OAKLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6, 1840—The Oakland Plate, value \$500, added to a Sweepstakes of sixteen subs. at \$100 each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; the second best to receive \$100. Two mile heats.

Wm. Buford jr.'s (Dr. E. Warfield's) b. f. <i>Sarah Morton</i> , by Sidi Hamet, out of Rowena by Sumpter.....	1 1
Robt. Burbridge's b. c. <i>Dick Menifee</i> , by Sarpedon, dam by Sir William.....	3 2
Jas. K. Duke's ch. f. <i>Leda</i> , by Tiger, out of Keph's dam by Sumpter.....	2 3
Gen. N. Sander's (L. Beach's) ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Woodbine.....	5 4
Benj. Luckett's (Mr. Dubois') b. c. <i>Swiss Boy</i> , by Imp. Swiss, dam by Stockholder.....	4 5
R. Pindell's b. c. A. D. <i>Hunt</i> , by Bertrand, out of Fanny Wright's dam by Alfred.....	7 6
J. R. Grigsby's (F. Herr's) ch. c. <i>Henry C. Pope</i> , by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy.....	6 dist.
M. R. Tarlton's (Gibson Mallory's) b. c. <i>Geo. Martin</i> , by Garrison's Zingane, out of Gabriella by Sir Archy.....	8 dist.

Time, 3:50—3:48.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Eight subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Frederick Herr's b. f. <i>Medina</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Archy.....	1 1
J. T. Drane's b. f. <i>Young Barbara</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Whip.....	2 2
Amos Riley's b. c. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Imp. Bluster.....	dist.
Saml. Brigham's ch. c. <i>Hard Times</i> , by Old Court, dam by Rocket.....	dist.
Saml. Province's ch. f. by Brunswick, dam by Duke of Bedford.....	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:59.

SAME DAY—Second Race—A handsome silver Tea Service, value \$500, ent. \$100, free for all ages, 5 yr. olds and upward to carry 100lbs., 4 yr. olds and under, their appropriate weights. Two mile heats.

Walker Thurston's ch. h. <i>Streshley</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs....	<i>John Ford</i>	1 1
F. G. Murphy's ch. m. <i>Missouri</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 6 yrs.....		4 2
Robt. Burbridge's b. h. <i>Bob Ewing</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by McDuffie, 6 yrs.....		3 3
Y. N. Oliver's b. m. <i>Mary Selden</i> , by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam, 7 yrs.....		2 dr

Time, 3:53—3:50.

THURSDAY, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$60, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Glas. Buford's b. f. <i>Ripple</i> , by Medoc—Belle Anderson by Sir William, 4 yrs..	3 2	1 1
J. C. Beasley's ch. m. <i>Lucy Fuller</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Pakenham, 6 yrs.....	5 1	2 2
Col. W. Buford's (W. Thurston's) br. f. <i>Maria Collier</i> (alias <i>Arabella</i>), by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	1 3	3 3
S. Burbridge's b. f. <i>Laura Webster</i> , by Medoc, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.....	2 4	4 r.o.
Saml. Davenport's b. c. <i>Maffitt</i> , by Frank, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs.....	4	dr

First Heat.		Second Heat.		Third Heat.		Fourth Heat.	
1st mile...	2:02	1st mile.....	2:02	1st mile.....	1:58	1st mile...	1:56
2d "...	1:58	2d ".....	1:53	2d ".....	1:55	2d "...	1:58
3d "...	1:51	3d ".....	1:52	3d ".....	1:51	3d "...	1:59
1st heat.	5:51	2d heat.....	5:47	3d heat.....	5:44	4th heat.	5:52

FRIDAY, Oct. 9—J. C. Purse \$1000, ent. \$100, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

J. C. Beasley's b. h. <i>Billy Townes</i> , by Imp. Fyde, d. by Virginian, 6 yrs.....	2 1	3 1
James Shy's ch. c. <i>Darnley</i> , by John Richards, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.....	3 2	1 dist.
Sidney Burbridge's (Lieut. Harris') b. f. <i>Mary Morris</i> , by Medoc, out of Miss Obstinate by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	4 3	2 r.o.
Saml. Davenport's ch. c. <i>Sambo</i> , by Equinox, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs.....	1	dist.

First Heat.		Second Heat.		Third Heat.		Fourth Heat.	
1st mile...	1:59	1st mile.....	1:55	1st mile.....	2:05	1st mile...	2:07
2d "...	1:53	2d ".....	1:55	2d ".....	2:00	2d "...	2:18
3d "...	1:58	3d ".....	2:05	3d ".....	2:02	3d "...	2:30
4th "...	1:55	4th ".....	2:04	4th ".....	2:16	4th "...	2:32
1st heat	7:50	2d heat.....	7:59	3d heat....	8:23	4th heat.	9:27

SATURDAY, Oct. 10—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's (W. S. Buford's) b. c. <i>Bendigo</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	1 3	1
Robt. Burbridge's b. c. <i>Dick Menifee</i> , by Lance, dam by Sir William, 3 yrs.....	3 2	2
John A. Holton's br. c. <i>Swiss Boy</i> , by Imp. Swiss, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	4 1	3
Saml. Davenport's ch. h. <i>Log Cabin</i> (alias Guy of Warwick), by Frank, dam by Hambletonian, 5 yrs.....	2	4 dist.

Time, 3:56—3:52—3:54.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Willa Viley's (T. Marshall's) br. f. by Industry, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs.....	2 1	1
James Shy's ch. m. <i>Barbara Allen</i> , by Collier, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.....	3 3	2
E. V. Godwin's (T. Lynch's) b. c. <i>Serenade</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whip, 4 y.	7 2	3
W. W. Bacon's b. c. <i>Minister</i> , by Medoc, dam by Alexander, 3 yrs.....	1 4	dist.
W. T. Ward's (L. Beach's) b. c. <i>Middleton</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Woodbine, 4 yrs.....	6 5	dr
B. Malony's ch. f. <i>Martha Jones</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.
F. Herr's b. c. <i>Little Wonder</i> , by Cherokee, dam by Saltram, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.

Time, 1:50—1:49—1:50.

W. PRESTON, Sec'y.

MECKLENBURG, VA., BUFFALO COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's ch. c. *Tattersall*, by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Sir Archy... 1 1
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Fanny Hill (Charles Carter's dam) by Clay's Sir William..... 2 2

Time, 1:56—1:56.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. — subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.

Townes & Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir Archy 1
John Coleman's b. f. by Gohanna, dam by Contest 2

Time, 1:57. Won easily

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7—Proprietor's Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's b. c. *Grampus*, by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs... 1 1
Wm. McCargo's b. h. *Walter L.*, by Imp. Fyde, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Charles Hudson's ch. g. *Galba*, by Contest, dam by Decision, 4 yrs 3 dist.
Thos. W. Raney's b. f. *Dolly Edwards*, by Imp. Whale, dam by Escape, 4 yrs..... dist.
Ceophas Hudson's b. h. *Arabian Mark*, by Imp. Fyde, dam by Sir James, 6 yrs dist.

Time, 3:54—3:54.

THURSDAY, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's b. f. *Adelha*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs... 4 1 1
Wm. McCargo's ch. c. *Panic*, by Eclipse, out of Aggy-Up by Timoleon, 4 yrs... 1 4 2
D. McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins, out of Betsey Baker, 6 yrs. 2 3 3
Purvey & Coleman's b. m. *Molly Ward*, by Imp. Hedgford, d. by Bertrand, 6 yrs 3 2 dist.

Time, 5:58—6:04—6:02.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9—Purse \$100, with the entrance money added, conditions as before Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wm. McCargo's b. m. *Jenny Robertson*, by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Marcus, 5 yrs 5 1 1 1
David McDaniel's b. f. *Ginger Blue*, by Sir Pitt, dam unknown, 4 yrs 3 2 2 2
Charles Hudson's ch. g. *Galba*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 3 dist.
H. Rogers' b. g. *Riprap*, by Byron, dam by Bedford, 6 yrs..... 2 4 dr.
Thos. W. Raney's br. m. *Espanella*, by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 4 5 dr.

Time, 1:52—1:51—1:54—1:54.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never started in a public race, weights as before. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

James Birney's ch. c. *Hornet*, by Imp. Felt, dam by Contest 2 1 1
Wm. McCargo's b. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Mons. Tonson..... 3 2 2
Townes & Williamson's b. f. by Imp. Shakespeare, dam by Arab..... 1 3 3
David McDaniel's b. c. by Imp. Felt, dam by Eaton's Columbus 4 4 4

Time, 1:53—1:53—2:01.

BALTIMORE, Md., KENDALL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 13, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. *John Blunt*, by Marion, out of Mary Blunt's d. by Alfred.... 1 1
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. f. *Amelia Priestman*, by Drone, out of Ecarté by Eclipse..... 2 dr

Time, 3:56.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14—The Sewell Stakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. c. *Hector Bell*, by Drone, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna... 1 0 1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. by Henry Tonson, out of Sally Sumner..... 2 0 2

Time, 4:02—4:20—4:07.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. *Harriet*, by Eclipse, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs 3 1 1
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. c. *John Hunter*, by Shark—Coquette by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 1 2 dr
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. h. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse—Powancy by Alfred, 5 yrs 2 dist.

Time, 1:52—1:52.

THURSDAY, Oct. 15—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Wonder*, by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlborough by Rob Roy, 5 yrs 4 1 4 1
Dr. George Goodwyn's Imp. ch. c. *Phil Brown*, by Glaucus, dam by Whalebone, 3 yrs 5 4 1 2
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. *Lady Canton*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 4 yrs.—carried 4lbs. extra..... 3 3 2 r.o.
John D. Kirby's ch. c. *Hyde Park*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda (Dr. Syntax's dam) by Timoleon, 4 yrs 2 2 3 r.o.
John W. Norton's ch. c. *Ashland*, by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 4 yrs..... 1 5 dr.

Time, 3:58—3:54—3:50—3:52.

FRIDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$600, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

John D. Kirby's (Maj. S. Ringgold's) Imp. br. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus, 4 yrs 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Fyde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs 4 2
John S. Corbin's b. h. *Bandit*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs 2 3
R. J. Worthington's b. c. *Astor*, by Ivanhoe, out of Trippit by Mars, 4 yrs 3 4

Time, 5:50—5:54.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NATIONAL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 13, 1840—The *Breeders' Stake* for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, n. ft. Two mile heats.

T. R. S. Boyce's b. c. *Capstan*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe 1 1
Gen. A. Hunter's ch. c. *Cavalier*, by Hotsput, out of The Captain's dam dist.
No time kept.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race; weights as before. Four subs. at \$20 each, to which the Proprietor added \$100, the 2d best horse to save his stake. Two mile heats.

Wm. Holmead's b. f. by Industry, dam by Monsieur Tonson 1 1
Geo. L. Stockett's b. f. *Accada*, by Imp. Apparition, out of Mary Selden's dam 3 2
Col. F. Thompson's b. c. *Egremont*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Reliance's dam 2 3
Mr. Brightwell's bl. f. by Burch's Gimcrack, out of Helen dist.
Time, 4:00—3:58.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14—Ladies' Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's br. h. *Will-go*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs. 1 1
Col. F. Thompson's b. f. *Flora McIvor*, by Burch's Gimcrack, d. by Marylander, 3 yrs. 2 2
R. McGregor's ch. h. by Timoleon, out of Betsey Andrews, 6 yrs. dist.
Time, 3:51½—3:59.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse a *Silver Pitcher*, valued at \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. h. *Capt. Thos. Hoskins*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs. 2 1 1
T. R. S. Boyce's br. c. *Perseverance*, by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Toigallant, 4 yrs. 3 2 2
Col. F. Thompson's b. f. *Miss Lamartine*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Attaway by Sir James, 3 yrs. 1 3 dist.
Wm. Holmead's ch. h. by Timoleon, dam by Trafalgar, 5 yrs. 4 dist.
Time, 1:52½—1:53—1:59.

THURSDAY, Oct. 15—Proprietor's Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

O. P. Hare's (W. Livingston's) b. h. *Job*, by Eclipse—Jemima by Rattler, 5 yrs. 3 1 3 1
Isham Puckett's b. h. *Texas*, by Imp. Fyde, 5 yrs. 2 3 1 2
W. D. Bowie's b. c. *Sam Houston*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Imp. Magic, 4 yrs. 1 4 2 3
Col. F. Thompson's b. c. *Rienzi*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White, 4 yrs. 5 2 4 r.o.
Geo. L. Stockett's b. f. *Fanny Selden*, by D of Orleans—Mary Selden's dam, 4 y 4 5 dist.,
John Queen's b. c. *Greenhill*, by Gimcrack Jr., out of Flora, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 5:49—6:09—5:47—5:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 16—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. m. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs. 1 1
Rod. McGregor's ch. c. *Ned Hazard*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs. 2 2
Col. F. Thompson's gr. m. *Lily*, by Tycheus, dam by Rob Roy, 5 yrs. 3 3
Gen. Gibson's ch. c. by Busiris, out of Noli-me-Tangere, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 7:55½—7:57.

TREMONT, ILLINOIS.

THURSDAY, Oct. 15, 1840—Purse \$—, entrance money added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

J. Gamble's ch. h. *Uncas*, by Diomed, 6 yrs. 2 1 1
E. Case's gr. f. *Grey Eagle* [pedigree not given], 3 yrs. 1 2 2
A. Musick's br. f. *Copperhead*, by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. 3 3 dr
E. A. Darcy's b. c. *Blacksmith*, by Orphan Boy, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. 4 4 dr
S. T. Russell's b. m. *Fanny Medill*, by O'Brien, dam by O'Kelly, 5 yrs. dist.
Time, 1:59—2:01—2:04.

SATURDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$—, entrance money added, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

P. Menard's ch. f. *Beaatcher*, by Leopold, out of Cranberry, 4 yrs. 1 1
E. A. Darcy's b. f. *Sweet Home*, by Leopold, out of Lady Washington, 3 yrs. 2 2
A. Yazel's b. h. *Jim Crow*, by Rattler, dam by Potomac, 6 yrs. 3 3
J. Frost's (Mr. Camp's) ch. f. *Brunette*, by Leopold, dam by Plenipo, 3 yrs. dist.
Time, 4:02—4:05. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—, entrance money added, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. Frost's ch. f. *Rancopus*, by Flagellator, out of Molly Longlegs, 3 yrs. 1 1
A. Musick's gr. h. *Wagoner Tom*, by —, dam by Whip. 2 2
W. Peters' b. h. *Buck-Eye*, by Berry's Stockholder, dam by Indian, 5 yrs. 3 dist.
E. A. Darcy's h. *Rights of Man*, by Leopold, dam by Hamiltonian, 7 yrs. dist.
Time not kept.

NEWBERRY, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Oct 19, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Ten subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

H. Smith's ch. f. *Martha Rowton*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Martha Griffin by Phenomenon 1 1
Maj. William Eddins' ch. c. *Crichton*, by Bertrand, dam by Phenomenon 2 2
Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. *Harriet Wells*, by Andrew, dam by Lafayette 3 3
Time, 4:03—3:58.

TUESDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$133 32c., free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Col. John Cockerell's ch. f. <i>Sally McGee</i> , by Gascoigne, out of Thisbe, 4 yrs....	3	2	1	1
Col. S. Fair's ch. f. <i>Sally Jane</i> , by Black Hawk—Molly Ward's d. by Bertrand, 3 yrs	2	1	2	2
Col. P. E. Duncan's ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy.....	1	3	dr.	
Col. P. C. Caldwell's b. h. <i>Trader</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian			dist.	

Time, 1:57—2:02—2:08—2:09.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Citizens' Purse \$40, conditions as before. Mile heats.

H. Smith's f. <i>Mary Hedgford</i> , by Imp. Hedgford—Mary Francis by Director, 3 yrs....	1	1		
Col. John Cockerell's b. g. ———, 5 yrs.....			2	2

Time, 2:04—2:05.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 21—J. Club Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

L. Lovell's f. <i>Mary Scott</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Blackburne's Whip, 3 yrs.....	1	1		
Col. P. E. Duncan's b. m. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Harwood, 5 yrs.....			2	2
Col. John Cockerell's b. m. <i>Quizanna</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....			3	3
Maj. A. Summer's c. <i>Billy Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Hephestion, 3 yrs.....			dist.	
W. R. Smith's c. <i>Don Juan</i> , by Argyle, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs			dr.	

Time, 4:06—4:12.

THURSDAY, Oct. 22—J. C. Purse \$266 66c., conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	1		
Col. P. E. Duncan's bl. c. <i>Sessimus</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, d. by Harwood, 4 yrs.	2	2		
Williams & Eddins' ch. f. <i>Victoria Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton, d. by Phenomenon, 3 yrs.	3	3		

Time, 6:20—6:23.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Citizens' Purse \$85, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Williams & Eddins' ch. c. <i>Crichton</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1	
Col. Cockerell's b. f. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Camilla, 3 yrs.....			1	2
Col. Fair's ch. f. <i>Sally Jane</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....			4	3 dist.
Col. P. E. Duncan's ch. c. by Medoc, 3 yrs.....			3	dr.
W. R. Ford's c. <i>Don Juan</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....				dist.

Time not given.

FRIDAY, Oct. 23—J. C. Purse \$240, conditions as before. Mile heats best 2 in 5

W. R. Smith's (John Cockerell's) m. <i>Lady Canebroke</i> (late Meridian), by Coriasco, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1	1
G. Edmonson's ch. f. <i>Harriet Wells</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs			3	2
Col. Fair's Imp. f. <i>Britannia</i> , by Actæon, out of Scandal, 4 yrs			1	3 dist.
Williams & Eddins' ch. c. <i>Crichton</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....			4	"

Time, 1:56—1:58—2:00—2:04. * Crichton fell down.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side. One mile.

Col. Williams' <i>Go-it</i> , by Cowpen	1			
Mr. McMonies' <i>Muiat filly</i>				2

Time, 1:56.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match, \$100 a side. Quarter of a mile.

Col. Cockerell's ch. g. <i>Hoozier</i>	1			
Mr. Griffin's b. h. <i>Root Doctor</i>				2

MAYSVILLE, Ky., BEECHLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 20, 1840—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Willa Viley's (Jas. K. Duke's) ch. f. <i>Leda</i> , by Tiger, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs	1	1		
B. Kirk's (W. Thurston's) br. f. <i>Maria Collier</i> (late Arabella), by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs			2	2
R. Cooper's (R. Burbridge's) b. c. <i>Dick Menifee</i> , by Lance, d. by Sir William, 3 yrs..			3	dist.

Time, 4:51—4:11. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 21—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Willa Viley's (Maj. Marshall's) b. f. by Industry, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs	1	1		
R. Cooper's b. c. <i>Spal</i> , by Spallanzani, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....			2	dist.
A. Fox's (Capt. Church's) ch. c. by Bertrand, 3 yrs				dist.

Time, 2:06—2:07.

THURSDAY, Oct. 22—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 4 yr. olds and upwards to carry 100lbs., under their proper weights. Two mile heats.

R. Cooper's (Dr. Menifee's) b. h. <i>Sailor Boy</i> , by Jim Cropper, d. by Marshall, 6 yrs..	1	1		
A. Fox's b. m. <i>Mary Selden</i> , by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam, 7 yrs.....			2	2
Thomas Marshall's (Capt. Burbridge's) b. c. <i>Bob Ewing</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by McDuffie, 4 yrs.....			3	3
Jno. C. Mason's (J. Jones') ch. m. <i>Mary Porter</i> , by Mucklejohn, d. by Printer, 6 yrs.			4	dist

Time, 4:18—4:01.

FRIDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

R. Cooper's (J. J. Allen's) b. c. <i>Robert Bruce</i> , by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1		
A. A. Wadsworth's (W. Thurston's) br. f. <i>Maria Collier</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....			2	2
Willa Viley's (Chas. Buford's) b. f. <i>Ripple</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs.....			3	3
Benj. Kirk's br. f. <i>Mary Ann Furman</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....			4	4

Time, 6:02—6:03.

BROOKE COUNTY, VA., BEECH BOTTOM COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 20, 1840—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

David Buchanan's b. f. by Bedford, dam by Godolphin	2	1	1
Samuel McCord's ch. f. by March, dam by Hambletonian	1	2	2
Time, 2:00—1:58—2:03½.			

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 21—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

David Victor's ch. m. <i>Polly Piper</i> , by Count Piper, dam by Consul, 5 yrs	1	1
Wm. Irwin's gr. h. <i>Corinthian</i> , by Imp. Consul, dam by Duroc, 9 yrs	3	2
John Zeilley's gr. h. <i>Rat Catcher</i> , by Rat Catcher, dam by Consul, 5 yrs	2	dist.
Time, 3:56—3:58.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 22—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

David Victor's b. m. <i>Mary Mason</i> , by Pirate, dam by Consul, 5 yrs	1	1
John Zeilley's gr. c. <i>Jo Vance</i> , by Imp. Roman, dam by Pirate, 4 yrs	2	dr
Time, 5:52.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John Zeilley's ch. n. <i>Kangaroo</i> , by John Richards, dam unknown, 5 yrs	1	1	1
Joshua Windsor's ch. c. <i>Straightout</i> ,* by Count Piper, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs	2	2	2
Wm. Irwin's gr. h. <i>Corinthian</i> , pedigree above, 9 yrs			dist.
Time, 2:00—1:51—1:58. *Carried 7lbs. extra.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Mach for \$500. Four miles.

Mr. Cheasman's b. m. by Pirate, dam by Consul, 5 yrs	1
Mr. Law's spotted m. <i>Speckled Hen</i> , by Industry, dam by Duroc, 5 yrs	2
Time, 9:03. JOSEPH PEARCE, Sec'y.	

PHILADELPHIA, PA., CAMDEN COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 21, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Saml. Laird's (William Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam), by Sir Charles	Jos. Laird	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Amelia Priestman</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarté		2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. by Star, out of Sally Trent			p.ft.
James K. Van Mater's b. f. <i>Nannie</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Mattie			p.ft.
Time, 4:13—4:22. Track knee deep in mud.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won, weights as before. Flve subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) br. f. <i>Kate Nickleby</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Lady Mostyn by Teniers	Jos. Laird	1	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. f. <i>Clarionette</i> , own sister to Clarion, dam by Ogle's Oscar		2	2
Jas. K. Van Mater's ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Monmouth's dam			p.ft.
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. f. by Monmouth Eclipse—Modesty by Imp. Expedition			p.ft.
Saml. Laird's b. f. <i>Young Alarm</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Alarm			p.ft.
Time, 2:02—2:07.			

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. <i>Harriet</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs	Craig	1	1
John D. Kirby's br. f. by Imp. Flyde, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs		3	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Peter Pindar</i> , by Imp. Daghee, d. by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs		4	3
D. Tom's b. c. <i>John Bell</i> , by Shark, out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs		2	dr
Otway P. Hare's (Col. Thompson's) gr. m. <i>Lily</i> , by Tychicus, dam by Rob Roy, 5 yrs			fell.
Time, 4:14—4:18.			

THURSDAY, Oct. 22—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. f. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Modesty, by Imp. Expedition	Jas. Cunningham	1	1
Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Charlotte Place		2	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. f., full sister to Clarion, by Ogle's Oscar			p. ft.
James B. Kendall's ch. c. <i>Charles Henry</i> , by Henry, out of Charles Greene's Filho-da-puta mare			p. ft.
Time, 2:05—2:07. Track very heavy.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$500, free for all ages, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. h. <i>Job</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs	Reuben	1	3	1
Saml. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark—Bonnets o' Blue, 4 yrs		3	2	2
John D. Kirby's b. c. <i>Sam Houston</i> , by Imp. Autocrat—Charles Magic's dam, 4 yrs		4	1	3
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Wonder</i> , by Tychicus, dam by Rob Roy, 5 yrs		5	4	4
Col. Harris' b. c. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White, 4 yrs		6	5	dist
James B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Mary Randolph, 4 yrs		2	dr.	
Time, 6:26—6:20—6:19.				

FRIDAY, Oct. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's gr. m. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs		1	1
John D. Kirby's Imp. b. c. <i>Passenger</i> , by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus, 4 yrs		2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. c. <i>Norfolk</i> , by Imp. Flyde, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs			dist.
Time, 8:12—8:17. Course very heavy			

TRENTON, N. J., EAGLE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 27, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles	<i>Jos. Laird.</i>	1	1
D. H. Jones' gr. f. <i>Fleetfoot</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Dove (Treasurer and Zenobia's dam) by Duroc		2	2
J. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. f. <i>Nannie</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy			dist.*
J. B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Amelia Priestman</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarte by Eclipse			p.ft.
D. H. Jones' b. c. <i>Truxton</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Vertumnus' dam			p.ft.

Time, 3:52½—3:56½,—track heavy. * Rider fell.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Nine subs. at \$100 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor adds \$200. Mile heats.

D. H. Jones' ch. c. <i>Meridian</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse	<i>D. Cowell.</i>	1	1
D. H. Ellis' ch. f. <i>Rosalinda Jr.</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Rosalinda by Oscar		3	2
J. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) br. f. <i>Kate Nickleby</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Lady Mostyn		2	3
J. K. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Dan</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Monmouth's dam			p.ft.
J. B. Kendall's ch. c. <i>Charles Henry</i> , by Henry, dam by Filho da Puta			p.ft.
J. H. Van Mater's ch. f. <i>Clarionette</i> , own sister to Clarion			p.ft.
S. Laird's b. f. <i>Fanny Elssler</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Clara Howard's dam			p.ft.
D. Abbott's ch. c. <i>File-Leader</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda, the dam of Dr. Syntax			p.ft.
John Emmons' ch. c. <i>Tom Benton</i> , by Imp. Barefoot—Die Vernon, the dam of Cadmus			p.ft.

Time, 1:53—1:56.

For this stake there were nine nominations, but in consequence of four being in the same stable, although owned by different gentlemen, one only could start. It is thought due to the houses so placed without a chance, to name them:—J. H. Van Mater's ch. f. *Clarionette*, John Emmons' ch. c. *Tom Benton*, and D. Abbott's ch. c. *File-Leader*.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 28.—Purse \$400, one-fourth of which to go to the second best horse; free for all ages, 3 yrs., 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7, and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 4 yrs	<i>Wilham.</i>	3	1	1
S. Laird's (W. McCoun's) ch. h. <i>John R.</i> , by Henry, out of Grasshopper by Imp. Roman, 6 yrs		1	2	2
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. g. <i>Suffolk</i> , by Andrew, out of Ostrich (Tarquin and Decatur's dam) by Eclipse, 6 yrs		2	3	3
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. h. <i>Stanhope</i> , by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar by Rattler, 5 yrs		5		dist.
D. Toms' b. c. <i>John Bell</i> , by Shark, out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs		4		dr

Time, 3:53—3:53—3:52½

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100; conditions as before. Mile heats.

J. Belcher's ch. c. <i>Ashland</i> , by Medoc—Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 4 yrs. <i>Nop'n Young</i>		1	1
J. Stillwell's br. f. f. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs		2	2
S. Laird's br. f. <i>Alvinda</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs		3	3
W. Ashby's b. c., by Imp. Tranby, out of Col. Sewall's Imp. mare, 3 yrs			dist.
A. Combs' gr. f. <i>Buzzardo</i> , by Pelham, dam by Buzzard, 3 yrs			dist.

Time, 1:53—1:52½.

THURSDAY, Oct. 29.—Match, \$500 a side, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. W. Jones' b. c. <i>Truxton</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Princess by Defiance, 3 yrs	<i>Jos. Laird.</i>	1	1
J. B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Amelia Priestman</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarte by Eclipse, 3 yrs		2	2

Time, 1:56—2:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$600, 25 per cent to go to the 2d best horse, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's (J. Campbell's) b. c. <i>Sam Houston</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Imp. Magic, 4 yrs	<i>Oliver Wostell.</i>	3	1	1
J. D. Kirby's b. c. <i>Passenger</i> , by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus, 4 yrs		1	2	3
S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue, 4 yrs		4	3	2
Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. <i>Harriet</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs		2		dist.

Time, 6:02—6:02—6:08½. Run in a severe storm.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$100; conditions as before. Mile heats.

D. Toms' b. c. <i>John Bell</i> , by Shark, out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs	<i>Congo.</i>	1	
J. Hellings' b. c. <i>Prince Murat</i> , by Messenger, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs			dist.

Time, 1:58; won easily.

WINCHESTER, VA., FREDERICK COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 30, 1840—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 4 yrs		5	1	2	1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Herod, 4 yrs		1	4	3	2
A. M. Payne's b. f. <i>Margaret Heath</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Tariff, 3 yrs		3	2	1	3
Henry Shepherd's Imp. b. f. <i>Polly Moss</i> , by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp, 5 y.		4	3	4	r. o.
Geo. Hefebower's b. h. <i>Loudon</i> , by Industry, dam by Archibald, 6 yrs		2	5		dr.
R. R. Farr's b. g. <i>Earnest</i> , by Young Alfred, out of —, 4 yrs		6			dist.
M. R. Richards' b. h. <i>Nicholas</i> , by Southern Eclipse, dam by Tuckahoe, 6 y.					dist.

Time, 4:04—3:56—4:05—3:59.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. <i>Martha Bickerton</i> , by Pamunky, dam by Tariff, 5 yrs	1	1
R. J. Worthington's b. c. <i>Astor</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of Tripit by Mars, 4 yrs	2	2
Time, 5:59-5:54.		

J. W. Morton's ch. c. *Ashland*, by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 4 yrs 1 2 1 1
 Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. f. *Seven-up*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, d. by Arab, 3 yrs 2 1 2 2
 R. R. Farr's b. g. *Earnest*, by Alfred, out of ———, 4 yrs ——— 3 3 3 3

Time, 1:54—1:54—2:02—1:59. SECRETARY.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Three subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Maj. William Jones' gr. f. *Fleetfoot*, by Imp. *Barefoot* out of Dove (the dam of Treasurer and Zenobia), by Ducro *Joseph Laird* 1 1
 Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. f. *Nannie*, by Imp. *Trustee* out of Miss Mattie, own sister to Isabella, by Sir Archy. 2 2
 Time. 3:54—3:55.

A. Conover's (Robt. L. Stevens') ch. c. by Imp. Trustee out of Celeste
by Henry..... David Cowley 1 1
David W. Jones' b. c. *Meridian*, by Imp. Barefoot out of Balie Peyton's dam, by
Eclipse..... 2 2

Daniel H. Ellis' ch. f. *Rosalinda Jr.*, by Imp. Trustee, out of *Rosalinda*, by Oscar..... *dist.
Time, 1:52—1:52½ * Came in 2d, but dist. by her jockey's dismounting without orders.

S. Laird's (B. B. Smock's) br. f. <i>Albilda</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs.	Joseph Laird	1	1
Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. by Imp. Trustee out of Celeste, by Henry, 3 yrs		3	2
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. by Eclipse, 5 yrs		2	3

Time, 3:58—4:06.

S. Laird's (William Gibbons) bl. c. *Mariner*, by Shark out of Bonnets o' Blue, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. Joseph Laird. 1 l

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. h. *Prospect*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs. 2 dr

Time, 8:06.

Robt. L. Stevens' Imp. b. f. <i>Sylphide</i> , by Emilius out of Polly Hopkins, by Virginian, 4 yrs.	David Cowell.	1 1
S. Laird's (Mr. ———)'s ch. h. <i>John R.</i> , by Henry—Grasshopper, by Eclipse, 6 yrs.		2 2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Peter Pinder</i> , by Imd. Daghee, d. by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs.		3 dist.

Time, 6:00—5:59.

The Sweepstakes up for this meeting for 3 yr. olds, sub. \$200 each, \$50 ft. Two mile heats, was declared off by consent of parties.

TUESDAY, Sept. —, 1840—Purse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to m.'s and g.'s. Three mile heats.

W. R. Smith's ch. f. <i>Martha Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton, out of Martha Griffin by Phenomenon, 3 yrs	1 1
P. E. Duncan's b. h. <i>Loundes</i> , by Nellifier, dam by Hephestion, 5 yrs	2 2
Col. Fair's ch. f. <i>Sally J.</i> , by Black Hawk, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	dist.
John Cockerell's ch. m. <i>Meridian</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko, 5 yrs	dist.
Time, 6:06—6:16.	

Time, 6:06—6:16.

P. E. Duncan's br. h. <i>Chesapeake</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, 6 yrs	1	1
W. R. Smith's b. g. <i>Little Sick</i> , by Expectation, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs	2	2
John Cockerell's b. f. <i>Sally McGee</i> , by Gascoigne, out of Thisbe, 4 yrs	3	3
Dr. W. B. Earle's gr. m. <i>Nancy Miller</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 4:02—4:12.

W. R. Smith's br. f. *Mary Hedgford*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Mary Francis (Gov. Butler's dam) 1 1
John Cockerell's b. f. ———, 2 bolt.

Time, 2.02.

Time, 2.02.

J. Cockerell's ch. f. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Andrew, out of Ajarrah Harrison's dam, 3 yrs...	1 1
P. E. Duncan's bl. c. <i>Scissors</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Harwood, 4 yrs...	3 2
Col. Fair's ch. f. <i>Sally J.</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2 dist.
Dr. Earle's ch. f. <i>Ellen Tree</i> , by Salvador, out of —, 3 yrs.....	dist.

Time, 1:59—1:59.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes. One mile.

John Cockerell's b. f. <i>Sally McGee</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1
W. R. Smith's b. g. <i>Little Kirds</i>	2
Capt. Sim's b. m. <i>Darkey Ridge</i>	3

Time, 1:58.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Sweepstakes for saddle horses. One mile.

Mr. Gaffney's br. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Jackson.....	1
Capt. Famandis' ch. g. <i>Hoosier</i> , by Ormond.....	2
F. E. Duncan's b. h. <i>Short John</i>	3
Somebody's b. m. <i>Pinhook</i>	4

Time, 1:58.

FRIDAY, Sept. — —Purse \$ —, gate money added, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John Cockerell's ch. m. <i>Meridian</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
Col. Fair's Imp. b. f. <i>Britannia</i> , by Actæon, out of Scandal, 4 yrs.....	3	3	2
W. R. Smith's ch. m. <i>Elvira</i> , by Redgauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 5 yrs.....	2	2	3

Time, 1:57—1:59—2:04.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6, 1840—Poststake for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs. ; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two subs. at \$100 each. Two mile heats.

John B. Richardson's gr. c. <i>Sleeper</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Grand Seigneur, 4 yrs..	1	1
Thomas Dowling's ch. h. <i>Uncle Frank</i> , by Collier, dam by Doublehead, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:01—4:08. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Three subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Thomas Dowling's (Skillman & Forman's b. c. <i>Earl of Marlborough</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy.....	1	1
John B. Richardson's b. c. <i>Emancipat</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Randolph's Gascoigne.....	2	2
J. B. Geer's ch. c. by Bill Golong, out of Blind Kate.....	dist.	

Time, 1:58—1:59. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Five subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Thomas Dowling's (N. F. Cunningham's) b. f. <i>Atlanta</i> , by Blood-and-Turf, out of old Fly.....	1	1
Jacob Ryman's ch. c. <i>Wabash</i> , by Sir William, dam by Buzzard.....	2	2
S. B. Mullen's ch. c. <i>Forrest</i> , by Blood-and-Turf, dam by Whip.....	dist.	

Time, 2:04—2:08.

THURSDAY, Oct. 8—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. hn Westfall's (Leonard & Wood's) ch. c. <i>Little Red</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	1	4	1
Thomas Dowling's b. m. <i>Ann Blake</i> , by Lance, dam by Whip, 5 yrs.....	2	3	2
A. L. Crain's b. c. <i>Echo</i> , by Lafayette Stockholder—Dutiful by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3	2	3
Geo. H. Sinclair's bl. g. <i>Tom Corwin</i> , by Goode's Arab, dam by Doublehead.....	4	1	4
Daniel Weisager's br. f. <i>Bonnets o' Blue</i> , by Sir William, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs.....	5	dr.	

Time, 6:12—6:10—6:15.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John B. Richardson's gr. f. by Orphan Boy, 3 yrs.....	3	3	1	1	1
Wm. Palmer's ch. c. <i>Buckeye Lad</i> , by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	1	1	2	2	2
Geo. H. Sinclair's br. c. <i>Panic</i> , by Robert Burns, 4 yrs.....	2	2	3	dist.	
Daniel Weisager's ro. f. by Hoosier, 4 yrs.....	dist.				
J. Shaw's b. g. <i>Covington Buck</i>	dist.				

Time, 2:04—2:05—2:07—2:12—1:15. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Oct. 10—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

E. S. Revell's ch. h. <i>Red Hawk</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.....	1	1
John B. Richardson's gr. c. <i>Sleeper</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Wm. B. Forman's b. c. <i>Richard III.</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs..	dist.	

Time, 4:22—4:27. Track still in the worst possible condition.

CYNTHIANA, KENTUCKY.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Sub. \$50 each. Mile heats.

James J. Allen's b. c. <i>Muse Sandford</i> , by Hickory, dam by Imp. Contract.....	1	1
Joseph Shawhan's b. f. by Cherokee, dam by Whip.....	2	2

Time, 1:58—2:00.

THURSDAY, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. ; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. J. Allen's b. c. <i>Robert Bruce</i> , by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Horace Benton's b. c. <i>James Crowell</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Thomas J. Young's bl. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam unknown, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 3:58—3:58.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, weights as above. Sub. \$40 each. Mile heats.

J. J. Allen's <i>Muse Sandford</i> , pedigree above.....	1	1
Joseph Shawhan's b. f. by Dick Singleton, dam by Cherokee.....	2	2

Time, 2:00—2:02.

SATURDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$75, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 Jas. J. Allen's (Dr. Menifee's) b. h. *Sailor Boy*, by J. Cropper, d. by Marshall, 6 yrs. 1 1
 John Harper's ch. h. *Bob Walker*, by Brunswick, dam by Moses, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Thomas J. Young's ch. h. by Bertrand, dam by Cook's Whip, 5 yrs. 3 3
 J. E. Roper's gr. c. *Emigrant*, by Cadet, dam by Imp. Contract, 4 yrs. 4 dist
 Time, 1:52—1:50.

LOGAN COUNTY, Ky., GREY EAGLE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 13, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Sub. \$50 each, P.P. One mile.

C. H. Hatcher's ch. c. *Charles Malcolm*, by Malcolm, dam by Albert Gallatin. 1
 Jos. Samuel's bl. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Packenham. 2
 W. Taylor's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Orphan. 3
 Thomas Cross' ch. c. *Lance*, by Lance, dam by Crusader. bolt.
 Time, 1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$25 each, P. P. Mile heats.

W. Taylor's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Orphan. 1 1
 A. M. McLean's ch. f. by Snakeroot, dam by Timoleon. 2 dist.
 C. H. Hatcher's ch. f. *Mary Malcolm*. 3 dist.
 C. Guing's ch. f. by Malcolm, dam unknown. dist.
 T. Cross' br. f. by Lance, dam by Kosciusko. pd. ft.
 Time, 1:56.

THURSDAY, Oct. 15—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 87lbs., fillies 84lbs. Sub. \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Coleman Gill's bl. c. *John Valiant*, by Valiant, dam by King's Archer. 1 1
 A. M. Lyle's b. f. by John Dawson, dam by Pacolet. 2 2
 A. M. McLean's b. c. by Merlin. 3 3
 W. Taylor's — by Imp. Luzborough. p. ft.
 Time, 1:54—2:01.

FRIDAY, Oct. 16—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, 3 yr. old weights. Four subs., silver cup each, valued at \$15, P. P. Mile heats.

L. P. Sale's br. c. *Guineacock*, by Merlin—Martha Rivers by Greytail Florizel. 1 1
 Col. D. T. Porter's b. c. *Marylander*, by Marylander, dam unknown. 2 dist.
 Time of 1st heat not kept—2d, 1:58.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

TUESDAY, Oct. 13, 1840—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

A Webster's b. c. *Euclid*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 1 2 1
 Tunstall & Safford's b. f. *Etna*, by Volcano, out of Rebecca by Palafox, 4 yrs. 2 1 2
 Burton & Smith's ch. m. *Jacintha*, pedigree not given. 3 dist.
 Time not given.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Tunstall & Safford's ch. h. *Tom Jefferson*, by Sir Charles. 1 1
 Burton & Smith's bl. m. *Beersheba*, by Imp. Leviathan. 2 2
 Time not given.

THURSDAY, Oct. 15—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

A. Webster's ch. m. *Lady Stock*, by Stockholder, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Tunstall & Safford's b. m. *Eudora*, by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 6 yrs. 2 dist.
 Time not given.

FRIDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Tunstall & Safford's b. f. *Etna*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Burton & Smith's b. c. *Elias Rector*, by Imp. Luzborough. 2 2
 Time not given.

SATURDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. Webster's ch. m. *Lady Stock*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 1 1 1
 Burton & Smith's ch. m. *Mary Meadows*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs. 3 2 2
 Tunstall & Safford's ch. h. *Tom Jefferson*, pedigree above. 2 3 dr
 Time not given.

BEANS' STATION, TENNESSEE.

THURSDAY, Oct. 15, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Sub. \$— each. One mile.

John McGhee's ch. c. *Billy Ainsworth*, by Traveller, dam by Timoleon. 1
 Col. Willis' ch. f. *Mary Clinch*, pedigree not given. 2
 Mr. Scruggs' ch. c. by Molo. dist.
 Mr. Tipton's ch. c. by ———. dist.
 Time, 2:07. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

John Blevins' ch. f. *Kate Shelby*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 1 1
 John McGhee's b. m. *Ann Barrow*, by Cock-of-the-Rock, dam by Virginian. dist.
 Time, 1:58½. Track heavy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Clark & Bowen's gr. c. *Lafitte*, by O'Kelly, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. walked over,

SATURDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Clark & Bowen's gr. c. *Lafitte*, pedigree above, 4 yrs 2 1 1
 John McGhee's ch. h. *Pumpkin Boy*, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs 1 2 2
 Time not given.

MECKLENBURG, VA., BUFFALO COURSE.

FRIDAY, Oct. 16, 1840—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. m. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, 5 yrs 1 1
 Townes & Williamson's ch. h. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Roanoke, 5 y. 2 2
 Time not reported.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Sub. \$50 each. Mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (George Tarry's) b. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Mons. Tonson 3 1 2 1
 Townes & Williamson's b. c. *Woodcock*, by Imp. Emancipation, out of Benbow's dam 2 2 1 2
 J. Garden's ch. c. by Emancipation 1 3 3 3
 Time, 1:55—1:56—1:55—2:00.

SATURDAY, Oct. 31—Purse \$— (gate and entrance money), with \$15 added, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's b. f. *Cameo*, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Holman's Buzzard 1 1
 C. Hudson's b. c. by Contest, 4 yrs dist.
 Mr. Bagley's ch. h. dist.

VAN BUREN, ARKANSAS.

TUESDAY, Oct. 20, 1840—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Tunstall & Safford's b. m. *Eudora*, by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 6 yrs 1 1
 A. Webster's b. c. *Euclid*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs 2 2

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 21—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 Tunstall & Safford's b. f. *Catalpa*, by Frank 1 1
 A. Webster's *Major Graves*, by Monsoon 2 dist

THURSDAY, Oct. 22—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Burton & Smith's b. c. *Elias Rector*, by Imp. Luzborough 1 1
 Tunstall & Safford's b. f. *Etna*, by Volcano, out of Rebecca, by Palafox, 4 yrs 2 2

FRIDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 A. Webster's ch. m. *Lady Stock*, by Stockholder, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs 1 1
 Burton & Smith's ch. m. *Mary Meadows*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs dist.

SATURDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Tunstall & Safford's b. m. *Eudora*, pedigree above, 6 yrs 1 1 1
 Burton & Smith's b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs 2 2 2

SHAWNEETOWN, ILLINOIS.

TUESDAY, Oct. 20, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 and 3 yr. olds. Three subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. C. Sloo's f. *Beatrice of Ferrara*, by Stockholder, dam by Duroc, 2 yrs., 90lbs 1
 Judge Hardin's c. *Wing Wilson*, by Stockholder Jr., dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs dist.
 John Limrick's c. *York Jr.*, by Duke of York, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs., 120lbs dist.
 Time, 2:00. Track heavy.

SHELBYVILLE, TENNESSEE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 21, 1840—Purse \$150, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

Mr. Dye's ch. g. by Citizen, dam by 2 1 1
 Benton Wood's ch. f. by Arab, dam by Conqueror 1 2 dr
 W. Scott Haynes' ch. c. by Rattler, dam by Virginian dist.
 Time, 2:02—2:04.

THURSDAY, Oct. 22—Purse \$50, for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. One mile.
 W. Scott Haynes' (Gen. Donelson's) br. c. by Mambrino, dam by Marion 1
 Benton Wood's ch. c. by Havoc, dam by Pacolet dist.
 Time, 2:06.

SAME DAY—Purse \$100, for 2 yr. olds, weights as above. Mile heats.
 W. Scott Haynes' (Gen. Donelson's) ch. c. by Mambrino, dam by Sir Archy. walked over.

FRIDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
 W. Scott Haynes' (Mr. Patterson's) b. c. *Bromfield Ridley*, by Bell-Air, out of Cedar Snags, 4 yrs 1 1
 Benton Wood's ch. h. *Curly Legs*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 6 yrs 2 dist.
 Time, 4:12—3:59.

SATURDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$200, for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Mile heats.
 W. Scott Haynes' (A. Jackson jr.'s) br. f. *Sarah Jackson Jr.*, by Piamingo, dam by Arab walked over

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 21, 1840—Jockey Club Purse \$250, ent. \$25, added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

N. K. Leavell's (Wm. H. Western's) ch. f. by Pacific, dam by Imp. Bluster, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Wm. J. Wynn's (A. P. Yourie's) ch. c. <i>John Kirkman</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Henry Tonson, 4 yrs.....	2	2
M. D. Simmons' gr. f. <i>Glover Ann</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Bolivar, 3 yrs.....	3	3
H. Fenner's (G. Carmack's) ch. c. <i>Prince Albert</i> , by Stockholder, d. unknown, 3 yrs..	4	dr

Time, 4:10—4:11.

THURSDAY, Oct. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$20, added, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

McLean & Bailey's (W. H. Western's) ch. c. by Mambrino, d. by Rattler, 4 yrs..	4	1	1	1
Wm. J. Wynn's (A. P. Yourie's) b. f. by John Dawson, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs..	2	2	2	2
M. D. Simmons' b. g. <i>Gold-Eye</i> , by Cock of the Rock, d. by Stockholder, 5 yrs..	1	4	3	3
D. R. Brunson's b. c. <i>Little John</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Henry Tonson, 3 yrs..	3	3	dr.	
David Burrass' (Gen. Davie's) ch. c. by Rattler, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs.....	5	5	dr.	

Time, 2:00—2:04—2:04—2:04. Track in bad condition.

FRIDAY, Oct. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$350, ent. \$30, added, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Wm. J. Wynn's (A. P. Yourie's) ch. c. <i>John Kirkman</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
N. K. Leavell's b. m. <i>Medoca</i> , by Medoc, dam by Doublehead, 5 yrs.....	6	2
P. Peacher's b. h. <i>Talmud</i> , by Gohanna—Mary Epps (Richard of York's dam) 6 yrs..	3	3
G. W. Cheatham's b. f. <i>Eliza</i> , by Bertrand, out of Sally Nailor, 4 yrs.....	5	4
Gen. Davis' b. c. <i>John Pleasants</i> , by Rattler, dam by Jerry, 4 yrs.....	4	5
W. G. Gholson's (Wm. H. Western's) br. c. <i>Edinborough</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 6:20—6:10. Track still very heavy.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

MONDAY, Oct. 26, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Richard Pryor's b. c. by Imp. Consul, dam by Napoleon.....	1	1
Wm. M. Barton's b. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Crusader.....	2	2

Time, 3:53—4:03.

TUESDAY, Oct. 27—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Thirteen subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Jas. W. Camp's b. c. <i>The Postmaster</i> , by Imp. Consul—Country Maid by Pacific...	0	1	1
Nich. Davis' b. c. <i>De Lattre</i> , by Imp. Consul, out of Imp. Design by Tramp.....	3	3	2
E. H. Boardman's ch. f. by Imp. Consul, out of Sally Bell.....	0	2	dr

Time, 4:07—3:50—4:01.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Camp & Acklin's br. g. <i>Jim Boy</i> , by Marion, out of Bustamente's dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	3	2	1	1
Ragland & Davis's br. c. <i>Free Jack</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Napoleon, 4 y.....	2	1	2	2
John Connally's br. f. <i>Eliza Franks</i> , by Imp. Consul, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..	1	3	4	3
Nat. Terry's ch. h. <i>Santee</i> , by Wild Bill—Sally McGhee by Timoleon, 5 yrs...	4	4	3	r.o.
David Cawfield's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam unknown, 3 yrs.....	dist.			
Chas. Lewis' ch. f. <i>Emily Speed</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs...	dr.			

Time, 3:54—3:55—4:02—4:01.

THURSDAY, Oct. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Camp & Acklen's b. c. <i>Baywood</i> , by Editor, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Elliott's ch. c. <i>Ben Franklin</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs...	2	2
Capt. Clay's gr. f. <i>Gamma</i> , by Pacific, out of Melzare's dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs..	3	dist.

First Heat.

Time of 1st mile.....	2:13
" " 2d ".....	2:12
" " 3d ".....	2:00
" " 4th ".....	2:10

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile.....	2:10
" " 2d ".....	2:10
" " 3d ".....	2:07
" " 4th ".....	2:07

Time of 1st heat..... 8:35

Time of 2d heat..... 8:34

Track heavy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Boardman & McLaren's ch. c. <i>Denizen</i> , by Actæon—Imp. Design by Tramp, 4 yrs..	3	1	1
Davis & Ragland's b. c. <i>Preston</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Parrot by Roanoke, 4 yrs...	1	2	2
Col. Elliott's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir William, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.	
R. Pryor's b. c. by Imp. Consul, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.	
Camp & Acklen's b. c. <i>The Postmaster</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	5	dr.	

First Heat.

Time of 1st mile.....	2:13
" " 2d ".....	2:08
" " 3d ".....	2:07

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile.....	2:05
" " 2d ".....	2:10
" " 3d ".....	2:05

Third Heat.

Time of 1st mile.....	2:08
" " 2d ".....	2:07
" " 3d ".....	2:05

Time of 1st heat..... 6:28 | Time of 2d heat..... 6:20 | Time of 3d heat..... 6:20

SATURDAY, Nov. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$310, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Col. Elliott's ch. c. <i>Ben Franklin</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	5	1	1
C. D. Kavanagh's b. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs	4	2	2
Clay & Harding's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, 4 yrs	1	3	3
Camp & Acklen's gr. f. by Pacific, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	3	4	dr
Ragland & Davis' b. c. <i>Pat Nagle</i> , by Count Badger—Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs ..	2	5	dr

Time, 1:59—1:59—2:01.

HENRY COUNTY, Ky., MOBLY COURSE.

SATURDAY, Oct. 24, 1840—Stallion Stakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

S. T. Drane's (Jas. M. Todd's) ch. f. by Giles Scroggins, dam by Pirate	1	1
Jas. P. Smith's (Edm. Bartlett's) br. c. <i>Spotted Tiger</i> , by Old Tiger, d. by Lafayette ..	dist.	

Time, 1:57. Track heavy.

O. Ford, Sec'y.

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI.

MONDAY, Oct. 26, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$200 each, h. ft., \$200 added by the Club. Two mile heats.

D. D. Hamilton's ch. c. <i>Pedlar</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pizarro	4	1	1
E. Spark's b. c. <i>Laplander</i> , by Carolinian, out of Forest Doe by Stockholder	3	2	2
J. G. Shegog's b. c. <i>Outrage</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson	1	3	3
A. R. Govan's b. f. by Telegraph, out of Imp. Jane Shore	2	4	dr

Time, 4:05—3:59—4:06.

TUESDAY, Oct. 27—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, P. P. One mile.

Wm. W. Gift's b. c. <i>Deception</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Leviathan	1	
Beverly Holcomb's b. f. <i>Donna Viola</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Mons. Tonson	2	
G. Bumpas' ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archy	3	

Time, 1:56.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 28—Match, \$50 a side, 4 yrs. 100lbs., 5 yrs. 110lbs. One mile.

Thos. Paterson's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	1	
E. P. Davis' br. h. <i>Macduff</i> , by Melle-Melle, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	2	

Time, 2:01.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$30, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Henry Smith's b. c. <i>John Marshall</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Conqueror, 4 yrs.	2	1	1
H. S. French's gr. m. <i>Jerushea</i> , (alias Caspian), by Stockholder, d. by Arab, 5 yrs.	3	2	2
John G. Sheegog's b. f. <i>Lady Franklin</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs	1	2	dist

Time, 4:14—4:15—4:25.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Trial Stakes, sub. \$50 each, P. P., \$100 added by the Club, conditions as before. Mile and a quarter.

H. W. Poyner's b. f. <i>Rosabella</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	1	
R. H. Peyton's b. c. by Jefferson, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs	2	
Hugh Robertson's gr. f. <i>Olivia Wakefield</i> , by Patrick Henry, dam unknown, 2 yrs	0	

Time, 2:36.

THURSDAY, Oct. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Hugh Robertson's (L. Coch's) gr. c. <i>Bloody Nathan</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Wm. W. Gift's (Thos. Paterson's) b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 y ..	2	3	2
H. L. French's b. c. <i>Jim Brown</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Andrew Jackson, 4 yrs ..	3	2	3

Time, 2:06—2:09—2:05. Track heavy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

H. W. Poyner's (D. D. Hamilton's) ch. c. <i>Pedlar</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	1	1
Hugh Robertson's (J. Lake's) ch. c. <i>Matchem</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Blind Jackson, 4 yrs	1	2	2
H. Gift's (E. H. Christman's) gr. h. <i>Roderick Dhu</i> , by Merlin, d. by Bagdad, 6 yrs ..	2	3	3

Time, 6:35—6:28—6:33.

SATURDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Elijah Spark's (D. Jernigan's) ch. c. <i>Clear-the-Track</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	1	1
John G. Sheegog's b. f. <i>Lady Franklin</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	3	2
R. H. Peyton's br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Mulum-in-Parvo, 3 yrs	4	3
H. W. Poyner's b. f. <i>Rosabelle</i> , by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	2	4
L. P. Cheatham's br. c. <i>Marmion</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Crusader, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 4:01—4:10.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, catch weights sub. \$25 each. One mile.

H. Robertson's gr. f. <i>Olivia Wakefield</i> , pedigree above, 2 yrs	1	
E. P. Davis' br. h. <i>Macduff</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	
D. Jernigan's b. m. <i>Betsey Burnt-Nose</i> , by Atlantic, dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs	3	
H. W. Poyner's ch. h. <i>Emmet</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady La Grange, by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	4	

Time, 1:57.

CHRISTIANVILLE, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 27, 1840—Proprietor's Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. m. <i>Virginia Robinson</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, 5 yrs	1	1
J. P. White's h. <i>Red Robin</i> , by Mons. Tonson	2	dr
Time, 3:49.		

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's b. f. <i>Adela</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Black Prince's dam	3	1	1
by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	4	4	2
Wm. McCargo's ch. c. <i>Panic</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	1	2	3
Col. J. P. White's b. f. <i>Julia Burton</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 4 yrs	2	3	4
R. C. Puryear's b. m. <i>Molly Ward</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Bertrand, 6 yrs	dist.		
C. Hudson's b. h. <i>Arabian Mark</i> (alias Short Jaw), by Imp. Fylde, 6 yrs			
Time, 5:53—5:53—5:53.			

THURSDAY, Oct. 29—Proprietor's Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats:
Wm. McCargo's b. h. *Walter L.*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs 1 1
Col. J. P. White's b. g. *Jack of Trumps*, by Gohanna 2 2
Time, 4:02—4:07. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 30—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's b. c. <i>Woodcock</i> , by Imp. Emancipation—Benbow's dam	3	1	1
Wm. McCargo's b. f. by Imp. Trustee, out of Betsey Archy	1	2	dr
J. Garden's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation	2	3	dr
Time, 2:00—2:03. Track still very heavy.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (Geo. Tarry's) b. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Mons. Tonson	1	1
R. C. Puryear's b. c. by Goliah, dam by Mons. Tonson	2	2
Time, 2:01—2:04. Track still deep.		

BUFFALO CREEK, NEW YORK.

THURSDAY, Oct. 29, 1840—Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Mr. Hart's b. f. <i>Fanny Wright</i> , 4 yrs	1	1
Col. George Jameson's bl. h. <i>Black Hawk</i> , by Industry, aged	2	2
Time not kept.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 30—Purse \$25, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
Col. G. Jameson's bl. h. *Black Hawk*, pedigree above, aged 1 1
Chas. Gates' b. h. *Limber Jim*, aged 2 dist.
Time not kept.

SATURDAY, Oct. 31—Purse \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Col. G. Jameson's b. h. *Culpeper*, aged 1 1 2 1
Spencer H. Cone's *Osceola*, 4 yrs 3 2 1 2
John Jameson's br. h. *Thunderbolt*, by Indian Arrow, 5 yrs 4 3 dist.
J. Stevenson's b. m. *Squaw*, by Corn Tassel, aged 2 4 dist.
Time not kept.

LAURENS, SOUTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 3, 1840—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Irby & Fair's ch. f. by Black Hawk, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	1	
Williams & Eddins' ch. c. <i>Tamerlane</i> , by Cowper, dam by Director, 3 yrs		bolt.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 4—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
Williams & Eddins' ch. f. *Victoria Rowton*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Phenomenon, 3 yrs 2 1 1
H. Smith's b. f. *Mary Hedgford*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Mary Francis, 3 yrs 1 2 2
Time, 4:02—4:06—4:06.

THURSDAY, Nov. 5—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
Williams & Eddins' Imp. b. m. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp, dam by Whiskey, 6 yrs 1 1
P. E. Duncan's bl. c. *Sessum*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Harwood, 4 yrs 2 2
Time, 6:04—6:10.

FRIDAY, Nov. 6—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Irby & Fair's Imp. b. f. *Britannia*, by Actæon, dam by Scandal, 4 yrs 2 2 1 1 1
Williams & Eddins' ch. c. *Tamerlane*, pedigree above, 3 yrs 1 1 2 2 2
Time, 1:57—2:00—2:06—2:10—2:10. Track heavy, and 60 yards over a mile.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 9, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

J. B. Richardson's br. f. by Mucklejohn jr., out of Julia	1	1
N. A. Peay's ch. c. by Imp. Rowton, out of Lady Durpon	2	fell
Time, 4:02.		

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, weights as before. Seven subs. at \$200 each, P. P. Two mile heats.

Powell McRa's Imp. br. f. by Mulatto, out of Linda by The Colonel	1	1
P. M. Butler's Imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Velocipede's dam	3	2
M. R. Smith's ch. f. by Imp. Rowton, out of Martha Griffin	2	3

Time, 3:52—3:47.

TUESDAY, Nov. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

A. Flud's ch. f. <i>Hermione</i> , by Non Plus, out of Zoraida, 4 yrs	1	1
J. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Lady Cava</i> , by Bertrand, out of Betsey Echols, 4 yrs	3	2
D. Rowe's br. c. <i>Billy Harris</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Ariel, 4 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 7:50—7:52.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

R. Singleton's b. m. <i>Chateau</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Cairas, 5 yrs	3	1	1
D. Rowe's ch. c. <i>Equinox</i> , by Gohanna, out of Janette, 4 yrs	1	2	dr
L. Lovell's b. f. <i>Mary Scott</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Blackburne's Whip, 3 yrs	2	dist.	
T. Ancram's (J. B. Richardson's) gr. c. by Mucklejohn, dam by Buzzard, 3 yrs	blt.		

Time, 6:00—5:55.

THURSDAY, Nov. 21—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

L. Lovell's ch. c. <i>Gov. Butler</i> , by Argyle, out of Mary Frances, 4 yrs	1	1
D. Rowe's b. f. <i>Saltcatcher</i> , by Vertumnus, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs	2	2
J. B. Richardson's b. f. <i>Virginia</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Roanoke, 3 yrs	3	3

Time, 3:57—3:46.

MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 10, 1840—Match, \$500 aside. Mile heats.

Mr. Ford's c. by Andrew	1	1
Maj. Rowell's c. by Truffle	2	2

Time not given.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

T. H. Vanlandingham's f. <i>Polly Hunter</i> , by Andrew, dam by Crusader, 4 yrs	1	1
Smith & Head's (S. Clower's) ch. f. by Andrew, dam by Contention	2	2
Mr. Harrison's Dr. <i>Hossick</i> , by Singleton, dam by Mucklejohn	3	3

Time, 1:58—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Crowell's b. f. <i>Nancy Clark</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon	1	1
Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Bethesda</i> , by Pacific, dam by Henry Tonson, 3 yrs	2	2
J. J. Harrison's ch. f. by Andrew, out of Jane Wiley by Baron Trench, 3 yrs	3	3

Time, 4:13—4:12.

THURSDAY, Nov. 12—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

George B. Robertson's ch. f. <i>Miss Andrew</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	1
A. H. Kenan's ch. h. <i>Viceroy</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs	2	2
Col. Crowell's gr. c. <i>Hammond</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Bascombe's dam, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 6:13—6:12.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Crowell's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs	walked over
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SATURDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Geo. B. Robertson's ch. f. <i>Miss Andrew</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Col. A. H. Kenan's ch. h. <i>Viceroy</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	3	3	2
Head & Smith's ch. m. <i>Old Mistress</i> , by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 5 yrs	2	2	3
T. H. Vanlandingham's f. <i>Polly Hunter</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	4	4	4

Time, 1:57—1:54½.

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 10, 1840—Purse \$300, ent. 10 per cent., free for American creoles and those coming into the State before they were 18 months old, 2 yr. olds carrying a feather —3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Taylor & Co.'s (Taylor & Garland's) b. f. <i>Jane Splane</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Helen McGregor, 3 yrs	1	1
T. J. & M. Wells' ch. g. <i>Speed</i> , by Flagg, out of George Elliott's dam, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:50—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11—Purse \$100, ent. \$15, for pure blooded creoles and those of Spanish blood, catch weights. One mile.

M. Landry's <i>Gruglan</i>	1
M. P. Petre's <i>Doctor</i>	2
E. W. Taylor's <i>Cotralle</i>	3

Time, 2:07.

THURSDAY, Nov. 12—Purse \$400, conditions as on first day. Two mile heats.

W. F. Parrot's ch. c. <i>Cow-Boy</i> , by Medoc, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs	1	1
T. J. & M. Wells' b. m. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 4:01—4:07.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 T. J. & M. Wells' ch. h. *Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 Taylor & Co.'s (Taylor & Garland's) b. f. *Jane Splane*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time 5:49.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match \$200 a side. Two mile heats.
 M. P. Petre's *Doctor*..... 2 1 1
 R. W. Taylor's *Cottrille*..... 1 2 2
 Time not kept.

FLORENCE, ALABAMA.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11, 1840—Purse \$200, entrance added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

T. Kirkman's ch. m. *Chicamah* (sister to Extio), by Imp. Leviathan, out of White Feathers by Conqueror. g. dam the dam of Henry, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 Davis & Ragland's br. c. *Free Jack*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs.... 2 2
 R. K. Polk's ch. h. *Lynedoch*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of sister to Oscar, 5 yrs..... 3 dr
 F. O. A. Sherrod's br. c. *Tuscumioian*, by Marion—Jenny Deans by Powhattan, 4 yrs... dist.
 B. Nelson's (Childress') ch. c. *Democrat*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eagle, 4 yrs... dist.
 Wm. D. King's br. f. *Aggy-down*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Hackabout by Timoleon, 3 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 4:17—4:15.

THURSDAY, Nov. 12—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Davis & Ragland's b. c. *Preston*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Wm. D. King's b. h. ———, by Stockholder, dam by Young Eagle, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 T. Kirkman's (Mr. Long's) b. c. *Allen Brown*, by Stockholder, d. by Young Eagle, 4 yrs.. dr.
 Time, 6:42—6:59.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13—Purse \$300, conditions, as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 T. Kirkman's b. f. *Sissy*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gatty (sister to Imp. Chateau Margaux), 3 yrs..... 3 1 1 1
 Davis & Ragland's b. c. *Pat Nagle*, by Count Badger, d. by Timoleon, 4 yrs... 1 2 4 2
 B. Nelson's br. m. *Polly Pillow*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs... 4 4 3 3
 R. K. Polk's b. c. *Mecklenburg*, by Imp. Merman—Julia by Conqueror, 3 yrs... 5 3 2 dist.
 J. C. F. Wilson's ch. c. *American Star*, by Cramp, dam by Pulaski, 3 yrs... 2 dist.*
 Time, 2:02—2:05—2:05—2:03. * American Star fell,

SATURDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 Davis & Ragland's ro. f. *Julia Fisher*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs..... walked over

SAME DAY—Purse \$100, conditions as before. One mile.
 B. Nelson's (Mr. Childress') ch. c. *Democrat*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1
 Davis & Ragland's b. f. *Creosote*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sukey Pepper, by Rockingham, 4 yrs..... 2
 Time, 2:00.

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11, 1840—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Sub. \$100 each, with \$300 added by the Club. Mile heats.

F. L. Claiborne's (Duncan F. Kenner's) Imp. ch. f. *Houri*, by Langar, out of Annot Lyle, 3 yrs..... 3 1 1
 A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Conchita*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey, 3 yrs..... 1 2 2
 Wm. J. Minor's (Mr. John Routh's) br. f. *Prosody*, by Dr. Syntax, out of Imp. Only That by Partisan, 3 yrs..... 2 3 3
 Time, 1:58—2:02—2:08.

THURSDAY, Nov. 12—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$50, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

F. L. Claiborne's (D. F. Kenner's) gr. h. *Grey Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 5 yrs..... 2 1 1
 A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. *John R. Grymes*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Mercury, 3 yrs... 1 2 2
 Wm. J. Minor's Imp. br. m. *Britannia*, by Muley—Nancy by Dick Andrews, 6 yrs... 3 3 3
 Time, 3:50—4:01.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13—The Pharsalia Plate, valued at \$300, and a Purse of \$400, ent. \$150, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan—Morgiana, 6 yrs.... Dave 1 1
 D. F. Kenner's b. f. *Luda*, by Medoc, out of Duchess of Marlborough, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 6:06—6:02.

SATURDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 A. L. Bingaman's (Maj. Surget's) ch. f. *Chicopa*, by Tuscahoma—Fortuna, 3 yrs... 1 1 1
 Wm. J. Minor's (D. F. Kenner's) b. f. *Luda*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Time, 1:55—1:54—3d heat no time given.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

MONDAY, Nov. 16, 1840—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

M. Fanning's ch. m. *Belle of Winchester*, by Imp. Shakspeare, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 John S. Elack's br. m. *Wazetta*, by Waxy, dam by Diomed, 6 yrs..... 4 2
 Tunstall & Safford's ch. h. *Tom Jefferson*, by Sir Charles, 6 yrs..... 3 3
 Andrew Webster's b. c. *General Result*, by Imp. Consul, 3 yrs..... 2 4
 Time, 1:58—2:02.

TUESDAY, Nov. 17—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Andrew Webster's br. c. <i>Euclid</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Tunstall & Safford's b. f. <i>Catalpa</i> , by Frank, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs.....	2	2
M. Fanning's ch. m. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
John S. Black's br. m. <i>Waretta</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:57—3:59.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 18—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

M. Fanning's b. c. <i>Tom Benton</i> (full brother to Linwood), by Editor.....	2	3	1	1
Andrew Webster's ch. m. <i>Mary Meadows</i> , by Stockholder, d. by Sir Archy....	1	2	3	2
Tunstall & Safford's b. f. <i>Aetha</i> , by Volcano, dam by Palafox, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2	dist.

Time, 6:04—6:11—6:13—6:19.

THURSDAY, Nov. 19—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Andrew Webster's ch. m. <i>Lady Stock</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Potomac.....	1	1
M. Fanning's ch. c. <i>Elias Rector</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Kate Blair.....	3	2
Tunstall & Safford's br. m. <i>Eudora</i> , by Jefferson, dam by Oscar.....	2	dist.

Time, 7:50—8:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Andrew Webster's br. c. <i>Euclid</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2	1	1	1
M. Fanning's ch. m. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	1	1	2	2	2

Time, 1:56—1:58—2:02—2:08—1:56.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., FRANKLIN COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 17, 1840—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15 added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's br. c. <i>Free Jack</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Davis' Imp. Tinsly, 4 yrs.....	4	1	1
Thomas Kirkman's b. f. <i>Sissy</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gntty, 3 yrs.....	1	2	2
Wm. D. King's f. <i>Levitha</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs.....	3	4	3
R. H. Long's (W. G. Childress') ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eagle, 4 yrs....	5	3	4
N. W. D. Macon's b. c. <i>Anti-Bank</i> , by Saxe Weimar, dam by Stockholder.....	2	5	5

Time, 1:55½—1:59—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20 added, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Thomas Kirkman's b. f. <i>Emerald</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Imp. Eliza, 3 yrs.....	3	1	1
Davis & Ragland's ro. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	4	4	2
D. R. Corley's ch. f. <i>Piony</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, d. by William of Frankfort, 4 yrs..	1	2	dist.
Wm. D. King's (B. Reynolds') b. f. <i>Aggy-Down</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Hackabout by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	3	dist.
R. H. Long's (Michael Long's) ch. c. <i>Allen Brown</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Eagle, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.	

Time, 3:58—3:54—3:57.

THURSDAY, Nov. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats.

F. O. A. Sherrod's br. c. <i>Tarquin</i> , by Consul, dam by Powhattan, 3 yrs.....	1	1
D. R. Corley's b. f. <i>Glass Slipper</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Davis & Ragland's b. c. <i>Pat Nagle</i> , by Count Badger—Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs..	3	dr.

Time, 1:59—1:58.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 23, 1840—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Twenty subs at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. J. G. Guignard's b. c. <i>Edisto</i> , by Imp. Rowton, out of Empress.....	1	1
A. C. Richardson's b. f. by Mucklejohn Jr., out of Julia.....	2	2
John C. O'Hanlon's b. c. by Imp. Rowton, out of Jane Bertrand.....	3	dist.

Time, 4:04—4:05.

The "HAMPTON PLATE," free for anything, to be named at the post, two mile heats, was not run for.

TUESDAY, Nov. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$600, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's ch. h. <i>Santa Anna</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Daisy by Kosciusko, 5 yrs.....	Stephen Welch	1
J. D. Allen's b. m. <i>Zoraida</i> , by Young Virginus, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

No time kept.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 25—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's ch. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Eclipse, out of Maria West (Wagner's dam) by Marion, 4 yrs.....	Stephen Welch	1	1
L. Lovell's ch. c. <i>Gov. Butler</i> , by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director, 4 yrs....	2	2	
Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Lady Cava</i> , by Bertrand, out of Betsey Echols, 4 yrs...	3	3	

Time, 6:00—6:05.

THURSDAY, Nov. 26—Extra Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Jas. B. Richardson's b. f. <i>Kate Converse</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, out of Daisy (Santa Anna's dam) by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	George	1	1
Capt. D. Rowe's ch. c. <i>Eguinox</i> , by Gohanna, out of Janette (Fordham's dam) by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
Col. A. Flud's b. c. <i>Topknot</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, out of Young Nancy Air, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.	

Time, 3:58—4:00.

FRIDAY, Nov. 27—Purse \$—, (being the gate money of the day,) conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Lady Cava</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	4	5	1	1	1
Capt. D. Rowe's ch. c. <i>Dayton</i> , by Tormenter, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs.....	5	1	2	3	2
Col. J. Cochrell's b. m. <i>Meridian</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko, 5 yrs....	3	2	3	2	3
M. R. Smith's ch. f. <i>Martha Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton—Martha Griffin, 3 yrs..	1	4	dr.		
L. Lovell's b. f. <i>Mary Scott</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs.....	2	3	dr.		

Time, 1:56—1:56—1:56—1:56—1:59.

SATURDAY, Nov. 28—Citizens' Purse \$200, for maiden horses only, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Capt. Donald Rowe's b. f. <i>Sackahatchie</i> , by Vertumnus, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's b. f. <i>Virginia</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, out of Camilla, 3 yrs..	2	2

Time, 4:00—3:58.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 24, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. N. T. Green's b. c. *Willie P. Mangum*, by Shark, out of Aggy-down walked over.

SAME DAY—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. m. <i>Virginia Robinson</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Marquis, 5 yrs..	1	1
Isham Puckett's ch. c. <i>Lanesville</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:01—4:05.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Otway P. Hare's b. h. <i>Job</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	1	1
J. L. Bryan's gr. c. <i>Grey Momus</i> , by Hardluck, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Townes & Williamson's b. f. <i>Adelin</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 6:15—6:09.

THURSDAY, Nov. 26—Purse \$200, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Townes & Williamson's b. f. <i>Cameo</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Dr. Thomas Payne's b. m. <i>Fleta</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 5 yrs.....	5	0	2
Col. Wm. McCargo's b. c. <i>W. P. Mangum</i> , by Shark, out of Aggy-down, 3 yrs.....	0	0	3
J. M. Bryan's gr. f. <i>Ginger Blue</i> , by Sir Pitt, dam unknown, 4 yrs.....	0	2	4
W. T. Rainy's b. f. <i>Whalim</i> , by Imp. Whale, dam by Von Tromp, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 2:00—2:01—1:55.

THURSDAY, Nov. 26—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Ten subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 ft. Mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's ch. c. *Tattersall*, by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Sir Archy walked over.

FRIDAY, Nov. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$700, ent. \$35, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. O. P. Hare's gr. m. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. Thomas Payne's b. h. <i>Baltimore</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs....	2	dr

Time, 8:00.

POST OF ARKANSAS.

MONDAY, Nov. 30, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 80lbs., fillies 77lbs. Sub. \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Clinton & Shotwell's b. c. <i>Stagedriver</i> , by Lance, dam by Bertrand.....	1	1
Eddington & Durr's gr. f. <i>Sue Glass</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Perriander.....	2	2
W. A. Dougherty's gr. f. <i>Pigmy</i> , by Industry, out of Gentle Kitty.....	pd.	ft.

Time, 2:00—2:13.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$600 a side. One mile.

J. W. Cole's (B. Calk's) b. m. <i>Marthaville</i> , by Dick Singleton, out of Black-Eyed Susan, 5 yrs., 111lbs.....	1
Osburn & Durr's ch. g. <i>Wild Bill</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam unknown, 6 yrs., 101lbs.....	2

Time, 1:59.

TUESDAY, Dec. 1—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Three subs. at \$300 each, h. ft. Three mile heats.

Clinton & Shotwell's ch. c. <i>Bob Bush</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bertrand.....	1	1
Tunstall & Safford's (W. F. Denton's) b. f. <i>Catalpa</i> , by Frank, d. by Jn. Richards..	2	dr.
W. E. Long's ch. c. <i>Bianco</i> , by Imp. Luzborough.....	pd.	ft.

Time, 5:52.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 2—Post Stake for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 80lbs.—4, 90—5, 100—6, 110—7 and upwards, 120lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three subs. at \$500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Clinton & Shotwell's ch. c. <i>Vertner</i> , by Medoc—Lady Adams by Whipster, 4 yrs....	1	1
William Price's (Tunstall & Safford's) b. m. <i>Eudora</i> , by Jefferson, d. by Oscar, 6 yrs..	2	2

Time, 3:57—3:55.

THURSDAY, Dec. 3—Proprietor's Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Clinton & Shotwell's b. c. <i>Stagedriver</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Tunstall & Safford's b. f. <i>Catalpa</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	2
B. Calk's b. m. <i>Marthaville</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	2	dr
Wm. Price's br. f. <i>Brinhilda</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timeleon, 4 yrs.....	4	dr

Time, 1:59—2:02. Track deep.

FRIDAY, Dec. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 Tunstall & Safford's b. m. *Eudora*, pedigree above, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 Clinton & Shotwell's ch. c. *Bob Bush*, pedigree above, 4 yrs (carried 6lbs. extra)..... 2 2
 Wm. Price's gr. f. *Oeleta*, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs..... 3 dr
 Time, 4:02—3:56.

SATURDAY, Dec. 5—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Clinton & Shotwell's ch. c. *Vertner*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1 1
 Tunstall & Safford's b. c. *General Result*, by Imp. Consul—Polly Powell, 3 yrs.. 2 2 dist.
 Thos. Durr's b. f. *Polly Cox*, by Stockholder, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 2:00—2:00—2:00. Snowing.

AUGUSTA, GA., LAFAYETTE COURSE.

MONDAY, Dec. 7, 1840—Match, \$10,000 a side, Jockey Club weights. Four mile heats.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Jas. Long's) ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin
 Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 7 yrs. 120lbs..... *Gil. Patrick* 1 1
 Thomas J. Walton & Co.'s b. h. *Gano*, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards by Sir
 Archy, 5 yrs. 112lbs..... *Nathan* 2 dr
 Time, 7:57. Course heavy.

TUESDAY, Dec. 8—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Seven subs. at
 \$1000 each, \$250 ft. Two mile heats.
 Col. John Crowell's gr. f. *Mary Watson*, by Robin Hood, out of Bolivia by Boli-
 var..... *Andrew* 1 1
 Col. Augustus H. Kenan's b. c. by Andrew, out of Pet (Miss Medley's dam) by St.
 Tammany..... 2 2
 Time, 4:00—4:05.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Seven subs. at \$300 each,
 \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's Imp. ch. f. *Penelope*, by Plenipo, out of Brazil by Ivanhoe..... rec. ft.
 WEDNESDAY, Dec. 9—Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—
 5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two
 mile heats.
 Col. John Crowell's b. f. *Nancy Clark*, by Bertrand, out of Morocco Slipper by Ti-
 moleon, 3 yrs..... *Andrew* 1 1
 Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Col. Johnson's (Edw. Pendleton's) b. h. *Wonder*, by Tychicus, d. by Rob Roy, 5 yrs... 3 3
 C. Lewis & Co.'s ch. f. *Emily Speed*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... 4 4
 Time, 3:46—3:46.

THURSDAY, Dec. 10—Purse \$600, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Col. W. Hampton's b. f. *Fanny*, by Eclipse, out of Maria West (Wagner's dam) by
 Marion, 4 yrs..... *Stephen Welch* 1 1
 Walton & Lamkin's b. h. *Gano*, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards, own sister to
 John Richards, by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... *Barney* 2 2
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (J. C. Stevens') ch. h. *Fordham*, by Eclipse, out of Janette,
 own sister to Sir Charles, by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... *Gil. Patrick* 3 3
 Time, 6:00—5:56.

FRIDAY, Dec. 11—Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Col. J. Crowell's (Calhoun & Colclough's) gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy
 Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs..... *David* 1 1
 Col. W. Hampton's ch. h. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Jr., out of Daisy by Kosciusko,
 5 yrs..... *Gil. Patrick* 3 2
 Col. Thomas' gr. h. *Cavalier Servienté*, by Bertrand, d. by Andrew, 5 yrs... *Barney*..... 2 3

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of 1st mile.....	2:02	Time of 1st mile.....	2:00
" " 2d ".....	1:56	" " 2d ".....	1:56
" " 3d ".....	1:58	" " 3d ".....	1:55
" " 4th ".....	2:01	" " 4th ".....	1:54
Time of 1st heat.....	7:57	Time of 2d heat.....	7:45

SATURDAY, Dec. 12—Purse \$300, entrance \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats,
 best 3 in 5.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Wonder*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 3 1 1 1
 Chas. Lewis' ch. f. *Emily Speed*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... 2 3 2 2
 Walton & Lamkin's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Gallatin, 6 yrs..... 1 2 3 3
 W. Garrett's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Orphan Boy, 3 yrs..... 4 dist.
 Time, 1:56—1:54—1:55—1:54.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., METARIE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 9, 1840—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying
 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geld-
 ings. Two mile heats.
 A. L. Bingham's ch. f. *Chicopa*, by Tuscahoma, (by Imp. Leviathan,) out of For-
 tuna by Pacolet, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 John Beasley's b. c. *Bendigo*, by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Wm. Barrow's ch. c. *Geo. W. Kendall*, by Medoc, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs..... 3 3
 J. G. Perry's b. m. *Galanthe*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 4:07—4:00. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Dec. 10—Proprietor's Purse \$600, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 D. F. Kenner's b. f. *Luda*, by Medoc, out of the Duchess of Marlborough, 4 yrs.... 1 1
 A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs... 2 2
 J. G. Perry's ch. c. *Dry Dock*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs 3 dist.
 Time, 6:22—6:12.

FRIDAY, Dec. 11—Jockey Club Purse \$400, 4 yr. olds and upwards to carry 100lbs., under that, their appropriate weights. Two mile heats.
 John Beasley's ch. m. *Lucy Fuller*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 G. M. Long's ch. h. *John Wickham*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Boston's dam, 5 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time, 3:59. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Dec. 12—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, conditions as on Wednesday. Four mile heats.

A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 6 yrs 1 1
 D. F. Kenner's gr. h. *Grey Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 5 yrs... 2 2
 Time, 8:11—8:00.

LAST DAY, Dec. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. *Minerva Anderson*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs 1 1 1
 J. G. Perry's ch. c. *Stub Twist*, full brother to Shreshley, 4 yrs..... 3 3 2
 A. L. Bingaman's ch. h. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan—Miss Baily, 5 yrs 2 2 3
 Time, 1:53—1:52—1:52.

AUGUSTA, GA., HAMPTON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 15, 1840—Purse \$400, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying a feather—3, 90—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. John Crowell's b. f. *Nancy Clark*, by Bertand, out of Morocco Slipper by Timoleon, 3 yrs 1 1
 G. Edmonson's (James Lamkin's) ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs 3 2
 F. H. Tomkins' (Charles Lewis') b. f. *Nancy House*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs 2 dist.
 Time, 3:52—3:53.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16—Purse \$500, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Fanny*, by Eclipse—Maria West (Wagner's dam) 4 yrs... 1 1
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. Fordham, by Eclipse—Janette by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time, 5:53.

THURSDAY, Dec. 17—Purse \$800, ent. \$40, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying a feather—3, 90—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 7 yrs 1 1	
Col. Wade Hampton's ch. h. <i>Santa Anna</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Daisy by Kosclushko, 5 yrs 3 2	
Col. John Crowell's (Calhoun & Colclough's) gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs 2 3	
<i>First Heat.</i>	
Time of 1st mile 2:06	Time of 1st mile 1:59
“ “ 2d “ 1:58	“ “ 2d “ 1:56
“ “ 3d “ 1:53	“ “ 3d “ 1:56
“ “ 4th “ 1:55	“ “ 4th “ 1:58
Time of 1st heat 7:52	Time of 2d heat 7:49

FRIDAY, Dec. 18—Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Col. W. R. Johnson's b. h. *Wonder*, by Tychicus, d. by Rob Roy, 5 yrs... *Gil. Patrick.* 1 1 1
 G. Edmonson's (James Lamkin's) ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs 2 2 2
 S. W. Shelton's (Isham Puckett's) b. m. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, 5 yrs 3 3 3
 Time, 1:53½—1:55½—1:53

SATURDAY, Dec. 19—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs.. Seven subs. at \$1000 each, h. ft., \$125 if declared. Two mile heats.
 Col. John Crowell's b. f. *Nancy Clark*, by Bertrand, out of Morocco Slipper by Timoleon walked over.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., LOUISIANA COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16th, 1840—Match, \$2000 a side, \$500 ft.
 D. F. Kenner's Imp. ch. f. *Houri*, by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton, 3 yrs... rec. ft.
 J. F. Miller's Imp. ch. h. *Sorrow*, by Defence, out of Tears by Woful, 4 yrs..... pd. ft.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.
 A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. *John R. Grymes*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury..... 4 1 1
 D. F. Kenner's Imp. ch. f. *Houri*, pedigree above..... 3 3 2
 Wm. F. Greer's b. f. *Pop Reed*, by Industry, dam by Rattler..... 1 2 3
 Fergus Duplantier's br. f. *Pensée*, by Lauderdale, out of Lightning 2 dr
 Time, 3:49—3:47—3:47.

THURSDAY, Dec. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Maj. J. Surget's ch. f. <i>Chicopa</i> , by Tuscahoma (by Imp. Leviathan), out of Fortuna by Paolet, 3 yrs.....	3	0	1	1
J. C. Beasley's b. c. <i>Bendigo</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	3	3	2
B. Davidson's b. c. <i>Serenade</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whip, 4 yrs.....	1	0	2	3
J. G. Perry's ch. c. <i>Dry Dock</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	dist.			
Time, 3:47½—3:49—4:04—3:49.				

FRIDAY, Dec. 18—Proprietor's Purse \$600, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

D. F. Kenner's b. f. <i>Luda</i> , by Medoc, out of the Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1		
John C. Beasley's ch. m. <i>Lucy Fuller</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 6 yrs.....	2	2		
A. L. Bingham's b. f. <i>Martha Malone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	3	3		
Time, 5:49—5:55.				

SATURDAY, Dec. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

D. F. Kenner's gr. h. *Grey Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 5 yrs..... walked over.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, weight 72lbs. Three subs. at \$500 each, \$300 ft. Mile heats.

A. L. Bingham's ch. f. <i>Mary Walton</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey.....	1	1		
J. F. Kenner's gr. f. by Eclipse, dam by Bertrand.....	2	2		
Wm. R. Barrow's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.....	3	3		
Time, 1:55—1:54.				

TUESDAY, Dec. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

D. F. Kenner's br. f. <i>Humming Bird</i> , by Industry, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1	1
Wm. R. Barrow's ch. c. <i>Geo. W. Kendall</i> , by Medoc, d. by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	4	4	4	2
J. F. Miller's ch. f. <i>Fairly Fair</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Sir P. Teazle, 4 yrs.....	3	3	3	3
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Minerva Anderson</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	1	2	2	dr
Time, 1:53—1:52—1:57—1:58.				

SAME DAY—Second Race—Creole Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's br. f. <i>Pensée</i> , by Lauderdale, out of Lightning, 3 yrs.....	1	1		
C. H. Dickinson's b. c. <i>Live Oak</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacific, 4 yrs.....	2	2		
Time, 1:59—2:02.				

GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Sept. 17, 1840—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Seven subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats

Garland Webb's ch. c. <i>John Archy</i> , by John Richards, dam by Whip.....	1	1		
R. Burbridge's b. c. by John Richards, dam by Gallatin.....	2	2		
Dr. Gano's b. f. by John Richards, dam by Trumpet.....	3	dist.		
George Blackburn's bl. c. by Eclipse, dam by Whip.....	4	dist.		
Time, 2:05—2:06.				

FRIDAY, Sept. 18—Match, \$200 a side. Mile heats.

A. L. Shotwell's b. c. <i>Stage Driver</i> , by Lance, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	1	2	1	
Scott Lowry's b. h. by Lance, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2	
Time, 2:05—2:03—2:07. Track deep.				

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Richard Buckner's b. c. by John Richards, dam by Southern Eclipse.....	2	1	1	
Mr. Sutton's b. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Alonzo.....	1	2	dr	
Time, 2:06—2:08.				

SATURDAY, Sept. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Capt. Allen's br. c. <i>Robert Bruce</i> , by Clinton, d. by Sir Archy, 4 y <i>Sanford Muse</i>	8	7	1	1
Mr. Bacon's b. f. <i>Bayadere</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hepheseion, 4 yrs.....	5	1	4	2
Robt. Burbridge's b. h. <i>Bob Ewing</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by McDuffy, 6 yrs.....	1	3	5	dr
Mr. Walker's ch. c. <i>Bob Walker</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.....	3	2	2	r.o
Willia Viley's b. c. <i>George Burbridge</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, 4 yrs.....	6	5	3	r.o
Dr. Gano's b. c. <i>The Captain</i> , by Archy of Transport, out of Ophelia, 4 yrs.....	4	4	dr	
A. L. Shotwell's ch. c. <i>Vertner</i> , by Medoc, out of Lady Adams, 4 yrs.....	2	6	dr	
Col. Buford's b. h. <i>Mirabeau</i> , by Medoc, 5 yrs.....	7	8	dr	
Time, 4:04—4:03—4:07—4:10.				

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$50 a side. Mile heats.

Westley Moore's b. c. <i>Dick Menefee</i> , by Lance, dam by Cherokee, 3 yrs.....	1	1		
J. Maddon's ch. c. by Orange Boy, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs.....	2	2		
Time, 1:58—1:59.				

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

FRIDAY, Aug. 14, 1840—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$25, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Rufus K. Polk's ch. h. <i>Lynedoch</i> , out of own sister to Tennessee Oscar, 5 yrs....	4	1	1	
John G. Shegog's b. h. <i>Goneaway</i> , by Levi, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2	
A. J. Davie's b. c. <i>Haji Baba</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eagle, 4 yrs.....	2	4	dist.	
H. L. French's gr. m. by Stockholder, dam by Arab, 5 yrs.....	3	dr		
Time, 4:14—4:11½—4:17.				

SATURDAY, Aug. 15—Proprietor's Purse \$400, ent. \$50, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. G. Shegog's ch. c. *Jim Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs. 1
 Thos. Flintoff's Imp. ch. f. *Porto Rico*, by Langar, dam by Whisker, 3 yrs. dist.
 A. J. Davie's b. c. *John Pleasants*, by Rattler, dam by Jerry, 4 yrs. *

Time, 6:04. * Threw his rider the 1st mile.

HUGH KIRKMAN, Sec'y.

CARROLLTON, MISSOURI.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23, 1840—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

T. G. Moore's b. m. *Betsy Miller*, by Bertrand, out of Jane Shore, 6 yrs. ... walked over.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

O. H. P. Banks' ch. c. *Scarlet*, by Uncas, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. 1 1
 T. G. Moore's ch. c. by Woodpecker, dam not recollected, 3 yrs. 2 dist.
 Time not recorded.

FRIDAY, Sept. 25—Purse \$75, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

T. G. Moore's b. c. *Ned Wells*, by O'Connell, 3 yrs. 1
 B. Hudspeath's ch. c. *Yorick*, by Stockholder, dam unknown. dist.
 Time not recorded.

LEESBURG, VIRGINIA.

THURSDAY, Oct. 8, 1840—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. Duvall's (L. S. Pritchatt's) b. f. *Sarah Washington*, by Garrison's Zingane, dam by Contention, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Henry Tyles' b. h. *Sluggard*, by Garrison's Zingane, dam by Rob Roy, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Dr. Nelson's b. m. by Garrison's Zingane, 5 yrs. 3 3
 Time, 3:51—3:54.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., ECLIPSE COURSE.

THURSDAY, Dec. 24, 1840—New Orleans Plate (value \$400), free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—while all horses aged 5 yrs. or more, carried but 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Bingham's (Thomas Barry's) ch. f. *Celerity*, own sister to Angora, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 3 yrs. 1 1
 John C. Beasley's ch. m. *Lucy Fuller*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 6 yrs. 4 2
 Wm. J. Minor's Imp. br. f. *Britannia*, by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews, 6 yrs. 2 3
 John G. Perry's b. m. *Calanthe*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Andrew Jackson, 5 yrs. 3 dist.
 Maj. Geo. M. Long's ch. h. *John Wickham*, by Imp. Barefoot—Boston's dam, 6 yrs. 5 dist.
 Time, 3:54—3:49. Course rather heavy.

FRIDAY, Dec. 25—Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110 6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

D. F. Kenner & Brothers' b. f. *Luda*, by Medoc, out of the Duchess of Marlbro' by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 1 1
 E. P. Davis' b. c. *John Marshall*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Bass by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 5:55.

SATURDAY, Dec. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. m. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 6 yrs. David. 1 1
 John C. Beasley's ch. m. *Lucy Fuller*, pedigree above, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 7:59—8:08.

FOURTH DAY, Dec. 27—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

D. F. Kehner & Brothers' gr. h. *Grey Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 5 yrs. 5 1 1
 Col. A. L. Bingham's (S. Elliott's) gr. c. *John R. Grymes*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Mercury, 3 yrs. 1 3 2
 A. L. Shotwell's ch. c. *Vertner*, by Medoc—Lady Adams by Whipster, 4 yrs. 2 2 dr
 John G. Perry's ch. c. *Dry Dock*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Misery, 3 yrs. 4 4 dr
 Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. *Minerva Anderson*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 3 dr.
 Time, 3:46—3:49—3:55. Excessively cold and blustering.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats.

D. F. Kenner & Brothers' Imp. ch. f. *Houri*, by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton, 3 yrs. 4 1 1
 Wm. J. Minor's b. m. *Tellie Doe*, by Pacific—Matilda by Greytail Florizel 5 yrs. 3 2 2
 A. L. Shotwell's b. c. *Stage Driver*, by Lance, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 5 3 3
 John F. Miller's Imp. ch. h. *Sorrow*, by Defence, out of Tears by Woful, 5 yrs. 1 4 dr.
 W. P. Parrott's ch. c. *Cow Boy*, by Medoc, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. 2 5 dist.
 J. G. Perry's ch. c. *Stub Twist*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs. 6 6 dist.
 Time, 1:51—1:51—1:50.

CADDO PARISH, LA., FAIRFIELD COURSE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 22, 1840—Match, \$— a side. Three miles.

Col. M. Fanning's ch. m. <i>Mary Meadows</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs	1
R. Boarman's gr. f. by Greyhound, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs	2
Time, 6:21.	

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 23—Purse \$150, ent. money added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

J. J. Burton's b. c. <i>Euclid</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	5	1	1
T. H. Willson's b. c. <i>Ned Wells</i> , by O'Connell, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	3	2	2
Col. M. Fanning's ch. m. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	1	3	dist.
Maj. B. Jenkins' ro. f. <i>Roana</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs	2	dist.	
R. Boarman's b. f. <i>Charlotte Claiborne</i> , by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs	4	dr	
Time, 2:02—2:01—2:00. Track heavy from rains.			

THURSDAY, Dec. 24—Purse \$200, ent. money added, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

T. H. Willson's b. m. <i>Fanny Lightfoot</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs	1	1
Col. M. Fanning's ch. m. <i>Mary Meadows</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	3	2
J. J. Burton's b. h. <i>Bay Bill</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 6 yrs	2	3
R. Boarman's gr. f. by Greyhound, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs	4	dist.
Time, 4:10—4:04.		

FRIDAY, Dec. 25—Purse \$100, ent. added, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. J. Burton's b. c. <i>Euclid</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	2	1	1
T. H. Willson's b. m. <i>Fanny Lightfoot</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	1	2	2
Time, 1:59—2:10—1:53—1:57.				

SATURDAY, Dec. 26—Citizens' Purse \$75, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Col. M. Fanning's ch. m. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	1	0	1
J. J. Burton's ch. c. <i>Elias Rector</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Kate Blair	2	0	2
Time not given.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as above. Sub. \$25 each.

R. Boarman's b. f. <i>Charlotte Claiborne</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. M. Fanning's ch. m. <i>Mary Meadows</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	2
Time not kept.		

PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY, VA., BRENTSVILLE COURSE.

THURSDAY, May 14, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

L. S. Pritchatt's b. f. <i>Sarah Washington</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Contention.	1	1
Col. John C. Gepson's ch. c. <i>Fleetwood</i> , by Pamunky	3	2
Thos. Shaw's b. f. <i>Eudorah</i>	2	3
Time, 1:56—1:55.		

THE END.

INDEX

TO

THE RACING CALENDAR OF 1840.

PLACES OF SPORT.

Alexandria, La.....	4	Little Rock, Arks.....	52
Augusta, Ga., Hampton Course.....	3, 56	Louisville, Ky., Oakland Course.....	23, 38
“ “ Lafayette Course.....	5, 7, 55	Lynchburg, Va.....	25, 31
Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course.....	16, 39	Lowndes County, Ala., Hayneville Course	34
Bardstown, Ky., Medoc Course.....	23, 34	Logan County, Ky., Grey Eagle Course..	46
Beans' Station, Tenn.....	46	Macon, Ga., Central Course.....	10
Belfield, Va.....	11	Maysville, Ky., Beechland Course.....	16, 41
Broad Rock, Va., Fairfield Course.	14, 20, 37	Marianna, Fla.....	25
Burkville, Ky.....	26	Mecklenburg C. H., Va., Oakland Course	35
Brooke Co., Va., Beach Bottom Course..	42	Merry Oaks, Ky.....	33
Buffalo Creek, N. Y.....	50	Milledgeville, Ga.....	51
Caddo Parish, La., Fairfield Course.....	5 9	Mobile, Ala., Bascombe Course.....	7
Camden and Philadelphia, Camden Co.	20, 42	Natchez, Miss., Pharsalia Course.....	5, 52
Camden, S. C.....	50	Nashville, Tenn.....	26, 32, 57
Carrollton, Mo.....	58	Newberry, S. C.....	40
Charleston, S. C., Washington Course..	6	New Orleans, La., Eclipse Course.....	9, 58
Claiborne, Ala.....	11	“ “ “ Louisiana Course.....	10, 56
Clarksville, Tenn., Woodlawn Course.....	22, 48	“ “ “ Metarie Course.....	9, 55
“ “ Red River Course.....	28	New York, Union Course.....	14, 24, 44
Cincinnati, Ohio, Buckeye Course.....	28	Norfolk, Va.....	31
Christianville, Va.....	50	Opelousas, La.....	51
Columbia, S. C.....	53	Palmyra, Mo., Central Course.....	26, 27
“ “ Ashland Course.....	19, 35	Petersburg, Va., Newmarket Course.....	13, 32
Cross Keys, Va.....	12	Pittsylvania C. H., Va., Oakland Course	35
Crab Orchard, Ky., Spring Hill Course.	18, 29	Plaquemine, La.....	13
Cynthiana, Ky.....	19, 45	Pineville, S. C.....	6
Donaldsonville, La.....	11	Post of Arkansas.....	54
Dover, Mo.....	34	Raymond, Miss., Oakland Course.....	4
Fayette, Mo.....	20, 33	Raleigh, N. C., State Course.....	12, 54
Florence, Ala.....	52	Rome, Ga.....	30
Fort Smith, Arks.....	25, 46	Salt Sulphur Springs, Va.....	27
Frankfort, Ky., Capitol Course.....	17, 28	Shawneetown, Ill.....	47
Fredericksburg, Va., Mulberry Course.....	22	Shelbyville, Tenn.....	26, 47
Georgetown, Ky.....	13, 57	St. Louis, Mo.....	18, 36
Gallatin, Tenn.....	29	Tallahassee, Fla.....	3
Henry County, Ky., Mobly Course.....	49	Terre Haute, Ind.....	45
Holly Springs, Miss.....	49	Trenton, N. J., Eagle Course.....	23, 43
Huntsville, Ala.....	48	Tuscumbia, Ala.....	17, 53
Jerseyville, Ill.....	32	Tremont, Ill.....	40
Laurens, S. C.....	50	Van Buren, Arks.....	47
Leesburg, Va.....	58	Washington, D. C., National Course..	15, 40
Lexington, Ky., Association Course..	21, 30	Wheeling, Va.....	27
Liberty, Mo.....	29	Winchester, Va., Frederick Course.....	43
Limestone Springs, S. C.....	44		

HORSES NAMED IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

A	Ætna.....	46, 46, 47, 53	A. L. Bingaman.....	10
Abram D.....	Aggy-down.....	52, 53	Alonzo.....	26
Accada.....	A. J. Lawson.....	4, 4	Altorf.....	8, 9, 32, 36
Adelia.....	Ajarrah Harrison.....	4	Alwilda.....	14, 14, 43, 44
Adrian.....	Alexander Campbell.....	29, 35	Amelia Priestman.....	20, 23, 39,
Adrianna.....	Alice Ann.....	4, 4, 5, 11, 55	42, 43, 43.	
A. D. Hunt.....	Allent Brown.....	8, 52, 53	American Star.....	52

Amy the Orphan	6	Bob Ewing	31, 38, 41, 57	Daniel Breck	23, 29, 37
Andrewetta 11, 14, 15, 21, 23, 23, 24, 40, 42, 54.		Bob Tucker	34	Dan	43
Ann Barrow	46	Bonnets o' Blue	45	Darkey Ridge	45
Ann Blake	45	Bob Walker	46, 57	Decatur	14
Ann Maria	33	Brandy	20	Devil Jack	28
Ann Mercer	18	Britannia	41, 45, 50, 52, 58	Denizen	30, 32, 36, 48
Anti-Bank	53	Brocksley	31, 47	De Lattre	35, 48
Anvil	27	Brown Stout	45	Deception	49
Arabella 13, 17, 23, 24, 28, 31, 38.		Broomfield Ridley	47	Democrat	52, 52
Arabian Mark	39, 50	Brunette	32, 40	Dick Menifée	13, 19, 30, 38, 38, 41, 57.
Arrianna	25	Bunnhilda	54	Dilworth	18
Arkaluka	17	Bustamante	8	Diana Crow	23, 23
Aroostook	27	Burleigh	17	Doncaster	
Ashland	24, 39, 43, 44	Buzzard	19	Dolly Edwards	39
Astor	15, 17, 39, 44	Buzzardo	21, 30	Don Juan	41, 41
Atlanta	45	Buck Eye	27, 27, 40	Donna Viola	49
		Buck Eye Lad	43	Doctor	51, 52
			45	Dry Dock	9, 56, 57, 58
B		C		Dr. Dudley	17
Bald Hornet	27	Capt. Milo	3	Dr. Hossick	51
Balie Peyton	31, 37	Cavalier Servente	4, 55	Duke of Marlborough	19
Baltimore	12, 32, 35, 54	Capt. Pomp	5	Dutch Boy	18
Bandit	11, 12, 14, 17, 21, 23, 24, 31, 33, 39.	Calantha	7, 8, 58	Dublin	34
Banjo Bill	31	Caroline Malone	8		
Bardolph	21	Capt. McHeath	9, 10, 10, 56	E	
Barbara Allen	28, 38	Capt. Laurent	10, 12	Earnest	43, 44
Bay Bill	59	Capt. Thos. Hoskins	11, 40	Earl of Marlborough	45
Bay Bolton	30	Cameo	11, 17, 21, 35, 47, 54	Ebro	23, 29
Basheba	25	Camden 13, 17, 21, 21, 22, 22, 24.		Echo	28, 29, 45
Baywood	8, 8, 9, 10, 48	Catharine	16	Edimborough	48
Bayadere	35, 57	Catalpa	18, 47, 53, 54, 54	Edisto	53
Bee's-wing	8, 10	Carpenter	23	Egremont	40
Bean Catcher	47	Caspien	28, 28	Eliza Head	3, 3
Beatrice of Ferrara	40	Catholic	31	Ellen Percy	6, 6
Beersheba (Basheba)	25, 46	Cadmus	38	Ellen Thomas	12, 20
Belinda Polk	19, 35	Capstan	40	Eliza Henry	18, 18
Belle of Winchester	25, 52, 53, 53, 59, 59.	Cavalier	40	Eliza Ross	18, 18, 26, 26, 27
Bengal	14, 20	Celerity	29, 53	Eliza Hughes	20, 33
Ben Buster	18, 37	Charles Archie	3, 25	Ellen Tree	45
Ben Dudley	21	Charles Henry	42, 43	Elvira	45
Bendigo	28, 31, 33, 38, 55, 57	Charlotte Claiborne	59, 59	Elias Rector	46, 47, 53, 59
Ben Franklin	35, 36, 48, 49	Chesapeake	44	Eliza	48
Betsey Colman	12, 12	Charles Malcolm	46	Eliza Franks	48
Betsey White	11, 12, 15, 20, 22, 31, 33.	Chateau	51	Emily Booker	15, 35
Betsey Miller	20, 29, 30, 33, 34, 58.	Chicamah	52	Emigrant	19, 31, 46
Betsey Hunter	23	Chicapa	52, 55, 57	Emily Speed	32, 36, 48, 55, 55
Bethesda	30, 51	Cippus	16	Emily	35
Betsey Red	31	Cinderella	19	Emancipat	45
Betsey Branch	36	Cleopatra	4, 25, 47	Emmet	49
Betsey Burnt-Nose	49	Clarion	14, 20	Emerald	53
Bianca	54	Cloud	26	Equinox	7, 51, 53
Big Collier	29	Clarionette	42, 43	Esther Wake	19
Big Foot	9, 10	Clear the Track	49	Espanella	39
Big Nancy	34	Cordelia	4	Ethiopia	18, 27, 33, 37
Billy Ainsworth	46	Cotton Plant	8	Euclid	4, 4, 25, 46, 47, 53, 53
Billy Pearsey	7	Columbus	16, 17	Eudora	18, 18, 46, 47, 47, 53, 54, 54, 59.
Billy Townes	8, 10, 10, 12, 18, 24, 38.	Cotillion	17	Eveline	10, 11
Billy Price	18, 37	Coal Black Rose	25		
Billy Rowton	41	Cork	34	F	
Billy Harris	51	Copper Head	40	Fanny Strong	8, 8
Black Boy	12, 15, 33	Corinthian	42, 42	Fantasie	9
Black Hawk	50, 50	Corvinton Buck	45	Fairly Fair	10, 57
Black Jack	18	Cotralle	51, 52	Fabius	15
Black-nose	21, 24, 28, 30	Cow Boy	51, 58	Fairly	15
Blacksmith	40	Conchita	52	Fanny	16, 22, 53, 55, 56
Bloody Nathan	49	Crichton	40, 41, 41	Fanny Doak	26
Blue Dick	25, 31, 35	Creosote	52	Fanny Flouce	27
Blue Grey	22	Curculia	4, 5	Fanny Lightfoot	59, 59
Bluff	44	Cub	17, 24, 31	Fanny Nelson	27
Bob Long	9	Curly Legs	47	Fanny Selden	

- Flota..... 31, 35, 54
 Fly..... 37
 Flora McIvor..... 40
 Fordham..... 21, 24, 37, 55, 56
 Fortunatus..... 25, 32, 35
 Forrest..... 45
 Frenchman..... 17
 Franklin..... 33
 Free Jack..... 37, 37, 48, 52, 53
- G**
- Gano..... 5, 6, 7, 7, 55, 55
 Gaslight..... 13
 Gazan..... 16, 22, 24
 Gamma..... 32, 36, 48
 Galba..... 39, 39
 Galantha..... 55
 Gerow..... 4, 5, 6, 30
 Geo. Elliott..... 4
 Gertrude..... 8
 George W. Kendall 11, 55, 57
 George Lightfoot.. 12, 20, 35
 George..... 15
 George Burbridge. 16, 19, 57
 George Martin..... 38
 General Result..... 52, 53
 Giovanni..... 6
 Ginger Blue..... 39, 54
 Glaucus..... 5, 5, 6, 18, 27, 32
 Glorvina..... 9, 9
 Glenara..... 9, 10
 Glimpse..... 18, 26
 Glover Ann..... 28, 48
 Glass Slipper..... 53
 Gov. Poindexter..... 5
 Gov. Barbour..... 18
 Gov. Clark..... 23, 35
 Gone-away. 26, 27, 30, 33, 57
 Gold Eye..... 28, 48
 Goldsmith..... 30, 36
 Go-it..... 41
 Gov. Butler..... 51, 53
 Grey Medoc. 9, 10, 10, 12, 52, 56, 57, 58.
 Grey Tocka..... 12
 Greenhill..... 15, 40
 Great Western..... 17
 Grey Davy..... 19, 24
 Greyfoot..... 27
 Grampus..... 39
 Grey Eagle..... 40
 Gruglan..... 51
 Grey Momus..... 54
 Gustavus..... 16, 17, 23
 Guy..... 19
 Gulnare..... 21
 Guinacocock..... 46
 Gypsey..... 6, 14
- H**
- Haji Baba..... 57
 Harpalyce..... 5
 Harkaway..... 11, 12, 12, 13
 Hard Cider..... 15, 20, 22
 Hawk Eye..... 19, 21, 29, 37
 Hardin..... 23
 Hampton..... 31
 Harriet..... 31, 39, 42, 43
 Hard Times..... 38
 Harriet Wells..... 40, 41
 Hammond..... 51
 Henry Mickins..... 3
 Helen..... 6, 6, 7, 29, 34
 Hermione..... 6, 6, 7, 51
 Hector Bell..... 15, 16, 39
 Henry C. Pope. 23, 23, 24, 38
 Highland Mary..... 30, 30
 Houri..... 9, 9, 12, 52, 56, 58
 Hornet..... 16, 39
 Horatio..... 29
 Hoosier..... 41, 45
 Humming Bird..... 18, 57
- I**
- Hyde Park..... 15, 39
 Iceland..... 27
 Independence..... 18
 Irad..... 13, 19, 29
 Isabell..... 18
 Izora..... 32
- J**
- Jane Travers..... 4
 Jane Splane..... 5, 13, 51, 52
 Janette Berkley..... 7
 James D. Black..... 13
 James Crowell..... 19, 45
 Jack Pendleton..... 22
 Jane Adams..... 26, 33
 James Todd..... 27
 Jack of Clubs..... 28
 Jacintha..... 46
 Jack of Trumps..... 50
 Jenny Richmond 22, 28, 30, 35
 Jerome..... 27
 Jenny Robertson..... 39
 Jerusha..... 49
 J. F. Robinson..... 22, 34
 Jim Crow..... 40
 Jim Boy..... 48
 Jim Jackson..... 58
 Jim Brown..... 49
 Job..... 21, 24, 33, 40, 42, 54
 Joe Allen..... 16
 Joe Murray..... 22, 35
 Joe Tevis..... 29
 Joe Vance..... 42
 John Archy..... 57
 John Anderson..... 8
 John Beasley..... 26, 36, 37
 John Bull..... 30
 John Bell..... 42, 43, 43
 John Blount..... 11, 14, 39
 John Duncan..... 6, 6
 John Howard..... 8
 John Hunter 13, 21, 23, 24, 39
 John Guedron..... 30
 John Pleasants..... 48, 58
 John Malone..... 7, 8
 John Marshall. 19, 26, 36, 49, 58.
 John R..... 43, 44
 John R. Grymes. 9, 9, 52, 56, 58.
 John Kirkman. 26, 30, 48, 48
 John Ross..... 26, 33
 John Smith..... 32
 John Tyler..... 19, 29, 31
 John T. Johnson..... 29
 John Wickham..... 56, 58
 John Valiant..... 46
 John Young..... 18, 29
 John Wallis..... 29, 29
 Jumper..... 3, 3
 Julia Thompson..... 22
 Julia Fisher..... 30, 36, 52
 Julia Burton..... 31, 50
- K**
- Kate Converse..... 53
 Kate Haun..... 10
 Kate Nickleby..... 42, 43
 Kate Shelby..... 46
 Kangaroo..... 42
 Kentucky Eclipse..... 34
 King Hiram..... 27
 King Herod..... 34
 Kosciusko..... 27
- L**
- Lady Canebrake..... 6, 41
 Lady Cava. 6, 6, 7, 51, 53, 54
 Lady Plaquemine..... 13, 13
 Lady Canton 16, 17, 21, 23, 23, 39, 42, 43, 43.
 Lady Nashville..... 25
 Lady Stock. 25, 46, 46, 47, 53
 Lady Trille..... 26
 Lady Beck..... 29
 Lady Sherbrooke.. 29, 32, 36
 Lady Franklin..... 49, 49
 La Belle..... 21
 Laura Webster. 17, 28, 30, 33
 Laneville..... 22, 37, 54
 Lavinia..... 31
 Lauretta..... 32
 Lavinia Blackburn..... 33
 Lance..... 46
 Lafitte..... 46, 47
 Lapland..... 49
 Leda..... 31, 38, 41
 Leg Treasurer..... 34
 Leslie..... 3, 25
 Leesburg..... 4
 Leopardess..... 13
 Levitha..... 53
 Lily..... 6, 40, 42
 Likeness..... 8
 Live Oak..... 10, 13, 57
 Little Barton..... 18, 36
 Little Davy..... 19
 Little Peter..... 25, 25
 Little Blue..... 33, 37, 37
 Little Collier..... 34
 Little Wonder..... 38
 Little Slick..... 44
 Little Kirds..... 45
 Little Red..... 45
 Little John..... 48
 Limber Jem..... 50
 Loadstone..... 10
 Louisa..... 18, 18
 Log Cabin..... 29, 34, 38
 Loch Ranza..... 34
 Lord of Lorn..... 34
 Loudon..... 43
 Lowndes..... 44
 Luda. 9, 9, 10, 12, 52, 52, 56, 57, 58.
 Lucy Fuller.. 9, 9, 12, 38, 56, 57, 58, 58.
 Lyndhurst..... 19, 35
 Lynedock..... 36, 52, 57
- M**
- Mary Elizabeth. 3, 4, 4, 5, 5, 5, 6, 7, 7, 11, 41, 55, 56, 56.
 Mary Lyle..... 9
 Mary Green..... 12, 31
 Mary Brennan..... 16
 Mary Burnham..... 19
 Mary Morris 24, 28, 29, 31, 38
 Mary Robb..... 25
 Mary Waggoner..... 26
 Mary..... 27, 31
 Mary Miller..... 27
 Mary Selden .. 27, 29, 38, 41
 Mary Mason..... 27, 42
 Mary Anne..... 28
 Mary Singleton..... 29, 35
 Mary Turner..... 30
 Mary Ousley..... 33
 Mary Ann Furman..... 34, 41
 Mary Routh..... 35, 36
 Mary Hedgford..... 41, 44, 50
 Mary Scott..... 41, 51, 54
 Mary Porter..... 41
 Mary Malcolm..... 46
 Mary Meadows 46, 47, 53, 59, 59, 59.
 Mary Clinch..... 46
 Mary Watson..... 55
 Mary Walton..... 57
 Maria Red..... 8

Maria Brown..... 8, 18
 Maria Black..... 9
 Maria Duke..... 9
 Maria Williams..... 32
 Maria Collier..... 38, 41, 41
 Maria Shelton..... 44
 Martha Malone..... 10, 10, 56, 57
 Martha Bickerton..... 15, 40, 44
 Martha Buford..... 23
 Martha Prewit..... 35
 Martha Jones..... 33
 Martha Rowton..... 40, 44, 54
 Marthaville..... 54, 54
 Margaret Blunt 13, 15, 20, 22, 37.

Margaret Heath..... 43
 Mango..... 4, 5
 Marks..... 12
 Market..... 12
 Marion Porter..... 19
 Mariner..... 15, 17, 23, 42, 43, 44
 Maid of Northampton..... 16
 Maffit..... 19, 23, 29, 35, 38
 Manalopan..... 24
 Martin Van Buren..... 26
 Mad Anthony..... 28
 Marcellus..... 34
 Malvina..... 36
 Marylander..... 46
 Major Graves..... 47
 Macduff..... 49, 49
 Matchem..... 49
 Marmion..... 49
 Meridian..... 6, 7, 43, 44, 44, 45, 54.
 Melmoth..... 19
 Melbourne..... 19
 Meg Dillard..... 25
 Melody..... 28
 Melissa Byron..... 34
 Medina..... 38
 Medoca..... 48
 Mecklenburg..... 52
 Minerva Profit..... 4
 Mirabeau..... 23, 24, 28, 35, 57
 Minister..... 28, 35, 38
 Minstrel..... 29, 30
 Missouri..... 29, 34, 38
 Mississippi..... 32
 Miss McAtee..... 34
 Middleton..... 38
 Miss Lamartine..... 40
 Miss Accident..... 50
 Miss Andrews..... 51, 51
 Miss Cleveland..... 16
 Minerva Anderson..... 56, 57, 58
 Moses..... 7, 25
 Mozart..... 15, 17, 20
 Morehead..... 22, 28
 Molly Ward..... 32, 39, 50
 Montcalm..... 34
 Multicaulis..... 22
 Muse Sandford..... 43, 45

N

Nancy..... 5
 Nancy Buford..... 37, 37, 37
 Nancy Clark..... 51, 55, 56, 56
 Nancy Dawson..... 26
 Nancy House..... 30, 56
 Nancy Miller..... 44
 Nancy Roman..... 21
 Nannie..... 14, 20, 24, 42, 43, 44
 Ned Hazard..... 15, 40
 Ned Wells..... 29, 33, 36, 58, 59
 Nick Biddle..... 35
 Nick of the Woods..... 32
 Nicholas..... 43
 Norfolk..... 33, 39, 42

O

ccident..... 21, 24

Oceola..... 50
 Oeleta..... 55
 Old Dominion..... 13, 15, 15
 Old Mistress 3, 3, 7, 7, 11, 11, 25, 25, 30, 51.
 Olivia Wakefield..... 49, 49
 Olympius..... 20
 Omega 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 51, 55, 56
 Omohondro..... 22, 22
 Oscar..... 5, 10
 Othello..... 18, 33
 Outrage..... 30, 49

P

Palmerston..... 19
 Pauline..... 13
 Passenger..... 33, 39, 42, 43
 Panic..... 35, 39, 45, 50
 Pat Nagle..... 49, 52, 53
 Pensée..... 9, 10, 13, 56, 57
 Peter Pindar..... 14, 42, 44
 Peoria..... 23, 28, 34
 Peggy Stride..... 37
 Percussion..... 32
 Perseverance..... 40
 Pedlar..... 49, 49
 Penelope..... 55
 Phil Brown..... 11, 15, 16, 39
 Phantom..... 32
 Pike..... 4
 Pin Hook..... 45
 Piony..... 53
 Pigmy..... 54
 Plough Boy..... 18, 23, 35
 Plenipo..... 24
 Polly Hunter..... 5, 51, 51
 Pollard Brown..... 8, 9
 Polly Tompkins..... 16
 Powell..... 17, 34
 Polly Piper..... 27, 42
 Polly Pillow..... 32, 52
 Polly Moss..... 43
 Poney..... 51
 Polly Cox..... 55
 Pop Reed..... 56
 Porto Rico..... 58
 Prospect..... 14, 21, 44
 Preston..... 32, 48, 52
 Prince Murat..... 43
 Prince Albert..... 48
 Prosody..... 52
 Puss..... 37
 Pumpkin Boy..... 47

Q

Quartica..... 5
 Queen Elizabeth..... 3, 7, 11
 Queen Mary..... 16, 24
 Quixanna..... 41

R

Ralph..... 9
 Raritan..... 14, 23
 Rashleigh..... 21, 24
 Rancopus (Rancofus)..... 32, 40
 Rat Catcher..... 42
 Red Rose..... 4
 Red Bone..... 4
 Red Fox..... 16, 18, 31
 Red Rat..... 16
 Reliance..... 16, 17, 22
 Red Bill..... 19, 21, 24
 Red Morocco..... 23, 24, 29, 27
 Resume..... 31
 Red Robin..... 50
 Rienzi..... 3, 3, 15, 22, 40, 42
 Richard III..... 13, 45
 Ripple..... 24, 31, 34, 41
 Riprap..... 35, 39
 Rights of Man..... 40
 Roana..... 59
 Robin Cobb..... 13, 32, 37

Robert Bruce..... 16, 19, 21, 41, 45, 57.
 Rosa Vertner..... 18, 26, 37
 Rosalinda Jr..... 23, 43, 44
 Robinson..... 29
 Rocket..... 29
 Roscoe..... 33
 Root-Doctor..... 41
 Rosabella..... 49, 49

S

Santa Anna..... 4, 5, 53, 55, 56
 Salt Catcher..... 5, 51
 Sarah Bladen..... 9, 10, 52, 56, 58.
 Saladin..... 11
 Sam Johnson..... 12, 12, 25, 35, 39.
 Sam Brown..... 16
 Sam Houston..... 17, 22, 40, 42, 43.
 Sambo..... 19, 23, 23, 29, 35, 38
 Sarah Washington..... 22, 58, 59
 Sam..... 25
 Sally Harris..... 26
 Sarah Jackson Jr..... 26, 47
 Sailor Boy..... 28, 31, 41, 46
 Sarah Morton..... 31, 38
 Sall Strickland..... 34
 Sally McGee..... 41, 44, 45
 Sally Jane..... 41, 41
 Sally J..... 44, 44
 Santee..... 43
 Sackahatchie..... 54
 Scarlet..... 29, 34, 58
 Scott..... 18
 Scissors..... 11
 Selim..... 6, 6
 Serenade 13, 17, 31, 35, 38, 57
 Seven-up..... 20, 22, 44
 Servantes..... 31
 Sissimus..... 41
 Sessoms..... 44
 Sessum..... 50
 Shamrock..... 8, 32, 36
 Short John..... 45
 Sir Ariss..... 5
 Sir Newton..... 27
 Sir Halpin..... 28
 Sir William..... 32
 Sissy..... 52, 53
 Sluggard..... 52, 58
 Sliding Jolin..... 34, 34
 Sleeper..... 45, 45
 Smike..... 14, 20
 Southern Meteor..... 23
 Sophia Burton..... 26
 Sophia Lovell..... 28, 35
 Sorrow..... 56, 58
 Spal..... 16, 41
 Speckled Hen..... 42
 Spotted Tiger..... 49
 Speed..... 51
 Squaw..... 50
 Shreshley 9, 9, 10, 12, 18, 18, 28, 29, 38.
 Stub Twist..... 10, 56, 58
 St. James..... 13, 13
 Stickney..... 19
 Stockborough..... 32
 Straightout..... 42
 Stanhope..... 43
 Stage Driver..... 54, 54, 57, 58
 Sue Glass..... 54
 Susan Tyler..... 13, 19
 Sufferer..... 16, 17, 27
 Sugar Tree..... 27
 Suffolk..... 31, 41
 Sultana..... 34
 Swiss Boy..... 17, 21, 21, 23, 31, 38, 33.
 Sweetbriar..... 19

Eclipse, ch. c.—Geo. Smith	20
Eclipse, ch. c.—J. L. Downing	30
Eclipse, ro. g.—Chas. P. Lee	31
Eclipse, ch. c.—R. Duncanson	32
Eclipse, — f.—Thos. Rainey	32
Eclipse, bl. c.—Geo. Blackburn	57
Eclipse, ch. c.—Benj. Harrison	33
Eclipse, b. f.—T. Whitworth	37
Eclipse, b. h.—Geo. Goodwyn	37
Eclipse, ch. h.—Jos. H. Van Mater	44
Eclipse, gr. f.—D. F. Kenner	57
Emancipation, Imp., b. f.—E. Townes	11
Emancipation, Imp., ch. f.—Asa Oliver	13
Emancipation, Imp., br. c.—James Gardin	14, 47
Emancipation, Imp., ch. c.—James Gardin	20, 50
Emancipation, Imp., b. f.—Mr. Logwood	37
Emancipation, Imp., b. f.—Wm. McCargo	39, 47, 50
Emancipation, Imp., b. f.—Col. Cockerell	41
Emilius, b. c., Imp.—Dr. Geo. Goodwyn	11
Envoy, Imp., — — Jas. Wilson	27

F

Felt, Imp., gr. c.—Hugh Rogers	25
Felt, Imp., b. f.—D. McDaniel	31, 35
Felt, Imp., b. c.—D. McDaniel	39
Fylde, Imp., b. c.—Geo. B. Robinson	11
Fylde, Imp., b. h.—Isham Puckett	15
Fylde, Imp., br. f.—John D. Kirby	42

G

Giles Scroggins, ch. f.—Jas. M. Todd	49
Gimcrack (Burch's) bl. f.—Mr. Brightwell	40
Gohanna, ch. f.—A. Robinson	11
Gohanna, ch. c.—Robinson & Burton	13, 14
Gohanna, gr. f.—Richard H. Brazeale	15, 20
Gohanna, ch. f.—W. P. Winfree	15
Gohanna, b. g.—O. B. Lowrie	15, 15, 35
Gohanna, b. f.—John Coleman	39
Goliah, b. c.—J. B. Chapman	20
Goliah, b. c.—Wm. M. Cabaness	35
Goliah, ch. f.—Maj. Thos. Doswell	43
Goliah, b. c.—R. C. Puryear	50
Greybeard, gr. c.—Thos. Whitworth	11
Greybeard, ch. g.—David McDaniel	25
Greyhound, gr. f.—R. Boarman	59, 59

H

Hal Malone, ch. f.—Thos. Goodrum	36
Ilavoc, ch. c.—Benton Woods	47
Henry Tonson, b. c.—Dr. Geo. Goodwyn	39
Hoosier, ro. f.—Daniel Weisager	45

I

Industry, br. f.—Willa Viley	38
Industry, b. f.—Wm. Holmead	40
Industry, b. f.—Willa Viley	41
Ivanhoe, b. c.—Mr. Queen	16

J

Janus, Imp., ch. f.—Scruggs & Lowrie	15
Jeff, b. f.—Nimrod Porter	35
Jefferson, b. c.—R. H. Peyton	49
Jocelyn, b. f., Imp.—Mr. Stoney	6
John Dawson, b. f.—Col. John Steele	22
John Dawson, b. c.—D. Burris	26
John Dawson, b. f.—B. Rutherford	30, 46, 48
John Richards, b. c.—W. J. Edmonson	28
John Richards, b. c.—R. Burbridge	57
John Richards, b. f.—Dr. Gano	57
John Richards, b. c.—Richard Buckner	57

K

King's Bertrand, b. f.—G. Bowman	26
--	----

L

Lance, br. f.—T. Cross	46
Lance, b. h.—Scott Lowry	57
Leviathan, Imp., ch. m.—Geo. E. Blackburn	17

Leviathan, Imp., br. c.—N. K. Leavell	22
Leviathan, Imp., ch. f.—A. P. Yourie	30
Leviathan, Imp., ch. f.—Jesse Cage	36
Leviathan, Imp., ch. c.—J. P. Wilkinson	37
Leviathan, Imp., ch. f.—David Caulfield	48
Leviathan, Imp., ch. f.—Col. Elliott	48
Leviathan, Imp., ch. f.—Clay & Harding	49
Leviathan, Imp., b. m.—T. J. & M. Wells	51
Lexington, ch. f.—M. Talbot	25, 32
Luzborough, Imp., bl. c.—Col. A. H. Kennan	11
Luzborough, Imp., ch. f.—F. Duplantier	11
Luzborough, Imp., ch. c.—Mr. Collins	12
Luzborough, Imp., — f.—L. P. Cheatham	22
Luzborough, Imp., b. c.—Wiley Taylor	22, 46
Luzborough, Imp., ch. c.—A. O. Woods	26
Luzborough, Imp., ch. c.—R. H. Long	32, 53
Luzborough, Imp., br. c.—W. H. Boddie	36
Luzborough, Imp., b. c.—Alex. McKay	36
Luzborough, Imp., b. m.—Col. P. E. Duncan	41
Luzborough, Imp., b. c.—T. Patterson	49, 49
Luzborough, Imp., ro. f.—Davis & Ragland	53
Luzborough, Imp., b. f.—Wm. R. Barrow	57

M

Malcolm, ch. f.—C. Guing	46
Mambrino, br. c.—Gen. Donaldson	47
Mambrino, ch. c.—Gen. Donaldson	32, 47
Mambrino, ch. c.—Wm. H. Western	48
Marion, b. c.—Mr. Simmons	12
Marmion, b. c.—Milton Jackson	33
Marmion, b. g.—W. C. Boon	33
March, ch. f.—Saml. McCord	42
Margrave, Imp., b. f.—Col. John L. White	25, 32
Mayday, b. c.—J. M. Botts	15
Medoc, ch. c.—Col. Jones	5
Medoc, ch. c.—Geo. E. Blackburn	28
Medoc, ch. f.—H. J. Morris	28
Medoc, b. c.—J. Allen	28
Medoc, ch. f.—Thos. G. Moore	33
Medoc, ch. c.—Col. P. E. Duncan	41, 41
Merman, Imp., b. c.—Wm. R. Barrow	9
Merman, Imp., br. c.—L. P. Cheatham	22
Merman, Imp., b. c.—L. J. & R. K. Polk	35
Merlin, b. h.—M. McLean	28, 46
Molo, ch. c.—Mr. Scruggs	46
Monmouth Eclipse, ch. c.—J. Sparling	23
Monmouth Eclipse, ch. f.—Joseph H. Van Mater	42, 42
Monmouth Eclipse, br. f.—J. Stillwell	43
Mons. Tonson, b. f.—Col. Johnson	15, 22, 31
Mons. Tonson, b. c.—C. S. Morris	15
Mons. Tonson, ch. g.—Col. John P. White	25
Mons. Tonson, b. h.—Col. W. R. Johnson	31
Mons. Tonson, ch. f.—John Davis	35
Mons. Tonson, ch. f.—Francis L. Royall	35
Mons. Tonson, b. c.—Col. John P. White	35
Mons. Tonson, ch. f.—Wm. McCargo	39
Mount Airy, b. f.—R. R. Vanlandingham	26
Mucklejohn, br. c.—Col. Spann	6
Mucklejohn, b. c.—Thos. Harper	28
Mucklejohn, gr. c.—J. B. Richardson	51
Mucklejohn, br. f.—H. Daniel	23
Mucklejohn Jr., br. f.—J. B. Richardson	50
Mucklejohn Jr., b. f.—A. C. Richardson	53
Mulatto, br. f., Imp.—Powell McRa	51

N

New Constitution, gr. c.—Thos. Hill	36
Nonplus, Imp., gr. f.—Mr. Stoney	6
Nullifier, b. c.—L. Glanton	5

O

Ogle's Oscar, ch. f.—Jos. H. Van Mater	42
Ohio, b. c.—A. Hickerson	33
O'Kelly, gr. c.—M. Talbot	25
O'Kelly, gr. c.—R. C. Love	36
Orphan Boy, b. c.—John G. Perry	9, 11
Orange Boy, ch. c.—J. Maddon	57

P			
Pacific, b. f.—Wilson Gilbert.....	22	Snakeroot, ch. f.—A. M. McLean.....	46
Pacific, ch. f.—W. H. Western.....	48	Sussex, ch. m.—Col. F. Thompson.....	16
Pacific, gr. f.—Camp & Ackland.....	49	Sussex, ch. m.—Col. Selden.....	17
Priam, Imp., b. f.—Robinson & Barton.....	37	T	
Priam, Imp., ch. f.—F. M. Butler.....	51	Terror, br. c.—N. Rives.....	37
Pirate, b. m.—Mr. Cheasman.....	42	Tiger, ch. f.—Chas. Buford.....	21, 23
Prizefighter, b. m.—W. Green.....	21	Timoleon, ch. f.—Wm. McCargo.....	13
R		Timoleon, ch. c.—Wm. McCargo.....	14
Rattler, ch. f.—H. Eddy.....	26	Timoleon, b. h.—Jas. Talley.....	15, 15, 20
Rattler, ch. c.—W. Scott Haynes.....	47	Timoleon, ch. h.—Col. John P. White.....	25, 40
Rattler, ch. c.—Gen. Davie.....	48	Timoleon, ch. h.—R. McGregor.....	40
Ravenscroft, ch. c.—Cooper & Shroyer.....	20	Tranby, Imp., br. c.—Jas. Talley.....	12, 13, 31, 33, 37.
Rowton, Imp., ch. c.—N. A. Peay.....	50	Tranby, Imp., b. c.—Geo. Smith.....	15
Rowton, Imp., ch. f.—M. R. Smith.....	51	Tranby, Imp., b. f.—W. S. Miller.....	30
Rowton, Imp., b. c.—John C. O'Hanlon.....	53	Tranby, Imp., b. f.—B. R. Jenkins.....	30
S		Tranby, Imp., b. c.—W. Ashby.....	43
Sarpedon, Imp., b. f.—J. K. Duke.....	21	Truffle, — c.—Maj. Rowell.....	51
Sarpedon, Imp., b. c.—Townes & Wil- liamson.....	39	Trustee, Imp., ch. c.—R. L. Stevens.....	14, 14, 24, 44, 44.
Sarpedon, Imp., bl. f.—Thos. J. Young.....	45	Trustee, Imp., ch. c.—T. J. Payne.....	36
Saxe Weimar, b. f.—Saml. Mitchell.....	35	Trustee, Imp., ch. c.—Capt. Stockton.....	42, 42
Sea Gull, b. f.—J. A. Holton.....	23	Trustee, Imp., b. f.—Wm. McCargo.....	50
Shakspeare, Imp., b. c.—Capt. Jas. Wil- liamson.....	31	Tychicus, — f.—Allen Johnson.....	22
Shakspeare, Imp., b. f.—L. F. Hicks.....	15, 39	Tychicus, ch. c.—M. Talbot.....	25
Shark, br. c.—John D. Kirby.....	13	U	
Singleton, b. g.—Duke & Buford.....	13	Uncas, b. g.—B. J. Jeter.....	20
Sir Archy, gr. c.—Robt. Burbridge.....	17	Uncas, gr. m.—Capt. Wm. Wright.....	20
Sir Archy, b. m.—Thos. Williams.....	31	Uncas, ch. f.—W. C. Boon.....	33
Sir Henry Tonson, b. c.—Dr. Geo. Good- wyn.....	20	Uncas, ch. c.—Benj. Watts.....	33
Sir John, ch. c.—Thos. Mitchell.....	26	W	
Sir Pitt, gr. f.—David McDaniel.....	31	Waxy, ch. f.—W. F. Dillon.....	4
Sir Walter, ch. f.—Jas. Smith.....	27	Whale, Imp., b. c.—Edm. Townes.....	11, 15
Sparrowhawk, — f.—John A. Goode.....	27	Whale, Imp., b. f.—Thos. W. Rainey.....	13
Star, b. c.—Mr. Collin.....	12	Wild Bill, b. c.—Wm. M. Barton.....	48
Star, b. f.—Col. Wm. R. Johnson.....	14, 22	Wild Bill, b. c.—C. D. Kavanagh.....	49
Star, br. f.—Col. Wm. R. Johnson.....	15, 16	Woodpecker, ch. c.—Wm. McMullins.....	20
Star, b. c.—Col. Wm. R. Johnson.....	20	Woodpecker, ch. c.—T. G. Moore.....	29, 58
Stamboul, b. f.—J. F. Harris.....	23	Woodpecker, b. c.—Mr. Sutton.....	57
Stockholder, br. h.—Mr. Tucker.....	5	Y	
Stockholder, br. c.—Dr. Bronson.....	22, 28	Young Eclipse, ro. g.—S. Woodruff.....	25
Stockholder, b. f.—W. Taylor.....	46, 46	Z	
Stockholder, ch. f.—G. Bumpas.....	49	Zinganee, Garrison's, b. m.—Dr. Nelson.....	59
Stockholder, b. h.—Wm. D. King.....	52		
Stockholder, gr. m.—H. L. French.....	57		

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.
—

THIS well known weekly publication, which was established in 1831 by its present editor, will commence its eleventh volume on the 6th of March, 1841. It is a sheet of the very largest class, containing twelve imperial quarto pages, printed on linen paper of the finest texture, and on new type. It is embellished with the largest and most highly finished ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, ever issued by a periodical in the United States. The last two volumes contained superb Portraits of the following distinguished AMERICAN AND IMPORTED HORSES, designed to constitute an *American Sporting Gallery*, accompanied with complete *Memoirs*, giving the Pedigree, Characteristics and Performances of each, with incidental notices of their contemporaries, etc. The Engravings correspond in size (eighteen inches by thirteen) with those annually published in London, of the *Winners of the Derby, Oaks and St. Leger*, and have been executed in line, on *Steel Plate*, expressly for This Paper, from Original Pictures in oil by the most eminent Artists:—

BLACK MARIA,

The property of the Hon. BALIE PEYTON, of New Orleans; Engraved by DICK after TROYE

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Published on the 4th July.

MONARCH,

The property of Col. HAMPTON, of S. C.; Painted by TROYE.

Published on the 9th Jan.

In addition to the Engravings enumerated above, is a superb Portrait of MAD'LE AUGUSTA, the celebrated *Danseuse*, in the character of "La Sylphide," engraved by HINSHELWOOD on Steel, from a sketch and picture by CHALON and INMAN.

NEW VOLUME FOR 1841.

The First Number of a New Volume of "The Spirit of the Times" will be issued on the 6th of March, 1841. In the course of the year, a series of MAGNIFICENT STEEL ENGRAVINGS, uniform with the embellishments of the preceding volume, will be presented to the subscribers. A Portrait of MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, from a painting by TROYE, will commence the series, and be succeeded by those of other distinguished horses during the year.

A List of AMERICAN WINNING HORSES of the preceding year will be published, arranged in four distinct TABLES—one of four mile winners, one of three, one of two, and one of one mile winners. These Tables show at a glance the Winner of every race of the last year, his age, color, pedigree, and owner, the prize won, the weight carried,

the time made, and the horses beaten by him, together with the date and place of the race, and a reference to the page of the preceding volume where the race was originally published. These Tables are compiled with infinite care and labor, and at great expense; they are of constant practical use, and increase in value every year. A list of **ENGLISH WINNING HORSES** for the same year will also be published in the volume arranged in the English form.

A Table of the **AMERICAN WINNING TROTTING HORSES**, with the age, color, owner, time made, weight carried, horses beaten, &c. &c., will be published in this volume; and in addition, there will be *an abstract of very great Trotting Performance in America*, for several years back, with special reference to the time made. This abstract has been compiled from several authentic sources, and will be extremely interesting as the only **COMPLETE RECORD OF AMERICAN TROTTING** ever attempted.

An Alphabetical List of **STALLIONS** for 1841, in the usual form, will also appear in an early number of the volume, and will be found convenient to breeders for designating the age, color, pedigree, owner, place and price of standing, of nearly every distinguished Stallion in America.

In addition to the various subjects enumerated above, the present volume will contain a faithful and copious record of all **IMPORTATIONS and SALES OF BLOOD STOCK**, Sweepstakes, Racing and Trotting Matches, and Racing Appointments; Essays on Breeding and Training, Pedigrees and Performances of Distinguished Horses, with all the Current News and On Dits in Sporting Circles, both at home and abroad. And to complete the Sporting Department, full details, original and selected, will be given upon all manly pastimes, as Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, Yachting and Boating, Pedestrian and other Athletic and Manly Sports.

Another part of the design of the paper will embrace **A BREEDING and AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT**, designed to promote the interests and minister to the instruction of breeders of fine cattle, sheep, &c. Selections from the most approved American and English writers on these important subjects will be constantly found in its columns.

The **SPORTING GALLERY** will also be increased by the addition of the Portraits of several of the most distinguished Horses in the Union, engraved in a style of superior finish and beauty.

The next prominent department is the **THEATRICAL PAGE**, constantly devoted to original criticisms of the drama, and notices of the New York theatres; Green Room Intelligence, derived from an extensive theatrical correspondence maintained with every city in the Union, and by which the paper is already favorably known and widely circulated in theatrical circles.

Again, selections will be constantly made from the periodicals of this country and England, and thus be formed a lively and elegant **LITERARY DEPARTMENT**, occupying several pages.

For all these varied Departments, ample room is secured by the immense size of the present sheet, which for beauty of typographical execution and general elegance of arrangement, is second to none in the Union.

No local agents being employed by the proprietors, gentlemen wishing the paper can order it through their post-masters, or remit by mail. A number of files from the commencement of the volume, will be preserved for new subscribers. This course is adopted, as the valuable Statistical Tables of the paper nearly all appear in the early part of the year.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, \$10 in advance. For Six Month's Subscription, \$5 in advance. For Advertising One Square of 22 lines, first insertion, \$5—Each subsequent insertion, \$1.

Extra copies of the **LARGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL** may be obtained at the Publication Office at *One Dollar* each. They will be sent to any section of the Union so enveloped as to secure them from injury.

E. L. GARVIN, PRINTER.

INDEX TO VOLUME XI.

A		Epsom Races.....	417
Adventure in the Cumberland Mountains.....	349	Excursion in the Rocky Mountains.....	235
American Hunters' Camp.....	495	Extraordinary Trotting Match.....	203
Anecdote of Coleridge.....	551	Extraordinary Performance of a Northern Roadster.....	359
Anti-Corrosives for Middle and Old Age.....	205	F	
Approaching Racing Season.....	287	Fate of the Boar.....	640
Ascot Races.....	451	Field Sports in Illinois.....	316
B		Fire Island-Ana.....	11
Bay Maria and her Priam filly ...	615	Fly Fishing.....	407
Boston and Wagner.....	103	Forest Sports.....	473
Boston to Wagner—"last call" ..	193	Founder, Prescription for.....	248
Boston's Acceptance of Gano's Challenge.....	360	G	
Boston and Gano's Match.....	609	Game Laws of Pennsylvania.....	362
Bots in Horses.....	6	Gano's Challenge to the Union... ..	360
Breeding and Rearing Blood Stock.....	336	Goodwood Meeting.....	534
Breeding Stud of the Russian Empire.....	390	Growth of Fish.....	564
Breeding of the Race-Horse.....	501	H	
Breeding for the Turf and for the Chase.....	504, 565, 629	Habits of the Pike.....	497
Breaking Horses to Harness.....	589	Handicaps, Advantages of.....	469
C		History of various Studs.....	81
Caraboo Hunting.....	133	History of the English Turf.....	595
Cattle, Exhibition and Sale of.....	553	Hounds, Extraordinary Sale of... ..	499
Cattle, Sheep, etc., Importation of.....	357	How to Buy a Horse .. 25, 161, 209, 272, 373.	
Charles XII.....	3	Hunting Song.....	64
Citizen, Imp., The Stock of.....	259, 410, 559	Hunting in Bogota.....	315
Compliment to Frank Forester... ..	92	Hunting Miseries.....	332
Corrigenda.....	649	I	
Cracks of the day.....	357	Importations by—	
Crucifix.....	434	Elliott, Condry, & Dawes.....	94
Crucifix and Beggarman.....	619	Shirley & Birch.....	93
D		Singleton.....	94
Deer Stalking in the Highlands ..	616	Indians Hunting the Buffalo.....	648
Delphine and Herald.....	155	J	
Derby of 1840.....	361	James Jackson, Esq., Death of... ..	552
Distemper in Dogs.....	45	Janette, Memoir of.....	90
Doncaster St. Leger.....	496, 601	John Bull, Imp., Memoir of.....	150
Ducking Adventure.....	593	L	
Dying Racer.....	260	Last Bear.....	107
E		Last Grouse Season in Scotland..	182
Eclipse and Flying Childers.....	326	Leap Extraordinary.....	564
Eclipse, The Geometrical Proportions of.....	581	Leviathan and Pacific.....	640
Exposing Spurious Pedigrees.....	475, 498	Life in the Woods.....	218, 295
Epidemic among Cattle.....	352	Life of a Jockey.....	412
VOL. XI.		M	
		Mary Powell, Pedigree of ..	324, 371
		47	

- Mary Randolph, Memoir of..... 367
 Matches 93, 250
 Members of the English Jockey Club 240
 Military Breeding Studs of Austria 279
 Modern Arab Racer 178
- N
- Names Claimed 95, 96, 150, 250, 306
 362, 423, 490, 555, 654.
 Native and Imported Stallions 70, 241
 New Courses 93, 487, 554, 653
 New Theory of Stallions 16, 302, 423
 New York Jockey Club Rules ... 74
 No-Angler's Angling 401, 463
- O
- Opinions and Exploits of Tom Trig-
 gor 33, 167
 Obituary of—
 Bolivar 250
 Caroline Malone 553
 Charlotte Russe 150
 Darnley 610
 Luzborough, Imp 653
 Hedgford, Imp 610
 Medoc 3
 Maid of the Mill 250
 Sambo 610
- P
- Parisian Sporting Gossip 185
 Pavis, Arthur, Death of 63
 Pavis, Arthur, Memoir of 180
 Penitential Confession 205
 Phenomena 144
 Precepts and Practice 574, 621
- Q
- Quail, Some observations concern-
 ing 511
 Quarter Race in Kentucky 521
- R
- Racing, Breeding, and Training .. 317
 Racing, Fox-Hunting, Fishing and
 Fowling 344
 Reflections on Angling 641
 Review of the Spring Races at the
 South-West 516
 Review of the Racing Season of
 1839 52, 65
 Review of the Spring Campaign. 311
 Rifle Shooting 485
 Roanoke Colt Show 423
- S
- Sales of Blood Stock.. 94, 149, 249,
 305, 360, 487, 489, 554, 608, 611,
 653.
 Salmon Fishing in Canada 477
 Shooting and Fishing in Canada.. 188
 Sonnet on Steam 103
- Splint used for Fractured Limbs of
 Horses 7
 Spring Snipe Shooting. 261, 383, 445
 Something like Shooting 405
 Snipe Shoot'g on the St. Lawrence 542
 Sport in the Cummermaid Jungles. 561
 Stallions, Alphabetical List of.. 196,
 252.
 Stallions, Price of 42, 205
 Steeple Chase in Lower Canada . 639
 Stock, Importation of 250
 Stock of Luzborough, Leviathan,
 Priam, etc 550
 Syllabus of the Editor's Corres-
 pondence 105
- STUD OF—
- Ambler, John Jaquelin 363
 Bacon, Edmund 308
 Beatty, Col. Wm. C. 364
 Bostwick, John G. 491
 Breathitt, John F. 656
 Cardwell, Wyatt 655
 Cook, Maj. James 195
 Corpening, David 308
 Cheatham, L. P. 427
 Cannon & Peebles 491
 Crowell, John 556
 Davis, Capt. Nicholas 426
 Dickerson, Col. 428
 Edgar, P. N. 655
 Flannagen, John 492
 Gibbons, William 47
 Green, William B. 491
 Hilliard, R. C. 48
 Hamilton, Col. Everard 100
 Hampton, Col. Wade 243
 Jones, John A. 99 656
 Kirkman, Hugh and John 97
 Kendall, James B. 194
 Keene, George F. 364
 Lamar, John 307
 Langford, James 491
 McGregor, Roderick M. 655
 Maxwell, John 363
 Meriwether, Chas. N. 656
 Murphy & Co., F. G. 363
 Richardson, J. B. 100
 Ringgold, John 100
 Schamp, David D. 47
 Smith, W. R. & M. R. 48
 Scott, Gen. Thos. B. 98
 Taylor, Henry A. 100
 Tilghman, William C. 363
 Van Bebber, A. A. 98
 Warfield, Dr. E. 307
 Watson, Thos. D. 364
 Young, Thos. J. 556
- T
- Testacious Lyrics 148
 Thorough-bred Horses for ordinary
 purposes, On the use of 291

Thorough-pin and Enormous bursal enlargement of the Hock	356	Veterinarian	437, 527
Thumps in Horses	610	W	
Timing Races in England	489	Wacousta	51
Time Races in America	499	Wagner and Grey Eagle's Races ..	116
Trout Fishing in Hamilton County, N. Y.	433	Week at the Fire Islands on Long Island	57, 174, 226
U		Wild-Fowl Shooting	255
Unsoundness of the Horse	355	Wild Horses Fighting	63
		Wolf Hunt on the Warwick Hills ..	17

P E D I G R E E S .

A	Bellissima 424, 425, 428	Cherry Bounce	99
Abdallah	149	Clarissa	423
Adelia	555	Clarissa Walker	612
Albertina	425	Citizen, Imp.	259
Alessandria	307	Compact	428
Aladdin	308	Comus Mare	195
Alibi	98	Cocoon	96
Alice Darville	96	Conservative	95
Allen Brown	654	Commodore	150
Alligator . 425, 490, 491	491	Cordelia	249
Alfo	654	Commodore Preble	306
Ambassador	96	Count Badger	427
Ajarrah Harrison	149	Countess Ida	490
Amboy 306,	364	Cotillion	612
Amiga	307	Creosote	427
Ann Ward	251	Cricketer 195,	195
Ann Maria	251	Crichton	96
Ann Thaxter	654	Crusher	100
Antoinette	307	Crucifix	434
Annetta Simons	425	Cuff	654
Angerina	491	Cussetta Chief	95
Argentile	491		
Arian	307	D	
Apollo	306	Dan Marble	96
Appoluni	656	Darnley	98
Autossee	100	David L. Swain	664
Augusta Williams	249	Dayton	47
Arrette Taylor	251	Daylight	251
Aurora	307	Delphine	155
Ascot	362	Design	426
Authentic	426	De Lattre	426
Avalanche	98	Diana	251
Avon	251	Dimple	612
B		Dick Buckner	251
Badluck	654	Cassan	307
Bandit	305	Caroline Malone	249
Basilisk	100	Catalpa 95,	96
Bay Charity	363	Castianira	48
Bay Maria	616	Cecilia	656
Bellona	48	Champignon	656
Belle Brown	150	Charlotte Russe	150
Bee's-wing 249,	361	Charlotte Pace	195
Belgrade	306	Charley Anderson	251
Belzoni	362	Charline	423
Belvina	362	Charlie Stewart	425
		Chemissette	251

E

Earl of Marlborough.	251
Eaton's Columbus ..	428
Ecarté	194
Eliza Hunter	149
Ellen Thomas	306
Electra	307
Ellen Douglass	655
Ellen Lyon	654
Ellen Hooe	425
Eliza Jane	665
Elpenicé	666
Emily	158
Emerald	612
Emma Crowell	556
Equity	97
Ernestine	555
Espartero	656
Espérance	251
Euphrates	490
Eudora	98
Eureka	99
Evergreen	306
Expert	307
Excel	428

F

Fair Star	656
Falconi	428
Fame	424, 428
Fanny 94, 149,	158
Fanny Elssler. 424, 494,	654.
Fanny Frolic	655
Fanny Townes	427
Farmer's Florizel ..	428
Featherstine	555
Feltress	251
Fifer	423
File-leader	555
First Fruits	656
Flying Childers	195
Florestine	97
Flounce	97
Florine	96
Fleur-de-Lis	306
Floscula	491
Fraxinella	656
Free Jack	427
Freedom	95, 96
Freshet	423

G

Gahela	306
Gallerina	655
Gano	149
Garter	251
Gass Light	427
George Foote	427
Gerow	95
Gift	655
Gladiator	656
Glenara (Payne's)..	251

Glenayre	425
Glenara (Davis')....	426
Gov. Butler	94
Goldsmith	424
Granda Flora	363
Gryphon	424
Grey Maria	149
Gus. Tompkins. 424,	428
G. W.	250

H

Hammond	556
Henry Chiles	556
Hannah Harris	556
Harkaway	427
Harriet Wells	249
Heckla	99
Hector Bell	194
Herald	155
Heroine	654
Henry A. Wise	195
Hermosa	306
Hero	307
Hickman	656
Hildebrand	423
Highland Henry	149
Highland Mary	149
Hornet	654
Houri	250
Honest Amos	251
Hollyhock	424
Honeydew	426
Hunterdon	47
Hussar	654
Hybiscus, Imp.	360
Hydranger	48, 96

I

Ida	654
Ildica	306
Indiana	427
Indiana White	555
Independence	367
Irene	306, 364
Isabel	555
Isabella	427
Italia	424, 428
Isola	307

J

Jack Grey	95
James Wilkes	96
Janette	305
Janette Seymour ..	654
Jane Shaw	654
Jemima Wilkinson ..	47
Jenny Baker	424
Jesse A. Bynum	424
Jimmy Graham	308
Jim Bradley	426
Joe	99
John A. Goode	654
John Guedron	95

John Bull, Imp.	150
John Causin	250
John C. Stevens	251
John Marshall . 363,	424
Joe Bradley	426
John Blunt	488
Joe Sumner	555
John C. Young	555
John Breathitt. 555,	556
Julia	308

K

Kate Nickleby	654
Kate Seaton	158
Kate Haun	250
Kate Harris	250
Kate	251
Kitty Clover	426

L

Lady Bathgate	149
Lady Canton	194
Lady Lyndhurst	654
Lady Mostyn	195
Lady Nimble	195
Lady Jane	308
Lady Tompkins	363
Lady Harrison	424
Lady Star	556
Lady Warren	654
Laena	96
Lanra Southgate 306,	364
Lancess	307
Leander	156
Leslie Combs	424
Letty	654
Libetus	655
Liberality	363
Little Betty	654
Little Peggy	307
Little Poole 95, 100,	423
Little Prince	556
Little Sally	363
Little Slick	48
Lipan	555
Lock Ranza	99
Log Cabin	306, 490
Lois	491
Long Tom	306
Lora	307
Lord of the Isles ..	95
Lord of Lorn	95
Louisa Bullitt. 425,	490,
491.	
Lucinda	427
Lucy	245
Lucy Gray	99

M

Mademoiselle	424
Madame Arraline ..	48
Maggie	47
Maid of the Mill ...	149

Majesty	654	Montgomery	656	Porsenna	655
Mambrina	98	Mordecai, Imp.	308	Petworth	306
Mameluke	87	Morisco	656	Phil. Brown	488
Malcomb	427	Moselle	99	Phoenix	612
Mambrino	492	Mudlark	424	Phil. Anderson	308
Martha Griffin	48	Multiflora	491	Phenomena	160
Martha Rowton	48	Murfreesborough	491	Picayune. 249, 424, ..	428
Mango	249	Muskogee	363	Pigeon	306
Margaret	251	Mulberry	96	Pigeon Wing.. 424, ..	428
Marcel	307	Myrtle	97	Picton	427
Marco	307			Pinckney	307
Martha Clay	308			Piomingo	424
Maria	308	N		Piony	427
Martin's Judy	424	Nancy	307	Polly Parker	95
Martha Washington.	427	Nancy Clark	556	Polly Trigg	308
Margaret Porter	556	Nanny Kilham	97	Polly Cattle	491
Marksman Mare	47	Nat. Bradford	556	Priscilla Martin	424
Mary Kirby	96	Ned Hazzard	655	Princess	149, 425
Mary Frances	48	Neosha Dillard	150	Prima Donna	425
Mary Hedgford	48	Ne-plus-ultra	306	Profit	655
Mary Randolph 194, ..	367	Nettle	308	Prestley	425
Mary McHenry	194	Netta Rigs	427	Prima	428
Mary Granville	194	Nick Davis	654	Prince George	491
Mary Grace	250	Nitocris	48	Pryor	250
Mary Churchill	306	Nymph	424	Pythias	194
Mary Jones	307	North Bend	490		
Mary Martin	308	Norman Leslie	149		
Mary Powell.. 100, 154, ..				Q	
324, 371.		O		Queen	424
Mary Rawlins	424	Oakmulgee ... 251, ..	308	Queen Dido	95
Mary Williamson	307	Octavia Walton	308	Queen of Spades ...	96
Mary Willcott	655	Oconeechee	654	Queen of Trumps ..	249
Mary Wynn	427	Oddity	654	Queen of May	362
Mary Egbert	555	Ogeechee	363	Queen of the West. 424, ..	428.
Mary Palmer	654	Old Dominion .. 96, ..	427		
Mary Watson	556	Oliver Twist	491		
Maximus... 94, 95, ..	100	Olivia	96	R	
Marshall Eclipse	251	Olympius	487	Randolphina	491
Medina	307	Olympus	98	Raleigh	306
Medora	194	O. K.	654	Raven	424, 428
Merrie	654	O'Kelly	195	Recorder	306
Milly Lane	556	Omariab	655	Red Sophia	251
Midas	305	Omega	94	Red Bill	360
Midnight	305	Onalaska	97	Regent	490
Milliner	96, 159	Onus	205	Reprieve	96, 246
Minnow	100	Ontario	308	Reporter	306
Miss Accident	97	Orange Bud	654	Rowena	307
Miss Bowie	424	Ostrich	425	Ring-Dove	306
Miss Leslie	425	Oswald	363	Ringwood	97
Miss Lizzie	363			Robin Hood	95
Miss De Lamartine.	251	P		Robert Newton	425
Miss Newberry	48	Palmetto	47	Robert Emmet	96
Miss Wills	250	Palmerston	362	Robinson	656
Miss Wilkins	656	Pantilette	96	Rodora	94
Mississippi	654	Pauline	306	Robin Cobb	488
Missouri	363	Paris	96	Rosetta	654
Monarch	156, 246	Pat Nagle	426	Rosalinda Jr.	96
Monmouth	95	Pauline	656	Rollin	98
Monmouth Eclipse ..	249	Paulina	656	Rosalinda	95
Moonetta	363	Paul Jones	655	Ruby	96, 245
Molly Pitcher	425	Peggy Bruce	655	Ruffle	96
Mons. Tonson	259	Pennoyer	149	Rubicon	424, 428
		Penelope	96, 159		

S		Susette.....	307	Valparaiso.....	93
Sabine.....	428	Suzarion.....	656	Velocity.....	307
Sal Eratus.....	427	St. Cloud.....	428	Venus.....	98
Sally Vandyke.....	95	Switzer.....	251	Verbetta.....	655
Sally Hughes.....	99	T		Verubania.....	655
Sally Naylor.....	308	Taglioni.....	424	Vexation.....	654
Sally Eubank.....	361	Tallmadge.....	426	Viana.....	307
Sally Lundy... 362,	428	Tarantula.....	100	Victoria.....	98, 427
Sally Franklin.....	425	Tears.....	245	Virginia.....	492
Sally Sable.....	491	Telemachus... 305,	428	Virginia Jefferson ..	306
Sally Walker.....	656	Tetuskey.....	423	Virginia Overton... 656	
Sam Chase.....	307	Texana.....	149	Virginia Tunstall... 555	
Santa Anna.....	158	The Actress.....	246	Volney.....	95
Sarah Teackle.....	194	The Captain.....	428	W	
Sarah Hicks... 424,	428	The Farmer.....	490	Wacousta.....	97
Sarah Greenough... 425		The Poney.....	249	Wagner.....	428
Scout, Imp.....	364	The Sleeper.....	424	Wanderer.....	307
Scipio.....	426	The Queen ... 156,	305	Washington... 428,	428
Seagrave.....	363	Thornhill.....	654	Wenona.....	149
Seminole.....	149	Timora.....	426	Westwind.....	98
Serene.....	307	Tippecanoe ... 306,	428	Whisker.....	97
Shepherd's Beauty.. 48		Tipton.....	427	William Shaw.....	654
Sheridan.....	423	Tivis.....	555	William T. Porter.. 250	
Shippen.....	251	Tollear.....	556	Wild Duck.....	307
Sidney.....	492	Tom Wakefield.. 654		Wild Rose.....	424
Signal.....	555	Topsey Turvey ... 425		Wilton Brown.....	490
Silver, Imp.....	492	Tournure.....	96	Wings..... 424,	428
Sir Joseph.....	99	Trumpetta.....	427	Windsor.....	195
Sir Robert.....	556	Train Boy.....	251	Woful.....	98
Slender.....	306	Tranbyana ... 305,	363	Wyatt Cardwell... 490	
Sorrow..... 249,	250	Tranquil.....	363	Wyoming.....	656
Sovereign.....	159	Trenton.....	47	Y	
Spinett.....	307	Trouble.....	612	Yamacraw.....	250
Stapleton.....	156	Tuberoze.....	364	Young Fraxinella .. 656	
Stevenson.....	251	Tuckahoe Mare... 47		Z	
Sthreshley.....	612	U		Zara.....	612
Stockborough.....	656	Upton.....	99	Zuela.....	424
Sufferer..... 195,	306	V		Zuma.....	424
Sukey Pepper.....	426	Valentine Sevier... 424			
Sultana.....	654	490, 491.			
Susan Hicks.....	307				
Susan Watkins 308					

PEDIGREES OF MARES NOT NAMED, BY

Contention, out of Betsey Graves. 364	Orville, dam by Trumpator.....	94
Elliott's Napoleon, dam by Dare-devil..... 249	Pacific.....	491
Golden Fleece, dam by Pacific..... 491	Sir Archy, dam by Selden's Virginian.....	249
James Cropper, dam by Rattler .. 556	Sir Henry Tonson, out of Prosperpine.....	100
Leviathan, Imp., dam by Sir Archy 249	Sumpter, dam unknown.....	249
Medoc, dam by Hephestion..... 556		

PEDIGREES OF COLTS NOT NAMED, BY

Andrew: Col. A. H. Kenan..... 149	Clarence Linden: Cannon & Peebles.....	491
Barefoot, Imp.: Thos. J. Payne.. 149	Drone: Jas. B. Kendall.....	195
Bertrand: Thos. B. Smith..... 149	Eclipse: Dr. Thos. Payne.....	428
Celestion: Dr. E. Warfield..... 307	Glencoe: John S. Brien.....	612
Chateau Margaux: Gen. Thos. B. Scott..... 99	Hedgford: M. R. Smith.....	48

Hedgford : M. R. & W. R. Smith	48	Drone : Maj. Jas. Cook	195
Henry Singleton : Thos. J. Young	556	Eclipse : G. W. Graves	95
Leviathan, Imp. : H. & J. Kirkman	97	Eclipse : Capt. R. F. Stockton	195
Leviathan, Imp. : Nicholas Davis	427	Eclipse : Brothers Kenner	249
Medoc : Thos. Dowling	362	Eclipse : Dr. E. Warfield	307
Mingo : Dr. E. Warfield	307	Emancipation, Imp. : W. R. & M. R. Smith	48
Monmouth Eclipse : Maj. James Cook	195	Envoy, Imp. : Thos. J. Young	556
Sarpedon, Imp. : W. Townes	423, 423	Glencoe, Imp. : Nicholas Davis	427
Sarpedon, Imp. : Gen. M. T. Hawkins	423	Glencoe, Imp. : Andrew Jackson	612
Swiss, Imp. : Maj. Benj. Luckett	94	Industry : Fox & Greer	653
The Saddler : H. & J. Kirkman	97	John Tyler : C. Hudson	423
Tranby, Imp. : Jas. Talley	488	Langar : Col. Wade Hampton	246
Trustee, Imp. : Thos. J. Payne	149	Leviathan, Imp. : H. & J. Kirkman	97
Trustee, Imp. : John S. Blaine	149	Leviathan, Imp. : John A. Jones	99
Trustee, Imp. : Capt. Stockton	195	Leviathan, Imp. : P. A. Stockton	423
Upton : John A. Jones	656	Leviathan, Imp. : Dr. Thos. Payne	428
Andrew : Col. Wade Hampton	149	Mons. Tonson : Thos. D. Watson	364
Andrew : Thos. D. Watson	364	Olympus : Elliott, Condry & Dawes	94
Arab : A. H. Bush	423	Priam, Imp. : Thos. D. Watson	364
Barefoot, Imp. : F. G. Murphy & Co	363	Priam, Imp. : James Williamson	423
Bertrand : Jas. Lamkin	149	Priam, Imp. : D. McDaniel	487
Bertrand : Messrs. Pindell	307	Robin Adair : Gen. Thos. B. Scott	98
Bertrand Jr. : Col. Paul Fitzsimmons	149	Robin Hood : Col. John Crowell	556
Birdcatcher : Elliott, Condry, and Dawes	94	Rowton, Imp. : Gen. M. T. Hawkins	423
Charles Kemble : Wm. C. Tilghman	363	Sarpedon, Imp. : Thos. J. Young	556
Chateau Margaux : Jas. Talley	428	Sir Leslie : Dr. E. Warfield	307
Cock of the Rock : John A. Jones	100	Sir Joseph : John A. Jones	99
Consol, Imp. : Nicholas Davis	427	Stamboul, Imp. : Gen. Thos. B. Scott	99
Dashall : Maj. Cook	195	Star : John S. Corbin	489
Drone : Jas. B. Kendall	194	Stockholder : Capt. Thos. Winston	653
		Tomboy : Rufus K. Polk	612
		Trustee, Imp. : Maj. Jas. Cook	195, 195
		Tranby, Imp. : Wm. C. Tilghman	363
		Upton : John A. Jones	99, 656

ILLUSTRATIONS.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE.

Portrait of Charles XII.	to face page 1
Splint used for Fractured Limbs of Horses	8-9
Portrait of Wacousta	51
Wild Horses Fighting	63
Portrait of Col. Singleton's Phenomena	144
Portraits of Delphine and Herald	155

Extraordinary Trotting Match against Time	203
Wild Fowl Shooting by Moonlight	255
Deer-Hunting in South America	315
Portrait of Mary Randolph	367
Outline of Little Wonder	420
'Trout Fishing in the Hamilton County Lakes, New York	431
Crucifix, winner of the Oaks	434
Ascot Gold Cup	458
Her Majesty's Vase	454
American Hunting Camp	495
Outline Portrait of Launcelot	601
The Doncaster Cup, won by Bee's-wing	601
Geometrical Drawings of the Exact Proportions of English Eclipse	581
Portrait of Bay Maria, and her Filly by Priam	581







